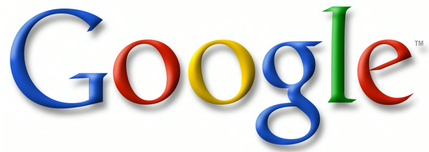

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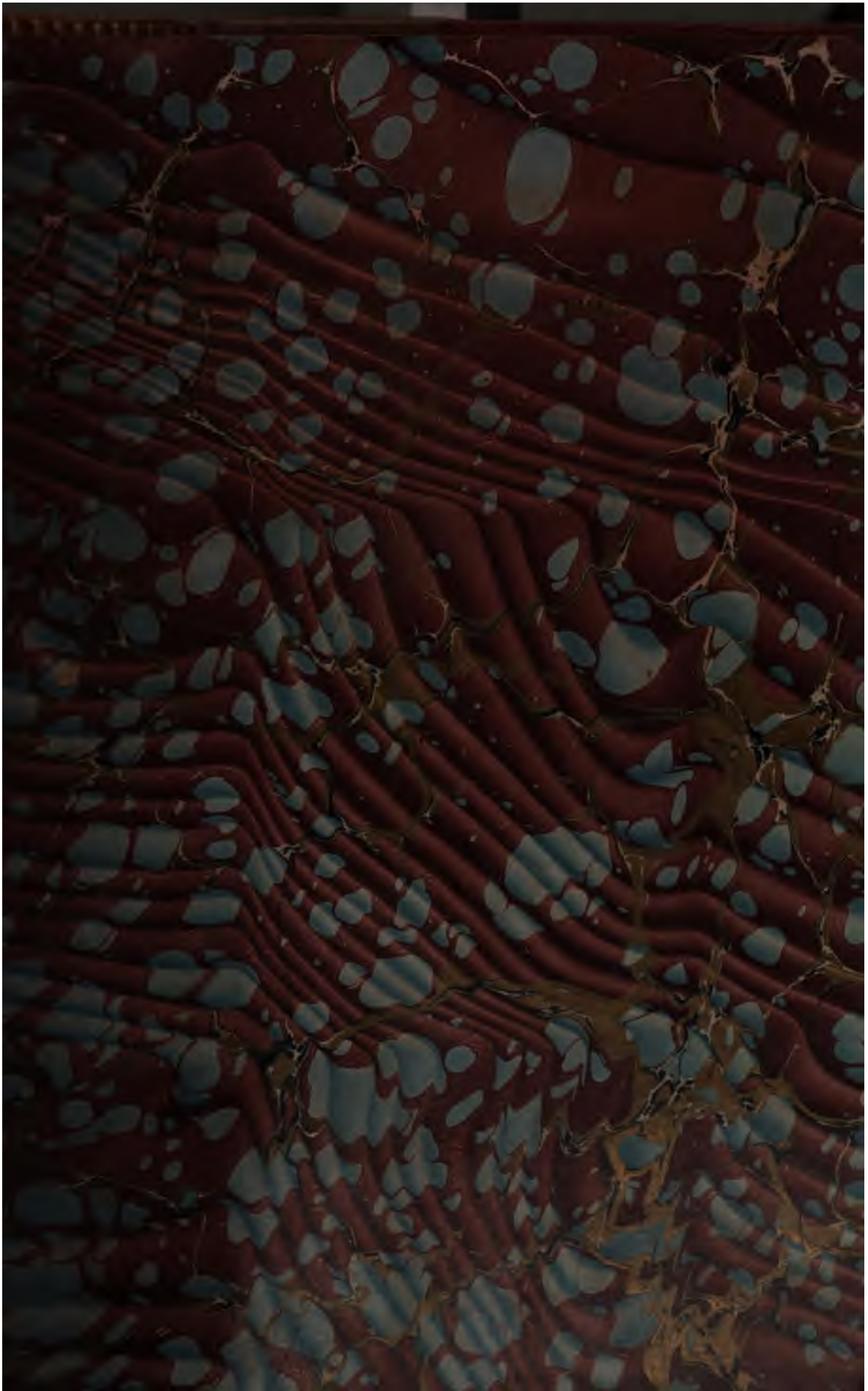
The Holts on February 22, 1903 The first marriage in Memorial Church



THE SECOND RELIEF OF LUCKNOW, 1857.
(From the Painting by Thomas J. Barker.)

BATTLES

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

DESCRIBED BY

ARCHIBALD FORBES, G. A. HENTY,

MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS,

And other Well-known Writers

VOL. II

WITH ABOUT 320 *ILLUSTRATIONS AND* 80 *PLANS*

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"As we go marching through Georgia."—*Refrain of Marching Song.*

THE famous march from Atlanta to the sea began on the morning of November 15th, 1864. Sherman left Atlanta in flames. His engineers had levelled to the ground the great terminus and machine-shops of the railroad, and had fired the wreck. The rebel arsenal was blown up, from which great quantities of live shells showered on the city, the heart of which was one great blaze.

His marching-out strength was close on 60,000 men all told, of whom 52,800 were infantry. Extraordinary measures had been taken to purge the army of non-combatants and men of defective physique, with the result that the whole force consisted of able-bodied, experienced soldiers, well armed, inured to long marching, and, in Sherman's own words, "well equipped and provided, as far as human foresight could, with all the essentials of life, strength, and vigorous action." Ambulances accompanied it, for the universal haleness at the start could scarcely be expected to last during a march of some 300 miles; but few sick were expected, and the ambulances were intended chiefly for the needs of wounded men. The casualties, however, turned out singularly few. From Atlanta to Savannah they were but 567, inclusive of 245 wounded and 159 missing.

For the march Sherman divided his army into two wings, the right and the left, commanded respectively by Major-Generals Howard and Slocum, both comparatively young men, but educated and experienced officers fully competent for their important positions. Howard's—the right—wing was composed of the 15th and 17th Corps, the former of which had four and the latter three divisions; the left wing, Slocum's, consisted of the 14th and 20th Corps, each containing three divisions. Sherman had cut down his artillery to 65 guns, little more than a gun per thousand men, the usual proportion being three guns per thousand. He had no general train of supplies; each corps had its own ammunition and provision train. In case of danger the commander was to have his advanced and rear brigades unencumbered by vehicles. The orders provided that the army should "forage liberally on the country" during the march, each brigade commander to organise a sufficient foraging party under discreet officers to gather in supplies, so that the waggons should always contain at least ten days' provisions. Soldiers were forbidden to trespass, but, when halted, might supply themselves with vegetables and drive in live stock found in their vicinity. Where the army was unmolested, no destruction was to be permitted; against guerillas, "bushwhackers," or actively hostile inhabitants, relentless reprisals would be put in force. The army started with about twenty days' supplies, and there was on hand a good supply of beef-cattle to be driven along on the hoof.

Sherman and his staff, riding out from Atlanta in rear of the army, crossed the ground on which was fought the bloody battle of July 22nd, and could discern the copse of wood where McPherson had fallen. "Behind us," he wrote, "lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in air and hanging like a pall over the wrecked city. Away off in the

distance was the rear of Howard's column, the gun-barrels glistening in the sun ; right before us the 14th Corps, marching steadily and rapidly with a cheery aspect, and a swinging pace that made light of the thousand miles between us and Richmond. A band struck up the anthem of 'John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground, but his soul goes marching on.' The men caught up the strain, and never before or since have I heard the chorus of 'Glory, glory, hallelujah!' chanted with more spirit, or in better harmony of time and place. Then we turned our horses' heads to the east, Atlanta was soon lost behind the screen of trees, and became for us a thing of the past. An unusual feeling of exhilaration seemed to pervade all hearts, even the common soldiers caught the inspiration, and many a group called out as I rode past, 'Uncle Billy, I guess Grant is waiting for us at Richmond!'" Sherman, however, kept his own counsel as to his objective : he had no purpose to march direct for Richmond, but always designed to reach the Atlantic coast first —at Savannah or Port Royal.

The troops of both wings made most of their advance along the railroad lines, which they utterly destroyed by bending the heated rails round the trunks of the nearest trees. All bridges and culverts were burned and wrecked. The negroes crowding round the general as he rode, begged for permission to follow the army to their freedom ; but they obeyed him when he told them that, although he could accept as pioneers a few of the young, active men, if they followed in swarms of young and old, feeble and helpless, the result would be to load the army down and cripple it in its great task. The message he gave spread, and Sherman believed its acceptance "saved us from the danger we would otherwise have incurred of swelling our numbers so that famine would have attended our progress." A quaint familiarity existed between Sherman and his soldiers. During a halt a soldier passed the general with a ham on his musket, a jug of molasses under his arm, and a big piece of honeycomb into which he was succulently biting, when, catching Sherman's eye, he remarked in a careless undertone to his comrade, "Forage liberally on the country"— an apt quotation from the general orders. Sher man had to smile grimly before he could assume the frown with which he reproved the soldier for foraging irregularly.

The success of the foragers was a leading feature of this march. Each brigade sent out daily a foraging party with an officer The party would strike out right or some six miles, and then visit every pl or farm within range. They would waggon or a family carriage, and, havin it with bacon, corn-meal, turkeys, pigs etc., would regain the route of march, u advance of their train ; when this came would deliver to the brigade commiss miscellaneous supplies they had collected foragers were known during and long a war as "Sherman's bummers." He himse that the "bummers" were unscrupulous and that they committed many acts o and violence ; but his answer was that world system of regular requisitioning w plicable to a region destitute of civil aut and that the methods of his "bummer simply indispensable to his success. The mers" had a grim humour of their own. foray a few chickens were captured. T of the house entreated that they sh spared her, asserting that the previous party had consented to leave to her th the last of her stock. The "bummers" moved by her piteous appeal, but lookin chickens again were tempted, and wi stern observation, "The rebellion must pressed if it takes the last chicken in t federacy!" bagged the remnant. Anoth may be worth quotation. In the day the war, planters kept bloodhounds for t suit of fugitive slaves. Sherman's orde that all those bloodhounds should be kil "bummer" picked up a poodle and was c it off, when its mistress besought him t the animal. "Madam," answered the mer," "our orders are stringent to ki bloodhound found." "But this is not a hound, it is a poodle puppy," pleaded tl "Well, madam, we cannot tell what it m into if we leave it behind," sagely remar "bummer" as he carried off the dog.

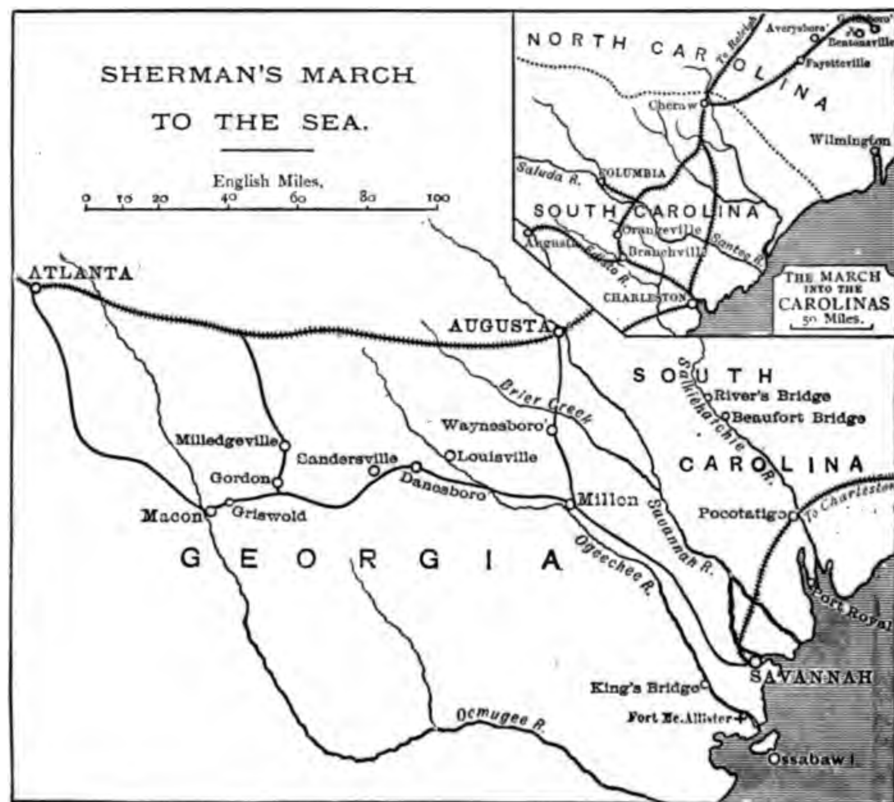
One evening on the march, Lieutenan ing, who was a Southerner by birth alth the staff of a Northern commander, rec in an old negro a favourite slave of hi who lived about six miles away. A officer asked the old man what had be his young master. Sambo only knew had gone off to the wars, and suppos killed, as a matter of course. Presently man gradually recognised "Massa G whereupon he fell on his knees and t God his young master was alive and w

'ankees. Snelling obtained the general's per- aission to pay his uncle a visit. It appeared hat the uncle was not by any means cordial vhen he found his nephew serving with the nated Northerners. Young Snelling endured his uncle's reproaches with great philosophy, and he came back, having without permission exchanged his own worn-out horse for a fresh one from his uncle's stable, explaining that had he not made free in this way a "bummer" would have been sure to get the horse.

On the 23rd of November the whole of the left wing, with which was Sherman, became united in Milledgeville, the State capital. Intelligence came in that the right wing was about twelve miles due south at Gordon. The first stage of the journey was, therefore, complete, and absolutely successful.

There had been some fighting about Macon. Kilpatrick with his cavalry had been scouting to the front, eastward of Macon, when some hostile cavalry came out against him. Kilpatrick drove that body back into the bridgehead on the Ocmugee, which was held by Confederate infantry. Kilpatrick charged the defences and got inside the work but could not hold it, and retired on his supports at Griswold, when Walcutt's infantry brigade took position across the road eastward of Macon. A rebel division sallied out on this force, but was driven back into Macon by Spencer repeating-rifles, with which Walcutt's brigade was armed.

The people of Milledgeville had remained at home, with the exception of the governor, state officers, and legislature, who had fled in the utmost disorder—some by rail, some in carriages, and many on foot. Sherman took possession of the governor's mansion, which the previous occupant had stripped of everything except the public archives. Some of the officers of the Northern army gathered in the vacant Hall of Representatives, elected a Speaker, and constituted themselves the legislature of the State of Georgia. A proposition was made to repeal the ordinance of secession, which was carried *nem. con.* after a sprightly debate. Orders were given



by Sherman for the total destruction of the arsenal and its contents, and of such public buildings as were capable of being utilised for hostile purposes. The right wing was on march toward Millen and Savannah by roads southward of the railroad, the track of which was continuously torn up and its iron destroyed. The left wing renewed the advance on the 24th, moving north of the railroad by Sandersville, Danesboro', and Louisville. Kilpatrick's cavalry had been brought to Milledgeville, and its commander had orders to press rapidly eastward to Millen, to rescue the Northern prisoners understood to be still confined there.

At Sandersville a brigade of rebel cavalry was

deployed before the town, only to be driven in and through it by the skirmishers of the 20th Corps. Sherman saw the rebel troopers firing stacks of fodder in the fields, and he told the leading citizens that if the enemy attempted to carry out the threat to burn the food, corn, and fodder along his route, he would execute relentless reprisals on the inhabitants. There was no more wanton destruction on the part of the rebels, for the people saw clearly that any such conduct would result in ruin to themselves.

From Sandersville the 17th Corps took up the work of destroying the railroad, the 15th moving eastward by roads further south. When the left wing was heading for Louisville, north of the railroad, Kilpatrick had hurried north-east towards Waynesboro', where he had some sharp fighting with the rebel cavalry division commanded by General Wheeler. After some skirmishing, the latter was driven through Waynesboro', and beyond Brier Creek in the direction of Augusta, Kilpatrick thus doing good service in keeping up the delusion that Sherman's main army was moving toward that important town.

FEDERAL TROOPS ON THE MARCH.

On December 3rd, Sherman entered Millen with the 17th Corps. The Federal prisoners of war had been removed from the place. The

several corps were now all within a short radius of Millen, in good positions and in good condition. Two-thirds of the whole distance had been accomplished with trivial loss. The waggons were full, but towards the coast the country becomes sandy and barren, and supplies would become more scarce; so Sherman determined to push on to Savannah. He was aware that the Confederate general Hardee was between him and that city with some 10,000 men, a force incapable of being very mischievous. The fine railway station and other public buildings of Millen were destroyed, and on the 4th the march was resumed by the whole army direct on Savannah, by the four main roads. So seasoned was the force that the soldiers marched their fifteen miles day after day, as if the distance was nothing.

On the 8th, Sherman found the column turned off from the main road, and went forward to ascertain the cause. He found a group of men round a young officer whose foot had been blown to pieces by a torpedo planted in the road. This, as Sherman well said, was murder, not war. The rebels had deliberately planted a succession of 8-inch shells in the road, with friction matches to explode them when trodden on. Sherman immediately ordered up a squad of rebel prisoners from the provost guard, supplied them with picks and spades, and made them march in close order along the road, to explode their own torpedoes or discover and dig them up. They begged hard for exemption, but Sherman, although not a cruel man, reiterated his order, and could hardly help laughing at the gingerly stepping of the rebel prisoners as they went forward in front of the Northern column.

SAVANNAH FROM THE RIVER.

On the 9th and 10th, the several corps reached the defences of Savannah, the 14th Corps touching with its left the Savannah river. To the right was first the 20th, then the 17th, and the 15th on the extreme right, thus almost completely investing the city, involving the unpleasantness, apparently, of another siege. On one of those days Sherman had a very narrow escape. He was in a cutting through which the railroad passed straight into Savannah. He could see about eight hundred yards away a rebel parapet and battery. The gunners were loading, and he warned his officers to scatter. Watching closely he saw the ball rise, and thought it wise to step aside; at the moment a negro was crossing the track very close to him. The ball, a 32lb.-shot, struck the ground, rose in its first ricochet, and caught the negro under

the right jaw, literally smashing his head into pulp. The cut was promptly deserted.

It was manifest that Savannah was well fortified and garrisoned, under the command of a competent officer, General W. J. Hardee; and Sherman resolved, in the first instance, to open communication with the Federal fleet, supposed to be waiting in Ossabaw Sound with mails, supplies, and clothing. Leaving orders with General Slocum to press the siege, he sent General Howard, with Hazen's division of the 15th Corps and a force of engineers, to King's Bridge, fourteen-and-a-half miles south-west of Savannah, with instructions to rebuild the bridge. That work was finished on the night of the 12th, and at sunrise of the 13th Hazen passed over, having orders from Sherman to march rapidly down the right bank of the Ogeechee, and without hesitation to carry Fort McAllister by storm. Sherman then rode ten miles down the left bank of the Ogeechee to a spot where there was a signal station, whence could be watched the lower river for any vessel of the blockading squadron, which daily sent a steamer up the Ogeechee as near to Fort McAllister as was safe.

Assurances by signal came from Hazen that he was making his preparations, and would soon assault. As the sun was going down, Sherman's impatience increased. There was still an hour till dusk, when a faint cloud of smoke betokened the approach of a steamboat. Soon the Union flag was visible, and attention was divided between the approaching steamer and the imminent assault of the fort. "Who are you?" was the question asked by signal from the steamer. "General Sherman," was the reply. The next question from the steamer was, "Is Fort McAllister taken?" "Not yet, but very soon," was the answer. At the very moment, Hazen's troops emerged from the encompassing woods, the lines dressed as on parade with the colours flying, the gallant force marching at a quick, steady pace. The fort was belching volleys from its big guns, the smoke of which soon enveloped Hazen's assaulting lines. There was a momentary cessation of fire; then the smoke drew away like a curtain, and the parapets were blue with the Northern soldiers, who fired their muskets in the air and shouted till the echoes rang. Fort McAllister was taken, and the news was telegraphed to the approaching gun-boat, which had been shut out by a point of timber from the thrilling spectacle.

An oyster skiff was chartered, a volunteer crew undertook to pull the boat down to the fort, and Hazen was found at supper in the planter's house. After a hurried inspection of the fort, a yawl was found and manned; Sherman and Howard went aboard, and the craft was pulled down stream regardless of warnings as to torpedoes, for Sherman was determined to board the gunboat that night at whatever risk or cost, hungry as he was for news from the outer world. At length they were aboard of the *Dandelion* tender, and surrounded by half-a-dozen naval officers. The general learned that Admiral Dahlgren was on his flagship on Wassau Sound, that General Foster, commanding the department, was near by at Hilton Head, that several ships with stores for the army were lying in Tybee Roads and Port Royal Sound, and that Grant was still besieging Petersburg, things being little altered since the departure from Atlanta.

Sherman and Howard returned to the McAllister House, and lay down on the crowded floor to snatch some sleep. Sherman was summoned presently from slumber to take boat for the ship in which was General Foster, who was lame from an old Mexican wound. By-and-by Admiral Dahlgren was found, mails arrived and were distributed as soon as possible, rations were sent to the army, and Sherman, after having made his preparations, summoned General Hardee to surrender Savannah. Sherman's letter to him was not in accordance with the amenities of civilised warfare, and he must have repented such expressions as the following:—"Should I be forced to resort to assault, or to the slower and surer process of starvation, I will then feel justified in resorting to the harshest measures, and shall make little effort to restrain my army." Hardee replied like a gentleman. In a sentence he declined to surrender, and added—"I have hitherto conducted my military operations in strict accordance with the rules of civilised warfare, and I should deeply regret the adoption of any course on your part that might force me to deviate from them in future." Hardee's refusal reached Sherman on December 18th. Savannah was found evacuated on the morning of the 21st, and was immediately taken possession of. Hardee had carried away his field-artillery and blown up his ironclads and navy yard, but had left everything else, inclusive of an immense quantity of public and private property. With his entry to Savannah on 22nd December Sherman held to have terminated the "March to the Sea." He regarded that march simply as a "shift of

the transfer of an army from its work
erior to a point on the coast whence it
ieve other important results. In other
considered the march to the sea as a
an end, and not as an essential act of
himself expressed his measure of the
nportance of the march to the sea, and
m Savannah northward, by placing the
one and the latter at ten.

: CAMPAIGN OF THE CAROLINAS.

I Grant, who was Sherman's superior
id suggested that the latter, having
1 a strong base of all arms on the coast
annah, should bring northward by sea
of his seasoned and triumphant army
: Army of the Potomac before Peters-
it to Sherman's satisfaction, Grant
tly, with good judgment, modified
in favour of the strategy put forward
eat subordinate. Sherman's plan of
was that of a commander who was a
the art of war. Leaving an adequate
n Savannah, his project was to move
l with his army resupplied, cross the
river, feign against Charleston and
striking between the two and heading
or Columbia, the capital city of South
thence advancing through North Caro-
aleigh or Weldon. His appearance at
her of those points would, he antici-
ce Lee to evacuate Petersburg and
1; and to take to the open field,
himself rapidly between Grant's and
s armies.

the latter half of January, 1865,
s troops, about 60,000 strong, organised
as during the march to the sea, had
dually taking up advanced positions
l of Savannah. The whole vicinity
or less amphibious, the low alluvial
up by an infinite number of salt-water
nd fresh-water creeks. The Savannah
l risen in flood, which swept away
s pontoon-bridge at Savannah and
r drowning one of his divisions while
arch to Pocotatigo. On February 1st
s army was at that place, near the head
Royal inlet; his left wing, with Kil-
cavalry, was still at Sister's Ferry on the
river, twenty-five miles north of the
spite of obstructions, the general march
omptly on the day named. The right
ved up the Salkiehatchie on its right
: river brimming full, and presenting a most formidable obstacle. Through the swamps bounding the river proper the heads of columns marched in water up to their shoulders, until at River's Bridge and Beaufort Bridge respectively the 15th and 17th Corps forced their way across the river in face of the rebel brigade attempting to defend the passage. The Union loss was not severe, and the enemy at once abandoned the whole line of the Salkiehatchie.

On the 5th, Sherman was with the 15th Corps at Beaufort's Bridge, his left wing abreast, the cavalry ahead of him. The army was approaching the line of the Charleston and Augusta railroad about Midway station, and the general expected to encounter severe resistance, since the disruption of that line would sever the communications of the enemy between the sea-coast and interior points. On the 7th, in the midst of a rain storm, the railroad was gained at several points with scarcely any opposition, contrary to Sherman's expectation. A droll episode is recorded in regard to this seizure of the railroad. General Howard, with the 17th Corps marching straight on Midway, when about five miles distant began to deploy the leading division so as to be ready for battle. Sitting on his horse by the roadside while the deployment was in progress, he saw a man coming down the road as hard as he could gallop, whom as he approached the general recognised as one of his own "bummers," mounted on a white horse with a rope bridle and blanket for a saddle. As he came nearer he shouted, "Hurry up, general! come along, we have gotten the railroad!" "So," remarked General Howard, "while we generals were proceeding deliberately to get ready for a serious battle, a parcel of our foragers in search of plunder, had got ahead and actually captured the South Carolina Railroad, a line of vital importance to the rebel Government."

The Union army remained strung along this railroad till the 9th, working parties being detailed to tear up the rails, burn the ties, and twist the bars. Sherman was resolved on utterly wrecking fifty miles of a line of so great consequence, partly to prevent the possibility of its restoration, partly to utilise the time until General Slocum, who had been delayed at the Savannah river, should come up. Having sufficiently damaged the railroad and effected the junction of the entire army, the general march was resumed with Columbia as its objective, the right wing following the cross railroad from

Branchville to the Santee river by way of Orangeville. Kilpatrick was sent with his cavalry to the westward, to demonstrate strongly against Aiken and thus to maintain the idea that Augusta was being threatened. But Sherman was resolute not to deviate either to the right or to the left. He would not even allow himself to be tempted to turn aside to inflict punishment on Charleston, the bitter and stubborn hotbed of rebellion. His aspiration was to

FEDERAL TROOPS DESTROYING TELEGRAPH WIRES.

reach Columbia before any part of Wood's Confederate force—the advance of which, commanded by General Dick Taylor, was reported to be already in Augusta—should precede him in the occupation of the former city.

On the 11th the army crossed the South Edisto, and the next day the 17th Corps reached Orangeville, where the Charleston - Columbia railroad was cut and destroyed up to the Santee river. The North Edisto was crossed by pontoon bridges, and all the columns were then headed for Columbia, where it was believed that there was a great concentration of rebel forces. Later on the march, it was ascertained that the only troops in the capital were Hamilton's cavalry along with General regard, in a state of considerable con During the night between the 16th and detachment had crossed the Saluda rive to Columbia, and next morning, while the was being repaired, the Mayor of Columbi out to surrender the city. A brigade w forward to occupy it, and General Sh with his staff and the general officers of th Corps, entered Columbia just as Wade ton and General Beauregard rode awa it. The high wind was whirling abou of cotton from the burning cotton bale were said to have been fired by the cavalry before leaving the city that morning. The railroad depôt and adjacent warehouse had been burnt ground, and piles of corn and meal i were on fire. Sherman was quartered house of a fugitive citizen, where visited by a number of Northern whom he had known in earlier days.

During the night great fires blazed lumbia. Sherman ordered his troops tempt to extinguish the flames, and wrought hard; but the conflagrations theless continued to increase. The hig was spreading the flames beyond conti the whole heavens became lurid. was full of sparks and of flying ma cotton, shingles, etc., which the wind and started fresh fires. In the early m the wind moderated and the fire under control; but the whole heart city, including several churches, the old house, and many other public and buildings, was destroyed. One half of Columbia had been laid in ashes. Th out the Confederacy it was believed, a belief has not yet died out, that the b of Columbia was deliberately planned ar cuted by Sherman. He steadfastly denied t the finding of the subsequent mixed comi on American and British claims was to th that the destruction of Columbia did not from the action of Sherman's army. He directly charged the arson on Wade Ha During the two following days the r around Columbia were ruined, and th arsenal with its contents was destroyed.

Columbia utterly ruined, Sherman's wing marched northward to Winnsboro', the left wing joined, and the advance w to the north-east on Cheraw and o

towards Fayetteville, in North Carolina, considerable delay being encountered in bridging the Catawba and other rivers. When halted in Cheraw, newspaper intelligence gave Sherman the information that his feint to the left on Charlotte had in no way misled his antagonists; and he realised that he must prepare for the concentration in his front of a considerable force under General Jos. Johnston, who had been appointed to the supreme command of the Confederate forces in the Carolinas. Reaching Fayetteville on the 11th he found General Slocum in possession of that town, and all the rest of the army close at hand. He learned also that General Hardee, followed by Wade Hampton's cavalry, had barely escaped across Cape Fear river, burning the bridge which Sherman had hoped to preserve. Kilpatrick had experienced some curious vicissitudes a few days previously, when holding his cavalry strung out in line for the protection of the left flank of the army. Wade Hampton had broken through this line, capturing Kilpatrick and Spencer, his brigade commander, in a house which they were occupying for a few hours, and he held possession for a while of the camp and artillery of the brigade. Kilpatrick, however, and most of his people, had escaped into a swamp, and having re-formed and returned, put Hampton and his men to flight in their turn;

"THEY WROUGHT HARD, BUT THE CONFLAGRATIONS NEVERTHELESS CONTINUED TO INCREASE" (*p.* 8).

but the Confederate commander had carried off Kilpatrick's private horses and two hundred of his men as prisoners, whom he had displayed with great triumph in Fayetteville.

From Fayetteville Sherman was able to send to General Grant despatches reporting his progress and intentions; and he sent orders to General Schofield at Newbern and to General Terry at Wilmington, both places named being on the coast, to move with their effective forces straight for Goldsboro', where he expected to meet them by the 20th. On the 15th the whole army was across Cape Fear river on its march for Goldsboro'. On Sherman's extreme left were the 14th and 20th Corps with the cavalry acting in concert. Certain of being attacked on this flank, he ordered both wings to send their trains by interior roads, and each to hold four divisions ready for immediate action. Stubborn resistance was encountered from Hardee's troops of all arms, and on the 16th the Confederate commander was found in a strong position near Averysboro'. The divisions of Jackson and Ward deployed and pressed on, while a brigade made a wide circuit by the left; and the first line of the enemy was swept away, two hundred prisoners were taken, with three guns, and one hundred and eight dead Confederates were buried. Hardee withdrew and entrenched himself anew; but next morning he was gone, in full retreat towards Smithfield. In this Averysboro' combat the Federals lost twelve officers and sixty-five men killed, and four hundred and seventy-seven men wounded. The rebel wounded, numbering sixty-eight, were attended to by Sherman's surgeons, and then left in charge of a rebel officer and a few men.

From Averysboro' the lett wing bent eastward towards Goldsboro'. On the 18th, Sherman had joined the right wing, to be near Generals Schofield and Terry coming up from the coast towards Goldsboro'. He had heard some casual cannonading about Slocum's head of column, but did not regard it as serious until a messenger came in hot haste with the news that Slocum near Bentonsville had run up against Johnston's army, some 36,000 strong, considerably more than the whole of Slocum's command. Sherman sent orders to Slocum to fight on the defensive, pending his own arrival with reinforcements.

MOUTH OF THE SAVANNAH.

A division was hurried to Slocum's flank, and the whole of the right wing was directed on Bentonsville, whence came loud and strong the roar of battle. Johnston was not pugnacious; he stood on the defensive entrenched in the V formation. Sherman explains in his memoirs that he "did not feel disposed to invite a general battle, in ignorance of Johnston's strength"; and he simply held his troops close up to the Confederate trenches for two days. At length, on the afternoon of the 21st, General Mower could stand inaction no longer, and with his division he broke through the enemy's left flank and pushed on towards Bentonsville. Sherman arrested the gallant Mower's offensive, and recalled him; repenting later of his having done so instead of supporting Mower, with the result of bringing on a battle the issue of which must have been in his favour by reason of his vastly superior numbers. The truth probably was that now Sherman was so near the successful ending of his undertaking, he was not willing to run any risks. Be this as it may, on the morning of the 22nd, Johnston was in full retreat on Smithfield, and Sherman marched into Goldsboro'. His loss at Bentonsville was 23 officers and

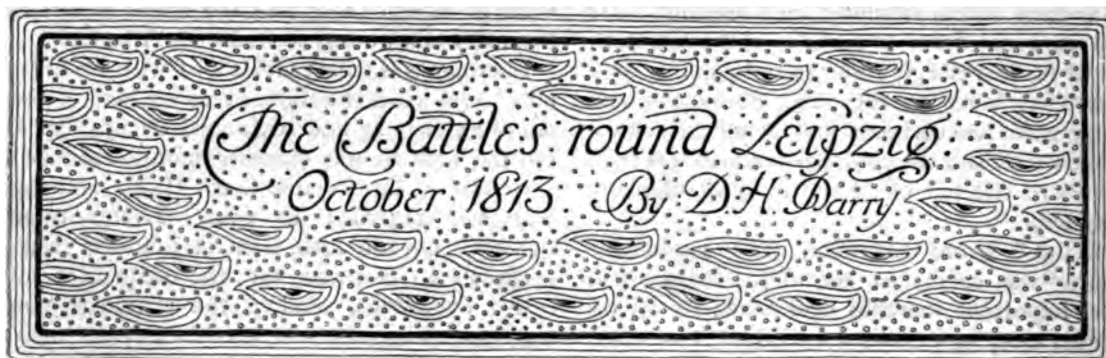
en killed, wounded, and missing. He ptured 1,287 prisoners. Johnston estiis loss at 2,343 officers and men.

oldsboro' on the 22nd, Sherman found vith two divisions and Schofield with a orps, and the complete junction was then re effected of all the army as originally d.

s," wrote Sherman, with pardonable was concluded one of the longest and portant marches ever made by an orarmy in a civilised country. The route d crossed five great navigable rivers. mportant cities, Columbia, Cheraw, and ville, had been captured and occupied; cuation of Charleston had been comll the railroads of South Carolina had terly broken up, and a vast amount of belonging to the enemy had been seized ed. The country traversed was for the rt in a state of nature, with innumerable the roads mere mud, nearly every mile had to be corderoyed. Yet we had, inter, accomplished the whole journey miles in fifty days, averaging ten miles ; and had reached Goldsboro' with the army in superb order, and the trains almost as fresh as when we had started from Atlanta."

Sherman was still at Goldsboro' with his army about him when the tidings reached him of the fall of Petersburg and Richmond on 6th April. On the 12th he was officially informed of Lee's surrender at Appomatox Court House, and the war was regarded as over. Events came quickly. On the 14th, General Johnston made proposals to Sherman for the suspension of active operations, pending the termination of the war. Sherman was on his way to meet Johnston when a cipher telegram was handed him announcing the assassination of President Lincoln. The terms arranged between the two commanders were not approved of by the authorities in Washington, and Grant was sent to Sherman's headquarters to intimate to that commander that he was to demand the surrender of Johnston's army on the terms accorded to General Lee. Johnston accepted those terms. The great Civil War was now at an end; the gallant struggle of the Confederacy was over and done with, and thenceforth there was no longer rebellion within the wide boundaries of the great American Republic.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.



THE well-worn old simile of the Phœnix rising from her ashes may be applied with truth to the French army on its return from Moscow; for, before its wounds were healed, almost before its actual losses could be counted, another mighty force was called into existence, and Napoleon, once more humming "Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre," set forth from Paris to lead it to fresh glories and terrible defeat.

Lützen, Wurschen, Bautzen, Dresden, were victories dearly won at the expense of enormous slaughter; but Culm, Katzbach, and Gros Beeren came as heavy blows, and Napoleon's projects seemed threatened with tragic failure.

Whilst *his* men dwindled, and the German roads were thronged with his wounded Cuirassiers in wheelbarrows, or his troopers riding on lean cows, the allied armies, on the contrary, seemed to increase. Disaffection followed. The Saxons were deserting him *en masse*. Austria and Bavaria declared against him. As the enemy drew closer round him from all points, he hazarded everything on one cast of the die, chose a bad position, suffered a crushing reverse, and fled under circumstances of almost unparalleled horror.

Leipzig was at that time a small city girdled by a crumbling wall with four large and three smaller gates, a wet ditch where mulberry trees grew plentifully, and was separated from the extensive suburbs by a fine walk or boulevard planted with lindens which had grown to giant size.

It was a great centre of learning and commerce: Fichte, Goethe, and a host of famous men had studied or taught at its university; its three annual fairs were attended by booksellers from all parts of Europe; and before Napoleon's Continental system crippled trade it had lucrative industries in gold and silver, leather, silk, wool, yarn, and Prussian blue.

Had you mounted to the summit of one of its many towers, as hundreds did during the events I am about to describe, you would have seen beneath you the narrow streets of the quaint city, and farther out the gardens, public and private, for which Leipzig was justly famed, with the villas of the wealthy merchants peeping out of groves and orchards.

Far as the eye could reach stretched a gently rolling plain, wooded here and there, in other places barren where the harvest had been gathered and the stubble fields were brown; the whole expanse dotted with villages innumerable, each with its pointed spire; the plain intersected by great highroads and winding byways.

West of the city lay a marshy tract, where the rivers Pleiss and Elster flowed sluggishly in narrow channels, and joined the Partha, which came round the northern side. This tract was a mass of tiny streams and dykes, crossed by a narrow causeway leading to Lindenau, and so to the road by Weissenfels, Erfurt, and Frankfort to the Rhine.

From the Rhine Napoleon had allowed himself to be cut off, by staying at Dresden when every hour was of the utmost consequence. There seem to have come to him towards the close of his marvellous career strange attacks of indecision which no one has satisfactorily explained, and the lingering at Dresden while the allies had drawn nearer and nearer until they had him in a net, from which he escaped but with difficulty and at great sacrifices, was one of these.

At last his various corps were ordered on Magdeburg, and on the 7th October, at seven in the morning, the emperor himself left Dresden, and quitting the Leipzig road beyond Wurzen,

lly reached the little moated castle of n the 10th, where he stayed three days er indecision, until he suddenly com- a countermarch of his troops upon stopping himself to breakfast in a the roadside, at a point some fifteen m the city.

there, the distant booming of cannon that Murat was engaged to the south g, and at the same moment the King y came up with his Queen and a strong

eon had desired them to accompany d advancing to the carriage door, he d the frightened lady, who went on hort halt with her unfortunate husband, to pay so dearly for his loyalty to the cause.

The day was grey and lowering, and Murat had had several smart cavalry affairs near Borna, in one of which he narrowly escaped with his life. Returning with a single trooper, he had been hotly pursued by Lieutenant De Lippe of the 1st Neumark Dragoons, who repeatedly shouted "Stop, King!" "Stop, King!" After a galloping fight the pursuer was killed by Murat's attendant, to whom Napoleon gave the Legion of Honour, and who rode the dead man's horse next day in his capacity of equerry to the King of Naples.

Meanwhile, the columns were tramping in and taking up their positions; outside the house of Herr Vetter at Reudnitz, a pictur- esque village two miles from Leipzig, a chasseur of the Guard with loaded carbine showed where Napoleon had fixed his quarters. Waggons,

DRESDEN.

s the anniversary of Iéna, and by a coincidence Napoleon was using the l copy of Petri's atlas which he had d for the campaign that had laid at his feet in two short weeks. Now es were turned, and Prussia was about a terrible revenge.

carriages, escort, and orderly officers thronged the streets; every hour witnessed the arrival of a grenadier regiment, a corps of tirailleurs, or a rumbling battery of guns, whose grey-coated drivers forced a passage through the crowd with almost as little ceremony as the emperor's suite itself. The citizens had experienced

a foretaste of French usage since Marmont's corps came among them at the beginning of the month, but that was going to prove as nothing to the misery of the next six days.

Early on the morning of the 15th, Murat clattered up to the door of the Quartier Général, and swinging off his horse went in to hold long counsel with his brother-in-law; after which, about noon, they both rode away into the stubble and the sheep pastures to reconnoitre around Lieberwolkwitz on a hill to the French left, and Wachau village with its orchard in a hollow, which formed the French centre five miles or so from the city, paying Poniatowski's corps a visit among the gardens of Dolitz, and finally returning to Lieberwolkwitz, where one of those dramatic Napoleonic ceremonies took place usual upon the presentation of the cherished Eagle to corps that had not previously possessed it.

Three regiments of light infantry clustered round their emperor, and, turning to one with the standard brandished in his hand, he exclaimed in a piercing voice: "Soldiers of the 26th Léger, I intrust you with the French Eagle: it will be your rallying point. You swear never to abandon it but with life; you swear never to suffer an insult to France; you swear to prefer death to dishonour: you swear!"

"We swear!" came the answer; "Vive l'Empereur!" And each regiment took the oath, and meant it.

The columns had filed down to their posts in the position chosen by Murat and sanctioned by Napoleon, and the line of battle stretched in a huge semicircle south of Leipzig, three miles and a half from end to end; Victor in the centre behind Wachau with the 2nd Corps; Prince Poniatowski on the right with the 8th, on the banks of the narrow Pleiss at Mark-Kleberg and Doetlitz; Lauriston on the left, on the hill of Lieberwolkwitz with the 5th Corps; while farther away still, beyond Lauriston, was gallant Macdonald, on the Dresden road, keeping a sharp look-out for Beningsen or the Hetman Platof.

In rear of Poniatowski were Marshal Augereau's men; between Poniatowski and Victor, the cavalry of Kellerman and Milhaud; between Victor and Lauriston the cavalry of Latour-Maubourg; and, finally, when they arrived, the Imperial Guard was stationed near the village of Probsteyda, behind Victor, and in front of the ruined windmill and tobacco factory where Napoleon took his stand when the fighting had once begun.

To the west, across the causeway previously mentioned, General Bertrand held Lindenau with the 4th Corps, and covered the road to Erfurt destined to form the French line of retreat; Marshal Marmont, with the 6th Corps, lay round Lindenthal, and protected Leipzig to northward; while Ney and Reynier, with the 3rd and 7th Corps, were in full march from Eilenburg, either to support Marmont or operate to eastward of the city—in all, 182,000 men to sustain the advance and attack of more than 300,000—namely, the Allied Grand Army, or Army of Bohemia, 90,000; the Army of Silesia, under Blücher, 70,000; the Army of the North, commanded by Bernadotte, 72,000; and about 15,000 partisans, Cossacks, and light horse.

There had been heavy rains for several days preceding the 14th, the night of which was miserable; but the weather cleared on the 15th, and everything was quiet, except the continued march of troops and the loopholing of the Leipzig walls.

Suddenly, about eight in the evening, three brilliant white rockets rose into the starlit sky from the allies' headquarters at Pegau on the Elster, and these were answered a minute later by four red ones that trailed up beyond Halle—a signal which put the French on the *qui vive.*

That night Colonel Marbot, of the 23rd Chasseurs-à-cheval, lost an opportunity of changing the whole face of the campaign through no fault of his own, for, being in observation at the foot of a hill called the Kolmberg, or Swedish Redoubt, he saw several figures on the summit, outlined against the sky, and heard a conversation in French that made the blood tingle in his veins.

Stealthily drawing his regiment forward in the darkness, while the 24th crept round the other flank of the hill, a few minutes more would have sufficed to enclose the Kolmberg and capture the speakers, but one of his men accidentally fired his carbine. There was "mounting in hot haste." The figures vanished at full speed towards the allied position, and Marbot had a sharp brush with an escort of cavalry, learning afterwards, to his intense chagrin, that the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were in the group that had escaped him!

Early in the foggy dawn of the 16th October Napoleon left his quarters, attended by his

officers and the escort of the Guard, ing on to the hill of Lieberwolkwitz : was joined by Murat, the pair gazing ough their glasses towards the enemy's here, when the fog melted into the of a cold and gloomy day, they saw :olumns forming for the attack.

riding-cloaks were then the fashion, the cavalcade left the hill muffled to ; three signal-guns crashed out o'clock, sending their balls over ls of the staff into the Guard and assiers beyond, doing some dam- commencing what is known as le of Wachau.

, with a mixed force of Russians issians, advanced on the French ng in the marshes of the Pleiss k the village of Mark-Kleberg; stein, commanding two columns, Russians and Prussians, was successful in the Wachau hollow; Austrian general Klenau flung at the hill of Lieberwolkwitz, Napoleon regarded as the key of ion.

ing forward half the young Guard Marshal Mortier, and sending for f Macdonald's corps, the emperor the Austrians with great loss, l a portion of the wood of the ty, and having separated Klenau e rest of the allied army, turned ntion on his centre at Wachau, g up two divisions of the Guard udinot to support Victor, placing rse artillery on the heights behind age, and moving Milhaud's and an's cavalry to attack the Russian

is while the most furious cannon- in progress along the whole line, until, who was present has declared, "the earth trembled."

e French horsemen gained the plain, became serious for the allied centre, was bayoneted out of Wachau by a force, and retired slowly, fighting all y, leaving a thousand men dead in ble fields before it reached its reserves farm of Auenhayn; but, fortunately for Eugène of Würtemberg, who commanded reating column, Nostitz arrived with a white-coated Austrian cavalry, which, me dashing charges, drove Milhaud's and Kellerman's back, and saved the allied centre from a similar separation on the left wing to that which had already happened on the right.

Still, the allies had gained nothing but the village of Mark-Kleberg. Six desperate attacks had been repulsed by the French; and at Napoleon's command the bells of Leipzig were rung during the afternoon to celebrate a victory and a band played gaily in the market square, where the Saxon Grenadiers stood under arms for the protection of their king.

Away beyond the rivers at Lindenau, Bertrand had stood his ground against General Giulai while the great fight waged to the south; but north of Leipzig Marshal Marmont had been less fortunate at the battle of Möckern, where Blücher took 2,000 prisoners, three guns, and forty ship's-cannon, which Marmont could not remove for want of horses.

The marshal fought hard though, in spite of the odds of three to one against him; and although he had to retire at nightfall on to the

Halle suburb, he retained Gohlitz and Möckern as advanced posts, and kept possession of Euterich.

Ney had drawn up in Marmont's rear early in the morning; but hearing the cannonade at Lieberwolkwitz before Marmont was attacked, the Duc d'Elchingen marched off towards the firing until Blücher's guns recalled him, and he is said to have lost both combats in consequence.

Returning once more to the south, one little incident deserves to be recounted, which had happened when the Kolmberg was stormed. Napoleon, seeing the necessity of a strong charge, turned to a regiment drawn up motionless spectators, and asked which it was.

"The 22nd Light, sire."

"Impossible!" he cried. "The 22nd Light would never stand with its arms folded in presence of the enemy!"

Instantly the drums rolled the "pas de charge," the colours were waved, and, supported by Marbot's Chasseurs, they rushed forward. The sides of the Swedish redoubt became alive with blue figures and white cross belts, and the hill was taken under the eye of that leader who knew so well how to flatter the vanity of his followers, and who probably got more out of flesh and blood by a few artful sentences than any commander who ever existed, "charmed he never so wisely."

NAPOLEON I.

Between three o'clock and four, when the allied centre had been driven back, leaving its right exposed, Murat detected that weakness and prepared to swoop down with Latour-Maubourg's cavalry into the plain.

Alexander, whose station was behind the village of Gossa, tried to get his reserves up in time, but by some mischance they were jumbled together in some broken ground, leaving two regiments, the Lancers and Dragoons of the Guard, to face the rush of fifty squadrons, thundering down from the heights, the sun full on them as they came.

They were the 5th Cavalry Corps, with Murat, Latour-Maubourg, and Pajol leading — five thousand horsemen, mostly dragoons, green coated, grey breeched, high booted; white cloaks rolled *en banderole* across the square *revers*, which showed scarlet and crimson and rose, and bright yellow and dull orange; brass helmets with the whisk of horsehair about them; bearskins of the *Compagnies d'élite* bedraggled with the rain: one of those furious waves that in the early days of the Empire were wont to annihilate everything in their course, and which now tore, heedless of a storm of cannon shot, capturing twenty-six guns in the twinkling of an eye, and hustling the Russian dragoons over a brook in their rear.

A few causeways crossed the rivulet and the ground was swampy; the cavalry were splashed with mud from crest to spur, and the horses hock-deep in many cases.

The Russian lancers fell back and formed to the left, without crossing the brook; and checked in the moment of victory by the marsh into which they had floundered, the French squadrons became confused and unmanageable.

Guns were brought to bear upon them; the hussars of the Russian Guard charged in on their right rear, and they scrambled out in great disorder which degenerated into a panic and a hasty retreat, seeing which, the Emperor Alexander sent his personal escort of Cossacks under Count Orloff Denissof to take the mass on the other flank.

Back streamed the broken dragoons, nor did they halt until they reached their infantry, for they had been sent at the enemy without any supports into ground where a voltigeur would have hesitated.

Latour-Maubourg had his leg taken off at the thigh by a ball, and brave Pajol met with a terrible experience.

A shell entered the breast of his horse, burst inside, and flung the general many feet in the air, breaking his left arm and several ribs as he fell, to be rescued with great difficulty by his

aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Biot, and some staff officers.

Murat had a narrow escape; twenty-four of the guns were retaken by the Russians, and a grand opportunity was lost, while Gossa later in the day became the scene of a fierce encounter with the light troops of the Russian Guard, who forced the French to retire, and held that place as the allied right; their centre being then at Auenhayn, their left at Mark-Kleberg. At Connenitz, between Doetlitz and Leipzig. Count Meerfeldt had crossed the Pleiss unexpectedly, but Curial, with the Chasseurs-à-pied of the Guard, came upon him, routed his battalion, and being unhorsed and wounded, the Austrian general gave up his sword to Captain Pleineselve.

THE ALLIED STAFF AT LEIPZIG.

Darkness fell, and as the clocks chimed six the guns ceased firing, the rattle of small-arms died away, and the French remained practically in the same position, while the front of the allies had been considerably narrowed.

Nevertheless, Napoleon had gained no real advantage: it was of little consequence that he had maintained his ground. Many men had fallen on both sides, but the allies could afford to lose them, and the French could not.

He was hard pressed by Blücher on the north; to southward the enemy were being strongly reinforced, and a hideous stream of wounded crawled back to the city to show how severely the Grand Army had suffered.

The corn magazine, capable of holding 2,500 men, was crammed full to overflowing, the rest lay about the streets untended, and reflected the greatest discredit on the ambulance arrangements, never adequate to the needs of any of those gory campaigns; while out beyond the city a circle of fires and blazing villages showed where the armies bivouacked among the dead.

Sunday came, the 17th October, dark and stormy with gusts of rain; and the allies, hearing that Beningsen and Collorado would not be up before evening, postponed the attack until the following day. But Napoleon, finding that Wintzingerode, with the advance-guard of Bernadotte's army, had worked round to the east of Leipzig and appeared at Taucha on the Partha's banks, and that the net was closing tighter, spent the hours in anxious meditation,

and made fresh plans to concentrate his forces closer round the city.

He pitched his five blue and white-striped tents in a dry fish-pond near Probsteyda that night, with the Old Guard encamped about him, and waited in vain for a reply to his negotiations, having sent General Meerfeldt, on his parole, to the allied sovereigns with certain proposals.

"They are deceived in respect to me," he had said to that officer. "I demand nothing better than to repose myself in the shade of peace, and ensure the happiness of France, as I have ensured her glory"; but the sovereigns were no longer to be hoodwinked by specious words: with time had come experience.

Down a long vista of eighty years we can now look back calmly, if with wonder, at this stirring period; feeling almost a reverence for the little figure on the white horse, as we marvel at his mighty genius, and gaze with admiration at the faded flag he kissed at Fontainebleau, or the moth-eaten *chapeau* he wore at Eylau; but set the clock back, and picture how he looked in 1813.

Napoleon had become a public nuisance in Europe: no king was safe on his throne, no people within his reach knew at what hour the tap of the drum might not sound on the high-road and a locust scourge spread over their fields and homesteads.

* * * * *

During the night Napoleon knew no sleep; Nansouty and various generals were called up to be questioned, and at 3 o'clock in the morning the four lamps of the emperor's carriage flashed outside Ney's quarters at Reudnitz—the same that Napoleon had occupied on his arrival.

After an hour of close consultation the emperor left in the rain, and walking with Murat along the swollen dykes for half an hour, again sought his tent, much absorbed.

It is also said they rode along the causeway as far as the Kuhthurm, or Cow Tower, towards Lindenau, to give Bertrand instructions to occupy Weissenfels and keep the road clear.

An alteration in the French position had been effected in the night and early morning, and now Connenitz formed the right wing under Prince Poniatowski, raised to the dignity of marshal for his gallantry the day before.

Victor had fallen back to Probsteyda; Lauriston, between that village and Stötteritz, upon which latter place Macdonald had retired; General Reynier with a brigade of Saxons occupied Mockou, and also Paunsdorf, on the Wurtzen-Dresden road; Ney was in force near Setterhausen, not far from Reudnitz, and at Schoenfeld on the Partha; while the northern suburbs of Leipzig were defended by Marmont as before. Thus, with Bertrand on the west, the city was completely surrounded, the position having one great fault, as Napoleon well knew—namely, in case of defeat all these scattered corps, miniature armies in themselves, would be forced to get away by the narrow causeway across the Pleiss and Elster.

South of Leipzig Murat was in command; east and north, Marshal Ney; the emperor himself remaining the greater part of the time on a hill behind Probsteyda, near the ruined windmill and tobacco factory, that gave him a panoramic view of the field, and round about which his guard was waiting.

By eight o'clock on the 18th, Napoleon was on the windmill hill, and a little later the allied troops were again descried on the march to attack him.

The weather had cleared and the sun was shining; the Prussians began to sing "Hail to thee in victory crowned," their bands joining in; and, from their quarters at the dismantled château of Rotha, some ten miles away, the Emperor Alexander and his suite rode into the plains at Glossa, joined by Frederick William of Prussia, who had slept at Borna, to witness the commencement of a conflict so fierce that it has been called the "Battle of the Giants" by some, and by others the "Battle of the Nations."

Three columns were in motion: 1st, Beningsen, with Bubna, Klenau, and the Prussians under Zeithen—35,000 in all, or thereabouts—was to advance by Holzhausen on Murat's left—helped, it was expected, by Bernadotte's army; 2nd, Barclay de Tolly, with Kleist's Prussians, Wittgenstein's men, and the Russian reserves—estimated at 45,000 in all—who was to aim for Wachau and the centre; and, 3rd, the Prince of Hesse-Homburg was to lead 25,000 Austrians down the marshy Pleiss against Dösen and Doetlitz, while Meerfeld's Corps, under General Lederer, went down the left bank of the same stream to renew the attempts against Connenitz which the Old Guard had baffled the day before.

At first the columns found little to oppose them: Beningsen cleared the French advanced posts out of Engelsdorf and stayed there, as Bernadotte was not yet in evidence; Zeithen carried Zurkelhausen with much spirit and took some guns, while Klenau drove Macdonald's

rearguard from Holzhausen village; but the near presence of Ney and the non-arrival of the Army of the North crippled the action of the 1st column for a time.

The 3rd column flung its white battalions on Dösen and Doetlitz, and had a hard fight among the bushes and garden walls.

Napoleon stayed for an hour on his right flank to watch the opening struggle; Hesse-Homburg was wounded, and Bianchi took command; Kellerman's Horse and old Augereau's men supported Poniatowski with some success, but the Austrians eventually took Connenitz, and there they stayed, unable to do more, and held in check by the firm front of brave Poniatowski, backed by Oudinot with some of the Guard.

All day they kept up an incessant skirmishing, and the brown batteries of Austrian artillery on the one side, and the blue batteries of the French on the other, continued to thunder and boom almost without intermission until darkness fell.

Somewhere about ten o'clock, or an hour after the battle began, Napoleon left the right flank and galloped away to Probsteyda, a circular village surrounded by villas and gardens, strongly occupied by Victor; and there he found the 2nd column of the enemy, which had passed through Wachau unmolested, preparing for the attack.

Probsteyda, and Stötteritz a mile off to the left, were the keys of the French centre, and massing Lauriston's men between the two, rather in the rear, with the bulk of the Imperial Guard on the windmill hill behind Probsteyda, Napoleon turned all his attention to that portion of the field, viewing the conflict from the ruined windmill itself.

A furious artillery duel began on both sides—a duel which was, perhaps, the most prominent feature of the Leipzig battles, for, from morn till eve the whole plain resounded with the roar of cannon, and the smoke of 1,600 pieces hung round the city, through which the watchers on the ramparts and steeples could catch hasty glimpses of surging cavalry or the progress of infantry columns rushing to engage.

Under cover of the guns three Prussian brigades flung themselves on Probsteyda, met by the fire of Victor's troops, who lined the walls and fired from the attics and windows.

Many forgotten scrimmages took place in alleys and pretty gardens; the hedges hid long lines of dead and dying who had fought with desperation in attack and defence; the people in Leipzig questioned the wounded who staggered in through the gates, "How is it going?" and it was always the same reply, "Badly enough; the enemy is very strong!"

By two o'clock Prince Augustus and General Pirch had taken half the village, but reprisal was at hand, and the emperor descended at the head of his Guard and led it with loud shouts of victory down the hill, where the bearskins thronged into the streets and hurled the Prussians out again.

French horsemen in a dense body rode round the end of the village soon after, but Grand Duke Constantine—he of the lowering brow—moved *his* troopers forward with a strong support of foot and held them in check, while smoke and flames rolled over Probsteyda, and the horsemen did not charge. Shot and shell tore backwards and forwards, until it seemed little short of miraculous that men could live; battery after battery swept the plain: the officer riding with a vital order, the drummer beating to advance or retire, the surgeon dressing a limb in the shelter of a burning farmhouse—all were hit, death was in the very air itself; yet Murat, in sable-trimmed pelisse, galloped hither and thither unhurt, and the emperor himself tore heedlessly through his troops after his usual manner; his suite sometimes riding down an unlucky *fantassin* or two who did not get out of the way fast enough.

All day they fought at Connenitz, at Probsteyda, and round about Stötteritz, without making any headway on either side; but to north and east clouds were rolling up in spite of every effort of the heroic Ney to ward them off.

After hot skirmishing all morning on the banks of the Partha, Langeron's Russian corps crossed that river at Mockou; and about two o'clock Wintzingerode's cavalry passed it higher up and came into touch with Beningsen, whom we left waiting at Engelsdorf.

Ney accordingly concentrated his forces between Schoenfeld and Setterhausen to oppose the approach of the Army of the North, which began to appear at Taucha.

Reynier, who was under Ney, had been fighting hard for several hours with Bubna, and his difficulties were increased by the presence of the Hetman Platoff, with 6,000 roving Cossacks.

Poor Reynier was destined to meet with severe reverses on that day, and also to experience a novelty in warfare, for there trotted up about the same time a little body of horsemen

clad in smart blue jackets braided with yellow, with large semicircular crests of black bear-skin on their leather helmets. English horse

LEIPZIG: THE MARKET PLACE.

artillery they might have seemed from a distance but for the long bundles of what appeared to be lance-shafts which they carried in buckets by their sides.

English they were—Captain Bogue's troop of the Experimental Rocket Brigade attached to the Swedish army; and soon there came fiery serpents into Reynier's ranks, whizzing and burning and causing great disorder.

Bogue was killed by a ball in the head, and Lieutenant Strangways took command—the same man who, as General Strangways, said gently, "Will someone kindly lift me from my horse?" when a cannon shot tore off his leg at Inkerman in 1854.

Often enough those rockets went the wrong way, and caused consternation among the troop itself; but it is certain that they astonished the French tremendously, and not long after eleven Saxon battalions, three squadrons of cavalry, and three batteries of guns stalked over from Mockou in the heat of actio deliberately joined Bubna, leaving Reyn his fate.

The French Cuirassiers understanding t what was happening, charged after them the traitorous artillery slewed round and on their late comrades, the rest of the brigade marching into bivouac a league b the allies.

This serious defection caused Napole send a strong force to Reynier's assistance all it could do was to rescue the remn that general's corps, and the desertion re a standing disgrace to Saxon honour f time.

Twice during the morning had Ney s Reudnitz for a fresh horse, and again for a in the afternoon. Several times did Lan assault Schoenfeld without success, but at l took it; and Bülow carrying Paunsdorf la the evening, Ney fell back on his quart Reudnitz, wounded by a ball in the sho Sacken having pressed Marshal Marmont in the suburbs of Leipzig itself, and Bl

een driven out of Reudnitz by Napoleon
ı.

ess was approaching, and with it came

uns continued after that, and, as on the
night, a circle of conflagration once
rounded the city, thirteen villages and
eing in a blaze, and a multitude of
glowing wherever the eye rested.

was kindled by the ruined mill, and
dismounted beside it with a heavy

6 o'clock, and the result of the battle
tically against him, for, though his
had been retained, the carnage had
htful, and the allies were in perfect
h each other along his whole front

the night, for which he gave orders to Berthier, and then threw himself on a bench they had brought from a neighbouring cottage, and slept in the open air by the fire for a quarter of an hour with his arms folded, the staff standing round him silent and sorrowful.

Waking, he received a report from Generals Sorbier and Dulauloy, of the artillery, to the effect that since the actions began the French had expended no less than 250,000 cannon balls, and, including the reserve, there only remained 16,000 more, or enough for two hours' firing.

The Austrian return for the 16th and 18th is 56,000 from 320 guns alone. That of the whole allied army must have been something stupendous!

Order upon order did the baffled emperor

"NAPOLEON RODE AWAY WITH A SMALL SUITE THROUGH ST. PETER'S GATE" (*p.* 22).

nenitz to Schoenfeld. He was not in
on to renew the combat next day, and
ly remained a retreat under cover of

give, directing his troops to retreat by the causeway on Lindenau, which was still held by Bertrand; and somewhere about 8 o'clock

Napoleon rode away to Leipzig, where, finding the Thunberg crowded with wounded, he put up at the "Prussian Arms," or, as some have it, the "Hôtel de Prusse," in the horse-market, leaving his windmill at the same time that Excelmann's division startled for Lindenau, which they did not reach until 4 a.m.

The night was intensely and unusually dark. The plain was thronged with the retreating army, and so great was the confusion inside the city that whole corps had passed through before the inhabitants realised that the French were leaving them.

The baggage entered by four gates, and tried to get out through one, and that so narrow that a single carriage alone could pass it at a time. Farther on, again, the Cow Tower was only the same width, and nowhere was the road more than thirty feet from side to side, crossing three English miles of marshy meadows and five unfordable streams by small bridges until it reached Lindenau, where a larger bridge finally conveyed it to firm ground.

No sleep had Napoleon that night, nor indeed had anyone in Leipzig save those utterly worn out by the protracted struggle, for the city rang with tumult as the troops struggled through the narrow streets, often in single file where the way was blocked with waggons and guns. Mounted Grenadiers of the Old Guard, Cuirassiers muffled against the rain in white cloaks, conscripts crying from very weariness—all streaming onward, many under the windows of the hostelry itself where Napoleon, in his dressing gown and with head tied in a handkerchief, sometimes looked out on the defeated mob, which had no "Vive l'Empereur!" then.

For once the Grand Army—or, rather, its remnants—showed a provident spirit, making great efforts to guide large herds of lowing cattle through the press, in which they were not altogether successful, and only added to the confusion thereby, as we read that numbers of oxen were browsing quietly in the town ditch when the allies stormed the suburbs next day.

Officers had pleaded for the construction of other bridges over the Pleiss and the marshes, and one had been made, though by whom is not clear; but it broke down as the first battalion crossed it, and was not replaced, Berthier afterwards making his usual excuse, "The emperor had given no orders."

Napoleon's horse was waiting at 2 o'clock in the morning, but it was 9 ere he got into the saddle, and for half an hour before that the enemy's cannon had been heard beyond the Grimma suburb.

To the house where the King of Saxony was staying the emperor rode at a quick pace, and for twenty minutes he was alone with his faithful ally and the distressed queen, the king ultimately attending him to the head of the staircase when he took his departure.

Apparently irresolute what course to pursue, he threaded the crowd with some difficulty, and finally dashed by St. Thomas's Church to the gate of St. Peter, where he paused in obvious indecision.

His proposal to the allies that he should evacuate the city, and declare all the Saxon troops neutral, on condition that he should be allowed to convey his artillery and baggage to a specified point, was insulting to the intelligence of those to whom he had addressed it, and the guns he heard thundering on several sides made fitting reply. Still, he seemed loth to go, and finally rode as far as the Civic School in the direction of his quarters.

There he came under fire, and is said to have had an interview with Prince Joseph Poniatowski, nephew of the last king of Poland, and as brave a man as any in that brave age. So hotly had the prince been engaged in the various battles about Leipzig, that fifteen officers of his personal staff had been killed or wounded; he himself had been hit on the 14th and again on the 16th, and he was destined to receive two further wounds before the waters of the Elster closed over him for ever.

To him Napoleon entrusted the defence of the Borna suburb with a handful of 2,000 Polish troops, and Poniatowski's last words to the man who had made him a Marshal of France two days before were: "We are all ready to die for your Majesty!"

Lauriston, Macdonald, and Reynier likewise remained in Leipzig, and abandoning an idea he had entertained of firing the suburbs to check the enemy, Napoleon gave orders to protract the resistance from house to house, and rode away with a small suite through St. Peter's Gate, calm and inscrutable of face, but as eye-witnesses tell us, in a profuse perspiration.

"Place pour Sa Majesté!" secured no passage; the chaos of the Beresina was in progress, without the snow, though the Cossacks were close at hand; and compelled to leave the highway, the fugitive emperor plunged into a labyrinth of lanes, and had proceeded some distance *towards the enemy* before the mistake was discovered,

when, after questioning some natives closely as to whether any byway to Borna and Altenburg existed, and being answered in the negative, he at last rode through Richter's garden, and so gained the crowded causeway by the outer Ranstadt Gate.

After he had gone, the King of Saxony sent a flag of truce to the allied sovereigns, who occupied the same hill from which Napoleon had directed the battle of the 18th, entreating them to spare the city, the answer being "as far as possible," on the condition that no French should be harboured or concealed; General Toll, one of Alexander's aides-de-camp, riding back with the messenger to see the King himself.

Against the city on the south the three great divisions of the allied army began the attack in pretty much the same order as on the preceding days, the Austrians marching along the road from Connenitz, Barclay de Tolly on their right, Beningsen still farther to the right again; at last the Army of the North came into absolute action, and stormed the eastern suburbs, while Sacken's corps bombarded the city from the north across the Partha.

Poor Bernadotte has been abundantly reviled for taking part against the French; but it must be remembered that it was forced upon him, in the first instance, by Napoleon's arbitrary conduct, and that he gave strong proof of his reluctance to shed the blood of his own countrymen in arriving so late; for had he wished otherwise, the Army of the North could well have joined the rest of the allies several days before.

As a Marshal of France Bernadotte had won his spurs worthily, in spite of the jealousies of some of his comrades-in-arms and the dislike of Napoleon himself; when he had it in his power to be revenged against his old enemy, he refrained as long as honour allowed it to be possible, which cannot be said of some who owed more to the emperor than ever Bernadotte had done: that his character has stood the test of time Swedish annals show.

A nominal rear-guard of 6,000 men had been left in the city, but it is asserted by many present that there were quite 30,000 about the walls and suburbs, to say nothing of sick and wounded; for the remains of Reynier's corps were still in the place, with a host of others more or less disorganised, and under such leaders as Macdonald, Poniatowski, and Lauriston, the fiercest resistance was made, every house being loopholed in some quarters, and barricades constructed of furniture and felled trees.

The attack was in full swing at eleven, and the fighting desperate; shot crashed in from the north and east, and a few shells dropped into the streets from the direction of Halle. The Pfaffendorf farm hospital was burnt, with most of the wounded, when the Jägers got there; but in spite of their overwhelming numbers, the allies only took the city inch by inch, and the final catastrophe was even then hastened by a terrible and unforeseen accident.

When Napoleon had traversed the causeway and crossed the Elster, he ordered General Dulauloy to have the bridge undermined, and then galloping on to Lindenau mounted to the first storey of a windmill, while his officers attempted to infuse some order into the fugitives by directing them to certain points where they would find their regiments.

Dulauloy entrusted Colonel Montfort of the Engineers to form *fougasses* beneath the bridge, which were to be fired instantly on the approach of the enemy; Montfort handed over the charge of the mines to a corporal and four sappers, and everything being ready, they listened to the uproar growing louder and louder in Leipzig, and watched the stream of retreating humanity which still poured towards them over the marshes.

The bulk of the Guard and the best part of the baggage had already passed through Lindenau; regiments, squadrons, batteries, and stragglers had been going by for many hours, and but for the crash of musketry in the distance, it seemed as though the crowd then on the causeway must be the last of the Grand Army to leave the city.

Sacken, Bülow, and Bernadotte's Swedes gained a foothold about the same time; the Young Guard stood at bay in the cemetery of Grimma, sallied out, were repulsed, and died almost to a man among the graves, fighting to the bitter end—neither the first time, nor the last, that French valour has showed itself at its best in "God's acre."

The Russians carried the outer Peter's Gate, and fell with tremendous violence on the rear-guard in Reichel's garden; the Baden Jägers bolted from the inner gate without firing a shot, and afterwards turned their weapons on the defeated French.

The wild burden of the "Stürm" march rang through the streets with loud huzzas and shouts

of "Long live Frederick William!" as the Prussians entered the Grimma Gate; the Halle suburb and the northern side of the city were in the enemy's hands, in spite of Reynier and his men; but still the French maintained an heroic resistance.

The houses of Leipzig were tall, with many landings, and some of those landings have their legends even now!

But while they were fighting with a fierceness that increased as they felt the superior weight of numbers was surely if slowly overpowering them, a loud explosion boomed in their rear towards the marshes and the causeway, and a whisper followed it: "We are cut off; the bridge has been destroyed!"

The whisper became a cry—a wave of panic followed it; the gallant bands left the streets and yards and gateways, and rushing to the head of the causeway, found the rumour true!

Under the walls of the city the Elster approached very close to the Pleiss, and ran roughly parallel with it until the two rivers joined; across the Pleiss and the first narrow strip of swamp the horrified rear-guard could pass, but no farther: a gulf yawned between them and the continuation of the causeway, isolating every soul in Leipzig from their more fortunate comrades at Lindenau.

Alarmed by the low shackoes of Sacken's light infantry, who had got into the Rosenthal island close to the bridge, the corporal had fired his train and shattered the only means of escape. A panic followed, and the enemy were not slow to take advantage of the circumstance, which in a moment had transformed a resolute foe into a mob of frantic fugitives.

Napoleon sent the 23rd and 24th Chasseurs full trot towards Leipzig, where they rescued about 2,000 men, who managed to scramble through the Elster, among them Marshal Macdonald, who arrived stark-naked, and who was hastily rigged out and mounted by Colonel Marbot on his own led horse.

Lauriston, returned drowned in the bulletin was taken prisoner in full uniform, over which he had thrown an old drab great-coat; and, including those captured in the battles, 30,000 men, 22,000 sick and wounded, 250 guns, and upwards of 1,000 waggons fell into the hands of the allies.

Poniatowski's heroic end is well known. When everything was lost he drew his sabre, and with his left arm in a sling, for he had been wounded again during the morning, he exclaimed to the little band of officers and mounted men that still surrounded him: "Gentlemen, it i[illegible] better to fall with honour than to surrender![illegible] and straightway dashed into a column that in[illegible] terposed between him and the river.

A bullet struck him, strangely enou[illegible] through the Cross of the Legion of Honour [illegible] the breast of his gala uniform of the Pol[illegible] Lancers, but he cleared the column, and leap[illegible] down the steep boarded banks into the Ple[illegible] where he lost his charger, and was helped [illegible] on the other side thoroughly exhausted.

Somebody gave him a trooper's horse, and [illegible] it he managed to cross the intervening m[illegible] and plunge into the Elster, but the animal h[illegible] no strength to mount the farther bank; th[illegible] mud was deep, its hind legs became entangled[illegible] and falling backwards on to the weary man[illegible] steed and rider disappeared!

Five days after, a fisherman recovered the bod[illegible] still wearing the diamond-studded epaulett[illegible] and rings on many fingers, and it was embalm[illegible] and ultimately buried in the cathedral [illegible] Warsaw, a monument being erected on t[illegible] banks of the Elster by M. Reichembach, th[illegible] banker, from whose garden the unfortunate prin[illegible] sprang into the river, the actual spot being [illegible] covered by a handsome quay.

Colonel Montfort and the corporal were tri[illegible] by court-martial, the result of which has nev[illegible] been made public; but the report afterwar[illegible] circulated that Napoleon had ordered the p[illegible] mature explosion to cover his own retreat [illegible] without foundation. Charles Lever has wov[illegible] a pathetic romance round it, but all the ev[illegible] dence goes to prove that the corporal w[illegible] alone answerable, and that no *blame* in realit[illegible] attached to him, as his orders were explic[illegible] and the enemy had appeared a few yards [illegible] when he fired the mines.

* * * * *

The exact moment when the allies came int[illegible] possession of the city is difficult to discover: the bridge was blown up shortly after eleven. Cathcart says he rode in with the sovereigns about twelve, but other accounts from eyewitnesses say the entry was at half-past one. If the time is uncertain, however, the attendant circumstances are clear: Alexander and the King of Prussia marched into Leipzig at the head of a brilliant column of Guard cavalry, passed the Saxon monarch on the steps of his house without notice, and eventually took up their station in the great square, where they were joined by Bernadotte, Blücher, Beningsen,

"BUT STILL THE FRENCH MAINTAINED AN HEROIC RESISTANCE" (*p.* 24).

Platoff, and later by Napoleon's father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria.

Every effort was made to prevent excesses: if the allies afterwards made loyal allegiance to Napoleon an excuse for robbing Frederick Augustus of an immense portion of his territory, they certainly took steps to ensure the safety of the citizens, and that is to their credit, whatever may be thought of their subsequent treatment of an unfortunate king whose memory is still revered in the land where he once held sway.

Leipzig had suffered terribly, and its inhabitants were starving.

At the Ränstadt Gate piles of corpses met the gaze, and the mill-dam was full of them; in Löhr's garden on the Göhlitz side, where dark groves once sheltered the nightingale, and Grecian statues stood among the greenery, the French gunners and artillery horses lay scattered about in death. In Richter's garden, through whose iron railings Napoleon had escaped, the Cuirassiers had been engaged: th
plates littered the walks, and
protruded above the water.

Seventeen generals are said
taken, and among those slain o
General Frederichs, the handso
the French army.

Pursuit abated a league from
French retired to Markränstad
off, and thence continued their w
Rhine, severely handling the
tried to oppose them at Hanau.

A solemn Te Deum was sung in t
at Leipzig, all the sovereigns an
attending. Alexander reviewed
force and the English rocket troo
tions were made to follow on th
Grand Army; a march which,
campaign of 1814, greatest of
efforts, may be said to have never
the allies entered Paris and drov
to Elba.

MARSHAL BERNADOTTE.
(From the painting by F. Gérard.)

THOUGH the siege of Delhi was of far greater importance, both political and military, yet most people, if asked to mention the most striking event in the Indian Mutiny, would undoubtedly name the defence of Lucknow. The incidents appeal more forcibly to the imagination, and the fact that the lives of numbers of women and children were at stake, as well as those of the male defenders of the position, excites a degree of sympathy far greater than that which can be aroused by purely military operations.

The outbreak of the mutiny in the Indian army found Lucknow ill prepared for such an event. The British force there consisted of three regiments of regular native infantry, two of Oudh irregular infantry, a regiment of native military police, a regiment of native regular cavalry, two or three of irregular cavalry, and three batteries of native artillery. To repress trouble should it arise, there was but the 32nd Regiment and a battery of European artillery.

At that time Lucknow was one of the largest towns in India, and the population was an exceedingly turbulent one. Before the annexation of Oudh, the state of that kingdom closely resembled that of England under the Plantagenets. The great landowners, like our own barons, dwelt in castles, defended by numerous guns, and maintained a strong force of armed retainers, by whose aid they waged war upon each other. Every village was surrounded by a stone wall for defence, not only against the neighbouring lords, but against other village communities. Thus, then, when a new state of things was introduced, and the zemindars were called upon to hand over their cannon and to disband their troops, a general feeling of discontent was caused. A large proportion of the guns were buried, and the disbanded soldiers, now without means of earning a livelihood, resorted to the great towns, where they were ripe for mischief should a chance present itself.

With a large population of this kind, with the fidelity of the native troops doubtful, and the certainty that the regiments which had mutinied in other parts of Oudh would make for the capital, the feeling was naturally one of great anxiety. Fortunately, in Sir Henry Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner of Oudh, the troops at Lucknow had a leader of tried ability, personally much respected by the natives, intimately acquainted with their customs and modes of thought, and possessed of firmness and determination. His first step at the commencement of the trouble was to concentrate the forces which were scattered about over a large area, so that the natives could, in case of a rising, do the least possible damage, while the white troops would be available for the defence of the residents, whose numbers were swollen by an influx from outlying stations, by many civilians, and by military officers whose troops had already broken out into mutiny.

In the beginning of May, the 7th Oudh Irregular Infantry refused the cartridges, and mutinied; but, upon the 32nd Europeans and the artillery marching on to their parade-ground, the greater portion of them fled, and the rest were disarmed. On the 13th, news was received of the mutiny and massacre at Meerut. Up to that time the Treasury and the Residency were under the guard of native troops; but on the 16th a hundred and twenty men of the 32nd, with the women and sick, and four guns of the European battery, were marched into the Residency enclosure, and next morning the rest of the regiment was also called in. The movement was at once followed by the residents in the bungalows near their former encampment also coming into the Residency. This was a large and handsome mansion of

modern construction, standing on rising ground, and surrounded by beautiful gardens. Near these were several buildings occupied by civil and military officials. The whole stood upon a sort of irregular plateau, elevated some ten or twelve feet above the surrounding ground, and when, later on, it became evident that there was a distinct danger that the place might be besieged, the engineers began to fortify the position, and a low earth-bank was thrown up round the edge of the high ground, the earth being dug out from the inside so that men standing in the ditch so made could fire over.

Two batteries, one on the north, the other on the south side, were thrown up, and guns placed at various points on the bank. On the north-east the ground sloped down to the river Goomtee, and as the Residency grounds extended nearly to the water, this side was free from houses, and the guns of one of the batteries covered this face of the enclosure. On the other three sides, however, the native houses reached up to the defences, some of them closely abutting on the buildings within it. The main gateway into the enclosure was on the eastern side. It was flanked on one side by the Baily guard, while on the other stood the house of Dr. Fayrer, and the face of the wall here was covered by the fire from the financial build north angle was a projecting w Innes's garrison. At the north-w the house of Mr. Gubbins, a His duties had taken him muc natives, and several well-affected and were received into his hou very large and strongly built, and

[Photo, Frith &

THE MARTINIÈRE.

service during the siege. On th stood a small square, where the mained faithful were quartered; n the brigade mess, and adjoining it throughout the siege was know tinière. Here the boys, some sixty- of the Martinière College, with thei quartered, the position of the col far away from the Residency to Next to them were the barracks The largest of the buildings insid was the Begum Kothie.

Things went on quietly until May, when, without any previo 48th, the 13th, and the 71st N rose. A few discharges of the g them in headlong flight; Bri Handscomb, however, was kille Grant, of the 71st, murdered by several other officers were ba

rs were joined at once by a e population of the town, and outside the lines were all plun-ned. The artillery followed the ome distance, and then returned, y were unable to keep up with the three native regiments 400 of the men had remained urs. These were in the course of lays joined by 700 or 800 others, one by one.

ly, at this time Sir Henry Law-was giving way under the exertion strain of responsibility, and he himself to carry out the advice military and civil officers, all of avour of the disarmament of these nstituted a constant source of

So long as the troops at Lucknow had remained faithful many of those in other parts of Oudh had kept quiet. Risings now took place at a number of points, notably at Seetapoor, where, as at other spots, many whites were massacred. Some, however, succeeded in escaping, and made their way to Lucknow, after going through almost miraculous adventures.

For some time the efforts of the authorities at Lucknow were directed not only to the fortification of the Residency enclosure, but to that of the Muchee Bawn, an old fortress standing on rising ground nearly a mile from the Residency. It was much dilapidated, and although it might have been defended for a considerable time, would have crumbled under an artillery fire. It had been used as a great

OFFICERS OF NATIVE CAVALRY AT THE TIME OF THE MUTINY.

xiety, as at any moment they to mutiny again, and they had, be incessantly watched by the le considered that such a step eak finally with the natives, and be better to run a certain risk hat all confidence in the sepoys

storehouse, and there was at first some idea of moving the women and children there, and of making it the principal point of resistance. As, however, the mutiny extended all over Oudh, the news that most of the rebels were marching towards Lucknow, and the fact that there was no probability of aid from without for a long period, showed that the situation was

much more serious than it had at first been deemed, and that it would be wiser to concentrate the whole force at one point. Some of the stores were therefore moved from the outlying fort to the Residency, but Sir Henry Lawrence could not for the present bring himself to decide finally upon its evacuation.

On the 9th of June Sir Henry's health entirely gave way, the medical adviser stating that further application to business would endanger his life. A council was formed by his authority: of this Mr. Gubbins was the president; the other members were the judicial commissioner, Mr. Ommanney, Colonel Inglis, of the 32nd Regiment, Major Banks, and Major Anderson, chief Engineer officer. The first business to be considered by this Council was a letter brought from Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore, saying that the mutineers there had been joined by Nana Sahib with his troops and guns, and urgently asking for aid. Fifty men of the 32nd Regiment had been sent off to Cawnpore in vehicles a fortnight before, and, painful as it was, it was felt that it was impossible to send further aid, as the whole of the whites were already on duty and were engaged in carrying out the works of defence and in watching the native troops. The same evening it was determined to get rid of the sepoys by offering to give them leave to return to their homes until November.

All with the exception of 350 at once accepted the offer, the greater portion of those who remained being Sikhs. Three days' rest enabled Sir Henry Lawrence to take up his work again. A corps of thirty men, belonging to a daring and adventurous tribe some thirty miles from Lucknow, was organised by Mr. Gubbins to act as messengers. These men rendered great service, passing backwards and forwards through the mutineers, carrying news and bringing back replies. On the 12th the military police, which furnished the jail guard and kept order in Lucknow, mutinied and marched off. They were pursued by seventy Sikh Horse and about fifty English volunteer cavalry, overtaken, and cut up. It was now that the greatest efforts were made to complete the fortifications. This was done partly with hired labour, but principally by the military and civilian officers who had been divided among the various houses in the enclosure, and by the natives who remained faithful. Some inner defences were now undertaken, behind which the garrison of the outer line of houses could retrea position be carried.

Near the redan battery on the the western face a number of n were demolished, but many were of time and means to level ther the siege the greatest loss of th inflicted by the musketry fire fro and roofs of these houses, to every point within the enclosur The wives of the soldiers wer underground rooms beneath t and the rest of the buildings w filled with ladies and childrer dency banqueting-hall was used At the post-office were the head engineers and artillery; the known as the Begum Kotee was women and children.

During the month of June th irregular cavalry, except the S and there was a general feelin the garrison at their departure. were well supplied by some eig sepoys, who came in at Sir He order from the outlying district, out exception behaved well t siege. The civilian clerks, many never handled a gun, were traine and fifty men of the 32nd were artillerymen. Fortunately, two cannon were discovered in an ol brought in.

On the 28th of June news ca render of Cawnpore and the mas male prisoners, and on the follo was brought in that a strong for was advancing towards Lucknow advance-guard of 500 infantry a were at Chinhut, within eight mi Sir Henry Lawrence started earl with 11 guns, 36 European volunt 80 Sikhs, 300 men of the 32nd, infantry, the remains of the regi mutinied. They started too late, an sun soon became excessive. Wh yards of Chinhut the enemy's gu and those of the little column repl an hour's artillery duel two heav enemy appeared on each flank; opened on them when within a yards, but without checking then were ordered to charge, and the volunteers dashed boldly at th drove back a portion of their infa

Sikhs went with them—the rest :. From a village on an eminence ; infantry opened so heavy a fire on at Colonel Case fell badly wounded his lieutenants mortally so, and the to the road.

s now great confusion. An elephant me of the guns became frightened ; the spare bullocks that had been t stampeded, and the gun was The water-carriers had run away: ffering from intense thirst, were so at they could scarce drag themselves enemy pressed upon their retreat, f mutineer cavalry took post on the nt of them. The volunteer cavalry n and cleared the way, and then vered the retreat, frequently mak- on the pursuing enemy. At last cy was reached, but the loss had indeed. Captain Stevens and lean were killed, in addition to the before named, and several others ed; three field-guns, an 8-inch almost all the ammunition-waggons l 122 European soldiers were killed unded. The enemy's force was about 5,500 infantry, 800 cavalry,

er shook the faith of the native l in the cantonment, and all three ce mutinied.

t of the enemy was stopped at the the Goomtee by the guns of the and Muchee Bawn, but they at once ll both these positions. Numbers forded the river, got guns across, g the houses round the Residency ened fire that evening upon it.

in the Residency when the news er reached it, and the remains of returned, was great. The work- batteries at once took flight, most servants, clerks, and orderlies also there was a general depression the garrison. It was at once seen vy loss that had been sustained mpossible to hold the Muchee Bawn Residency, and the garrison there by signal to evacuate the place, to magazines, and to return to the Fortunately, this was accomplished the troops making their way by route through quiet streets, and Residency unobserved by the enemy, to whom the first intimation of the movement was conveyed by the tremendous explosion of the magazines. The sudden abandonment of the unfinished works on the west and south faces of the position left these almost undefended, but Mr. Gubbins collected a number of natives, and by the promise of a cash payment seven or eight times higher than they were accustomed to receive, induced them to work at night at the bastion at the angle where his house stood.

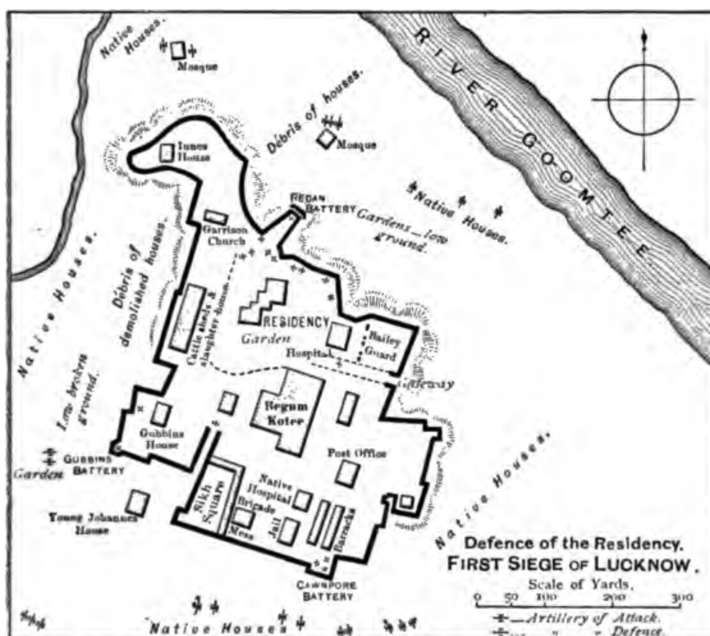
For some five hours seventy or eighty men laboured incessantly under the guidance of some officers, and at last completed the work, which, as its fire swept the approaches to the north and west sides, was of vital importance to the success of the defence. The arrival of the garrison of the Muchee Bawn restored the spirits of the troops. The new arrivals were divided in parties of fifteen and twenty among the houses most exposed to the attacks of the enemy.

On the 2nd of June Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded. On the previous day a shell had burst in the room he occupied on the first floor of the Residency, which, from its exposed position, was the favourite mark of the mutineer artillery. He refused, however, to move from it, and the next morning he received his death wound there. On his death-bed he urged on the officers to be careful of their ammunition, the stock of which was by no means large, 250 barrels of powder and as many boxes of rifle ammunition having been lost at the Muchee Bawn. Of provisions there was a large store, for during the preceding months Sir Henry Lawrence had caused large quantities to be brought in from the surrounding country; and as no relief could for a long time be looked for, it was certain that the siege must be of many weeks'—if not months'—duration.

It was some little time after the siege began before matters settled down in the Residency, for the desertion of the servants, and still more that of the men who had been hired to attend upon the bullocks and horses, disarranged everything. The principal commissariat officer had been seriously injured at Chinhut, and almost all the clerks and subordinates had fled. The able-bodied men of the garrison were all employed in strengthening the defences. Thus there was no one to water or feed the animals, and they wandered all round the enclosure. Numbers were killed by the enemy's fire, and the labour of burying the dead animals increased the work of the garrison. Almost greater trouble was caused by the plague of flies. These, attracted

by the smell of blood, swarmed in countless hosts, blackening the ground, filling the houses, and preventing the men who had been working at night from obtaining sleep ; rising in immense swarms whenever any one came near them, tainting the meat, and falling in numbers into every plate and cup.

As soon as the commissariat reorganised their arrangements, rations were issued of beef or mutton, with flour, rice, or soup. The housework was performed by the ladies, the bakers had all deserted, and chupatties were the only food that such servants as remained were able



Defence of the Residency.
FIRST SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

to produce. Everyone recognised now how great a mistake had been made in postponing preparations for defence, and especially the most necessary one of destroying all houses within gunshot range. Had this been done, the casualties would have been comparatively small, and all could have moved freely about the enclosure. As it was, the whole area within the walls was open to the view of the mutineers on the roofs or at the upper windows, and anyone who ventured out during the hours of daylight was made a target of. Nor was there at first much greater safety inside the houses. Every window was used as a mark by one or more of the mutineers, and their shot penetrated everywhere, until the windows were all protected by thick planks nailed across them, and by sandbags

inside. This added to the safety but rendered the houses almost from the stifling heat.

At the banqueting-hall, wh converted into a hospital, sev took place: patients were killed ladies struck down while at them, and the clergyman, Mr. was killed while carrying out his

Early in the siege many ot ceived their death wounds. Am Mr. Ommanney, the Judicial and Major Francis. On the sortie was made building known house ; from t the enclosure w and a very fata It was known mutineers, and made to ascerta enemy were under the worl was completely mutineers fled attempt at resist twenty of them

Before the e the enemy had p all round, and the gunners had pean officers, very accurate, ar every precautio themselves. Ea thrown up a thoroughfares fire. In some places the guns on inclined planks, up which the to be fired, the recoil at once back out of view. Sometimes t cealed behind the corners of hou they were run out to fire, bein into shelter by a drag-rope.

The garrison obtained some ne passing without through the comrades, who had deserted, wer of making their way up the bar of the Sikh square after dark, them to follow their example an general destruction of the whi cases the appeals were successful; loss of a soldier was, however, c by the information gained in the of what was going on elsewhe

"THE VOLUNTEER CAVALRY CHARGED THEM AND CLEARED THE WAY" (*p.* 31).

regiments of mutineers had entered the town, and what Talookdars had made common cause with them.

The work of the garrison was still excessive, although by this time the commissariat arrangements had been greatly improved; it was necessary to grind the wheat for food, to bury the cattle that had died, to carry the sick and wounded to the hospitals, to repair the damages inflicted by the enemy's guns, and to move cannon and mortars to new positions. The greater part of the horses had been turned out to shift for themselves beyond the lines, and these were all appropriated by the enemy. The privation most felt by the men was the absence of tobacco. While plenty of provisions had been collected, the store of tobacco had been neglected, and in a fortnight after the siege had begun it was no longer to be had, and the men greatly felt the loss of what, under the circumstances of almost continual work in a tainted atmosphere, was almost a necessity.

Day by day the enemy closed in. All the houses near were crowded with men, who kept up a galling musketry fire, while our artillery was for the most part silent, for the enemy were known to be short of shot for their cannon, and every round shot fired was picked up and returned. After a time they succeeded in manufacturing hammered shot, of which as many as five hundred were at various times collected by the besieged. The best rifle-shots of the garrison were constantly engaged in the endeavour to keep down the musketry fire of the enemy, aiming at the loopholes that they had made in the houses.

On the 14th of July the enemy made a rush forward, and occupied a building close to the lines, known as the Younger Johannes' house. This necessitated the erection of a strong palisade along a part of the defences on the west side.

On the 20th of July the mutineers made their first serious attack. At nine o'clock in the morning the look-out on the top of the Residency reported that large bodies of men could be seen moving in different directions, and the defenders at once mustered to repel an attack. It commenced by the explosion of a mine near to the redan battery: fortunately, the rebel engineers had not driven it in the right direction, and it failed to do any damage. Directly afterwards the enemy assaulted the position on all sides, covered by a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry. The principal attacks were against the redan Innes' post at the extreme nc Both assaults were repulsed witl loss. Large forces pushed forward within twenty-five paces of the re unable to face the heavy fire from musketry of the defenders.

At Innes' post, which was unj artillery, they came close up to endeavoured to plant the scaling had brought with them; but so h fire was kept up, that after repeate were forced to retire. At all otl attack was equally repulsed. Th lasted until four in the afternoon, of the defenders were killed, whil loss amounted to hundreds.

The result greatly cheered the they now felt confident of their po any attack that might be made. however, were not discouraged, f lowing day they poured out from Johannes' house and adjacent l the narrow lane that separated G sure from the Sikh squares. Fort was a loophole commanding this Mr. Gubbins posted himself with barrelled rifles, which were loaded native servant as fast as dischar two hours his fire prevented the forcing their way through the wea the side of the lane. At length brought up and shells thrown into the lane and beyond it, and as the fire was poured upon them from ev commanded the ground. Major B to repel this attack lost his life.

On the following night news garrison, a native scout bringing the capture of Cawnpore and the Sahib. This was satisfactory in a as not only did it prove that th taking the offensive, but it relieve from the fear they had entertair Sahib would bring up his whole for to aid the besiegers. After the c Banks the civil authority ceased t garrison; Brigadier Inglis, who v command, now exercising suprem martial law prevailed in the g native messenger started on his as he had delivered the message, in re-entering the lines on the 25th July with a letter from the general of General Havelock's for

crossing the river and hoped to
in five or six days.
most opportune: it raised the
ırrison to the highest point, and
ıseful in cheering the natives,
desertions had become very
a day's rest the scout again
ıg despatches and plans of the
:he roads leading to them.
ies caused by the fire from the
the line on the west side were
tie was made by Brigadier Inglis
lug in the wall, and some of the
down. It was soon found that
driving a number of mines: the
ıpore batteries were threatened
ɜ gallery against the latter was
to the surface that heavy rain
in, and a shell thrown into the
up the gallery. Three other
:d the brigade mess, the outer
ɗ the building known as Sago's
:r-shafts were sunk and mines
those of the enemy. A party
;allery against the Sikh square.
emy along it, and blew up the
ch it had been driven. The
harassed the garrison greatly
shells, which had been brought
ıent of the Cawnpore mutineers.
· continued, but although the
h discomfort to the defenders, it
them, as it not only cooled the
away the accumulated dirt, while
ıemy's trenches on the lower
ıdered their mining operations.
:r, occasioned many heavy losses
fenders, especially among the
:nt up in underground chambers
r or suitable food, died in great

atch was kept up at the end of
ıpproach of Havelock's force was
t was not until the night of the
a messenger arrived with the
elock had fought two engage-
enemy and had defeated them,
ıg until some reinforcements
The monotony of the defence was
· small sorties, by which some of
ns were spiked; but there were
ı among the mutineers, and the
rendered fit for service again.
:he Martinière college rendered
the older lads aiding in the
defence, while the rest were made useful in domestic duties and as attendants in the hospital. The Residency was now in so bad a state that most of the troops who occupied it were divided among the various houses.

On the 10th of August the enemy made another general attack, exploding a mine from Johannes' house, destroying fifty feet of the defences in front of the Martinière, and bringing down part of the wall of the house. They lost, however, so much time before following up the advantage that reinforcements from the other buildings came up in time to receive them, and speedily drove them back.

Similar attacks were made at four other points, but were everywhere defeated. On the 15th the news came that Havelock had been obliged to fall back to Cawnpore, and on the 24th a letter from Havelock himself, saying that reinforcements might reach him in the course of twenty-five days, and that as soon as they did so he would push on without any delay.

The siege now became an underground battle. The operations were incessant: one day the enemy would fire a mine and make a breach in the defences; the next, one of the houses from which they annoyed us would be blown into the air; frequently our counter-mines were run into the enemy's galleries, when the sepoys always fled, and a barrel of powder speedily destroyed their work.

Day by day the buildings in the enclosure gradually crumbled, eaten away by the rain of fire. The Residency was pierced with round shot in every direction, and became so unsafe that it was necessary to remove all the stores placed here. Other houses were in no better plight, and the women and children had to be transferred from some of them to the underground rooms of the Begum Kotee.

In the second week of September the enemy's mining work was carried on more incessantly than ever. It was evident that they recognised that, weak as the garrison must be, it was able to resist all open assaults, and that the only hope of capturing the place that had for months defied so large a force, was by blowing up some important position. Scarce a day passed without a mine being detected by our watchers, but several were exploded, doing a good deal of damage. Fortunately, in each case the gallery had not been carried quite far enough, and though very heavy charges were used, they failed in their object. On the 14th, Captain Fulton, one of the most able and energetic officers of the garrison,

who had borne the principal share in the mining operations, was killed. On the 22nd of September the trusty native who had so frequently managed to make his way through the enemy's lines, brought in a letter from General Outram, saying that the army had crossed the Ganges on the 19th, and would speedily relieve the place; and the next morning the sound of artillery was distinctly heard, and by the afternoon had approached to within five or six miles.

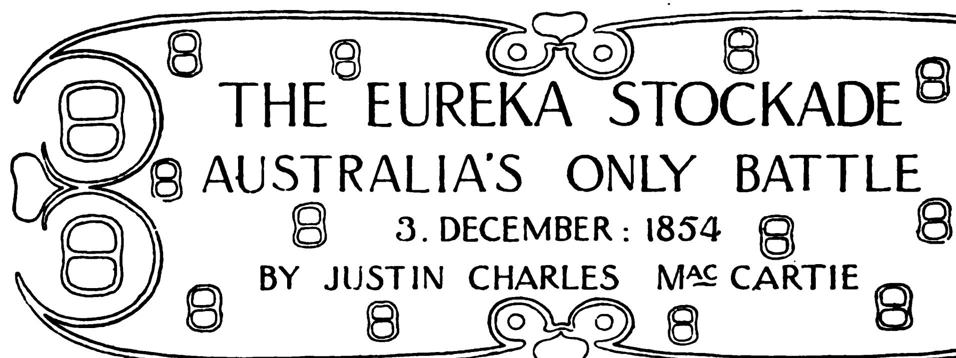
On the 25th the guns were heard early, and the sound became louder and louder. At half-past eleven numbers of the city people, carrying bundles of property, with many sepoys and matchlock men, crossed the river—s
bridges and some by swimming, sho
panic had spread through the town.
besieging the Residency opened fire
gun in their batteries, as if they w
nothing for the relieving force to fi
At 2 o'clock the smoke of the gun
seen rising in the suburbs, and th
musketry heard; while, from th
European troops and officers could b
crossing open spaces. At 5 heavy f
out in the street hard by, and two m
a force of Highlanders and Sikhs tur
main street leading to the Residenc

"A FORCE OF HIGHLANDERS TURNED INTO THE MAIN STREET LEADING TO THE RESIDENCY

Outram, they ran forward at a rapid Bailey-Guard gate, and amid the wild the defenders made their way into leagured enclosure, and the first siege was at an end.

rison had indeed reason to be proud fence. They had had every difficulty, save hunger and thirst, to encounter. against them were enormous. Their were slight: it was the brave hearts an the earthworks that were the impassable by the enemy. They had them men who had been drilled in e, led by their native officers, well ith powder and ammunition, and able housetops to keep up an incessant fire hed every niche and corner of the The heat was terrible. Sickness the crowded and underground rooms. were heavy and incessant. The garrison were deprived of all the comforts that are almost a necessity to Europeans, and especially to European children. They were deserted by their servants, and the few native troops who remained were a source of constant anxiety. Happily, however, though all luxuries disappeared very shortly after the siege began, there was no anxiety whatever as to food, for the supply of grain in the magazines would have been sufficient had the siege been prolonged for another six months. In addition to this, there were a number of wells in the enclosure which furnished an abundant supply of excellent water. Hunger and thirst were not among the foes with whom the garrison had to contend; but in point of endurance, of dauntless courage, and in the prolonged resistance of a weak position against enormous odds, the defence of Lucknow was one of the most gallant recorded in history.

RUINS OF THE RESIDENCY. [Photo, Frith & Co., Reigate



THE history of Australia begins properly with the entrance of the "first fleet" into Botany Bay in January, 1788; and during the hundred and odd years which have passed since then it has been a record of peace, interrupted only by the brief outbreak which culminated in the fight at the Eureka Stockade in the Golden City of Ballarat. While, on the other side of the world, "events were thundering on events," while the scenes of the French Revolution were being enacted, while Jéna, Austerlitz, Trafalgar, and Waterloo were being fought, the few inhabitants of the southern continent were occupied only with struggles to subdue the wilderness, and occasional skirmishes with black fellows and bushrangers.

So it was on land; and even by "all the long wash of Australasian seas," the boom of cannon fired in anger has only once been heard, and that so long ago as 1804, when the British ship *Policy*, a whaler sailing under letters of marque, fought and captured the Dutch ship *Swift* off Sydney Heads, with 20,000 Spanish dollars which the Dutchman had on board, and towed her prize into Port Jackson, where she was condemned and sold. When, after nearly forty years of peace, Britain again took up arms, and in rapid succession engaged in the wars of the Crimea and Indian Mutiny, not a ripple caused by these struggles disturbed the even flow of Australian life, and the great American Civil War also passed away with only one incident to connect it with Australia—namely, the visit of the ubiquitous Southern cruiser *Shenandoah* to Melbourne towards the end of the war. The Soudan War of 1885 brought forth the incident of the despatch of the "Soudan contingent," from New South Wales to the seat of war in Africa, but that was an *extra*-Australian affair purely. So matters have gone peacefully on to the present day, and as the centu to a close, it may reasonably be the Eureka Stockade will remain A battle of the nineteenth century.

Some persons may think that it such a formidable title, and may re series of events of which it was th as mere diggers' disturbances; 1 of what follows will show that a to condition of affairs was averted b Sunday, December 3rd, 1854.

In order to understand the led up to the conflict, it is nece something of the history of the colony of Victoria (then known Phillip District) was separated fro Wales, and created a self-gove by Imperial enactment on the 5 1850. At this period the people numbering some 75,000, were e entirely in pastoral pursuits, and th or runholders, who were mainly d wealthy classes of England, had a p influence in the affairs of the y When the colony was made self-gc lation was placed in the hands of a council, the latter consisting of th ten nominated by the Governo elected by the people; and had tinued on the old pastoral lines of government might possibly h for some years, though it would have had to be popularised as creased. As it happened, however new and jarring condition of thir soon when, early in 1851, gold w in the interior, and a tremend people, animated by totally diffe ideas from those of the pastoral set The settlers looked askance at the and it is well known that the

governing officials would willingly have kept secret the fact that the country was auriferous, and actually did so for several years. They feared that the people would be diverted from their regular employment, dreaded the influx of large numbers of adventurous men, hated to be disturbed in the occupation of the large areas of land they had acquired by the simple process of "squatting" on them, and generally disliked the idea of the existing state of things being interfered with.

In those days it was held that all minerals contained in the soil were the property of the Crown, and acting on this assumption the Government of New South Wales first, and that of Victoria subsequently, maintained that it had a right to take a toll of the earnings, or findings, of the gold-diggers, and a license fee of thirty shillings a month was imposed on each person who wished to seek for gold.

From the very first this license (or "Miner's Right," as it was called) was received with an ill grace by the diggers, and its imposition and the harsh manner in which it was enforced were the causes that led up to the Eureka conflict.

The license was in this form :—

GOLD LICENSE.

No. 185

The bearer

having paid the Sum of One Pound Ten Shillings on account of the General Revenue of the Colony, I hereby License him to mine or dig for Gold, or exercise and carry on any other trade or calling on such Crown Lands within the Colony of Victoria as shall be assigned to him for these purposes by any one duly authorised in that behalf.

This License to be in force until or during the month of , and no longer.

[Signature:

Commissioner.

and then followed the regulations to be observed by the person digging for gold or otherwise employed at the goldfields.

The license was "not transferable," and was "to be produced whenever demanded by any Commissioner, Peace Officer, or any authorised person."

Further, it was issued from the nearest police camp or station, and *could only be used within half a mile of the police station from which it was issued*—a most senseless and irritating provision.

As the license had to be produced whenever demanded, the digger, who was perhaps working up to mid-leg in mud and water, had to keep the document in his pocket, and, of course, likely to lose it or have it destroyed by water, in which case he was liable to fine or imprisonment.

The agitation against the impost commenced very early.

Gold was discovered in Ballarat in August, 1851, and on the 10th of September a goldfields Commissioner named Doveton, accompanied by some troopers, arrived on the field, and a week or so later the issue of licenses commenced. The diggers immediately held a meeting, and sent a deputation to the Commissioner, asking that the impost be withdrawn. He received the men impatiently, and replied that he had nothing to do with the making of the law, but meant to administer it ; for, said this polite officer, "if you don't pay the fee I'll —— soon make you!"

In this spirit were all the remonstrances and excuses in connection with the license fee met by the early officials, and from the first it was collected with an unnecessary harshness and display of power, which gradually caused even the most peaceable and law-abiding diggers to become exasperated. "Digger-hunting" became a favourite amusement of the officials and police cadets, who were mostly "younger sons" of English and Irish wealthy families, or ex-officers of the Imperial army, and did not possess the slightest sympathy with the independent and democratic diggers. Scarcely a day passed that numbers of men were not arrested and conveyed to the "logs" (as the camp lock-up was called), and there fined because they had mislaid, or lost, or neglected to renew, their licenses. Letters which appeared in the *Geelong Advertiser* and other papers at that time bear testimony to the vexations the diggers were subjected to, and the harsh manner in which they were treated. One writer declared that men were chained to trees for a whole night because they had not paid the license fee. Very frequently men who were not diggers at all were arrested because they could not produce a license, and "Hullo, you sir," "I say, you fellow," were the common preliminary addresses of the officials to the hunted, who, however much they might disapprove of the impost, would, without doubt, have paid it with only a little natural grumbling had its collection been conducted in a gentler spirit.

In 1853 "digger-hunting" became more general, and the troopers constantly set out from their camp in pursuit of unlicensed diggers, who, from a spirit of opposition to the impost, were now becoming more numerous. On their ... diggers kept a sharp look-out, and at

the cry of "Traps!" or "Joe, Joe!" a stampede would take place to the deep shafts, down which the unlicensed ones were lowered by their comrades, and lay secure in the bowels of the earth until the troopers had retired.

The latter did not, of course, venture down the holes when in uniform; but after a time they became skilful in the art of trapping diggers, and, disguising themselves, it is said, used to work up rows by "jumping claims," and then, when a crowd had gathered, a body of troops would swoop down on it and, effecting fifty or sixty arrests, would handcuff the men together like felons and march them off to the camp, where they would be fined or imprisoned at the pleasure of the Commissioner in charge.

An overwhelming mass of evidence goes, in fact, to show that digger-hunting was pushed to a point of exasperation that was bound to result in an outbreak of popular feeling sooner or later, especially when the fact is taken into account that the diggers were mostly men of exceptionally independent character, and numbered in their ranks many who were drawn from the highly-educated classes of Europe and America.

AT THE DIGGINGS.

But the most cursory glance at early Australia is sufficient to s the military and official elemen dominated, and there is abunda show that the British Governm ignored, or set aside, the acts of acceded to the wishes of the c British Government was, in fac and progressive than its own to this fact may be attributed settlement of many disputes. Governors of Victoria who were the gold license disputes acted tional spirit, in accordance wit ideas, the Eureka collision wou taken place. They did not do so being servants of the Crown, ac trarily than the Crown itself, an more in accord with military tha

Mr. Latrobe, the first Govern finding it difficult to carry on the the country owing to gaol ward and civil servants generally, givin and going to the diggings, took further exasperated the diggers— the gold license fee to £3 per m

he hope of deter-
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Governor by
s Hotham, who
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All who knew him agree in stating
as a man of the highest principle, and
a rigid devotion to duty which led
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a rigid disciplinarian, a stickler for
ation," and he totally misunderstood
cter of the people in the goldfields,
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he had commanded in the Imperial
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ner had he arrived than petitions
n, asking for a repeal of the gold
d for representation of the goldfields'
n in the legislative council (it must
rgotten that not a single member of

BALLARAT.

the council was returned by the diggers); and to these reasonable demands the Government replied in October, 1854, *by sending up orders that the searching for unlicensed diggers was to be prosecuted with more vigour than before*, and that the police were to devote at least two days a week to the business.

In consequence of these injudicious orders popular feeling began to run very high indeed in Ballarat. Armed resistance was freely talked of, and the more violent spirits began to collect arms. To-day there are persons living in Ballarat who remember the passionate fervour with which the Hibernian orator Timothy Hayes used to demand of his audiences: "Will ye fight for the cause, boys? Will ye die for the cause?" Here it may be remarked that when the time for fighting actually came, Mr. Hayes, forgetting to "die for the cause," tamely surrendered (though many of his countrymen

fought bravely), and was reproached for cowardice by his wife, who was, says the chronicler, "a much better soldier than Hayes."

At this juncture an accident hastened the crisis. A Scotch digger named Scobie was killed one night when knocking at the door of an hotel where he wanted "more drink," though he had already had more than was good for him. The landlord of the hotel—a ticket-of-leave man named Bentley—was said to have killed Scobie, whose persistent knocking annoyed him. The man was arrested, brought before a police magistrate named Dewes, and acquitted. The diggers—in particular those of Scottish extraction—demanded vengeance on Scobie's murderer, and asserted that the police magistrate was in Bentley's pay. Mass meetings were held, and the prosecution of Bentley was demanded. Tired of "the law's delays," the diggers at length, to the number of 8,000, marched to the hotel with the intention, it is said, of lynching Bentley; but he escaped on horseback, and galloped coatless and terrified to the police camp. Exasperated by his escape, the diggers smashed the windows of the hotel, and then set fire to it. In a very short time it was reduced to ashes. The police marched out, the Riot Act was read, and three men—McIntyre, Fletcher, and Westerbey—were arrested and charged with incendiarism.

These men were said to be absolutely innocent of any connection with the fire, and their arrest caused great indignation. Fearing an outburst of popular feeling, the authorities removed them to Melbourne for trial, and they were sentenced to a few months' imprisonment. On learning this, the Ballarat Reform League sent two of its members—Kennedy and Black—to Melbourne to *demand* the release of the prisoners. The delegates reached Melbourne on November 25th, and were received by the Governor, Sir Charles Hotham, who was attended by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Foster, and the Attorney-General, Mr. Stawell.

The Governor refused to consider any "demand" (but promised future reforms), and the delegates returned fuming to Ballarat, deriding "moral force." Alarms of insurrection were now in the air, and troops were hastily despatched to Ballarat from Melbourne, while reinforcements of police, horse and foot, were marched in from other mining camps which had adopted a more pacific tone than the Golden City. On the evening of November 28th detachments of the 12th and 40th Regiments of British infantry reached Ballarat from
as they passed through Warrenh
a few hundred yards of the
famous stockade was erected a
they were attacked by an e
diggers. Several soldiers wer
a drummer-boy was shot in th
baggage waggons were rifled in
This was an unprovoked atta
precated by the leaders of the
who knew nothing of it. All
committee of the League sat i
their followers made night hid
charge of firearms and the be
porised drums, etc.; and the nex
29th, a monster meeting was
Hill, at which 12,000 men asse
form was erected, and on a p
the insurgent flag—"The Sou
which was blue, with the fou
of the great Southern constell
it in silver.

The tone of this meeting w
extreme. "Moral force" wa
"humbug"; revolutionary r
passed; it was decided that no
should be paid. Fires were ligh
licenses were burned, amidst l
the discharge of pistols and gun
diggers.

Spies in plenty attended th
being quickly informed of what
there, the officials despatched
Melbourne praying for reinforc
police camp was strongly fortifie
on a conflict, next day—Nove
authorities ordered a "digger-hu
at an early hour all the police
the camp issued out under the
Commissioners, and, forming ne
vanced upon the diggings as i
hostile force, with skirmisher
cavalry guarding the wings. Th
as the troops advanced, but, coll
points, they pelted the soldiers
also fired a few shots at them.
were arrested, and the troops
to their camp. Instantly the
flag flew out to the breeze on
thousands of diggers rushed fort
armed and ripe for violent acti
—one of the leaders—called for
over five hundred men swore
cause," stretching out their righ
ing: "We swear by the Souther

truly by each other, and fight to defend our rights and liberties." Names were then taken down and the men formed into squads for drill, which was continued to a late hour. The men then fell in two abreast and marched to the Eureka plateau, "Captain" Ross, of Toronto, heading the march with the Southern Cross flag, which he had taken down from the pole. The men were armed with guns, pistols, pikes, and all sorts of weapons, down to a pick and shovel.

The position on the Eureka was taken up because it commanded the Melbourne road, along which reinforcements of military for the camp were known to be advancing; and there was some idea of attacking these, though this would have been a formidable undertaking, as they consisted of 800 men of regular line regiments, a large party of sailors from H.M.S. *Electra*, with four field-pieces; the whole supported by a strong force of cavalry.

The erection of the stockade appears to have been commenced on December 1st. A square plot of ground about an acre in extent was hastily fenced with wooden slabs, which seem to have been supplemented by overturned carts and ropes. It was a place of little defensive strength, and is believed to have been formed more as a place for the insurgents to drill in than as a fortification. Inside the stockade were a few mining claims, and the place was dotted all over with the shallow holes of fossickers, and in these afterwards many men, who were using them as rifle pits, were killed.

Tents were erected within the barrier, and there was also a blacksmith's shop, in which the forging of pikes or rough lances was vigorously carried on.

The authorities at this time, and subsequently, believed that Frederick Vern was the commander-in-chief of the diggers, but the man chosen to fill that position was Peter Lalor. Lalor, who was a civil engineer by profession, was a native of Queen's County, Ireland, an electorate in which county his father at one time represented in the English House of Commons. Young Lalor arrived in Melbourne in 1852, and went first to the Ovens goldfield, but was soon attracted by the richer fields in Ballarat, and moved to the place in which he was to play so prominent a part. He was at this time about twenty-five years of age and was a good-looking, strongly-built man of about six feet in height.

He was seconded by a "Minister of War" named Alfred Black, and the proceedings of the insurgents (as they must now be called) from this time on shows that they (the leaders at all events) had no intention of fomenting a mere riot, but held ideas that went as far as revolution and a republican form of government.

This is the opinion of W. B. Withers and others most competent to judge, and the leading articles of the *Ballarat Times*, which supported

the diggers at that period, openly avow republican intentions, and rave in inflated language of an "Australian Congress." A manifesto, or declaration of independence, was prepared, but was probably never issued, as the fight at the stockade a few days later scattered all revolutionary ideas to the winds.

In order to make the rising general, messengers and letters were sent to the other mining towns, praying for assistance; but, as the event proved, none was forthcoming save in one case—that of Creswick, which sent a contingent of some hundreds of men, but even they bore no part in the subsequent fight.

During December 1st and 2nd, drilling went on vigorously, and parties were sent out in all directions to search for arms and ammunition, with which the diggers were very badly

supplied. Lalor issued "orders of war" for the seizing of arms, and though payment was promised in all cases, no refusal was taken, and storekeepers and others were forced to give up any gunpowder or weapons they happened to possess.

By the evening of Saturday, December 2nd, a fair supply of weapons had been brought into the stockade, and others (pikes) forged; and as hundred of men lay around the fires preparing arms, and cooking the meat, with which they were well supplied, the place presented something of the appearance of a military camp. While these events were progressing, the authorities in Melbourne were despatching reinforcements to the field, issuing proclamations warning all persons against breaking the peace, and offering rewards for the apprehension of the ringleaders of the diggers.

Here is a reproduction of one of the Government notices:—

V. R.

Colonial Secretary's Office, Melbourne, 8th December, 1854

£400

REWARD.

Whereas Two Persons of the Names of

LAWLOR AND BLACK,

LATE OF BALLAARAT,

Did on or about the 13th day of November last, at that place, use certain

TREASONABLE AND SEDITIOUS LANGUAGE,

And incite Men to take up Arms, with a view to make war against Our Sovereign Lady the Queen:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

That a Reward of £200 will be paid to any person or persons giving such information as may lead to the Apprehension of either of the abovenamed parties.

DESCRIPTIONS.

LAWLOR.—Height [illegible] ft. 11 in., age [illegible], hair dark brown, whiskers dark brown and shaved under the side, no moustache, long face, rather good looking, and is a well-made man.

BLACK.—Height over 6 feet, straight figure, slight build, bright red hair worn in general rather long and [illegible] back ears, red and large whiskers meeting under the chin, blue eyes, large thin nose, ruddy complexion, and rather small mouth.

By His Excellency's Command,

WILLIAM C. HAINES.

At Ballarat sentinels were placed at all points of the police camp, the women and children sent into the storehouse for safety, and all was got ready for an attack. But none was made, so the officer in command, Captain Thomas, learning of the unprepared state of the diggers, dete
take the initiative and crush the rebelli
bud, and to this end gave orders that t
and police were to be in readiness to a
Eureka Stockade at dawn on Sunday
December 3rd. The military leaders h
blamed for acting thus rapidly, but t
was perfectly clear. With the impositi
license fee which had so exasperated th
or its collection, they had had nothin
but finding men in arms to oppose th
tuted Government of the country, the
treat these men as rebels, and suppr
was undoubtedly an insurrection.

In the stockade during Saturday a
day night, the diggers, though they ha
word—"Vinegar Hill"—kept up but th
possible discipline, not dreaming of a
and all day and half the night outside
in and out of the stockade, while large
of the "sworn in" men—including t
wick contingent before-mentioned—w
the town in search of food and drink
not return before the fight. It is
some, hearing a rumour of an attac
military, deserted, and that others agai
the lax manner in which things were c
despaired of the enterprise and with
their own tents and huts. Certain i
when the blast of a military trumpet r
sleepy defenders before daylight on th
morning, there were not 200 men
stockade; but most of these, as the war
of a sentinel rang out and was follow
scattered volley from those on guard, r
the breastwork and poured in a pretty re
on the line of red-coated men that coul
approaching at a distance of 100 or 150

The attacking force, consisting of 276
and police, replied to this fire with a
which five or six men were killed or
and soon bullets were flying about in
tions. Orders were given to the insu
fire at the officers, and very soon Capta
of the 40th Regiment, fell mortally
and Lieutenant Paul, of the 12th, was
wounded.

Lalor, standing on top of a logged
within the stockade, encouraged his
word and gesture, but was presently sh
left shoulder, and fell bleeding to the e
a shattered arm. Almost at the same
Ross was shot in the groin—a mortal
and Thonen, another insurgent leader,
a bullet in the mouth, fell choking with

blood and soon expired. An American officer of the insurgents, who had been shot in the thigh at the very outset, remained, hopping about and encouraging his men to resistance, as long as there was a chance of resisting. Vern made no stand, however, but fled from the eastward end of the stockade, and was followed by many others; but a number of pikemen still stood resolutely. With a loud cheer the military swarmed over, or tore down, the stockade, and though pike met bayonet for a few minutes, the end was near. The insurgents were driven into the shallow holes, and into the tents and blacksmith's shop, and were quickly surrounded and made prisoners. The military and police are accused of bayoneting and shooting wounded and unarmed men, and of repeatedly thrusting their bayonets or swords into the bodies of those already slain; but this is, of course, denied by writers on the military side. Immediately after the assaulting force burst into the stockade a policeman named King climbed up the flagstaff and tore down the Southern Cross flag amidst the cheers of his comrades. The attacking force was made up of thirty men of the mounted 40th, under Lieutenants Hall and Jardyne; sixty-five men of the 12th Infantry Regiment, under Captain Queade and Lieutenant Paul; eighty-seven men of the 40th Regiment (infantry), under Captain Wise and Lieutenants Bowdler and Richards; seventy mounted police, under Inspectors Furnell and Langley and Lieutenant Cossack; and forty foot-police, under Sub-Inspector Carter—or 176 foot and 100 mounted men in all. This force, when extended, was able to completely surround the stockade, which was too large for the diggers to defend effectively with their inadequate supply of arms. Just before the charge took place the fire of the defenders slackened from want of ammunition, and some of their weapons afterwards picked up were found to be loaded with quartz pebbles instead of bullets. The police and military bore testimony to the courage with which the defenders fought; and had all the enrolled men been present, the attack would in all probability have been repulsed, in which case other diggers would have joined the insurgents, the movement

"WITH A LOUD CHEER THE MILITARY SWARMED OVER THE STOCKADE."

extended to other towns, and a very serious state of things indeed might have arisen, as the executive could scarcely have placed even 2,000 men in the field at that time.

Having secured 125 prisoners, the military and police fired the tents within the stockade—wounded men are said to have been burnt to death therein—and then returned to the camp with their prisoners.

Of this melancholy march a correspondent of the *Geelong Advertiser* writes:—"I saw a number of diggers enclosed in a sort of hollow square; many of them were wounded, the blood dripping from them as they walked. Some were walking lame, pricked on by the bayonets of the soldiers bringing up the rear. The soldiers were much excited — the troopers (police) madly so, flourishing their swords and shouting out, 'We have waked up Joe!' and others replied, "And sent Joe to sleep again!' The diggers' standard was carried in triumph to the camp, waved about in the air, then pitched from one to another, thrown down, and trampled on." This writer describes what he saw within the stockade: "I counted fifteen dead—one G——, a fine, well-educated man, and a great favourite. . . . They all lay in a small space, their faces upwards, looking like lead. Several of them were still heaving, and at every rise of their breasts the blood spouted out of their wounds or . . . just trickled away. . . . Some were bringing handkerchiefs, others bed furniture and matting, to cover up the faces. . . . A sight for a Sabbath morning I implore Heaven may never be seen again! Poor women crying for absent husbands, and children frightened into silence."

THE HON. PETER LALOR.

How many were actually killed in the fight it is difficult to determine, as accounts vary considerably. One military writer states that thirty-five were killed and many wounded on the side of the diggers, but most other accounts give a lesser number. Probably thirty killed and mortally wounded would be about correct, while probably another fifty or sixty received serious wounds. On the military side one captain and four privates were killed, a and many privates wounded.

When they had secured tl military returned with carts i that afternoon those of the dig did not claim them were tl coffins of half-inch weather-b one large grave in the publi soldiers who fell in the fight by, and subsequently hand were erected over both graves. Eureka Stockade is now mark stage or platform surmounted b and having a cannon at each a ment is not (or was not wh spected either very su easily b Peter of the caped. manage of the s the Eu they co pile of sl the mili he was onlooke bound handke he was Smythe away t ranges, where he was attenc till the night of the 4th Decer taken to Father Smythe's hou arm was amputated by Dr. that his betrothed (whom he a saw him standing, wounded an her in Geelong on the morn one that the Psychical Resea investigate.

With a reward of £200 off hension, Lalor hid in vario length was removed to Geelon went several surgical operatio ment now well knew where had changed and he was and on the acquittal of the soners on April 1st, 1855, he t public again. How he was c Ballarat in the Legislative Co continued in political life t

death, is well known. He held the position of Postmaster-General in one Government and of Minister of Trade and Customs in another, and was for many years Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. On resigning the last-named position owing to ill-health, he was voted £4,000 by the Assembly for "distinguished services to the State." He died at the house of his son, Dr. Lalor at Richmond, Melbourne, on February [illegible], 1889, and his funeral was attended by vast numbers of people, including most of the members of both Houses of Legislature.

Though martial law was proclaimed on the day following the Eureka fight, public opinion was not with the Government. Large meetings were held in which their policy was condemned, and the Eureka prisoners were to a man acquitted on April 1st, 1855. A commission of inquiry held to determine the causes of the outbreak declared that the diggers were forced into rebellion by bad laws, harshly enforced; the old Legislative Council was abolished by Imperial enactment, and a new Constitution providing for two Houses of Legislature, both elective, was created for Victoria; and ever since then the affairs of the colony have progressed peaceably.

Thus, though the Eureka Stockade was only a very little "battle," it had consequences more important than those which have followed many a furious struggle in which blood has flowed in rivers, and the red earth has borne testimony to the appalling ferocity of man.

MONUMENT MARKING THE SITE OF THE EUREKA STOCKADE.

WE are all familiar with the spectacle of the self-made man who takes upon himself the *rôle* of landed proprietor, not because he has any special leaning towards country life, but because "it's the thing"—because it is expected of him.

In somewhat similar fashion, Italy had not been many years reckoned as one of the Great Powers when she began to look round for some foreign territory to annex. It would not be of any particular use to her, but it was "the thing" for Great Powers to have colonies and foreign possessions beyond the seas. It was hardly respectable to be without such luxuries. So, being forestalled by France in a plan for taking possession of Tunis, she cast about for something further afield; and while we were fighting Osman Digma and the Mahdists, and there was talk of an advance from Suakim to Berber and Dongola for the re-conquest of Khartoum, an Italian expeditionary force passed through the canal and occupied Massowah, a little further south than our post at Suakim. At the same time the Italian Government informed us that if we made a move into the interior they would be glad to help.

The move into the interior has not come yet, though this was ten years ago. But, once having got a foothold at Massowah, the Italians have gone on building up their province on the Red Sea shore, adding to it a disputed protectorate over Abyssinia and a tract of half-desert land on the Indian Ocean. Altogether, they have secured in the scramble for Africa a "sphere of influence" which makes a very good show on the map, though, like most other nations that possess spheres of influence in the Dark Continent, they have not effectively occupied the greater part of it, and they have found their landholding a costly luxury, paid for with blood-shed and much expenditure
which so far there is a scanty

Massowah stands on an is
and a half in circumference, c
mainland by a narrow cause
long, another island halfway f
struction. The place had, t
great advantage that, even if
the Soudan attacked it, it w
there was a warship ready to s
with her cannon and machi
good starting-point for conque
Africa. Southward, close at h
bulwarks of the Abyssinian t
narrow passes opening on th
sowah to Zulla gave access.
the coast-hills and the desert,
to Kassala and the Upper N
passage of caravans in the
Mahdist revolt, but now clo
raiders of the false prophet.
the Italians have made stead
these ten years. Their vang
nently hold Adigrat, well up t
into the heart of Abyssinia,
garrison at Kassala. But this
been made without hard fighti
Better able than a more nort
the torrid heat of the Sou
Italians have shown that th
well fitted for campaigning
They have, it is true, had t
Dogali, where a handful of Ber
advanced post were cut to pi
whelming forces flung against
they had made a desperate def
lives dearly. But they have a
tories over both the Soudan
sinians, and they are especial
victory at Agordat, on the w
1893, because they claim that

ANDFUL OF BERSAGLIERI HOLDING AN ADVANCED POST WERE CUT TO PIECES" (p. 48).

never ventured to fight the Mahdists except in square, they were able to meet and shatter the wild onset of the Soudanese in line. Without admitting that this is at all a fair statement of the case, we may grant that the fight at Agordat was a very gallant piece of work, and the story of it is well worth the telling ; so I shall put it together mainly from the official despatches, supplementing them with details from other sources.

Keren, a town on the western slope of the coast range, had for some time been the advanced post of the Italians towards Kassala, when, in 1890, General Baratieri occupied Agordat, two days' journey further west towards Kassala, and at the point where the two chief routes from that city to Keren join. A fort was built at Agordat, overlooking the ravine of Khor Baka and commanding the junction of the roads. It thus became the chief outpost of the Italians towards the region held by the Mahdists, and would be the point against which any wave of invasion coming from the desert must break.

In the summer of 1893 the Mahdists had been very active. They kept on foot four armies—one at Dongola, the object of which was to threaten the frontier post held by the English and Egyptians on the Upper Nile ; two other armies were operating southwards in Kordofan, towards the great lakes; while a fourth, with its headquarters at Gedaref, watched the Abyssinian and Italian frontiers. The army of Gedaref had been very quiet all the summer, and there had even been some trading along the road between Kassala and Keren. Sanguine colonists on the Italian side flattered themselves that things were settling down, and that there would soon be scope for some profitable business enterprise at Massowah. But it was only the lull before the storm.

The Emir Musaid Gaidum, who was one of the Mahdi's best fighting-men, commanded at Kassala. In all our battles in the Soudan we had found that the one great danger that had to be faced was the wild rush of Soudanese swordsmen and spearmen. The Mahdists made very little use of firearms beyond worrying our men in their bivouacs with a dropping fire through the night. But some of the chiefs had been so impressed by the fearful execution done by the rapid fire from the English infantry squares, that they were full of the idea of teaching their warriors new tactics, and getting them to rely more upon the rifle than upon cold steel. The Emir of Kassala was one of those who were most anxious to make this experiment. In his garrison he had 1,200 riflemen armed with Remington breechloaders taken from the Egyptians, and abo[ut] armed with muzzle-loaders of [...] The army at Gedaref posses[sed] Remingtons, and there were [...] armed with them and partly [...] European fashion. Besides th[ese] were large levies of horsem[en] armed with sword and spe[ar] mounted men wearing complet[e] plate- and chain-mail. In artil[lery they] were hopelessly weak. There [...] cannon on the ruinous mud wa[lls] at Gedaref there were a cou[ple of] pieces. There is no doubt tha[t] to their traditional tactics they [...] a much more formidable fig[ht] their leaders flattered themselv[es] now quite equal to European [...] took an early opportunity [...] efficiency by making a raid [...] the Italian colony.

Early in December rumo[urs reached the] Italians that the Mahdists were [...] Ahmed Ali, one of the Khali[fa's] chiefs, had come down from K[...] command of the troops at [...] calling all the tribesmen of t[...] standard. At first they did [...] attention to these reports. T[...] fore, there had been a similar g[...] Mahdists had not ventured t[...] frontiers, and it was conjecture[d] be really thinking of some ent[...] Abyssinians. But the reports [...] were so persistent that at las[t] to take some precautions. [...] the fort of Agordat was reinfo[rced] parties were pushed forward to[wards] Gedaref. Spies were despatch[ed] country. It was calculated th[at] the Italian commanders wo[uld have] days' notice of any serious [...] Soudanese, and arrangement[s] which a considerable force [...] assembled to meet them. G[...] who had taken charge of th[e] colony on this side, hoped tha[t] so work out that by the time [...] gathered in force at Kassala, w[...] journey from Agordat, he wo[uld] near the fort two squadron[s] batteries of mountain-guns, se[...] infantry, and three of native [...] about 2,000 men. This was th[e] he hoped to stop and drive bac[k]

10,000, or, it might be, 20,000 fanatic Soudanese and Arabs. Moreover, all the force assembled at Agordat would consist of native troops, led by Italian officers and sergeants. It was to be a triumph of European discipline and leadership over the half-savage fury of the men of the desert, the rank-and-file on both sides consisting of men of the same race, and the presence of some seventy European officers and non-commissioned officers sufficing to turn the scale against what otherwise would have been overwhelming numbers.

On Wednesday, the 13th of December, a spy came in from Kassala with the news that the Mahdist advance had been fixed for the previous day. The telegraph conveyed the warning to Massowah, and the orders already prepared for the defence of Agordat were issued. At the same time General Arimondi started from the coast to take personal command of the little army that was assembling at the fort. On the Friday news came over the wires from Agordat that the advanced scouts were in contact with the Mahdist vanguard. The invaders were said to be at least 12,000 strong. They were moving in two columns, each taking one of the two roads that met near the fort, and they had already covered half the distance between Kassala and Agordat.

But the march of the invaders was slow. In the early morning of Monday, the 18th, the scouts saw the watch-fires of the Soudanese vanguard burning dimly about Daura, some forty miles from Agordat. The scouts, native cavalry led by Italian officers, had orders to keep in touch with the Mahdists, but to avoid fighting. They were to fall back before them, harassing and delaying their advance when possible, and filling up the wells, so that the enemy would have to dig for water at every halting-place. Campaigning in the Soudan means, to a great extent, manœuvring and fighting for water; so this was the best means of retarding the march of the Soudanese and affording the garrison at Agordat time to make full preparations for giving them a warm reception.

On the Tuesday the onward march of Ahmed Ali's advanced guard had reached Kufit, a village at the junction of several valleys, twenty-three miles from the fort. The scouts had assembled at Shaglet village and wells, five miles from the enemy. Captain Carchidio, an enterprising officer who was in command, watched the Soudanese closely, waiting for an opportunity to cut in and make some prisoners, from whom he hoped to gather precise information about the force in his front. The result was some smart skirmishing late in the afternoon, the dismounted troopers on the Italian side exchanging fire with the Mahdist outposts. Carchidio noticed that the enemy showed no disposition to charge, and also had the satisfaction of reporting that their riflemen were abominably bad shots.

Next morning the vanguard of the emir formed in battle array, and moved slowly forward against Shaglet. A few shots were fired, and a handful of the Italian troops, who would have been cut off and overwhelmed if they had ventured to dispute the possession of the place with the invaders, retired on the wild valley where the ravine of Khor Akbermanna joins the Khor Barka, the deep rock channel, dry in summer, traversed by a stream in winter, which marks the approach to Agordat. At the wells of Ashai another squadron came to their aid from the fort, for they had sent back word that they were being forced back rapidly by the enemy's advance. Near the wells the Italian officers made a stand. With carbine fire they beat off an attack of the Dervish cavalry, and it was only when masses of infantry, led by mounted chiefs, came pouring down the wild road along the ravine that they again fell back towards Agordat.

The way in which this small body of native troops trusted their European leaders, and under their guidance kept touch with the huge mass opposed to them, retiring slowly before it day after day, was proof enough that the troops at Agordat could be relied upon to behave with steadiness in the coming conflict. Arimondi considered that his small force of cavalry had done its part, and after the skirmish of El Ashai he ordered them to join him at Agordat, and sent forward in their place a couple of hundred infantry, under Captain Catalano, to form an outpost line across the valley and keep touch with the enemy.

Catalano had orders to try to make an attack on the Mahdists' camp after sunset, breaking in upon their lines suddenly with a view to securing a few prisoners. As yet none had been captured, and Arimondi wanted them in order to get more precise information than he possessed as to the numbers and plans of his opponents. Catalano went forward and reconnoitred the enemy's position, but he had to report that it was impossible to do anything. Ahmed Ali had camped all his force in one huge zeriba—that is, a temporary enclosure made by cutting down masses of thorny plants and making them into a kind

of hedge all round the camp. Behind this barrier the Mahdist sentries were ever on the alert. To surprise any prisoners was out of the question. The most Catalano could do was to keep the Dervish camp continually under observation, and towards midnight he saw and heard enough to make him feel fairly certain that Ahmed Ali was preparing to break up his bivouac and venture on a night march.

The zeriba was about five miles west of the fort, close to the edge of the Barka ravine, in which [illegible] watched [illegible] sunset. At [illegible] Thursday the [illegible] the Mahdists leaving their camels under a guard in the camp, [illegible] out [illegible] a solid column, with the cavalry in front, and Catalano fell back, sending a hurried message to Agordat to say that the attack was coming before dawn. At the fort a heavy convoy of ammunition that was coming up from Keren was anxiously expected, and the question was whether the Mahdists or the camels would be the first to come in sight. At dawn there were no signs of the enemy, though the garrison was on the alert. Soon after the bright morning sunshine showed the convoy toiling along the caravan track on the north side of Khor Barka. At seven it was safe under the guns of the fort. At the same hour though still out of sight, the Mahdist vanguard was coming down the north side of the Khor in the opposite direction. If it had moved a little more rapidly during the night it would have cut off the convoy.

[illegible] (p. 51).

It was not till nine o'clock that the Mahdist

MASSOWAH.

in sight of the fort. Then their cavalry een riding out of some clumps of trees 2,000 yards north of Agordat and near the of Ad Omar. They came on slowly, the cavalry retiring before them. When they sight of the fort, with the Italian tri- flying over it, they came to a standstill, tly waiting for their main body. It was ards ascertained that there was riding them an old comrade of Gordon's, the Faragalla, who commanded the fort of rman for him during the first part of the of Khartoum, and had only surrendered to ahdi when he had no longer any provisions garrison. Faragalla had often travelled Kassala and Keren road, and he acted as ide of the advance against Agordat.

pause puzzled the garrison not a little. rds eleven o'clock they got a hint of what appening. Till then they had been sending eceiving messages by the telegraph line ran by Keren to Massowah. But sud- communication stopped. The Mahdists ushed forward under the screen of their y, occupied the junction of the two valleys or Barka and Khor Kar Obel to the east of rt, thus cutting it off from the direct road ren. At the junction of the two gulleys ame on the telegraph line, and promptly yed a considerable length of it. Having isolated the fort they proceeded to attack long and broad column of infantry, some nds strong and chiefly armed with rifles, out from behind the village of Ad Omar, moving with a slow but steady pace, ad- d towards the Barka ravine, east of the fort. Till this moment there had only been a few rifle and carbine shots exchanged between the cavalry, but the fight was now to begin in earnest. A battery of four mountain-guns at the fort opened suddenly on the advancing column. The Italian officers had got the range correctly, the native gunners worked their guns smartly, and shell after shell burst fairly over the heads of the Soudanese. Yet on they came, their emirs and standard-bearers riding in the front of each battalion, many of them in glit- tering armour. As they neared the steep bank of the Khor they broke into a run; but it was a run forward. The long column slipped like a huge snake down one bank of the ravine and glided up the other, pushed through a belt of trees that lined its southern bank, and reap- peared in a long line of battle behind the villages of Algeden and Saberdat, about a mile and a half from the fort.

So far not only had the Mahdists shown splendid pluck, but Ahmed Ali had displayed some tactical skill. He had boldly cut the Italians off from their base, and he was in a posi- tion from which a successful attack would be most disastrous to them. But he had made the mistake in crossing the Khor a little too near the fort. As his troops appeared behind the villages the shells began to drop faster among them. They fell back a little, and then halted again, sending parties of horsemen into the two villages to clear them of any supplies that might have been left there. But Ahmed Ali had no intention of trying to rush the fort. He knew better: his plan was to make the Italians come out and attack him in the open, in order to try

to drive him from their communication with Keren. If they failed, he would be able to surround and starve them out.

Arimondi had drawn up his troops along the ridge on which the fort stands, looking to the westward, the direction from which he expected the attack, and that also in which the position he held was easiest to defend. On the appearance of the Mahdists in his rear he changed his front, and now looked eastward. One company of about 200 men held the fort, together with one of the mountain-batteries. Another company held the ground between it and the Khor, ground covered with a thick growth of date palms. Two more companies were in reserve behind the fort. The irregulars and the cavalry were just south of it, where there is a drop in the line of the summit of the ridge. Where it rose again, the right of his line was formed by a battalion of infantry and another battery—2,181 men, with eight mountain-guns, formed his entire force. The Mahdists mustered 8,000 riflemen, 3,000 spearmen, and between 500 and 600 cavalry. But they had brought no cannon with them, and so had no means of replying to the long-ranging fire of the Italian mountain-batteries.

Noon came, and still the Mahdists quietly held their ground. Arimondi felt that he must act against them. What he feared most was that they would maintain themselves behind the villages till after sunset, and then rush his position in the dark. He therefore resolved to risk an attack upon them.

If he had followed the tactics adopted in our own battles in the Soudan he would have formed his men in a square, moved steadily against the Mahdist position, tempted them thus to try a headlong charge, and destroyed them with a rapid rifle-fire as they tried to close, following up the retreat of what was left of them with a cavalry charge. The chief interest of this fight at Agordat arises from the fact that Arimondi ventured to attack in line. The right wing, under Colonel Cortese, a battalion and a mountain-battery, moved upon the village of Algeden. Half a battalion from the left wing, under Major Fadda, advanced between Cortese's force and the Khor, prolonging his line and conforming to its movements. The rest of the force guarded the fort and acted as a reserve. At first the companies moved in little columns. At eight hundred yards from the enemy they deployed into line, but the front on which they moved was so extended that, even when they had formec firing-line, they had long interval companies. The battery came in swell of ground behind the right c

The first shots from the mount fired at half-past twelve, the object the village. At the same time r all along the Italian line. As soor advance began there had been a of war-drums and a rattle of k along the Mahdist line. It was them to form for battle; and inst for the attack they came forwar They had broken from line int columns, each with a broad front. rode before them, and in front o was a cluster of green banners. the drums, the shouts of the warri indicate that a wild rush like tha in our own desert war was coming they marched forward with a l step, keeping their ranks, and fell back with the banners on th columns the leading ranks open with their Remingtons, never sto load or to fire. One column hidden among the date palms n the three others marched straight right. On they came wreathed i their rifles, closing their ranks as warriors fell under the Italian pausing for a moment. The l opposed to them could not hav moment if they had once closed failing to stop them with their fi infantry began to retire. On the tried to check the onset of the S counter-attack, but the respite th of the briefest. The infantry we past the battery, and the Soudanes the guns. The gunners fired to th finishing up with four rounds of last round being fired at a range like fifty yards. Then they trie guns on to the backs of the bat order to carry them off. But b and spear finished every mule i several of the gunners were kill the four guns had to be abandor at ten minutes to one—the battl lasted a bare twenty minutes.

But be it said to the credit officers and their native soldie nothing like a rout. Overweight back, the line never broke. In a

the rear of their first position they halted, and their heavy volley-firing brought the Mahdists to a standstill for a while. Then the attack was renewed, and the line of the watercourse was abandoned; but as they crossed it the Mahdists came under the fire of the fort, and the reserve was pushed forward to help the first line of the defence. The cavalry rode down the slope towards the date-palms on the left, waiting for an opportunity to charge if no other means could be found to check the Dervish advance.

But they had suffered heavily in getting so far as the watercourse, and all the spirit of their first advance seemed to be gone. The massive columns had broken into a long, confused line of rifles and spears, and twice they tried in vain to make good their footing on the west side of the gully. If they had been supported by artillery, and if they had known better how to use their rifles, nothing could have stopped them. But they had no guns to reply to the shell-fire of the fort, and their own shooting was of the wildest. Musaid Gaidum, the Emir of Kassala, was struck down by a bullet; Faragalla, the ex-Governor of Omduman, fell dangerously wounded. Ahmed Ali, mounted on a splendid horse and clad from head to foot in an ancient suit of chain-mail, was riding in the front of the attack, a group of standard-bearers around him, encouraging by word and example his Soudanese to push on against the infidel stronghold. A group like this was certain to draw fire. One of the guns of the fort loaded with case-shot was laid for it, and the chief dropped dead amongst his standard-bearers. He had been hit full in the face with the iron base of the case-shot, several of the bullets wounding those who rode beside him. Discouraged by the fall of their leaders and their own heavy losses the Soudanese began to fall back.

Now was the time for a counter-attack, and Arimondi seized it. Every available man was pushed forward against the retiring enemy. The cavalry charged the Dervish horsemen on the left of the enemy's line, and then threatened to cut in upon their retreat to the villages. Behind them the rolling fire of the Italian infantry scattered death in their confused ranks. The guns of the outlying battery were recaptured and turned on the villages. By two o'clock the Soudanese had given up the fight and were in full retreat. They had left more than three hundred killed and wounded and some seventy banners on the battlefield. The thin line of the Italians had indeed given way before them, but it had held together, and it had resumed its advance the moment the onset of the Soudanese army was checked. What would have happened if the fort had not been there to support Arimondi's retiring line is another question; and it is also by no means clear that the Italians would have held their ground if the Soudanese had not had so many rifles. There seems not to be the least doubt that the attack was made with much less speed and impetus than the usual Dervish charge, because the men were trying to keep up an effective fire while they marched. That fire did very little damage to the Italians, but it cost the Soudanese hundreds of their foremost warriors, because it delayed their advance and kept them the longer under the deadly fire of the well-trained infantry opposed to them.

The Soudanese had an abundance of ammunition. More than a hundred cartridges were found in the pouches of some of the killed on the battlefield; but their idea of fighting with the rifle was only to fire as rapidly as possible. They had not been taught the good rule to

"Fire low and fire slow;" so that even at point-blank ranges most of their bullets flew harmlessly over the heads of the line opposed to them. Considering how hotly they had been engaged the Italians lost very few men. Three officers and seven non-commissioned officers were killed, a non-commissioned officer and two officers being wounded. Of the rank-and-file (all of them natives), 104 were killed and 121 were wounded. Thus about one-tenth of the force actually engaged was *hors de combat*. But the Soudanese loss was more than one-fourth of their total force.

The cavalry horses were tired with the heavy work they had done in scouting during the days before the battle. The soldiers generally were exhausted with their efforts and with the great heat of the day. So although Arimondi tried to pursue in the hope of cutting the Dervish army off from its retreat on Kassala and inflicting further loss upon it, he was unable to prevent the Soudanese from regaining the cara[illegible] north of the Khor by which they had [illegible] After the first five miles he lost touch [illegible] Some hundreds of stragglers were take[illegible] ers, and the cavalry picked up some [illegible] day. But the defeated invaders wer[illegible] moralised that they never halted till [illegible] reached Kassala. The attempt to [illegible] white man with his own weapons ha[illegible] an utter failure. And once more in [illegible] on the borderland of the Soudan the a[illegible] of the European had been illustrate[illegible] confidence with which a couple of [illegible] African troops had stood by their Itali[illegible] faced at their command an army outn[illegible] them sixfold, and under their guidance [illegible] hurl back the men of the desert in hop[illegible] although many of the warriors who thu[illegible] defeat had been victorious in two [illegible] against native armies on the frontier of [illegible] and in Kordofan.

"THE CHIEF DROPPED DEAD AMONGST HIS STANDARD BEARERS" (p. 55).

IF the electric telegraph had existed in 1805, or railways, or if there had even been roads in the great European Peninsula along which a mounted courier could make decent pace, the battle off the shoals of Cape Trafalgar might very well never have been fought, or at least have been considerably modified in its details and results. It is an historical fact that when on the 19th of October M. de Villeneuve put out from Cadiz in command of the Franco-Spanish fleet, which was fated to be so crushingly beaten, a recall from his great master, Napoleon, was hastening down the Peninsula as fast as horsemen could carry it. Admiral Rosily was to be promoted to the chief command, and the man he superseded was to return forthwith to Paris and answer a catalogue of grave charges.

De Villeneuve's chief sin was want of success, and under the first Napoleon no graver charge could have been framed against him. On the 23rd July of the same year he had fought an action with Sir Robert Calder, the commander of the blockading squadron off Ferrol, in which neither side, according to the sentiment of the time, covered itself with credit. The British with the smaller force captured two ships, and inflicted more loss than they received; but the indignant howls of his country forced the admiral to demand a court-martial, which, as it turned out, heavily censured him. They said he ought to have done far more.

The incident shows how the British prestige, bought at St. Vincent, Aboukir Bay, and countless other actions, was appreciated both in these Islands and by our then enemies on the Continent; and, in fact, Napoleon himself, though the last man to admit such a thing until it was forced upon him, forbade his sea commanders to accept action unless they had a strong surplus of force following their flag. But presuming that the allied fleet could annihilate any squadron which the British could put on the seas to meet them, he sent De Villeneuve definite instructions as to what he wanted to be done. They were to force the Straits of Gibraltar, land troops on the Neapolitan coast, sweep the Mediterranean of all British cruisers and commerce, and enter the port of Toulon to re-victual and re-fit. And it was on this errand that—anticipating his recall—Admiral de Villeneuve led out of the harbour of Cadiz the fleet of French and Spanish battleships under his supreme command.

That day was the 19th of October, 1805; but the wind drew light, and it was not till the 20th that the entire combined fleet got into the long Atlantic swell, and showed to a pair of British reconnoitring frigates no less than thirty-three sail of the line—battleships of two, three, and in one case four gundecks—besides attendant smaller craft.

The two frigates, the *Euryalus* and the *Sirius*, had a shot or so pitched at them occasionally when they pried too close; but they contrived to hang on the skirts of the allies, and to glean news which kept the bunting on a constant dance up and down from their trucks. De Villeneuve took the frigates for scouts, and scouts they were; but he did not know that they were telegraphing detailed news of his movements to the British Mediterranean fleet under the most skilful seaman of all time—Horatio, Viscount Nelson.

The Island warships lay hove-to out of sight beyond the curve of ocean, riding laboriously over the swells, with copper glancing green and gold in the sunlight. They had waited for this moment for many a weary windy month.

Looked at from the light of our after-knowledge, they were clumsy, leewardly, ungainly hulks, with square, ponderous, wake-drawing sterns, and bows like the breasts of an apple; with narrow yards which had to be reinforced by studding-sail booms before a decent spread of cloth could be shown; with massive hempen

rigging, and many a piece of uncouth gear and fitting whereof the very name is lost to us in this year of grace. They had single topsails and single topgallant sails, and each carried under her rearing bowsprit a spritsail with round holes in the leaches, set on a swaying spritsail yard.

Their bellying sides towered above the sea like great black walls, as though to make the largest possible mark for hostile shot ; and in these walls were doors, as many as a hundred to a ship, which could lift and show a grinning cannon-mouth framed in its proper porthole.

Their manning was typical of the time. There was the marine, a pipe-clayed, pig-tailed soldier, with garments about as suited to ship-board as an archbishop's would be. The 'fore-mast hand, though nine times out of ten the scouring of a press-gang from a crimp's house in some unlucky seaport town, was usually a seaman by education and a fighting-man by instinct ; and at his best the primest exponent of his two trades which the world has ever seen. He was a tough handful, the Jack of 1805, and he required an iron discipline to keep him under full command—and he got it. It was a rare day when some six or eight of him did not appear spreadeagled on the gratings which were rigged in the gangways, to receive three or four dozen caresses of the "cat," laid with zeal upon the bare back.

His officers, too, were not what we should call refined and educated men nowadays. But they were skilful in both branches of their profession ; because, without consummate seamanship, the leewardly, slow-sailing craft of that day would not keep afloat ; and in an era when the ocean breeze always smacked of battle, whoso was not an excellent fighting-man was quickly weeded from the ranks by captivity or death.

It is as well to understand these matters clearly, and then one can better appreciate that supreme outcome of the time, the British Vice-Admiral in command, who put the capstone on his glory by the sea-fight which averted the invasion of England and made the fate of the world what it is.

The fleet lay pitching clumsily over the dull green Atlantic swells, the wooden routine going on unchangeably as it had run for years before—watches, quarters, drill, meals, hammock ; and then the same might be expected to follow over again. But of a sudden a change began to take place. The scene was brightened with patches of gaudy bunting. From every mast-truck in succession there broke out strings which the signalmen, book in hand, t into words. Phrase by phrase they re signals, and the officers tingled with e

" The French and Spaniards are ou they outnumber us in ships and guns we are on the eve of the greatest s history."

The news hummed round the flee and aft ; but there was neither hustle Lord Nelson's instruction to his ca gone round days before, and they w masterpiece of tactics that there was add to them. They mapped out t battle with all distinctness, but the cramp the enterprise of the inferiors. from his infinite experience that in th action circumstances might well o called for individual judgment, the le his charge thus : "In case signals seen or clearly understood, no capt very wrong if he place his ship alon enemy."

The men, too, after the custom of t not indulge in any morbid thought death or maiming.

" They were as merry at the thou sanguinary fight as a mob of schoolbo for an unexpected holiday, and their c was concerning the prize-money t take, and the jinks and jaunts they ashore when they put in to port to re

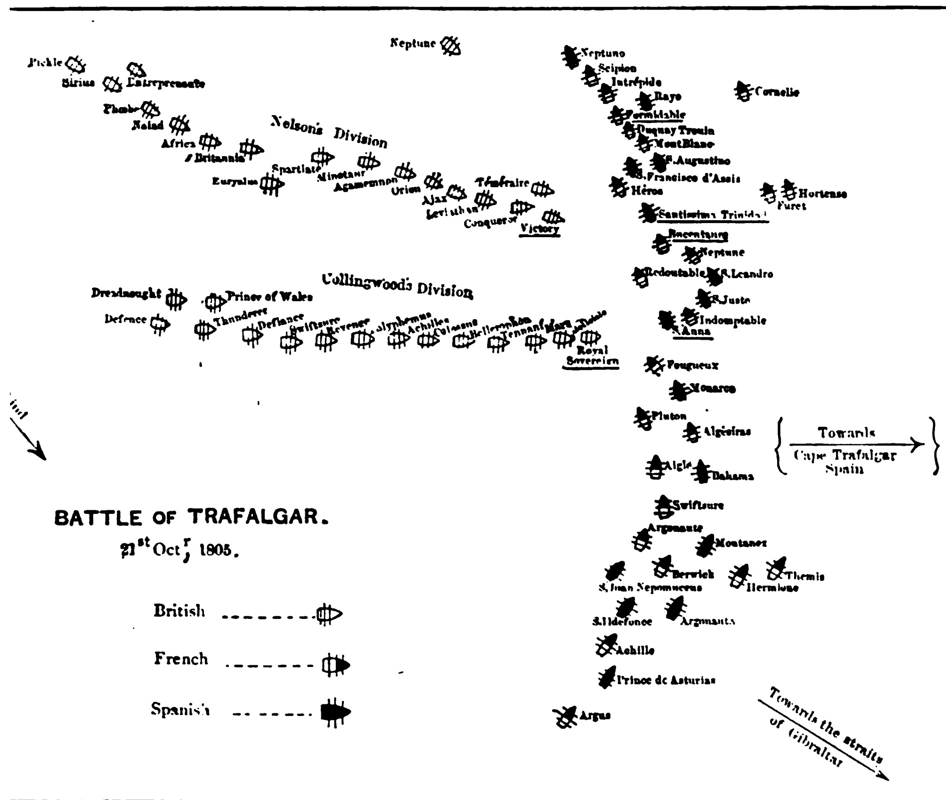
But there was more waiting yet battle began to burn in grim red breezes were fitful, and the allies full caution. It was not till the 21st tha came together, and the British w force an action.

At 8.30 of that historical mornin neuve made the signal for his shi in close order on the port tack, bring Cadiz on his lee bow, and necessary, his escape into that port. was obeyed clumsily, and what wit seamanship, light breeze, and hea swell, the resulting formation w crescent-shaped, the ships clusterin and bunches, with great green gap less water between them. And to three sail of the line bore down two columns from the windward tw British war-ships under every stitc that they could show, yet making a knots with the catspaws that playe swells.

commander-in-chief haa hoisted
ɔld 100-gun ship *Victory*, and in
ı of the weather column. He was
one-armed man, blind of one eye,
›bily dressed. The seams of his
coat were threadbare, the fabric
ı salt, the gold lace tarnished to
l rags. Amongst the folds of the
re four frayed, lack-lustre stars,
; of what had once been brilliant
He was a most slatternly admiral.

ours. But what he said went home to the hearts of that rough, fighting crew, and a bubble of cheers rippled against his heels throughout all his progress along those narrow 'tween decks. They knew what a fight was, and they knew what a fight that little, shabby man would give them. The joy of battle was as meat and drink to them, and they licked their lips and made their noises of glee, like dogs held back on a chain. Their one wish was for close action.

Amongst the officers on the quarter-deck a



be little of Lord Nelson remain-
hat there was, the quality was
solitary eye was as bright as a
rain was the most perfect sea-
r schemed a tactic. In a ship's
ɜ all were active, none were more
As his vessel lunged over the
nearing the enemy, he visited
nt decks, overseeing everything
lressing the men at their quarters,
them not to fire a single shot
ɔertain that it would find a suit-
ce.

the rough sea-argot of his day,
rom the more refined speech of

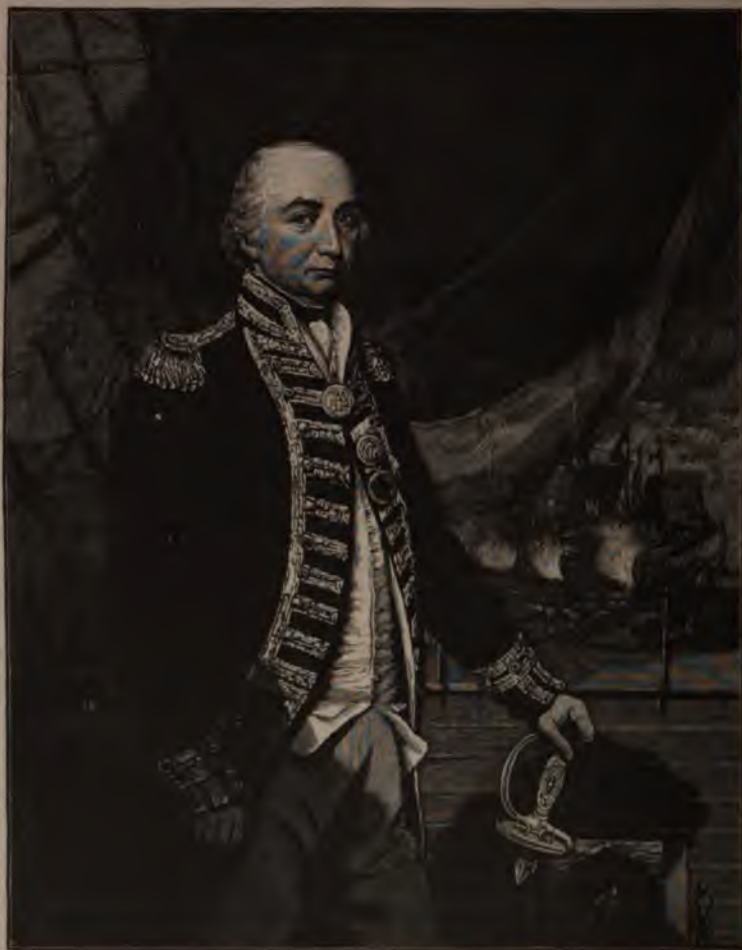
different topic was being discussed. They were men without a single thought for their own lives, but their reverence for Lord Nelson was idolatrous, and their fears for him heavy. It seemed to them that on his safety alone depended the success of the day; and as things were going, they knew that it must soon be desperately imperilled.

The *Victory*, both as van-ship of a column, and as bearing at her fore the flag of the commander-in-chief, would inevitably draw down upon herself all the concentrated force of the enemy's first fire, and the slaughter on her decks would be murderously heavy.

It was an awkward task to put this to the

admiral, a man notoriously careless of his own personal safety; but when he returned from his tour of inspection, his anxious officers clustered round him, and one of them spoke the wishes of all.

Would he not allow the *Téméraire*, then close astern, to slip past him, and as van-ship take off the brunt of the first fire?



LORD COLLINGWOOD.
(From an Engraving by Charles Turner.)

Nelson laughed, and turned to Hardy, his flag-captain.

"Oh, yes," he said; "let her go ahead if she can."

Captain Hardy faced the taffrail, and hailed the *Téméraire*. His chief, still laughing, ran forward along the decks to the officers in command of the sail-trimmers, giving eager orders—a pull at a brace here, at a sheet there. The *Téméraire* might race him into action, but he would take care that the *Victory* should be first engaged.

"There, Hardy," he said, as he cam[e] the quarterdeck, "let the 'Temeraire[']s ball if they can—which they most can't. I think there's nothing more now, is there, till we open fire? stay a minute, though. I suppose I the fleet something as a final fillip see. How would this do—'Nelson every man will do his duty'?"

Captain Hardy suggested that expects" would be better, and on turously consenting, the message w by flag, and broke out in a dazzle the *Victory's* mizzen topgallant m hundred telescopes read the buntin[g] the message was translated to the B their wild, exultant cheers spread o ocean's swell like the rattle of musk[etry]

Only one other signal was made, and that was belayed fast to the *Victory's* main truck and stayed there till it was shot away. It read: "Engage the enemy more closely." But it did not incite any special enthusiasm. It was Nelson's customary order on going into action,

"THE 'ROYAL SOVEREIGNS' STUCK TO THEIR GUNS, AND FOUGHT THEM LIKE FIENDS" (*p.* 62).

was taken entirely as a matter of course. Island seamen of that day were never chary ming to hand-grips when they got the ce. They had entire confidence in pike, cutlass and club-butted pistol when wielded heir own lusty selves, and a superb con- t for the physical powers of Don and chman, both of which matters were very ceable to their success.

It was just before noon that the French *Fougueux* opened fire upon Vice-Admiral Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*, and, as though it had been a signal, the two admirals' flags broke out at their fore-mastheads, and the ships of both fleets hoisted their ensigns. The wind was very light, the sea oil-smoth, with a great ground-swell setting in from the westward. A glaring sun from out a cobalt sky blazed down on the freshly-painted flanks of the French and Spanish ships, and for a moment the fluttering national flags lit the scene with brilliant splashes of red and blue and white and gold. Then the grey powder-smoke filled the air in thicker volumes, and the flags and the ships themselves

disappeared in its mist, and only the lurid crimson flashes of the guns shone out to tell that the fight had begun from every battery that had drawn into range.

To the first salute of iron and lead the *Royal Sovereign* made no response in kind. She held grimly on in silence, with her sail-trimmers working as though they were at a peace review ; but when she drew astern of the great three-decker *Santa Anna*, the gun-captains of the port batteries drew the lanyards as their pieces bore. The guns were double-shotted, and so great was the precision of their murderous, raking fire that no less than fourteen of the Spaniard's guns were disabled and four hundred of her crew either killed or wounded.

At the same time, in passing, she let fly her starboard broadside into the *Fougueux* in the endeavour to pay her the somewhat similar compliment of raking her from forward aft ; but, owing to the distance and the smoke, that discharge did but comparatively little damage.

"Ah!" said Collingwood to his flag-captain ; "they've got off this time, but we'll give them gruel later on. By Jove, Rotheram, this is a sweet place, isn't it? What would Nelson give to be here just now ?"

"And," says James in his history, "by a singular coincidence Lord Nelson, the moment he saw his friend in his enviable position, exclaimed, 'See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!'"

Having in this way played the overture to the great opera which was to follow, Admiral Collingwood put his helm a-starboard, and ranged so close alongside the *Santa Anna* that their guns were nearly muzzle to muzzle. The cannonade between the two three-deckers was something terrific, but the *Royal Sovereign* soon had more than one opponent battering at her. The *Fougueux* bore up and raked her astern ; ahead the *San Leandro* wore and raked her in the other direction ; whilst upon the Island ship's starboard bow and quarter were the *San Juste* and *Indomptable*, completing the ring of fire.

Under such a murderous attack, any other crew might well have been driven below ; but the "Royal Sovereigns" stuck to their guns, and, stripped to the waist, fought them like fiends. So incessant was the fire that they frequently saw the cannon-shot clash against one another in mid-air ; and, moreover, they could congratulate themselves that the ships which ringed them in quite as often hit friend as foe.

Aware at length of this inj
were receiving from their own fir
that four more British ships were
through the battle mist as the
the support of their leader, the f
one by one, drew off to attend
and the *Royal Sovereign* took u
her big opponent's lee bow. The
threw in a broadside as she pas
of the fight beyond, and then .
wood had the Spanish admira
Though mounting 112 guns to
100, the *Santa Anna's* crew we
learn that in the practical fighti
there were other men who cc
Splinters flew, men were cut in
ing shot, and spars fell clatte
aloft, and still the fire kept up.
seventy minutes the *Santa Ann*
over the side, and still her of
surrender ; and it was not till 2.
finally struck and was taken in p

The *Royal Sovereign* herse
better plight. Her mizzenmast
lost, and no sooner did she dri
ahead of the prize, to put hers
rights, than her mainmast wen
board side, tearing off two of
ports in its crashing fall. Wit
through in ten places, and riggi
streamers, the victor was almost
able a plight as the Spanish thr
she had so gallantly fought and

But meanwhile, the hottest cen
was elsewhere. Lord Nelson ha
two-decker, shown with point ho
coming in contact with a Spanis
the *Santissima Trinidad*—the
decker towards which he fir
already known what it was to
from him. But though on T
directed his course first towards
nent, it was not with the intent
her. A Spanish rear-admiral wa
when a French vice-admiral c
allied fleet, and it was Pierre C
tiste Sylvestre de Villeneuve
marked out for his first quarry
famous sea-fight.

The powder-mist was thicke
human eyes could not peer
Although every glass on board
quartering the grey haze, not or
a ship with the French admiral's
fumed with disappointment. T

nizzen could be made out, and some occasionally seen at the main of two ber vessels; but no French ensign ore to denote an admiral's flagship. he little chieftain himself, with his re, cast a puckered glance towards spanish line in search of that ship lusted to fight and capture; and so e value personal risk that, though han once on the subject, he would hammocks to be stowed one inch isual, preferring rather to risk the rape and musketry than have his ray obstructed.

e *Bucentaure* fired a shot at the h then, with studding-sails set on is making scarcely a knot-and-a-half water. The shot fell short, but ed, and others, until at last one igh the belly of a sail.

r so of awful silence followed, and signal from the French admiral, ithermost vessels opened upon the a tornado of fire as had never be- ie by one single ship, and perhaps again. The wind had died away ath, and she lifted over the swells steerage-way on her. Not a gun ght to bear. Her mizzen-topmast , the wheel was smashed, and the steered by the tiller in the gun- ouble-headed shot killed outright on the poop and wounded some meanwhile the admiral and his flag- ued their quarter-deck promenade ner required digestion and a sea- last thing in the world to trouble s.

shot smashed through the launch the booms, and, passing between and Captain Hardy, bruised the left atter, tearing the buckle from his both instantly stopped and looked each supposing the other to be

touched? Lucky!" said Nelson. ing it now, aren't we? But this warm to last long, Hardy. We'll ack directly, and then they'll see w how to hand back punishment ike it. By Jove, aren't the crew utifully? I've been in one or two time, but I never saw such pluck company is showing to-day."

ehaving splendidly," replied Hardy. "And they'll be using themselves directly, please the Lord. But the enemy are closing up their line. Look! we can't get through without running one of them aboard."

"I can't help that," replied Nelson; "and I don't see it much matters which we tackle first. Take your choice. Go on board which you please."

By this time the *Victory* had a loss of fifty men in killed and wounded, her studding-sail booms were shot off like carrots at the iron, and her canvas was like fishing-nets; but now she began to pay back in kind what she had received. A forecastle 68-pounder carronade, loaded with a round shot and 500 musket balls was delivered through the *Bucentaure's* cabin-windows as an envoy of what was coming—to wit, a treble shotted broadside at fathom range. The effect of this terrible salute was to disable 400 men and 20 guns, and reduce the *Bucentaure* to a comparatively defenceless state. Then the British ship went on and engaged the *Neptune* and the *Redoutable*.

The *Neptune*, not liking the look of things, kept her distance; so Hardy ported his helm and laid the *Victory* alongside the *Redoutable*, where she was soon pinned by the interfouling of their gear. The French, when they saw collision inevitable, shut their lower-deck ports and fired from them no more; but whilst the ships' black flanks ground against one another to the liftings of the swell, the British fought their guns like men possessed, and dashed water after the shots lest their hoped-for prize should catch fire before she was taken.

But the *Redoutable* had by no means surrendered yet. The fire from her upper decks continued, and a still more destructive fire poured down from the brass swivels mounted in her tops. It was a ball from one of these last which has rendered the battle off Trafalgar shoals doubly memorable down through history.

As they had been doing all through the engagement, Lord Nelson and his flag-captain were continuing their parade up and down the centre of the poop-deck. With his usual disregard for personal comfort when the claims of the service came in, Nelson had caused his cabin skylight to be removed when he hoisted his flag on the *Victory*, and the gap filled in with planking. This gave an uninterrupted passage-way between the two lines of guns. They had arrived within one pace of the regular turning spot at the cabin ladder-way, when the admiral suddenly faced about. Hardy turned also, and saw his chief in the act of falling.

"You're never hit?" he cried.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy."

"Oh! I hope not."

"Yes," replied the admiral quietly, "my backbone is shot through."

And that, indeed, was very near the truth.

But admiral or powder-boy, in action the treatment is much the same. A marine and two seamen took the wounded man below, and the fight went on without a check. The fire from the *Redoutable's* tops as well as from her second-deck guns, which were pointed upwards, proved terribly destructive, and nearly the whole of the men and officers on the *Victory's* upper deck fell killed or wounded.

The French were not slow to perceive their chance. The bellying curve of the two ships prevented their stepping from bulwark to bulwark, but they lowered their mainyard for a bridge, and across that streamed over to the assault.

"Boarders repel boarders!"

The cry was yelled through the 'tween decks by furious panting officers, and the half-naked men, filthy with gunpowder and blood, streamed up the hatchways in answer. With axe and pike, pistol and cutlass, rammer and tearing fingers, they made their onset; and though the French fought like wolves to retain a footing, the Islanders ravened at them like bulldogs so long as one remained alive upon their sacred deck planks.

Another thirty of the *Victory's* crew were put outside the combat by repelling tl assault.

It was the *Redoutable's* final e some time before she had been en *Téméraire* on her port side, and now ship, getting athwart her bows, lash sprit to his gangway and raked h surrendered. She had only her fc standing, and out of a crew of 6 killed and 222 wounded, including n one of her officers. But of the sh losing side that day, the *Redoutable* best fight of all.

CAPE TRAFALGAR.

The *Téméraire* herself had mear getting badly mauled in the rigging gaff had been shot away, her ensign h to the deck. Oberving this, the F*gueux*, then for the moment diser with 680 men still unhurt, fancied good opportunity for taking a priz down upon her. The *Téméraire* wa pared. Whilst Hervey, her captain, attention to the *Redoutable* to port his first lieutenant, assembled a po crew to starboard, and manned th batteries. They delivered their fire a Crippled and confused, the *Fougue* of the British ship and was lashed then Kennedy, accompanied by tw men and a couple of dozen of s marines, boarded her in the port mai

A madder, more reckless piece o perhaps, not done in all that despera

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Frenchman had quite 500 men left sound and scatheless; and yet that handful of "Temeraires," by sheer dash and insane valour, drove these before them with the bare steel, slaying many, and forcing the rest overboard or down the hatchways; so that in ten minutes the great French two-decker was entirely their own.

To look back now at the *Belleisle*. After throwing in, whilst passing, a broadside to the *Royal Sovereign's* antagonist, the *Santa Anna*, this British 74 sustained for the next twenty minutes a tremendous fire from half a dozen different ships. Her rigging was terribly cut up, and she lost sixty men. Then, whilst the wreck of her mizzenmast masked her after guns, the French *Achille* engaged her with comparative impunity, whilst the *Aigle* gave it her on the starboard side, and other ships fired into her as they passed. Later, the French *Neptune* came up, and shooting away her remaining masts by the board reduced her to a helpless hulk. It seemed as though she had to choose between strike or sink.

SIR THOMAS MASTERMAN HARDY.
(*From the Picture by R. Evans.*)

Her hull was almost knocked to pieces; guns were unshipped, and lay on a pulp of torn carriages and men; ports, port-timbers, channels, chain-plates, anchors, boats, spars, were all reduced to splintered wood and twisted iron; but she fired with the few guns she could use, and when the *Swiftsure* came up to her rescue she hoisted a Union Jack on a pike, and sent up a thin cheer from amongst the tangled wreckage. Her loss in men was fearfully severe; but though she was totally unmanageable, her gun-crews stood by their weapons and fired at any enemy that came within range to the very end of the action.

In the meanwhile other ships which had been left behind by failure of the wind came up into the hot *mêlée*, and began by finishing off what others had begun. The English *Neptune* poured a broadside into the *Bucentaure*, Nelson's first antagonist, and knocked away the main and mizzen masts. The *Leviathan* gave her another dose at thirty yards, smashing her stern into matchwood, and the *Conqueror* soon afterwards did the same, bringing down her one remaining stick, and with it her flag. A marine officer and five men went off in a boat to take possession, and he found that Nelson had guessed right: the *Bucentaure* was indeed the ship of the allies' commander-in-chief.

De Villeneuve and his two captains offered their swords to the marine, but he, thinking it more properly belonged to his captain to disarm officers of their rank, declined the honour of receiving them. Having secured the magazine and put the key in his pocket, and placed one of his men as sentry at each cabin door, the marine clapped the admiral and captains in his boat, and with his three remaining hands pulled away. The *Conqueror*, however, had proceeded elsewhere in chase, but at length the boat-load was picked up by the *Mars*, her sister ship. Lieutenant Hennah, however, the acting commander of the *Mars*, had no nice scruples about illustrious prisoners. He curtly ordered De Villeneuve and his friends below, and went on fighting.

The *Leviathan* meanwhile, meeting with the Spanish 74 *San Augustino*, had another set-to at a hundred-yards range. The Spaniard attempted a raking fire, but by sheer seamanship the British two-decker avoided this and poured one in herself at pistol range. Down went like a falling tree the *San Augustino's* mizzenmast, and with it her colours; and then to make certain that she should strike in fact, as she had done in accident, the *Leviathan* laid her on board. A smart and well-directed fire cleared the upper decks, and then the British third

lieutenant and a party of seamen and marines followed it up and took her without further opposition.

Scarcely had the *Leviathan* lashed this prize to herself than the *Intrépide*, a fresh ship from the allied fleet, came surging up; and after raking the *Leviathan* ahead, ranged up along her starboard side and prepared for close action. Here, however, she got more than she wanted, for the *Africa*, another late-comer of the Island fleet, dropped in to share her fire and return it with compound interest. The *Africa*, which was only a 64-gun ship, got a tremendous mauling, but she half knocked her big antagonist into her primitive staves, put two hundred of her crew *hors de combat*, and in the end forced her to strike.

Thus, one after another, of the nineteen ships composing the rear of the allies, eleven had been captured and one burnt, while seven quitted the line and ran to leeward. The burnt ship was the French 74 *Achille*, which, in passing encounters with other craft, had lost her mizzenmast, main-topmast, and foreyard, and was also on fire in her foretop. Her fire-engine had been wrecked by a gunshot, and as the flames could not be extinguished, the only alternative was to cut away the mast in its entirety, so that it might fall clear of the ship. The crew were about to do this when a furious broadside from the *Prince* cut the mast in two about its centre, and the wreck with its spouting flames fell directly upon the boats in the waist. These soon caught fire also, and the blaze bit into the wooden fabric of the ship itself and crept hungrily down to the decks below.

The *Prince*, seeing what had befallen her antagonist, ceased fire and hove-to, and then, with the *Swiftsure*, hoisted out all the boats left that would float, to save the *Achille's* crew. It was a dangerous service, because the guns of the blazing ship fired of their own accord when the fire reached them, and the *Swiftsure's* boats had three men killed by the shot. That the *Achille* had already suffered heavy loss may be judged from the fact that her senior surviving officer was a midshipman. He, however—poor fellow!—perished with most of his crew when the ship exploded. But to his credit be it said that the *Achille* went down with her colours flying, an untaken ship.

And now let us return for a minute and look at the British commander-in-chief. Though conscious of having been smitten by his death-wound, and being in the most excruciating agony of body, his thoughts were still for tl success rather than for himself. As t bearers were carrying him down the stee to the lower deck, he observed that a dozen men were trying to control the j of the tiller, by which the *Victory* l steered since her wheel was shot av sharply bade one of those with hin relieving tackles rigged without del then another thought struck him. moment any of the men who were figl guns might recognise him; might pass along; and the crew, on hearing that whom they so worshipped had fallen, damped and disheartened. In another might have been egotism—in Nelson just recognition of the facts; and wl his one remaining hand he spread a chief over his face, so that the featur not be recognised, he proved how trul at heart the interests of the day.

The scene in the cockpit to which t man was carried was a thing which happily, never reproduce again in real l days. Picture a small wooden den, alive writhings of the wounded, and cumbe dismembered limbs; the warm, sour with dust and powder-smoke; foul coc shambling along the beams, and fright scuttling behind the ceiling. And in the it all, by the light of three miserable " dips" in dull horn-windowed lantern barely made darkness visible with thei yellow gleam, were the surgeon and l sweating, swearing, slashing, all splasl horrid red, "turning out Greenwich pen (as the phrase ran then) of every poor wr came alive into their hands. There conservative surgery in 1805. If a l wounded, off it came. There was no re fracture; and—there were no anæstheti surgeon was like the times, rough-an and whilst he plied saw and amputati his lusty mates pinned down the victim like an ox in the shambles.

The admiral received all the atten poor place could give.' He was laid on out hammock bed, which rested on planks, stripped of his clothes, and exar Beatty, the surgeon. The diagnosis too certain: there was not a vestige and his life would be hours of ang torment till death gave him lasting ease

The deck beams above him buck creaked to the working of the guns;

planks on which he rested swung to the kick of furious broadsides; and the din of the fight drowned the moanings of the maimed around him. Between the maddening spasms of torture, the battle's outcome was his sole thought during that terrible lingering in the gateway of Death. Again and again he sent anxious messages to his flag-captain, but it was not till more than an hour after the admiral had received his wound that Captain Hardy could find a moment's respite from his duties in order to visit the cockpit.

They shook hands affectionately, and Nelson said—

"Well, Hardy, how goes the battle? How goes the day with us?"

"Very well, my lord. We have got twelve or fourteen of the enemies' ships in our possession. But five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down on the *Victory*. I have therefore called two or three of our fresh ships round us, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope none of our ships have struck, Hardy?"

"No, my lord. There is small fear of that."

"Well, I am a dead man, Hardy, but I am glad of what you say. Oh, whip them now you've got 'em; whip them as they've never been whipped before."

Another fifty minutes passed before the flag-captain could come below again, but this time he was able to report that the number of captures was fourteen or fifteen.

"That's better," replied the dying man, "though I bargained for twenty. And now, anchor, Hardy—anchor."

"I suppose, my lord, that Admiral Collingwood will now take upon himself the direction of affairs?"

"Not while I live," said Nelson, raising himself on his elbow and then falling back. "No; I command here—yet. No. Do *you* anchor, Hardy."

"Then shall *we* make the signal, my lord?"

"Yes," said Nelson, "for, if I live, I'll anchor." There was a silence for a minute, broken only by the dull booming of guns, and then, in a faint voice, "I say, Hardy," whispered the admiral.

"Yes."

"Don't have my poor carcase hove overboard. Get what's left of me sent to England, if you can manage it. Good-bye, Hardy. I've done my duty, and I thank God for it."

The flag-captain could not speak. He squeezed his chieftain's hand, and left the cockpit; and ten minutes later Horatio, Viscount Nelson, stepped in rank with the world's greatest warriors who are dead.

The news was taken to the *Royal Sovereign*, and Vice-Admiral Collingwood assumed the command. Hardy carried it himself, and at the same time delivered Lord Nelson's dying request that both the fleet and prizes should come to an anchor as soon as practicable. An on-shore gale was imminent, the shoals of Cape Trafalgar were under their lee, and scarcely a ship was left fully rigged. Many, indeed, were entirely dismasted, and in tow either of the frigates or of their less-mauled fellows. But, bosom friends though they had always been, Nelson and Collingwood were diametrically opposed in their plans of proceeding. "What!" the new admiral exclaimed when he heard the message, "anchor the fleet? Why, it is the last thing I should have thought of."

The fleet was not anchored, and the British ships and their prizes were ordered to stand out to sea. But the rising gale moaned round them as though singing a dirge for the dead, and the power of the elements was more than a match for the most superb seamanship on all the oceans. Out of eighteen prizes captured, four were retaken by the allied ships, which swooped down on their worn-out prize crews; some were driven ashore and wrecked; some foundered at sea with all hands; one was scuttled; and of the total only four were brought safely to the British naval station in Gibraltar Bay.

There have been other actions between French and British ships since 1805, but never one of any magnitude. The sea power of France and her ally was broken for good, and with it was made the first real move towards the overthrow of Napoleon. The victory was due to the prestige and genius of one man, and he died in the moment of his triumph. His death has been regretted, but who shall say that he could have gained any worldly advantage by remaining on? He died at the zenith of his fame, and he could not have added to it, because no great battle had afterwards to be fought. Had he survived, he would have had a triumphal entry into London, with honours and riches showered on him. And after that? Would his old age have been without reproach? It is open to doubt.

As it befell, he was accorded a magnificent national funeral, a niche in Westminster Abbey,

and statues all over the Islands whose safety he so gallantly preserved. His failings are forgotten; his name is a household word—*sans peur, sans reproche*.

How different a fate was that of the man who fought against him! De Villeneuve lay a prisoner in England till 1806, and then his freedom. On his journey to Paris h at Rennes to learn how the Emperor w ceive him. On the morning of April was found dead in bed, with six knife-w his heart.

NELSON IN THE COCKPIT OF THE *VICTORY*.
(*From the Picture by A. W. Devis.*)

THE BATTLE OF BRODY
THE POLISH INSURRECTION OF 1863
BY H SUTHERLAND EDWARDS

IN England, where fortunately we have known nothing of rebellion for the last 200 years, popular risings are always attributed to tyrannical government on the part of the rulers. The Polish insurrection, however, of 1863 was due in the first instance to laxity on the part of the rulers. During the Crimean War, when the Russians had Turkey, France, England, Sardinia, and virtually Austria to contend with, the Poles did not move a hand against the Government, severe as it had always been, of the Emperor Nicholas. Alexander II., on the other hand, who ruled over Russia and over Poland when the insurrection of 1863 broke out, was a particularly mild sovereign, and though he had introduced no organic reforms into Poland, nevertheless ruled the country with moderation. The use of the Polish language in the Government offices and in the schools, without being formally permitted, was openly tolerated. Several useful institutions — some of them, such as the Agricultural Society, of a national and patriotic character — had been founded without the least opposition on the part of the Government. No recruits had been taken for the army since the peace of 1856; and meanwhile the country, without being rendered happy, was growing prosperous and rich. The number of troops maintained in Poland was exceptionally small, and under the new reign there had been no examples of political persecution.

Things were far less quiet in Russia proper, where the emancipation of the serfs had suggested to the landed proprietors that they also ought to be liberated; that they ought to be allowed some voice in the government of the country instead of being treated as the subjects of a pure despotism. Numbers of intelligent but scarcely well-informed men among the Poles looked upon the emancipation of the serfs in Russia as the removal of the keystone on which the whole political edifice rested. They saw at the same time that Italy had been set free by the Emperor of the French, and conceived a hope—not unsupported at the Tuileries—that what Napoleon III. had done for the Italians he would next do for the Poles. Russia in her disorganised condition would not (they said to themselves) be able to make any formidable resistance to the legions sent against her by the conqueror of Magenta and of Solferino. France, moreover, could without difficulty secure the support of Austria; and the makers of political programmes had already arranged that Austria should give up Galicia towards the formation of a new and enlarged kingdom of Poland, receiving in return for her lost territory the so-called Danubian provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, now known collectively as Roumania. This audacious proposition fills one at the present moment with astonishment; but the prosperous future of the two great Hospodarates, soon to be united in one principality and ultimately to be raised to the position of an independent kingdom, could not then be foreseen. France and Austria, in any intervention they might undertake on behalf of Poland, could, it was thought, count on some measure of support from England—what is called moral support, if nothing more.

Several Polish anniversaries were celebrated by patriotic demonstrations; and these manifestations of national spirit and the spirit of independence assumed at last so serious a character that the Russians forbade them, but without bringing them to an end. At last there was a collision between unresisting, unarmed Polish patriots and Russian troops. There were several victims, and the dead bodies of those who had fallen were exhibited and their photographs circulated among the indignant population of Warsaw. These tragic scenes were repeated. Meanwhile numerous arrests had been made, and soon the prisons of Warsaw were full. Troops,

moreover, had been telegraphed for, and the feeble garrison was quickly reinforced.

While repressing public manifestations the Government—on the recommendation of the Marquis Wielopolski, a genuine patriot but a hard, unsympathetic man, who was most unpopular with his fellow-countrymen — introduced reforms of considerable importance, which, however, were received not only without gratitude but with ridicule by the Poles, who regarded these concessions as the outcome merely of fear. The Emperor sent his brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, to Warsaw in the character of viceroy. But the extreme party—the party of action—were opposed to all attempts at reconciliation. The Grand Duke and his Minister, the before-mentioned Marquis, were both attacked by assassins, and all possibility of quelling the agitation, which had now become formidable, seemed at an end. Wielopolski's reforms were, however, persisted in. They consisted, briefly, in the exclusion from Poland of all but Polish officials; of the institution of municipal councils and of a university at which richly-salaried chairs were offered to professors from Poland and other Slavonic countries; and, finally, of a regular system of recruitment in lieu of the arbitrary conscription or proscription which had been practised under the Emperor Nicholas.

But before introducing the new system of recruitment, Wielopolski thought it absolutely necessary to get rid of the most irreconcilable enemies of Russia by means of the old one. He knew from the reports of his agents that arms had been secretly introduced into Warsaw, and that a rising was to take place on the night of the 15th of February. He resolved to anticipate this movement, which would be fatal to all his plans for the good of his country, by seizing as recruits, and carrying off to the army, some 2,000 of the most determined of the would-be insurgents. The attempt made on the night of the 14th to execute the conscription in the old proscription style was itself the signal for the rising. The Russians, the Poles of the moderate and so-called aristocratic party, and generally those who knew nothing of the insurrectionary project, thought the next morning that the danger had passed.

But in the evening the Central National Committee—soon to become a government in itself—held a secret meeting, at which it was decided to order a general rising for the 22nd. Couriers were sent out in every direction; and in spite of the great number of persons (in preparing the outbreak, the secret was kept that on the night of the 22nd it too simultaneously in all parts of the count Warsaw the soldiers were to have been s in the guard-houses and the barracks, a the arms taken from them the citadel have been attacked. This plan of act attended with success when tried on scale in some of the little country town it was impossible in Warsaw, where about the city were some 50,000 troop party of action thought with regret of t nearly two years before, when they h proposed to commence the insurrecti when the Warsaw garrison numbere 5,000.

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The scheme for invading Volhynia from Galicia was, in some respects, well conceived. Wysoçki, with 1,200 men, was to have marched upon Radzievilov in front, while Horodyçki and Minniewski, each with 650, attacked it on the right and left. A day or two afterwards Wisznieswski was to have entered Volhynia farther north than Minniewski, and close to the right bank of the river Bug, while Rozyçki, one of the best leaders who had yet appeared, was to have penetrated into the same province farther south than Horodyçki, and near the frontier of Podolia. Finally, another officer was to have taken a detachment of cavalry into Podolia itself ; and thus from Podolia to Lublin, and along the whole line of the Galician-Volhynian frontier, the Russians would have been attacked ; and though some of the detachments were sure to be destroyed, it was thought certain that others would succeed in advancing far into the interior of Volhynia, and that once there, they would either gain the active support of the peasants, or at least show themselves strong enough to ensure their respect and, to a certain extent, their assistance. The chief appointed to direct the combined movement was General Wysoçki, formerly commander of the Polish Legion in Hungary, and the title given to him by the National Junta was General Commanding in

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On the day fixed for the commencement of this important movement, in which, had all

THE CASTLE, CRACOW.

gone well, some 4,000 men would have been engaged, it was found that only two detachments—those of General Wysoçki and Colonel Horodyçki, his immediate supporter on the right—were ready to start. This unreadiness could be attributed to no want of foresight on the part of the commissaries of the expedition. Arms had been purchased and confiscated, purchased and confiscated again, for three times the number of men composing the expedition; and although many of these men were arrested and imprisoned, it turned out at the last moment that there were more insurgents than there were arms for them to carry. Fresh seizures of rifles, bayonets, and revolvers were made on the Sunday night and early Monday morning; and on Monday afternoon, when the Wysoçki and Horodyçki detachments were summoned to the wood, it was found impossible to equip for the field more than 1,500 of the former and 450 of the latter. Insurgents were staying in the houses of the rich as well as of the poor, and were treated with a sort of paternal affection everywhere. Indeed, the kindness and hospitality shown to all classes and conditions of men who called themselves insurgents was, if anything, carried to excess; for many persons

received and entertained strangers o[n the under]standing that they belonged to th[e] expedition, but without having [any] proof of the fact. Even Austrian [officials were]

in some places touched by this [con]fidence, and when ordered to [make a] "revision," would give a hint bef[ore] at such an hour their arrival might [be expected.] Then the men would go into the [woods, the] horses would be taken out of the [stables and] sent into the fields, while the saddle[s] were buried in the garden. I have [heard] of saddles and boxes of arms left without any notification as to wher[e they came] from or whither they were to be se[nt; in such] cases the man who took them in p[ut them in a] place of safety, and a day or tw[o later] would receive a line of writing, or [more gene]rally a message by word of mouth, to forward them to some house nearer the frontier. If the whole c[ountry, with] the exception of the ignorant peasa[ntry, had not] formed one general association fo[r] the interests of Poland, this unb[ounded trust] from Pole to Pole would soon hav[e led to the] speedy exposure and frustration of all schemes. As it was, they were ca[rried out to] a certain point, and never once [failed] from any bad faith, or from want of [zeal on the] part of those called upon to assist them.

consisted of. An officer, noticing this, said to some of the well-to-do insurgents who had just arrived: "You have come to the camp under the impression that you would find everyone here as good as yourselves; I wish such were the case. But we must do our best, and we

POLISH PEASANTS.

shall make soldiers of them all when we get on the other side of the frontier."

As for the officers, they were all men who had seen plenty of service in foreign armies, and who had in many cases taken part in expeditions during the insurrection actually going on. Horodyçki, already mentioned as commanding one of Wysoçki's detachments, dignified by the name of "brigade," had distinguished himself in the Hungarian War of 1848–49 by defending at the head of a battalion of the Polish Legion the bridge and passage of the canal at Temesvar against an overpowering force while the Hungarian army was effecting its retreat. Major Horodyçki lost half his battalion, but he succeeded in keeping the enemy at bay. He was a simple, straightforward man, a good deal sterner than the majority of Poles, and apparently not much given to seeing visions. He did not believe in any immediate intervention on the behalf of Poland, but felt sure that sooner or later it would come, and that

meanwhile it was for the Poles to hasten i
had never expected any intervention befo
spring, and meanwhile the Poles must
such efforts and prove themselves so stron
neither France nor England would refuse
a helping hand. More than this would

necessary. Horodyçki did not seem to sha
opinion of some of his countrymen as t
goodwill of the peasants towards the ins
tion; at least, he turned some of the Ruth
peasants out of the camp who had come
with the gifts of fresh butter, sheep's milk, c
and potted cream. He feared them *et*
ferentes, and said, when he was asked wh
their offering was not a good sign, "The
with us now we are here; they will be wi
enemies when we are gone. I know them
have sent them away." A Ruthenian
and his wife brought something more va
than butter and cheese. They brought
nephew. This was a proof of sympathy
could not be misunderstood, and the young
was accepted with thanks, and at the p
moment sent across the frontier. Several
too, visited the camp, and so inundate
place with strawberries-and-cream that
dyçki, fearing, no doubt, that discipline wo
relaxed, and the forest of Nakwasha conv

ua, gave orders that no more women
uffered to approach.
ond officer of Horodyçki's detach-
major commanding the infantry—
wicz, son of the historian and novelist
ne, and captain in the Italian army.
, without knowing his country from
bservation, had formed a romantic
t in his imagination, and he said that
e Poles what he had always imagined
e. Some of them do indeed come
ideal which their warmest admirers
formed of them; and these were the
hom Synkiewicz habitually associated.
n other circumstances have been in-
ut to those who knew the truth was
to see the delight with which this
ed forward to the hour fixed for
olhynia; for it was certain that he

"THE REAR-GUARD LEFT THE WOOD IT WAS FIRED UPON BY A PARTY OF COSSACKS" (*p.* 78).

there or come back disheartened.
not allow that anything was wrong
etachment. If anyone said that the
a little clumsy, he replied that
t battles of modern times had been
h arms not nearly so good. As to
the men, they were not prepossessing in appearance, but would know how to fight. As to numbers, if 500 men (of which his battalion consisted) were really determined to cut their way through an opposing force, they could do it, however large that force might be. This officer wore a Garibaldian costume, fearing that if he appeared in the uniform of the Italian regular army, and got taken prisoner, representations might be made to the Italian War Ministry, and his promotion stopped or his commission cancelled. He was told that the Russians would be sure to pick him off; but he replied that he wished to be conspicuous for the sake of his men, and that the Russians, if they aimed directly at him, would be sure not to hit him. He did them an injustice; for half an hour afterwards they sent a bullet through his long chestnut-coloured beard, just as he was endeavouring at the head of his battalion to dislodge them from Radzievilov.

The first half of Synkiewicz's detachment, consisting of an advance-guard of cavalry and two companies of infantry, had already been taken across the frontier by Captain

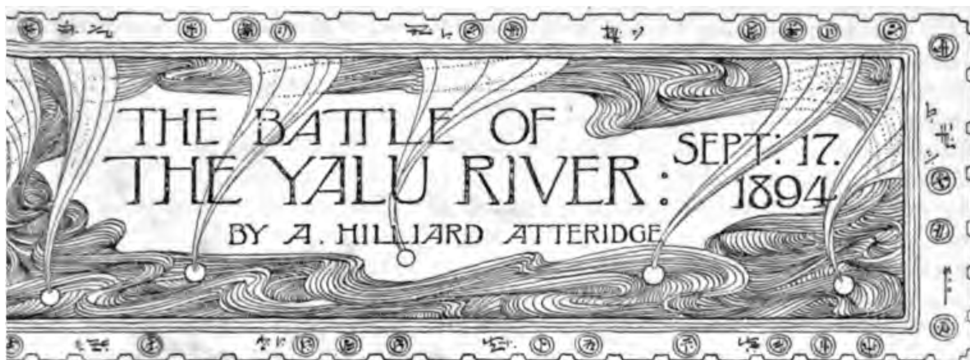
Tchorszewski, an officer who had served with Horodyçki in Hungary, and who was attached to the British headquarters during the Crimean War. Captain Jagninski, another of Horodyçki's companions in Hungary, took charge of the second half, and was accompanied by Synkiewicz and Horodyçki, chief of the miniature "brigade." The rear-guard of cavalry was under the direction of a Polish officer late of the Russian army. The night, which had been beautiful, like the first night of the march, until about ten o'clock, suddenly darkened just as the detachment began to cross the frontier; and the rear-guard passed into Volhynia in the midst of thunder, lightning, and such torrents of rain that, after the lapse of a minute, the dense wood afforded no protection whatever against it. The last man to leave was a Hungarian servant, who had brought nothing into the camp but an old horse with a piece of rope tied round his nose, and who galloped out on a magnificent charger, splendidly equipped, and brandishing a long sabre.

As the rear-guard left the wood it was fired upon by a party of Cossacks, and at the same time a messenger reached us from the Galician side with the news that the Austrians at Podkamin (a town about six miles distant) had found out the position of the camp. General Wysoçki, marching from the other side of Brody, was to have joined Horodyçki and taken the chief command of the combined detachments in front of Radzievilov at daybreak. But Horodyçki arrived at the place of meeting before his time, and attacked the Russians without waiting for Wysoçki, who, as a matter of fact, did not arrive until long after his time.

On entering the town of Radzievilov, Horodyçki at once engaged some 800 Russians who were drawn up in the market-place. Horodyçki had now but 300 men under his command. Of the 450 or 500 infantrymen in the wood, some forty or fifty of the most ill-conditioned had bolted on finding themselves in the presence of the Cossacks, who, as before mentioned, fired into the detachment as it was crossing the frontier. Synkiewicz sent away about an equal number as unfit for the desperate work before them. The rear-guard had been dispersed on crossing the frontier, and the rest of Horodyçki's cavalry could not be employed. Nearly all the officers of Horodyçki's detachment w wounded. Horodyçki, who thr days' campaign had suffered ter headache, and wore around his constantly moistened, was cured by a Russian bullet before he minutes inside Radzievilov. Tchorszewski were also killed. to take refuge in a large pond o remained for eight hours, whi who had been pursuing him sto armed with scythes ready to m ventured to return to dry land noticed to a little island of mu mained concealed amongst rus until he at last thought of takir hat and sending it floating a Then the peasants thought their was drowned, and went home to

When, after the dispersion an tion of Horodyçki's detachn larger corps entered upon the sc position in a wood near Radziev companies which fired tranquill ants from a cornfield not far di companies some showed but li others behaved with much hero in either case got killed. Glisc bravest of the brave, employed o was actively employed in bringin the companies until, after havin shot under him, he was struck the last bullet that was fired. I of Wysoçki's staff, was mortall carried back to Brody to die.

The Battle of Brody, the Polish insurgents a total and la Instead of making the attack w tion of several detachments, gether 4,500 men, they began the with only two detachments, separately and were separately r the last military operation on a important scale that the direct insurrection of 1863 tried to ca more a political demonstration military undertaking, and eve character it was ineffective. The least chance of the Poles bei abroad, unless they first showed really capable of helping themse



HEN on August 1st, 1894, the Mikado's Government formally declared war against the Chinese Empire, the first impression in ubtedly was that Japan might win :s at the outset, but would sooner ushed by the mere numbers of the ıt there were a few longer-sighted e coming war, who pointed out lt would depend not on the mere ıt might ultimately be brought on both sides, but on the question nand of the sea in the first few he struggle. But on this point, nion of experts was more favour- ıa than Japan; for the Chinese least two ironclads which were anything in the Japanese navy, ships of which were indeed only ıred cruisers. Both navies had 'antage of European teaching in and seamanship. It was supposed ing else being equal, the possession powerful ironclads would turn the r of China.

tset the Chinese had been unfor- the sea. Fighting had begun before leclaration of war, the Japanese :ruisers on the Corean coast having, ı of July, without any warning, l roughly handled the Chinese *'g Yih*, which escaped capture only ıte flight. Later in the same day ***Kan***, one of the Japanese cruisers, inese transport *Kowshing*, though ; the British flag, and commanded icers. Admiral Ting, an ex-cavalry :ommanded the northern Chinese d that he would take the first :o avenge what was regarded in : treacherous attack on the two ls. He proposed to his Government that he should at once take his fleet to Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, where the Japanese were known to be disembarking troops; and he promised that if he once got there he would destroy both the covering fleet and the transports. Such a success would have decided the war against Japan, for the invasion of Corea and Manchuria depended on the Japanese fleet being able to convoy the transports, and secure the safe landing of the troops in the first instance, and of the supplies and reinforcements they might subsequently need. But the Tsung-li-yamen at Pekin was not so confident as the admiral in the power of the fleet; and, forgetting that if it was not strong enough to attack it would hardly be strong enough to keep the Japanese at bay, it ordered Ting to act on the defensive, and not to cruise beyond the narrow seas between Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei. This was adopting a weak plan of campaign to begin with, for all naval history goes to prove that the best defence is in a vigorous offensive.

The Chinese admiral had at his disposal the following ships, making in all a formidable force :—

Ships.	Tons.	Guns.			Notes.
		Heavy Guns.	Quick Firers.	Machine Guns.	
Yang Wei	1,350	6	...	7	
Ping Yuen	2,850	3	...	8	8-inch armour belt; 5 inches on barbette.
Chao Yung	1,350	6	...	7	
Ching Yuen... ...	2,300	5	...	16	18 knots speed.
Kwang Ping ...	1,030	...	3	8	
King Yuen	2,850	4	...	8	9½-inch armour belt; 8 inches on barbette.
Lai Yuen	2,850	4	...	8	
Chen Yuen	7,430	6	...	12	14-inch armour belt. 12-inch ditto on turret. Each carrying four 12-inch guns.
Ting Yuen	7.430	6	...	12	
Chi Yuen	2.300	5	...	16	18 knots speed.
Kwang Chia ...	1,300	7	...	8	
Tsi Yuen	2,355	3	...	10	6-inch armour on barbette.
The ships are placed in the order in which they fought at the Yalu, beginning on the right.		55	3	120	[No armour carried by ships unless noted in this column, which also notes heaviest guns and highest speeds in fleet.]

On board the flagship he had with him the German artillery officer Von Hanneken, whose official position was that of inspector of the Chinese coast defences. On board the *Chen-Yuen*, the other big ironclad, was Commander McGiffen, formerly of the United States navy. He was nominally the second in command of the ship, a Chinese officer being the titular captain of the vessel, but McGiffen was practically in charge. Some of the engineers and gunnery officers were Europeans or Americans, and all the native Chinese officers had received at least some training from European officers. The men were well drilled, and the ships were in good condition. The weak points of the fleet were the comparatively slow speed of all the ships and the deficiency of ammunition for the heavy guns—a defect only revealed by the battle.

ADMIRAL ITO.

The most careful preparations had been made in every other department. On the two ironclads coal bags were piled in a bulwark eight to ten feet thick round the barbettes to furnish additional defence, but the steel shields which had been fitted round some of the big guns were removed. The experience of the *Kwang Yih's* brief action with the Japanese cruisers had shown that these thin shields did more harm than good. They were just strong enough to burst shells that otherwise would have flown harmlessly over the heads of the gunners. The boats were also removed, with the exception of one in each ship. It was felt that they would be knocked to pieces early in the battle, and in any case no quarter was expected in case of disaster, so that the boats were not likely to be of much use. Orders were given that the decks were to be thoroughly drenched with the fire-hose before going into action, and they were also strewn with sand to prevent slipping. It would have been well if at the same time the Chinese commanders had got rid of the lacquered woodwork th
the bows of several of their shi
to be highly inflammable, and wa
much trouble during the battle.

The Chinese guns were mostly
and Armstrongs. They had a
guns, but only three of the new q
was known that the Japanese
chiefly of swift modern cruisers, p
by the armoured and curved de
the water-line, and armed with
armour-piercing guns and a la
quick-fi
pable of
stream
at the
five to
But Ad
his E
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dent th
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of the
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OnTh
2nd, th
the decl
Admira
with his
Arthur.
stricted
neighbo
but he
the Japanese fleet was not fa
he would fall in with it, and I
tunity of seeing what his big gu
make good the promises he ha
Government. He was not onl
success, but in a savagely truc
witness the following order whi
to the fleet as soon as it was well

"If the enemy shows the whit
the Chinese ensign, give no quart
firing till he is sunk."

Later in the day he signalled:

"Let each officer and man do
country to-morrow. I expect
you on a victory over the ene
afternoon."

But to-morrow afternoon cam

Yoshino. Takachiho. Akitsushima. Naniwa Kan. Chiyoda. Hashidate.

Ting-Yuen (Flag). Chen-Yuen.

THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

no sight of the enemy. Before the end of the week Ting was back at Port Arthur, having gained nothing by his cruise but some exercise for his officers and men. Meanwhile, the Japanese fleet was protecting the disembarkation of the invading army in Corea; but it found time in the interval between two of these descents to reconnoitre Wei-hai-wei, exchanging a few shots at long range with the seaward forts. The orders sent to Admiral Ting by his Government had practically given Admiral Ito and the Japanese fleet the command of the sea at the most critical period of the war.

August passed without the Chinese fleet doing anything but lie at anchor in its fortified harbours, or cruise peacefully in waters into which the Japanese had as yet no reason to venture. Ting was indignant at the inglorious part assigned to him, and eager for an opportunity of showing how little foundation there was for the rumours which attributed the inaction of his squadron to his own want of courage and enterprise. Meanwhile, the Japanese armies were steadily overrunning Corea. The second week of September brought news of the advance on Pin-yang, and then the chief anxiety of the Chinese Government was to rapidly reinforce the army that was being assembled to dispute the passage of the Yalu River, the stream which forms the boundary between Corea and Manchuria. Admiral Ting was directed to act as convoy to the transports engaged in this work.

On Saturday, September the 15th, his fleet, consisting of 11 warships, 4 gunboats, and 6 torpedo boats, assembled at Ta-lien-wan Bay, near Port Arthur, and was there joined by 6 transports, which had on board some 4,500 troops, with 80 guns. The day was spent in completing the cargoes of the transports and coaling the fleet, and, shortly after midnight, the whole fleet of warships and transports put out to sea. On the Sunday afternoon the warships anchored just outside the mouth of the Yalu River, while the transports, escorted by some of the lighter vessels, went up the river to disembark the troops and guns near the southern end of the Chinese entrenchments.

On that same day, Sunday, September 16th, Ito, the Japanese admiral, had been engaged in precisely the same task as his Chinese rival, the place where the Japanese disembarked under cover of his fleet being nearly a hundred miles to the southward down the coast, and the troops being destined to take part in the advance against the line of the Yalu River. Sunday afternoon, the troops having landed, Ito put out to sea. The follo the force under his command :—

	Ships.	Tons.	Guns.			N
			Heavy Guns.	Quick Firers.	Machine Guns.	
Van Squadron.	Yoshino ...	4,150	...	44	...	23 knots. in either
	Takachico ...	3,650	8	...	12	Sister shi knots.
	Naniwa Kan...	3,650	8	...	12	
	Akitsushima ...	3,150	1	12	10	One long 1
Main Squadron.	Matsushima*..	4,277	12	16	6	12-inch a tery. inch gu each sh
	Itsukushima ...	4,277	12	16	6	
	Hasidate ...	4,277	12	16	15	
	Chiyoda ...	2,450	...	24	13	4½-inch arn
	Fuso	3,718	6	...	8	9-inch armo 7 on belt
	Hivei	2,200	9	...	...	4½-inch arn
	Saikio	600	...	†	..	
	Akagi	615	1	4	6	[No armou unless n column, notes the and the l in the fle
			69	132	88	

* Flag ship. † Quick-firers only

The ships were divided into two squad van squadron consisting of the cruisers *Naniwa Kan*, *Takachico*, and *Akitsush* the main squadron, formed of the flag *sushima*, her sister ship the *Ikitsushim* *Hasidate*, *Fuso*, *Chiyoda*, *Hiyei*, and *A* the armed transport *Saikio*.

The swiftest ship in the fleet was the a splendid cruiser, launched in 1892 at with a speed of twenty-three knots armament of 44 Armstrong quick-fir four heaviest guns, 6-inch Armstro supposed to be capable of piercing ten armour, and only two of the Chinese shi anything thicker than this. When all were in action she could discharge ne pounds weight of shells every minute. T firing gun is a weapon that is so mou be swung about and levelled at the ma as easily as a rifle. The breech ope and shell and cartridge are slipped in in a brass case. Then a single movem and locks the breech, and the marks does the aiming fires it by touching a t the recoil being taken up by the moun the gun coming back smartly into po moment after the discharge. The fleet bristled with these formidable wea

The *Akagi* and the *Saikio* were the in the Japanese fleet that were entirel protection, either in the shape of partial side armour, or the curved deck below the water-line. They

speed to the Chinese ; though no
as so fast as the *Yoshino*. Finally,
it proved, they had the great ad-
being abundantly supplied with
for their guns.

formidable fleet Ito steamed slowly
h-westward during Sunday night.
nday morning he was off the island
ao. He had heard that Ting had
the harbour inside the island as
s for the fleet, and his lookouts
: channel and the bay with their
out there were only a few fishing-
ht, and at seven a.m. the fleet
ing north-eastward. It was a fine
ning. The sun shone brightly, and
ly just enough of a breeze to ripple
f the water. It must have been a
o have seen the long line of warships
r way through the blue waters, all
white paint, the chrysanthemum of
g like a golden shield on every bow,
e emblem flying in red and white
masthead. Some miles away to
e rocky coast and the blue hills
a, with many an island, and here
little bay with its fishing villages.
side, the waters of the wide Corean
d to an unbroken horizon. Towards
k the hills at the head of the gulf
head. Ito had in his leading ship,
a cruiser that would have made
cout. In any European navy she
been steaming some miles ahead
gues with, perhaps, another quick
n her and the fleet to pass on her
: Ito seems to have done no scout-
have kept his ships in single line
a small interval between the van
n squadron. At half-past eleven
en far away on the starboard bow,
being east-north-east. It appeared
n a number of steamers in line, on
The course was altered and the
sed. Ito believed that he had the
t in front of him. And he was
smoke was that of Ting's ironclads
anchored in line, with steam up,
nouth of the Yalu.

ly morning the Chinese crews had
d at their guns, and a little before
he cooks were busy getting dinner
okout men at several of the mast-
o call out that they saw the smoke
et away on the horizon to the
south-west. Admiral Ting was as eager for the fight as his opponents. At once he signalled to his fleet to weigh anchor, and a few minutes later ran up the signal to clear for action.

The same signal was made by Admiral Ito half-an-hour later, as his ships came in sight of the Chinese line of battle. The actual moment was five minutes past noon, but it was not until three-quarters of an hour later that the fleets had closed sufficiently near for the actual fight to begin at long range. This three-quarters of an hour was a time of anxious, eager expectation for both Chinese and Japanese. Commander McGiffen of the *Chen Yuen* has given a striking description of the scene when "the deadly space" between the two fleets was narrowing, and all were watching for the flash and smoke of the first gun :—"The twenty-two ships," he says, "trim and fresh-looking in their paint and their bright new bunting, and gay with fluttering signal-flags, presented such a holiday aspect that one found difficulty in realising that they were not there simply for a friendly meeting. But, looking closer on the *Chen Yuen*, one could see beneath this gaiety much that was sinister. Dark-skinned men, with queues tightly coiled round their heads, and with arms bared to the elbow, clustered along the decks in groups at the guns, waiting impatiently to kill or be killed. Sand was sprinkled along the decks, and more was kept handy against the time when they might become slippery. In the superstructures, and down out of sight in the bowels of the ship, were men at the shell whips and ammunition hoists and in the torpedo room. Here and there a man lay flat on the deck, with a charge of powder—fifty pounds or more—in his arms, waiting to spring up and pass it on when it should be wanted. The nerves of the men below deck were in extreme tension. On deck one could see the approaching enemy, but below nothing was known, save that any moment might begin the action, and bring in a shell through the side. Once the battle had begun they were all right ; but at first the strain was intense. The fleets closed on each other rapidly. My crew was silent. The sub-lieutenant in the military fôretop was taking sextant angles and announcing the range, and exhibiting an appropriate small signal-flag. As each range was called, the men at the guns would lower the sight-bars, each gun captain, lanyard in hand, keeping his gun trained on the enemy. Through the ventilators could be heard the beats of the steam

pumps; for all the lines of hose were joined up and spouting water, so that, in case of fire, no time need be lost. '6,000 metres!'—'5,800!'—''600!'—''500!'—'5,400!' The crisis was rapidly approaching. Every man's nerves were in a state of tension, which was greatly relieved as a huge cloud of white smoke, belching from the *Ting Yuen's* starboard barbette, opened the ball."

The shot fell a little ahead of the *Yoshino*, throwing up a tall column of white water.

Admiral Ito, in his official report, notes that this first shot was fired at ten minutes to one. The range, as noted on the *Chen Yuen*, was 5,200 yards, or a little over three and a half miles. The heavy barbette and bow guns of the *Chen Yuen* and other ships now joined in, but still the Japanese van squadron came on without replying. For five minutes the firing was all on the side of the Chinese. The space between the Japanese van and the hostile line had diminished to 3,000 yards—a little under two miles. The *Yoshino*, the leading ship, was heading for the centre of the Chinese line, but obliquely, so as to pass diagonally along the front of the Chinese right wing. At five minutes to one her powerful forward battery of quick-firers opened on the Chinese, sending out a storm of shells, most of which fell in the water just ahead of the *Ting*

and *Chen Yuen*. Their first effect
the decks, barbettes, and bridge
ironclads with the geysers of wat
their impact with the waves. In
every man on deck was soaked to t
by one the other ships along the
opened fire, and then, as the range st
the Chinese machine-guns, Ho
Nordenfelts, added their sharp, gr
to the deeper chorus of the heavie

And now the fire began to tell
A 12-inch shell from one of the
ironclads had burst fairly on the
the cruisers in the Japanese van.
the Japanese quick-firers were bur
decks of the Chinese ships, cutting
killing and wounding men, and al
fires in the woodwork. The armo
and central citadels of the *Ti*
Chen Yuen were especially the
Japanese fire. The din of the
bursting projectiles was like a cont
but the armour held its own. The
Japanese guns ought to have pi
and again, but the actual results
to a number of deep dents and g
massive plates. But through th
structures the shells crashed like pe
glass, the only effect of the met
to burst the shell as it went throu
space within with flying fragment
volumes of poisonous smoke.

For every shot from the Chine
were a dozen from the Japanese.
having reached the extreme right
line, now turned to starboard, s
round on the other side of it.
ships were under easy steam, adv
at the rate of about six knots
those on the flanks did not keep
well, and were a little astern
hence the report at first spread
Ting had fought with his ships
As the vanguard squadron of the
round the Chinese right and open
sterns of the ships, the main
engaging their bow guns, the ri
weakest part of the Chinese lin
taken between two fires. Follov
the main squadron, led by the
now swept round the right of Ti
the position of the two fleets was
Japanese being between the Chi
river mouth for a few moments.

It was now that a gallant act

ptain of the *Hiyei*, the weakest and the Japanese ships. She was the last long line, and had fallen so far astern aptain felt that to attempt to get Chinese right would be to run the ng cut off from his colleagues and He took a bold course to rejoin. ll on to the centre of the Chinese ttle ship rushed down the narrow r between clads *Ting Yuen*, re- from both, several he came rough the e, and re- place with uadron.

came the f disaster ese. The ad hardly when the extreme line—the dropped station, en to be in the of Port ne of the in squad- shot from -gun after It struck nted her This was hot that *Tsi Yuen*, r captain ke out that he had been for a long thick of the action. He was brought rt-martial, and paid for his cowardice

ng Chia, the next ship in the line, e evil example of the *Tsi Yuen*. by the Japanese fire, she steamed -lien-wan Bay, and was wrecked the g on a reef at its entrance. The the extreme right of the Chinese *Yung* and *Yang Wei*—had a more ate, but were almost as quickly put *ut*. Both were built on the same hey had a 10-inch gun mounted in a barbette ahead and astern, the barbettes being connected by passages running along each side of a central deck structure. On top of this were mounted machine-guns, and outside passages were wooden cabins, oil-painted and varnished. The Japanese shells set the cabins and side passages on fire. It became impossible either to bring up ammunition for the heavy guns in the barbettes, or to work the machine-guns

"THE SHELL BURST AMONG HER BOW GUNS" (*p.* 87).

overhead. The two hapless cruisers, each a mass of flame and black smoke, were headed for the shore. The *Saikio* pursued them, but was scared off by two gunboats and the Chinese torpedo boats coming to the rescue from the mouth of the Yalu River. But the result of all this was that of the ten ships that had formed the Chinese line at the beginning of the battle only six remained—the *Ting Yuen* and *Chen Yuen* lying close together, the *Chi Yuen* a little to their left, and the *Lai Yuen*, *King Yuen*, and *Kwang Ping* on their right.

But the Japanese were not unscathed. The *Hiyei* was so badly damaged that she drew out

of the fight. The *Akagi* had her mast shot away, its fall killing her captain, Commander Sakamoto; and her two officers next in rank, Lieutenants Sasaki and Sato, were severely wounded. She had to haul out of action for a while to clear her decks. The armed transport *Saikio* had soon after to drop out of line with her funnel riddled and her steam pipes damaged.

Had the Chinese been as well provided with ammunition as the Japanese, they might have done still better; but soon after the battle began it was found that they were short of shell for the big guns. Most of the projectiles used by the Chinese were only what are known as armour-piercing projectiles, or long solid shot. These could not either set the fittings of the Japanese ships on fire, or scatter death and confusion among the crews, like the heavy shells. Before long in most of the Chinese ships the gunners were all but fighting among themselves for the few shells that were available, but all the while the fiery storm from the Japanese quick-firers did not slacken for a moment. For the most part, the Chinese faced it like heroes. There were cowards here and there. They are to be found in most battles. Thus early in the fight Commander McGiffen, going below to see what was wrong with the revolving gear of one of the barbette guns, felt himself pushed back from the recess under the barbette, and heard the voice of his navigating lieutenant saying to him, "You can't hide here. There are too many of us here already"; and he saw a group of frightened men cowering in the recess. But above, in the barbette, the men were standing to their guns under a deadly fire. The gunnery lieutenant, Tsao Kai, was wounded, and passed down; but his younger brother—a mere boy—who had come on board for a holiday, stayed above in the barbette helping the men, and, wonderful to say, was the only one in the place who escaped without a wound. The captain of one of the guns had his head swept off by a shell as he took the lanyard to fire. One of his men caught the headless corpse, swung it out of the way, took the lanyard, glanced along the sights, and fired with hardly a moment's delay. Grander still was the courage of the engineers of the ill-fated *Lai Yuen*. The deck of the ship took fire. When it was extinguished, hours after the battle, the iron girders on which it was laid were all bent and twisted. But down below, in the engine-room, the engineers stuck to their posts. With hardly any light, with most of the
blocked or cut off, and with the
two hundred degrees, they obeyed
sent down by the tube from the con
which remained intact. They we
scorched and burned; some were b
were in the doctor's hands, and
But, nevertheless, down in the de
burning ship they did their duty j
were going on well.

Fire had so far been the chief en
Chinese ships. But one of the fe
on the right of the line met w
terrible fate. The *Chi Yuen* wa
little cruiser, and her captain, Tan
Chinese officer, daringly but impru
to measure her strength with that
more powerful ships of the Ja
squadron. She had received seve
she closed with them, when, sudd
the water-line by a heavy projectile
over, and then plunged, bow foren
sea, both her screws whizzing in
she went down. Seven only of he
picked up clinging to wreckage.
chief engineer, Mr. Purvis, went do
Captain Tang tried to float on an
drowned by a big dog of his swi
him and putting its forefeet on his s

The battle had now lasted far in
noon. Five only of Ting's orig
battle were left—the two heavy i
three smaller ships. The van squ
up on one side of the two roncl
main squadron on the other, and pou
centrated fire, some of the Japanes
their broadsides simultaneously b
after training the guns, so that all
single point. Exposed to this stor
two Chinese ships lost heavily in
wounded; but their armour, and
vital parts of each ship, remained in
and signal halyards had been lon
away, and all the signalmen killed
but the two ships conformed to
movements, and made a splendid
Admiral Ting had been insensib
hours at the outset of the battle.
too close to one of his own big gu
form above its muzzle, and had bee
the upward and backward concussio
but he had recovered consciousness,
wounded by a burst shell, was brave
ing his ship. Von Hanneken was
in one of the barbettes. The ship

the hose kept the flames under. *en* was almost in the same plight. der, McGiffen, had had several :s. When at last the lacquered her forecastle caught fire, and the to go forward and put it out unwent with them, he led the party. ing down to move something on when a shot passed between his s, wounding both his wrists. At ne he was struck down by an · him. When he recovered from ound himself in a terrible position. wounded on the forecastle, and of him he saw the muzzle of one barbette guns come sweeping ind then sink a little, as the :d it on a Japanese ship, never he lay just below the line of fire. to try to attract their attention. nute he would have been caught st. With a great effort he rolled ie edge of the forecastle, dropping ubbish on the main deck, and ar of the gun as he fell.

s were found in the *Chen Yuen's* t this time, and one of these was adly effect, showing what the t have done if they had been d with such missiles. Admiral ort, fixes the time at 3.26, and says which did such damage came from *n;* but it seems certain that he d that it was her sister ship that ed at the *Matsushima*, Ito's flagamong her bow guns. The long nounted in the bow, was put out naller gun was blown from its d thrown overboard; between men and officers strewed the nd wounded; and the ship was e drew out of the line, Ito transto the *Hasidate*. It was with the y that the fire was first kept from and then put out. And all this lone by a single 12-inch shell. ever, that there were a number led behind the big bow gun, and was partly due to these being exploding Chinese shell. Comfen asserts that the shell killed nearly a hundred Japanese; but aggeration. The total loss on *tsushima*, from first to last, was l men, and it is more likely that the Japanese account is true, which makes forty the butcher's bill for this successful shot. It says something for Ito's courage that his ship lost more men than any other in his fleet. But the strange chances of war are illustrated by the fact that the *Chiyoda*, which was close to the *Matsushima* throughout the battle, had not a single officer or man killed or wounded.

The battle now resolved itself into a close cannonade of the two ironclads by the main body of the Japanese fleet, whilst the rest of the ships kept up a desultory fight with the three other Chinese ships and the gunboats. The torpedo boats seem to have done nothing. Commander McGiffen says that their engines had been worn out, and their fittings shaken to pieces, by their being recklessly used as ordinary steam launches in the weeks before the battle. The torpedoes fired from the tubes of the battleships were few in number, and all missed their mark, one, at least, going harmlessly under a ship at which it was fired at a range of only fifty yards. The Japanese used no torpedoes. It is even said that, by a mistake, they sailed without a supply of these weapons. Nor was the ram used anywhere. Once or twice a Chinese ship tried to run down a Japanese, but the swifter and handier vessels of Ito's squadron easily avoided all such attacks. The Yalu fight was from first to last an artillery battle.

And the end of it came somewhat unexpectedly. The *Chen Yuen* and the *Ting Yuen* were both running short of ammunition. The latter had been hit more than four hundred times without her armour being pierced, and the former, at least as often. One of the *Chen Yuen's* heavy guns had its mountings damaged, but otherwise she was yet serviceable. Still, she had been severely battered, had lost a great part of her crew, and her slow fire must have told the Japanese that she was economising her ammunition, which was now all solid shot. But about half-past five Ito signalled to his fleet to retire. The two Chinese ironclads followed them for a couple of miles, sending an occasional shot after them; then the Japanese main squadron suddenly circled round as if to renew the action, and, towards six o'clock, there was a brisk exchange of fire at long range. When Ito again ceased fire, the *Chen Yuen* had just three projectiles left for her heavy guns. If he had kept on for a few minutes longer the two Chinese ships would have been at his mercy.

The van squadron, which had sunk with its fire the burning *Ting Yuen*, followed the main

squadron at a long interval. The ironclads could not have prevented it from sinking every one of the disabled Chinese ships if it had remained on the scene of the battle.

As the sun went down over the land to the westward, the remains of the Chinese fleet had assembled, and was slowly steaming for Port Arthur. The two ironclads led the way. Then came the *Lai Yuen*, with her deck still on fire in places, and the *Ching Yuen*, *Ping Yuen*, and *Kwang Ping*, all with decks strewed with dead, and magazines empty. Far astern the flames from the abandoned *Chao Yung* marked the scene of the battle. Even after darkness set in the Japanese cruisers were seen for some time moving on a parallel course to the eastward, their white sides reflecting the moonlight. Towards midnight they disappeared. In the morning, when the Chinese fleet approached Port Arthur, no hostile flag was in sight.

Ito's retirement has never yet been fully explained. In his report to the Mikado he wrote:—"About 5.30 p.m., seeing that the *Ting Yuen* and the *Chen Yuen* had been joined by other ships, and that my van squadron was separated by a great distance from my main force, and considering that sunset was approaching, I discontinued the action, and recalled my main squadron by signal. As the enemy's vessels proceeded on a southerly course, I assumed that they were making for Wei-hai-wei; and having reassembled the fleet, I steamed upon what I supposed to be a parallel course to that of the foe, with the intention of renewing the engagement in the morning, for I deemed that a night action might be disadvantageous, owing to the possibility of the ships becoming separated in the darkness, and to the fact that the enemy had torpedo boats in company. I lost sight, however, of the Chinese, and at daylight saw no signs of the foe."

The explanation is but a lame one. The "other ships" that joined the Chinese ironclads can only have been the gunboats from the river mouth. If Ito had held on doggedly for what was left of daylight, and used his electric search-lights to supplement the moonlight when darkness came on, he might have completed the destruction of the Chinese fleet. It looks very much as if the real reason was that both he and his officers and men were tired out with the exertion of a five-hours' battle, and unfavourably impressed by the desperate resistance that had been made by the two ironclads.

It is easy to understand how it was
first both sides claimed the victory.
sequent events amply proved, it wa
gain for the Japanese, who, without
single ship, destroyed half the enem
and so demoralised what was left o
no further effort was made by the C
keep the seas, their ships being thence
used for harbour defence. The Japan
to have understated the damage don
ships, at first refusing to admit that an
were seriously injured. If the offic
the killed and wounded issued by th
Government some two months later
a naval action is far from being as san
affair for the victors as it was in Nelso

According to this narrative statem
the *Matsushima* had the heavy loss
killed and 3 wounded, and 33 men ki
wounded, and the *Hiyei* lost 56
men, no other ship had any serious lo
the *Itsukushima* is said to have had
wounded, and 30 men killed and wou
Hasidate, 2 killed and 10 wounded;
14; the *Yoshino*, which led the va
only 11; the *Saikio*, the same nu
Akagi, 28; the *Akitsushima*, 15; the
an officer and 2 men wounded; the *Na*
1 man wounded; and the *Chiyoda*, no
man or officer touched. This is a
result. The total loss is stated at—

	Killed.	Wounded.
Officers	10	16
Men	80	188
	90	204

There is no precise record of the Ch
but it must have far exceeded these
figures.

As for the lesson to be learned
battle, before the details were known
land it was supposed that it went
that lightly-armoured cruisers with q
guns were more than a match for b
But the Yalu fight had no such mo
Ting Yuen and the *Chen Yuen* canno
pared in either defensive power or g
with modern European battleships,
those which form the chief featur
English and French Mediterranean
even these inferior battleships wer
defy the attempts of the Japanese
crush them. There was a moment
two Chinese ironclads successfully sto
eight Japanese cruisers. Had the Ch

enty of heavy shells, they would no doubt ve dealt their opponents not one, but many ch blows as that which nearly wrecked the *atsushima*, and put her out of action for while. It was the peculation and corruption the Chinese admiralty, so far as supplies were ncerned, which enabled the Japanese cruisers

"WHEN HE RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A TERRIBLE POSITION" (*p.* 87).

to make such a good fight against the Chinese battleships. If a couple of our ships of the admiral class had been in the place of the two *Yuens*, the result of the experiment would have been very different. The Yalu fight showed what the cruiser could do, but, if anything, it proved more clearly than ever the value of the battleship.

On a point of detail, it afforded a valuable lesson—namely, the danger of woodwork and other inflammable material in the deck fittings and superstructures of battleships. This has led to a good deal of minor changes in the designs of European ships. But the fact remains that the battle of the Yalu hardly represents what a fight between two European navies would be like. Probably in such a battle, though the gun would be the chief weapon, the torpedo and even the ram would count for something.

Of the tales told of strange injuries received during the fight one is worth noting. An officer of the *Chen Yuen* put his hand on an iron plate where a shot had just scored it, in order to see the result. Half the skin came off, and his hand was horribly burned; for, as the result of the blow, the plate was in a glowing heat.

WAR between France and Germany had been declared on 19th July, 1870; and as early as August 2nd —so swiftly had been accomplished the work of mobilising the hosts of the Fatherland as the "Watch on the Rhine" —King William of Prussia, now in his seventieth year, took command of the united German armies at Mayence.

These armies were three in number—the First, on the right, consisting of 60,000 men, commanded by General Steinmetz; the Second, in the centre, 194,000 strong, under the "Red Prince" (Frederick Charles); and the Third, on the left, 130,000, led by the Crown Prince of Prussia. An additional 100,000 men, still at the disposal of any of these three hosts, brought up the German field-army to a figure of 484,000.

Altogether, Germany now had under arms no fewer than 1,183,389 men, with 250,373 horses! Many of these, however, had to remain behind in the Fatherland itself to man the fortresses and maintain communication with the front; while others belonged to the category of supplementary troops, or reserves, held ready to supply the gaps made in the fighting field-army of nearly half a million men, as above.

The corresponding field array of the French was considerably inferior in point of numbers (336,500), equipment, organisation, and discipline —in all respects, in fact, save that of the chassepôt rifle, which was decidedly superior to the German needle-gun. The French, too, had a large number of mitrailleuses, or machine-guns, which ground out the bullets at what they deemed would be a terribly murderous rate. But these instruments of wholesale massacre did not, in the end, come up to the French expectation of them; while, on the other hand, the Prussian field-artillery proved itself to be far superior in all respects to that of the French.

Finally, the Germans had a plan; tl had none. Profound forethought wa on everything the Germans did; bu other hand, it was stamped on sca single act of their enemies. The Ge at their head a man of design, while sponding director of the French w "Man of Destiny."

The first serious battle was fought c August at Wissemburg, when the Cro fell upon the French and smote then thigh, following up this victory, on t Wörth, when he again assaulted anc back the overweening hosts of Mac hideous ruin, partly on Strasburg, Chalons. On this same day Steinme right, carried the Spicheren Heights w carnage, and all but annihilated Frossar It was now the turn of the "Red Princ centre, to strike in; and this he did on with glorious success, at Mars-la-To against fivefold odds, he hung on t Bazaine's army and thwarted it in it to escape from Metz. Two days later, on very nearly the same ground, t fought the bloodiest battle of all the w Gravelotte-St. Privat—which resulte hurling back of Bazaine into Metz, tl cooped up and beleaguered by Prince Charles and forced to capitulate withi of months.

Moltke's immediate object was now of MacMahon, who had retired on thence either to fall back on Paris, by a circuitous route to the relief of Which course he meant to adopt th leaders did not as yet know, though life-and-death importance that they s out with the least possible delay. the Crown Prince of Prussia with t Army continued his pursuit of MacMa

; Chalons ; and with him co-operated the Prince of Saxony at the head of a Fourth (of the Meuse), which had now been out of such of the "Red Prince's" forces nd Second Armies) as were not required investment of Metz.

everal days the pursuing Germans con- heir rapid march to the west, but on the ord reached Moltke, the real directing the campaign, that MacMahon in hot id evacuated the camp at Chalons, and to the north-west on Rheims, with the : intention of doubling back on Metz. ile, until his intention should become cably plain, the German leaders did : than give a right half-front direction enormous host of about 200,000 men n an irregular frontage of nearly fifty is sweeping forward to the west, Paris-

ree more days this altered movement was d, and then "Right-half-wheel!" again d all along the enormous line, there w executed by the German armies one andest feats of strategical combination ever been performed. The German had already done wonders of scouting, is believed that Moltke's knowledge of ed movements of MacMahon was now erived from Paris telegrams to a London r, which were promptly re-communi- way of Berlin, to the German head- —a proof of how the revelations of the spondent—whom Lord Wolseley once d as the "curse of modern armies"— ietimes affect the whole course of a i.

ng was it now before the heads of the columns were within striking distance ahon, who was hastening eastward to Meuse in the direction of Metz ; but ment became ever more flurried in n to the swiftness wherewith the deployed their armies on a frontage) his flank line of march. Alternately his own military instincts and the orders from Paris, MacMahon dodged led in the basin of the Meuse like a i and bewildered hare. On the 30th in action at Beaumont proved to the ie utter hopelessness of their attempting e their Metz-ward march. As the Mars-la-Tour had compelled Bazaine to i his plan of reaching Verdun and to his life with his back to Metz, so the victory of Beaumont proved to MacMahon that his only resource left was to abandon the attempt to reach the virgin fortress on the Moselle, and concentrate his demoralised and rabble army around the frontier stronghold oi Sedan.

As Sedan had been the birthplace of one of the greatest of French marshals, Turenne, who had unrighteously seized Strasburg and the left bank of the Rhine for France, and been the scourge of Germany, it was peculiarly fitting that it should now become the scene of the battle which was to restore Alsace-Lorraine to the Fatherland, and destroy the Continental supremacy of the Gauls.

Standing on the right bank of the Meuse, in a projecting angle between Luxemburg and Belgian territory, the fortressed old town of Sedan is surrounded by meadows, gardens, cultivated fields, ravines, and wet-ditches ; while the citadel, or castle, rises on a cliff-like eminence to the south-west of the place. Away in the distance towards the Belgian frontier stretch the Ardennes—that verdant forest of Arden in which Touchstone jested and Orlando loved, but which was now to become the scene of a great tragedy—of one of the most crushing disasters that ever befell a mighty nation.

In retiring on Sedan, MacMahon had not intended to offer battle there, but simply to give his troops a short rest, of which they stood so much in need, and provide them with food and ammunition. These troops were worn out with their efforts by day and night and by continuous rain ; while their apparently aimless marching to and fro had undermined their confidence in their leaders, and a series of defeats had shaken their own self-trust. Thousands of fugitives, crying for bread, crowded round the waggons as they made their way to the little fortress which had thus so suddenly become the goal of a vast army.

On the 31st of August, after making all his strategic preparations, and taking a general survey of the situation, Moltke quietly remarked with a chuckle : "The trap is now closed, and the mouse is in it." That night headquarters were at Vendresse, a townlet about fourteen miles to the south of Sedan ; and early on the morning of the 1st of September, King William and his brilliant suite of generals, princes, and foreign officers were up and away to the hill-slope of Fresnois, which commands a view of the town and valley of Sedan as a box on the grand

tiers of an opera does that of the stage. Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon—the king's mighty men of wisdom and of valour—were also in his

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SAXONY.

Majesty's suite. "Why," remarked a Prussian soldier on seeing this brilliant assemblage take up its position on the brow of the hill and produce its field-glasses, "why, all this is just the same as at our autumn manœuvres!"

The morning had broken in a thick fog, under cover of which the Germans had marched up to their various positions, some of the columns having moved off at midnight; and by the time King William had taken his stand on the Fresnois height, a little to the east of where his son, the Crown Prince, had similarly posted himself in order to direct the movements of the Third Army, the hot September sun had raised the curtain of the mist and disclosed the progress which had already been made by the stupendous battle drama.

This had been opened by the Bavarians, under Von der Tann, who, crossing the Meuse on pontoons, advanced to attack the [illegible] Bazeilles, a suburb of Sedan outside the [illegible] cations on the south-east. The Bavaria[illegible] already shelled this suburb on the pr[illegible] evening so severely that pillars of flam[illegible] smoke shot up into the air during the [illegible] In no other battle of the war was such fig[illegible] ferocity shown as in this hand-to-hand str[illegible] for Bazeilles. For the Bavarians were met[illegible] such a stubborn resistance on the part [illegible] French marine infantry posted there, that [illegible] were twice compelled to abandon their h[illegible] that place by vehement counter-assaults.

The inhabitants of the village, too—wo[illegible] well as men—joined in its defence by firi[illegible] of the houses and cellars on the Bavari[illegible] they pressed onward, and by perpetratin[illegible] revolting barbarities on the wounded G[illegible] left behind when their comrades had rep[illegible] to retreat. The Bavarians, on their par[illegible] so dreadfully embittered and enraged by[illegible] things that they gave no quarter, actin[illegible] relentless rigour towards all the inha[illegible] found with arms in their hands or caught [illegible] act of inflicting cruelties on the wounded.

The struggle for the village became [illegible] mutual annihilation. House by house an[illegible] by street had to be stormed and taken [illegible] Bavarians, and the only way of ejecti[illegible] enemy from some of these massively bu[illegible] strongly garrisoned buildings was by em[illegible] pioneers to breach the walls in the rear [illegible] the side streets and throw in lighted t[illegible] Notwithstanding all the desperate bra[illegible]

STRATEGIC MOVEMENTS PRIOR TO SEDAN.

the Bavarians, the battle fluctuated for [illegible] six hours in the streets of Bazeilles, fresh [illegible]

y rallied ones, being constantly thrown sides into the seething fight. It was about 10 a.m. that the Bavarians had l full possession of the village itself—luced to mere heaps of smoking ruins; he combat died away in the streets it

the infuriated Highlanders of Sir Colin Campbell. But it must be remembered that in all three cases the blood of the assailants had been roused to almost tiger-heat by barbarous provocation from the other side.

Simultaneously with the sanguinary struggle

GERMAN UNIFORMS, 1870.

tinued with equal desperation in the gardens on the north, where the French resh stand, defending their ground with admirable valour.

les was certainly the scene of some of t shocking atrocities which had been ted by European soldiers since the siege of Badajoz by the victorious troops of ton, and the storming of Lucknow by

for Bazeilles, the battle had also been developing at other points. Advancing on the right of the Bavarians the Crown Prince of Saxony—afterwards King Albert—pushed forward towards Givonne with intent to complete the environment of the French on this side. In order to facilitate their marching, the Saxon soldiers had been ordered to lay aside their knapsacks, and by great efforts they succeeded in reaching their

appointed section of the ring of investment early in the day, taking the enemy completely by surprise, and hurling them back in confusion both at La Moncelle and Daigny. At the latter place the French, soon after 7 a.m., made two offensive sallies with their renowned Zouaves and dreaded Turcos belonging to the 1st Corps, but were beaten back by a crushing artillery and needle-gun fire.

For some time the scales of battle hung uncertain on this portion of the field, but reinforcements coming up to the Saxons, the latter made an impetuous push across the valley, capturing three guns and three mitrailleuses from the French after half an hour's street-fighting in the village (Daigny), which was now finally wrested from the enemy. Soon after this the Saxon right was rendered secure by the advance of the Prussian Guards, under Prince August of Wurtemberg, who had made a wide detour to reach their objective, Givonne. A considerable body of French cavalry and numerous trains were seen by the Guards on the opposite side of the valley. These offered the corps artillery of the Guards an immediate target for its fire ; and scarcely had the first shells fallen among the French columns when the entire mass scattered in all directions in the greatest confusion, leaving everywhere traces of a complete panic. The cavalry of the Guard was sent by a detour to the right, to bar the road to Belgium, and also establish touch with the Crown Prince's (Third) army, which had been pushed round on the German left.

At Givonne the Guards, at a great loss, stormed and captured seven guns and three mitrailleuses, whose gunners were all killed or made prisoners. Beaten out of Daigny and Givonne, the French hereabouts fled in a disorderly crowd into the woods, or fell back upon the centre, which they incommoded and discouraged by their precipitate appearance on a part of the field where they were not wanted. Shortly after, the junction between the Prussian Guards and the Crown Prince was accomplished, and the ring was now complete. Successes equal to those at Daigny and Givonne were obtained by the Germans in other directions, and the French centre began to recede, though the contest was still prolonged with desperate tenacity, the French fiercely disputing every hill-slope and point of vantage, and inflicting as well as sustaining tremendous losses.

Meanwhile the French right had been hotly engaged. A railway bridge which crosses the Meuse near Le Dancourt had been broken by MacMahon, but in the early mornin Crown Prince had thrown some of his across the river on pontoons, and wa enabled to plant his batteries on the c a hill which overlooks Floing and the sur ing country. The French, suddenly a in the rear, were more than astonished position in which they now found them but fronting up towards their assailants their available strength, they maintaine longed resistance. Their musketry f poured in with such deadliness and det tion that it was heard even above the notes of the mitrailleuse, now playi terrible effect on the Germans. Gener dan said he had never heard so well-s and long-continued a small-arm fire.

By noon, however, the Prussian ba the slope above the broken bridge c Meuse, above La Vilette, had silen French batteries near Floing, and enemy were compelled to retire from t tion. About half-past twelve large nu retreating French were seen on the hill Floing and Sedan, their ranks shell Prussian battery in front of St. Meng Germans now advanced and seized F the valley, holding it against all att dislodge them ; but it still remained to scale the heights beyond, from the en slopes and vineyards of which they were to a murderous fire. Here the French the advantages of position, and the could make but little headway in spite repeated efforts, so that at this point came to something like a standstill for hour and a half, the time being con assaults and counter-assaults.

At last, on receiving reinforcemen brought up their strength in this port field to seventeen battalions, the Germ more advanced to the attack, and the saw that something desperate must be their position was to be saved. Hit French cavalry had done little or no now was their chance. Emerging from de la Garenne at the head of the Cavalry Division, consisting of four looking regiments of Chasseurs d'Af two regiments of Lancers, General M prepared to charge down upon the But he himself was severely wounded imposing mass of picturesque hors fairly got in motion, and then the

ed on General Gallifet, one of the bravest
ost brilliant cavalry officers in all France—
Europe.

cing himself at the head of his magnificent
of horsemen, Gallifet now launched them
st the seventeen battalions of the Ger-
. Thundering down the slope, the shining
ns broke through the line of skirmishers,

Supported by Bonnemain's division of four Cuirassier regiments, "these attacks," wrote Moltke, "were repeated by the French again and again, and the murderous turmoil lasted for half an hour, with steadily diminishing success for the French. The infantry volleys fired at short range strewed the whole field with dead and wounded. Many fell into the

ng them like chaff. But then, in the
pursuit of their stormful career, they
eceived by the deployed battalions in
nd flank with such a murderous fire of
ry, supplemented by hurricanes of grape-
m the batteries, as made them reel and
the ground—man and horse—in strug-
onvulsive heaps. Nowhere throughout
r was the terrible pageantry of battle
resquely displayed as now on these sacri-
pes of Sedan, when the finest and fairest
of France was broken and shivered by
nd bayonet as a furious wave is shattered
ay by an opposing rock.

quarries or over the steep precipices, a few may have escaped by swimming the Meuse, and scarcely more than half of these brave troops were left to return to the protection of the fortress."

The scene was well described by an eye-witness, Mr. Archibald Forbes:—"At a gallop through the ragged intervals in the confused masses of the infantry came dashing the Chasseurs d'Afrique. The squadrons halted, fronted, and then wheeled into line, at a pace and with a regularity which would have done them credit in the Champ de Mars, and did them double credit executed as was the evolution under a

warm fire. That fire, as one could tell by the dying away of the smoke-jets, ceased all of a sudden, as if the trumpets which rang out the 'Charge!' for the Chasseurs had sounded also the 'Cease firing!' for the German artillery and infantry. Not a needle-gun gave fire as the splendid horsemen crashed down the gentle slope with the velocity of an avalanche.

"I have seen not a few cavalry charges, but I never saw a finer one, whether from a spectator's or an adjutant's point of view, than this one of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. It was destined to a sudden arrestment, and that without the ceremony of the trumpets sounding the 'Halt.' The horsemen and the footmen might have seen the colour of each others' moustaches (to use Havelock's favourite phrase), when along the line of the latter there flashed out a sudden, simultaneous streak of fire. Like thunder-claps sounding over the din of a hurricane, rose the measured crash of the battery guns, and the cloud of white smoke drifted away towards the Chasseurs, enveloping them for the moment from one's sight. When it blew away, there was visible a line of bright uniforms and grey horses struggling prostrate among the potato drills, or lying still in death. Only a handful of all the gallant show of five minutes before were galloping backward up the slope, leaving tokens at intervals of their progress as they retreated. So thorough a destruction by what may be called a single volley probably the oldest soldier now alive never witnessed."

The French had played their last card. They had endeavoured to give the tide of battle a favourable turn by sacrificing their cavalry, but in vain. The Germans now stormed and captured the heights of Floing and Cazal, and from this time the battle became little more than a mere *battue*. The French were thoroughly disheartened, and rapidly becoming an undisciplined rabble. Hundreds and thousands of them allowed themselves to be taken prisoners; ammunition-waggons were exploding in midst, while the German artillery we contracting their murderous fire, and bayonets closed every issue. The troopers, rushing about in search of creased the frightful confusion which prevail throughout the circumscribed which the French army had been coo

Still, from the German point of view, blow was imperative, so that the res mighty battle might be secured witho With this in view, the Prussian Guards Saxons from the Givonne quarter were against the Bo Garenne, whi become the last of the batter broken French these were soo back from every with the loss o guns and priso back on the fort Sedan in wild and disorganised

GENERAL DE WIMPFFEN.

It is to the i this fortress th scene must now in order that w pick up and what may be cal personal thread great battle-dra which we hav given the leadi sodes. For it is this point that the battle-drama began to e most interesting, because most surprising

Marshal MacMahon, the French comm in-chief, had been in the saddle as e 5 a.m. When riding along the high above La Moncelle he was severely wou the thigh by the fragment of a shell, a he nominated Ducrot his successor in com By 8 o'clock the latter was exercisin command, in virtue of which he had ord retreat westward to Mézières; but presen was superseded by General de Wimpffe had but just arrived from Algeria, and hastened to countermand the retreat on M in favour of an attempt to break out i opposite direction towards Carignan. This of commanders and confusion of plans fatal to the distracted French, who now to see that there was no hope for them.

"THUNDERING DOWN THE SLOPE, THE SQUADRONS BROKE THROUGH THE LINE OF SKIRMISHERS" (p. 95).

When riding out in the direction of the hardest fighting, Napoleon had met the wounded Marshal being brought in on a stretcher. The unfortunate Emperor mooned about the field for hours under fire, but he had no influence whatever on the conduct of the battle. He had already almost ceased to be Emperor in the eyes of his generals, and even of his soldiers. De Wimpffen sent a letter begging his imperial master "to place himself in the midst of his troops, who could be relied on to force a passage through the German lines;" but to this exhortation his Majesty vouchsafed no reply.

Eventually he returned into the town and, already showing the white feather, gave orders for the hoisting of the white flag. Up flew this white flag as a request to the Germans to suspend their infernal fire; but this signal of distress had not long fluttered aloft when it was indignantly cut down by General Faure, chief-of-staff to the wounded MacMahon, acting on his own responsibility alone. For some time longer the useless slaughter went on, and then Napoleon, who had meanwhile taken refuge in the *sous-préfecture*, made another attempt to sue for mercy.

"Why does this useless struggle go on?" he said to Lebrun, who entered the presence of his Majesty shortly before 3 p.m. "An hour ago and more I bade the white flag be displayed in order to sue for an armistice."

Lebrun explained that, in addition to the flying of the white flag, there were other formalities to be observed in such a case—the signing of a letter by the commander-in-chief, and the sending of it by an officer accompanied by a trumpeter and a flag of truce.

These things being seen to, Lebrun now repaired to where Wimpffen was rallying some troops for an assault on the Germans in Balan, near Bazeilles; and on seeing Lebrun approach with all his paraphernalia for a parley, the angry commander-in-chief shouted: "No capitulation! Drop that rag! I mean to fight on!" and forthwith he started for Balan, carrying Lebrun with him into the fray.

Meanwhile Ducrot, who had been fighting hard about the Bois de la Garenne, in the desperate attempt to retard the contraction of the German circle of fire and steel, resolved about this time to pass through Sedan and join in Wimpffen's proposed attempt to cut a way out towards Carignan. What he saw in the interior of the town may be described almost in his own words.

The streets, the open places, the
blocked up by waggons, guns, and
menta and *débris* of a routed army. E
diers without arms, without packs, w
about, throwing themselves into th
or breaking into private houses. Man
ate men were trampled under foot.
soldiers who still preserved a remnan
seemed to be expending it in accu
curses. "We have been betrayed,"
"we have been sold by traitors and c

Nothing could be done with such
Ducrot, desisting from his intenti
De Wimpffen, hastened to seek
Emperor.

The air was all on fire; shells f
and struck masses of masonry, wh
down on the pavements. "I can
stand," said the Emperor, "why
continues his fire. I have ordered
flag to be hoisted. I hope to ob
terview with the King of Prussia
succeed in getting advantageous te
army."

While the Emperor and Ducrot
conversing, the German cannonad
in deadly violence. Fires burst o
children, and wounded were des
the air was filled with shrieks,
groans. The *sous-préfecture* itself
shells were exploding every min
garden and courtyard.

"It is absolutely necessary to
firing," at last exclaimed the Em
state of pallid perturbation. "I
this: 'The flag of truce having
played, negotiations are about to
with the enemy. The firing mu
along the line.' Now sign it!"

"Oh, no, sire," replied Ducrot;
sign. By what right could I do so
Wimpffen is in chief command."

"Yes," rejoined the Emperor; "
not where General Wimpffen is t
Someone must sign!"

"Let his chief-of-staff do so," sugge
"or General Douay."

"Yes," said the Emperor; "let t
staff sign the order."

But what became of this order is
known. All that is known is, that
Wimpffen scorned even to open the
letter, calling upon his Majesty inste
and help in cutting a way out; th
peror did not respond to this a

failing in his gallant attempt on want of proper support, then re- Sedan, and indignantly sent in his to the Emperor; that then, in ce of his Majesty, there was a scene altercation between Wimpffen and the course of which it was believed were actually exchanged; and that poleon brought Wimpffen to under- t, having commanded during the was his duty not to desert his post tances so critical.

scene now again shift to the hill-top is, where King William and his suite ing, as from the dress-circle of a e course of the awful battle-drama in nd valley below. The first white flag order of Napoleon had not been the Germans, and thinking thus that meant to fight it out to the bitter ing, between 4 and 5 p.m., ordered available artillery to concentrate a e on Sedan, crowded as it was with d troops, so as to bring the enemy ses as soon as possible, no matter by unt of carnage, while at the same cover of this cannonade, a Bavarian red to storm the Torcy Gate.

eries opened fire with fearful effect, short time Sedan seemed to be in is was the cannonade which had burst ; the Emperor's conversation with aking his Majesty once more give the hoisting of the white flag; and was it at length seen flying from the n the German fire at once ceased, King despatched Colonel Bronsart ndorff, of his staff, to ride down into er a flag of truce and summon the surrender.

ing into the town, and asking for the r-in-chief, this officer, to his utter nt, was led into the presence of

Germans had not yet the faintest the Emperor was in Sedan. Just as ronsart was starting off, General of the United States Army, who was the royal headquarters, remarked to hat Napoleon himself would likely be prizes. "Oh, no," replied the Iron "the old fox is too cunning to be uch a trap; he has doubtless slipped ."

hen, was the surprise of all when Colonel Bronsart galloped back to the hill-slope of Fresnois with the astounding news that the Emperor himself was in the fortress, and would himself at once communicate direct with the King!

This Colonel Bronsart was a man of French extraction, being descended (like so many in Prussia) from one of those Huguenot families who had been driven into exile by the cruel despotism of Louis XIV. And now—strange Nemesis of history—to the lineal representative of a victim of this tyranny was given the satisfaction of demanding, on behalf of his royal Prussian master, the sword of the historical successor in French despotism to Louis XIV.

The effect on the field of battle, as the fact of a surrender became obvious to the troops, was most extraordinary. The opening of one of the gates of Sedan to permit the exit of the officer bearing the flag of truce gave the first impression of an approaching capitulation. This gradually gained strength until it acquired all the force of actual knowledge, and ringing cheers ran along the whole German line of battle. Shakoes, helmets, bayonets, and sabres were raised high in the air, and the vast army swayed to and fro in the excitement of an unequalled triumph. Even the dying shared in the general enthusiasm. One huge Prussian, who had been lying with his hand to his side in mortal agony, suddenly rose to his feet as he comprehended the meaning of the cries, uttered a loud "Hurrah!" waved his hands on high, and then, as the blood rushed from his wound, fell dead across a Frenchman.

On Bronsart returning to the King with his momentous message, murmured cries of "*Der Kaiser ist da!*" ran through the brilliant gathering, and then there was a moment of dumfoundered silence.

"This is, indeed, a great success," then said the King to his retinue. "And I thank thee" (turning to the Crown Prince) "that thou hast helped to achieve it."

With that the King gave his hand to his son, who kissed it; then to Moltke, who kissed it also. Lastly, he gave his hand to the Chancellor, and talked with him for some time alone.

Presently several other horsemen—some escorting-troopers—were seen ascending the hill. The chief of them was General Reille, the bearer of Napoleon's flag of truce.

Dismounting about ten paces from the King, Reille, who wore no sword and carried a cane in his hand, approached his Majesty with most

humble reverence, and presented him with a sealed letter.

All stepped back from the King, who, after saying, "But I demand, as the first condition, that the army lay down their arms," broke the seal and read :—

"MONSIEUR, MY BROTHER,—Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, it only remains for me to place my sword in the hands of your Majesty. I am your Majesty's good brother, "NAPOLEON.

"SEDAN, *1st September*."

In a few minutes it was ready, and his Maj wrote it out sitting on a rush-bottomed chair, another was held up to him by way of desk

"MONSIEUR, MY BROTHER,—Whilst regretting the cumstances in which we meet, I accept your Maj sword, and beg you to appoint one of your officers, vided with full powers, to treat for the capitulation army which has fought so bravely under your comm On my part I have nominated General Von Moltke for purpose. I am your Majesty's good brother, WILLI

"Before SEDAN, *1st September*, 1870."

SEDAN. [*Photo, D. Stévenin, Sedan.*

Certainly it seemed that the Emperor might have tried very much harder than he had done to die in the midst of his troops, but his own heart was his best judge in this respect.

On reading this imperial letter, the King, as well he might, was deeply moved. His first impulse, as was his pious wont, was to offer thanks to God ; and then, turning to the silent and gazing group behind him, he told them the contents of the imperial captive's letter.

The Crown Prince with Moltke and others talked a little with General Reille, whilst the King conferred with his Chancellor, who then commissioned Count Hatzfeldt to draft an answer to the Emperor's missive.

While the King was writing this ans Bismarck held a conversation with Ge Reille, who represented to the Chancellor hard conditions ought not to be imposed o army which had fought so well.

"I shrugged my shoulders," said Bismarck

Reille rejoined that, before accepting conditions, they would blow themselves up high with the fortress.

"Do it, if you like ; *faites sauter*," re Bismarck ; and the King's reply was now ha to the envoy of the captured Emperor.

The twilight was beginning to deepen General Reille rode back to Sedan, but way was lighted by the lurid gleam of

lagrations in and around the fortress which soned the evening sky. And swift as the ooting flames of shell-struck magazine, flew round the circling German lines the great glorious tidings that the Emperor with his y were prisoners of war! loud and clear through the ethereal summer night, the deeply pious strains of "Now thank we all our God;" and then the curtain of darkness fell on one of the most tragic and momentous spectacles ever witnessed by this age of dramatic change and wonders.

MEETING OF WILLIAM AND NAPOLEON.

marching and in fighting, the troops had rmed prodigies of exertion and of valour, their fatigues were for the time forgotten in fierce intoxication of victory; and when the began to twinkle overhead, and the hill- around Sedan to glow with flickering h-fires, up then arose from more than a dred thousand grateful German throats,

"Before going to sleep," wrote Mr. Archibald Forbes—the prince, if not the father, of war-correspondents—"I took a walk round the half-obliterated ramparts which surround the once fortified town of Donchery. The scene was very fine. The whole horizon was lurid with the reflection of fire. All along the valley of the Meuse, on either side, were the

bivouacs of the German host. Two hundred thousand men lay here around their King. On the horizon glowed the flames of the burning villages, the flicker occasionally reflecting itself on a link of the placid Meuse. Over all the quiet moon waded through a sky cumbered with wind-clouds. What were the Germans doing on this their night of triumph? Celebrating their victory by wassail and riot? No. There arose from every camp one unanimous chorus of song, but not the song of ribaldry. Verily they are a great race these Germans—a masterful, fighting, praying people; surely in many respects not unlike the men whom Cromwell led. The chant that filled the night air was Luther's hymn, the glorious—

'Nun danket alle Gott,'

the 'Old Hundredth' of Germany. To hear this great martial orchestra singing this noble hymn under such circumstances was alone worth a journey to Sedan, with all its vicissitudes and difficulties."

Of the 200,000 men whom the Germans had marched up towards Sedan, only about 120,000 had taken actual part in the battle; and of these their glorious victory had entailed a loss of 460 officers and 8,500 men in killed and wounded. The French, on the other hand, had to lament the terrible loss of 17,000 killed and wounded, and 24,000 prisoners taken on the field (including 3,000 who had fled over into Belgium and been disarmed). On the part of the Germans, the Bavarians and the men of Posen had been the heaviest sufferers.

On the night of the battle King William returned to Vendresse, "being greeted," as he himself wrote, "on the road by the loud hurrahs of the advancing troops, who were singing the national hymn," and extemporising illuminations in honour of their stupendous victory; while Bismarck, with Moltke, Blumenthal, and several other staff-officers, remained behind at the village of Donchery—a mile or two from Sedan—to treat for the capitulation of the French army.

For this purpose an armistice had been concluded till four o'clock next morning. The chief French negotiators were Generals de Wimpffen and Castelnau—the former for the army, the latter for the Emperor.

Both pleaded very hard for a mitigation of Moltke's brief but comprehensive condition—unconditional surrender of Sedan and all within it. But the German strategist was as hard and unbending as adamant; and when De Wimpffen, with the burning shame of a patriot and the grief of a brave soldier convulsing his heart, talked of resuming the conflict rather than submit to such humiliating terms, Moltke merely pointed to the 500 guns that were now encircling Sedan on its ring of heights, and at the same time invited Wimpffen to send one of his officers to make a thorough inspection of the German position, so as to convince himself of the utter hopelessness of renewed resistance.

The negotiations lasted for several hours, and it was past midnight when the broken-hearted De Wimpffen and his colleagues returned to Sedan, having meanwhile achieved no other result than the prolongation of the armistice from 4 to 9 a.m. on the 2nd September, at which hour to the minute, said Moltke, the fortress would become the target of half a thousand guns unless his terms were accepted.

On returning to Sedan about 1 a.m., De Wimpffen at once went to the Emperor to make a report on the sad state of affairs, and beg his Majesty to exert his personal influence to obtain more favourable terms for the army. For this purpose Napoleon readily undertook to go to the German headquarters at 5 a.m.

Soon after he had driven out of the fortress, Wimpffen called a council of war, consisting of all the commanding generals, and put the question whether further resistance was possible. It was answered in the despairing negative by all the thirty-two generals present, save only two, Pellé and Carré de Bellemare; while even these two in the end acquiesced in the absolute necessity of accepting Moltke's terms on its being shown them that another attempt to break through the investing lines would only lead to useless slaughter. For in the course of the night the Germans had further tightened their iron grip on the fortress, and thickened the girdle of their guns. No; there was clearly nothing left for the poor, demoralised French but to yield to the inevitable, and their only chance lay in the hope that the Emperor himself would be able to procure some mollification of their terrible fate.

But the hope proved a vain one. Driving forth with several high officers from the fortress about 5 a.m., the Emperor, who was wearing white kid gloves and smoking his everlasting cigarette, sent on General Reille to Donchery in search of Bismarck; and the latter, "unwashed and unbreakfasted," was soon galloping towards Sedan to learn the wishes of his fallen Majesty.

not ridden far when he encountered
eror, sitting in an open carriage,
' a hired one, in which were also three
high rank, and as many on horseback.
had his revolver in his belt, and on the
catching sight of this he gave a start;
Chancellor, saluting and dismounting,
ed the Emperor with as much courtesy
had been at the Tuileries, and begged
his Majesty's commands.
on replied that he wanted to see the
: Bismarck explained that this was im-
his Majesty being quartered fourteen
y. Had not the King, then, appointed
for him, the Emperor, to go to?
ck knew not, but meanwhile his own
were at his Majesty's disposal. The
accepted the offer, and began to drive
wards Donchery, but, hesitating on
f the possible crowd, stopped at a
ottage, that of a poor weaver, a few
aces from the Meuse bridge, and asked
remain there.
ested my cousin," said Bismarck, "to
e house, and he reported that, though
wounded, it was mean and dirty.
'e,' said Napoleon, and with him I
a rickety, narrow staircase. In a
-windowed room, with a deal table
ush-bottomed chairs, we sat alone for
hour—a great contrast to our last
n the Tuileries in 1867," the year of
Exhibition. "Our conversation was
thing, wanting, as I did, to avoid
on topics which could not but painfully
man whom God's mighty hand had
"

ver Napoleon led this conversation, as
ever doing, to the terribly hard terms
pitulation, Bismarck met him with the
that this was a purely military ques-
quite beyond his province. Moltke
an to speak to about such things.
meantime efforts had been made to
r accommodation for the Emperor,
was at last discovered in the Château
a little further up the Meuse. Leaving
in the weaver's cottage, Bismarck
ck to his quarters on the market-place
ry to array himself in his full uniform,
as he said, "I conducted his Majesty to
with a squadron of Cuirassiers as escort."
conference which now began, the Em-
ied to have the King present, from
expected softness and magnanimity; but his Majesty was told that his wish in this respect could not possibly be gratified until after the capitulation had been signed.

Oh! if he could but see and plead with the King—was the anguished Emperor's constant thought; but the King took very good care, or his counsellors for him, that he should not expose himself to any personal appeal for pity until the German army had safely garnered all its splendid harvest of victory.

Meanwhile De Wimpffen had come out of Sedan with the despairing decision of the council of war, and the determination to accept Moltke's inexorable terms. But even Moltke, the least sentimental and emotional of men, could not help feeling a genuine throb of pity for the very hard fate of De Wimpffen—a man of German origin, as his name implied—on whom it thus fell to sign away the existence of an army, of which he had not been four-and-twenty hours in supreme command. Napoleon, the crowned cutthroat of the *coup d'état*, the sawdust "Man of Destiny," the intriguer, the selfish adventurer, the author of the meddling policy which had involved his country in this unparalleled calamity — this "Napoleon the Little" had richly deserved his fate. But as for De Wimpffen—no wonder that *his* misfortune even touched the adamantine heart of his German co-signatory to the capitulation.

After his interview with Napoleon, Bismarck rode to Chéhery (on the road to Vendresse), in the hope of meeting the King and informing him how things stood. On the way he was met by Moltke, who had the text of the capitulation as approved by his Majesty; and on their return to Bellevue it was signed without opposition.

By this unparalleled capitulation 83,000 men were surrendered as prisoners of war in addition to the fortress of Sedan with its 138 pieces of artillery, 420 field-guns, including 70 mitrailleuses, 6,000 horses fit for service, 66,000 stand of arms, 1,000 baggage and other waggons, an enormous quantity of military stores, and three standards. Among the prisoners yielded up were the Emperor and one of his field-marshals (MacMahon), 40 generals, and 2,825 various other officers, all of whom, by the special mercy of King William, were offered release on parole, though only 500 of them took advantage of this condition, the others being sent to Germany. By the catastrophe of Sedan, the French had lost—in killed, wounded, and prisoners—no fewer than 124,000 men at one fell swoop!

With the capitulation sealed and signed,

Bismarck and Moltke now hastened back to the King, whom they found on the heights above Donchery about noon. His Majesty ordered the important document to be read aloud to his numerous and brilliant suite, which included several German princes.

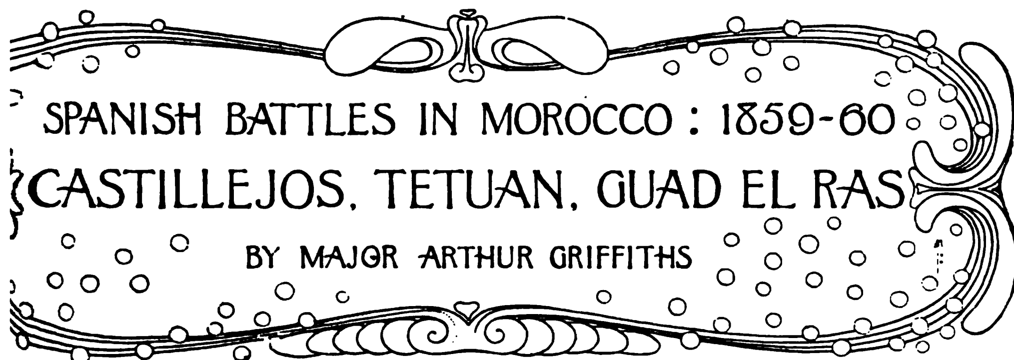
Now that an appeal *ad misericordiam* had been put out of the Emperor's power, the King, accompanied by the Crown Prince, rode

"KING WILLIAM STARTED ON A RIDE THROUGH ALL THE POSITIONS OCCUPIED BY THE GE

down to the château of Bellevue to meet the fallen monarch. "At one o'clock," wrote his Majesty to Queen Augusta, "I and Fritz set out, accompanied by an escort of cavalry belonging to the staff. I dismounted at the château, and the Emperor came out to meet me. The visit lasted for a quarter of an hour. We were both deeply moved. I cannot describe what I felt at the interview, having seen Napoleon only three years ago at the height of his power."

And now, while the crushed and broken-hearted Emperor was left to spend his last day on the soil of France prior to his departure for the place of his detention at Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel (once, strange to say his uncle, King Jerome of William, accompanied by M marck, and the rest of his pa ride through all the position German armies round Seda hours, over hill and dale, battalion, and from corps to the various tribes of the Fa rode the brilliant cavalcade, g phant music and frantic che went. "I cannot describe," "the reception given me by meeting with the Guards, wh mated. I was deeply affected of love and devotion."

No wonder the Germans mad with joy. For no victo like this crowning masterpiece —so colossal, so complete, so political results—which conv Empire into a Republic and t federation into an Empire.



SPANISH BATTLES IN MOROCCO: 1859-60

CASTILLEJOS, TETUAN, GUAD EL RAS

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS

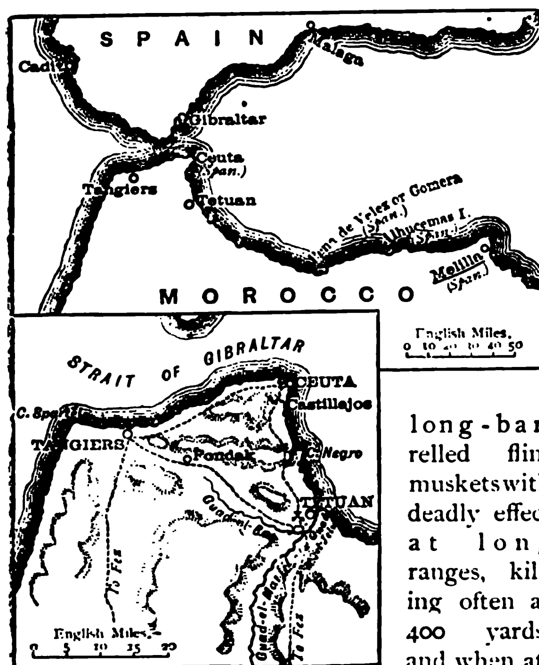
HE hero of the Spanish war with Morocco in 1859-60 was General Prim, the celebrated marshal who was afterwards known through Europe as a king- and politician. But he was before all a id a gallant one, ever ready to seek st place in danger and venture his occasion. The most marked trait cter was his cool, calm courage; for e could take the lead and head an any subaltern, with all the fire and of youth, it was done on profound , as the best means of inspiring ing, determined spirit. In one of sharply-contested combats in this he found himself with infantry ed to the attack of a considerable rish cavalry. The Spaniards in this eak in cavalry, the Moors, on the strong. In the present instance en were quick to discover a weak enemy's line. This was where osted, with only infantry to with- charge. He was nothing daunted. he shouted, with that brief, stirring for which he was famous in the field— here are cavalry coming down on us, ave none to send against them. We t them and charge them with the Form squares and let the music So in solid masses, with bands and n their midst, the Spanish infantry to attack the attackers, and with such mien that the Moorish cavalry turned ould not wait to receive them.

had been an adventurous career. He as a private soldier, a volunteer in a regiment at the time of the first Car- aining almost immediately an officer's n, he won rank after rank so rapidly as a colonel at twenty-five. The very next year (1840) he threw himself into the troubled sea of Spanish politics, was concerned in a military rising, took the losing side, and was compelled to fly to France. Three years later he returned and headed a small revolution of his own, which succeeded in overthrowing Espartero and gave Prim a title as count and the rank of major-general. Once more he joined the wrong side and suffered for his mistake; he was charged with participation in an attempt to assassinate the Spanish Prime Minister, and sentenced to imprisonment in a fortress for six years. When pardoned he travelled much in England and Italy; he went to the Crimean war as the representative of Spain, then settled in Paris, and was there leading a life of inglorious ease when the war broke out between Spain and Morocco. A born soldier, he could not bear to be left out of such stirring business; he at once sought active employment, and was appointed to the command of the Spanish reserve.

This war was the result of perpetual disagreements between the two countries. Spain was a little stimulated to it, perhaps, by her desire to extend her African possessions. She held, and still holds, a number of fortified posts on the Mediterranean shores of Morocco—Ceuta, Melilla, Alhucemas, and others. These settlements were so often harassed and attacked by the turbulent mountain-tribes that Spain indignantly demanded reparation. The Moors gave way at first; then Spain claimed more territory, which was also granted; but as one side yielded the other grew more exacting, and finally the two nations quarrelled over the lands that were to be ceded outside Ceuta. Spain at once declared war, and prepared to advance into Morocco.

It was the late autumn—a season not quite propitious to military operations. Although the summers are hot in North Africa, the winters are very inclement; heavy storms of wind and much

rain might be expected. Then the country was rugged and inhospitable—a network of hills sloping down from the Atlas mountains and intersected by rushing streams, " without roads, without population, without resources of any kind." All supplies would have to be landed on the coast and carried up with the columns, or follow as convoys under strong escort. The enemy to be encountered might be semi-barbaric, with no great knowledge of modern warfare, but they had their own peculiar and often effective tactics—clinging close to cover and using their



long-barrelled flint muskets with deadly effect at long ranges, killing often at 400 yards, and when attacking using them as clubs. These Moors were mostly fine stalwart men some six feet in height, very dirty, wretchedly clad in a white *naik*—a sort of loose, long tunic with a white hood. They were lightly equipped, active and swift of foot, knowing their mountainous country by heart, and being above all fanatics by religion —Mohammedans, the direct descendants of warlike ancestors, firmly believing, as they did, that the joys of Paradise awaited all who were slain in conflict with the infidel, they were likely to prove formidable foes. "Their stature, their wild and ferocious yells," says a writer who made this campaign, " might have been expected to have an intimidating effect upon troops the majority of whom are mere recruits." How bravely the Spanish troops faced and encountered them will presently be told.

At that time the Spaniards were b practised in war, had had but little ex of real campaigning. Although vexed co with civil and fratricidal contests, Spain met a foreign foe since the old days of tl sular War. But she had a well-organised army, made up of good materials. Th soldier is willing, hardy, patient under discomfort. He can march admirably—fa faster, it is said, than the troops of any ot pean nation. In their light rope-sol the Spanish infantry move always a pace, very much like the Bersaglieri o of Italy. But in the early days of thi war they failed rather in field manœuv did not encounter the Moors on the l they were prone to rush out and engag skirmishes instead of awaiting attack, v sturdy valour would have told most Again, they were bad marksmen; goo was not taught or encouraged in thos in the coming fights the Moors suff from artillery than infantry fire. It w the artillery arm that did the greatest in the war ; the Spanish cavalry was fortunate, and the infantry depended their bayonets, which, however, they excellent effect whenever they crosse with the enemy, and that was often, as v

The sudden declaration of war fo unprepared to take the field ; and as were at home on their own groun honours of the campaign fell to the quickly assembled in great numbers, ened Ceuta, the Spanish prison fortress to be the base of operations. A line was hastily thrown up across the ist neck of the narrow and rocky pe which Ceuta stands. This broug once one of the many high qualit Spanish soldiers—their skill in man An immense amount of work fell from first to last in clearing gro making, felling trees, throwing up e and their readiness, industry, and these irksome but deeply import gained them high praise. In the ear of the conflict it was hardly possil to move across the many obstacles by the ground immediately arou Within a fortnight the whole surface formed ; the brushwood was cut d communication established betwee doubts, and it was no longer possi enemy to creep up to them unperceiv

the teeth of great difficulties, of
:fore, incomplete organisation, of
e of sea transport to ferry every-
ses, guns, food, material of every
oss from Spain, within a month a
corps, each some 10,000 strong,
, another 5,000, had been dis-
euta, and had fallen into the
A third army corps was waiting
Malaga, but its movement was
by tempestuous weather. These
'e commanded as follows:—the
Echague, the second by General
rd (still at Malaga) by General
nd the reserve by General Prim.
litionary army was under Marshal
ner of the great soldier-politicians
k such a prominent part in the
Spain. O'Donnell, at this parti-
ccupied the curious but authori-
f Prime Minister, War Minister,
r-in-Chief of the army in the
ession of this supreme power no
im in the conduct of the cam-
l him, too, to the highest efforts;
ıst achieve victory, for the first
ındoubtedly have been followed
lisgrace and downfall.
ssed in desultory warfare along
trenchments, during which the
their own—no more. Decem-
y days, saw no change; indeed,
grew somewhat worse, for the
ways atrocious, and the rain fell
verting the ground into a quag-
ıg the troops to the utmost dis-
had no protection but the small
f the French pattern—each for
each only a few feet high—and
he wind whistled and the water
ncomfortably. Such shelter was
ı lying in the open; the men
ındreds, while cholera, that fell
led upon the camp and committed
All this time, too, there were
ihes and combats of a more or less
racter outside the fortifications.
me on continually with great
drawing the Spaniards beyond
ıents to fight at a disadvantage,
ther result than a useless waste

e year ended, Marshal O'Donnell
ıg enough to assume the offensive.
:ditionary force had now landed
at Ceuta; there were troops enough to hold the redoubts covering the fortress-base, and yet to leave the main body free to march inland. Tetuan, the nearest Moorish city—if it deserved so grand a title—was the first point at which O'Donnell aimed; it was thought to be fortified and strongly held, and, although not by any means the capital of Morocco—it must be remembered that the principal object of an invader was to seize the enemy's capital—still, the fall of Tetuan would be a very substantial gain and an undoubted proof of Spanish prowess. The road to Tetuan was fairly open, moreover, due account being taken of the enemy that interposed; it followed the line of the eastern coast, and the Spanish ships of war and transports could accompany the march, giving aid if needs were to the land forces by disembarking seamen and supplies.

The order to march was issued on the eve of New Year's Day, and was hailed with delight by the Spanish troops. They were sick of Ceuta and its monotonous trench duty; they hoped to leave its narrow limits and breathe a fresher, higher air.

The advance was entrusted to General Prim, with the reserve division; an unusual proceeding, as the reserve generally follows in the rear. But Prim's fearless spirit, his indomitable energy and pluck, were so well known that he was naturally selected to lead the van. Zabala, with the second corps, supported Prim. The immediate head of the advance consisted of engineers, covered by cavalry and artillery, whose duty was to bridge the streams that came in the way.

Prim's command was on the move at daylight, their tents having been struck in the dark. By eight a.m. they were in collision with the enemy. The Moors, having seen the direction of the Spanish march, pointing as it was towards Tetuan, lost no time in assembling in strength to oppose it. They were soon seen in great numbers on a ridge in front, menacing an attack on Prim; but they gave way before his firm and resolute advance, and fell back, yielding position after position, until the hills seemed cleared of them. Prim now found himself in an open valley, hemmed in with heights, and studded with the ruins of two small white houses or "castles"—*castillejos*, as the Spaniards call them, which gave the name to the action now close at hand.

Here the enemy turned to make a fresh stand. A mountain-battery had galloped up to the front boldly, and might be supposed to have pushed on too far. The Moors were disposed

to attack it, and came on brandishing their long guns, and shouting, "Dogs! Christian dogs!" till a burst of grape shot dispersed them. Then two Spanish squadrons charged. This charge,

CEUTA AND ITS SEA-GATE.

like that much more famous and more disastrous charge at Balaclava, seems to have originated also in a mistake. A French officer, who was acting as aide-de-camp to General Prim, brought them instructions to move out freely whenever they got the chance, adding, as he afterwards declared, that the Moors were "cowards" and would not face them. The epithet happily misconstrued and taken to ap Spanish horsemen. The cavalry co stung to the quick, immediately stro prove the calumny, and gave the word

Away galloped the hussars into the of the enemy, and tumbled in upon the siderable strength on a plateau where t was pitched. But here, in this narrow an space, so unfavourable to the movemen men, the Moors opened a fierce fire, them at a disadvantage. The huss bravely against misfortune, but were compelled to retreat, after performing of individual heroism. One of the m was that of the corporal, Pedro Mur, w last stage of the struggle, when his were already retreating, resolved to standard he saw waving in the centre group of Moors. With this rash idea left the ranks, rode back alone and at charging sword in hand at the stand He bore down every one opposed to the Moor with the colour, killed him colour, and galloped away, unhurt, b from head to foot with his enemies' b

Prim, it was said, should have bee with the ground gained. But this charge led him to wish to renew the make a further advance. He was pru

ek further support, which O'Donnell aying he would come himself to judge cessity, adding that Prim had gone too ily. It would be wiser, he added, to and entrench on the ground held.

ubts as to the proper course to pursue

the latter being to cut off the Spanish retreat. The fight which followed was as fierce as it was momentous. The fire raged furiously; the smoke was so thick that the general's aides galloping to and fro were in touch of the enemy's line, yet unseen; the noise so deafening that it drowned

GENERAL PRIM.
(From the picture by Henri Regnault.)

ed by the enemy. The Moors had eiving reinforcements, both horse and about one p.m., were in such strength were emboldened to try a fresh on- Prim's force, a mere handful of four talions, further reduced by the day's had been on the move since daylight, asting food. The men had lain down to ere in some danger. The Moors attacked ont and on the flank, the direction of

the bugle calls. Prim was as usual cool, self-reliant, and quite undismayed; he gave his orders quietly, although always in the thickest part of the fight, often on foot, wearing two brilliant stars on his breast, and waving his gold-headed general's cane. His example was splendid; his excellent dispositions were well calculated to make the best use of his scanty forces, for the ground he occupied was too extensive for his numbers.

A MOORISH HORSEMAN.

At the most critical moment help came in the shape of two fresh battalions, sent by O'Donnell, from the second corps, and that general himself, followed by all his staff, came galloping up like a small troop of cavalry, as though to take part in the fight. Prim had already utilised his new troops. He directed the men to lay aside their knapsacks, then, placing himself at the head of a battalion, and holding the other in support, he resolved to make a counter-attack. But first he seized one of the regimental colours, and, waving it on high, cried :—

"Soldiers! The time has come to die for the honour of our country. There is no honour in the man who will not give up his life when it is required of him."

With these words he rushed on impetuously, caring little, it seemed, whether he was followed or not. Now his horse was badly wounded and staggered, but it recovered, and, as if imitating the noble impulse of its rider, galloped on. The Spaniards, fired by Prim's example, followed unhesitatingly, and with such energy that the enemy was at length forced to give way.

Prim afterwards gave his account of the episode in a letter to a friend :—

"At this supreme moment I snatched up a colour; I spoke a few words with heartfelt emphasis. I called upon the remnant of my braves, and we rushed at the enemy. They were so close to us that the bayonet was the only weapon we could use. It is impossible to describe what followed. Moors and Spaniards mixed inextricably—bayonets crossing scimitars! But my men pressed on with loud cries of '*Viva la Reina! viva España!*' And for the last time that day we conquered again. The and our flag waved over a positi carried three separate times." O'Donn reported that "the enemy, having forced, incessantly attacked Gener position about three p.m. with great d But Prim, with his usual serene cou out to meet them. A hand-to-hand body combat ensued, from which our emerged eventually triumphant."

The immediate result of the battle of was the opening up of the valley and of Tetuan, still some five-and-twenty mil The enemy had withdrawn almost e a reconnaissance was pushed on to w miles of the city without being disturb But O'Donnell wisely sought to mak position, and he halted while the nec of levelling ground was carried on t the bringing up supplies, much hampe and impeded by the return of t weather. A more enterprising en have done much damage during and afterwards when the advance w for the Spanish troops had to rough country and thread many defiles. But the movement forward continued, with occasional combats— the heights of Cape Negro alone bein character—until, upon the 17th J army reached and encamped upon of the River Guad el Jelu, in f Tetuan, which glistened "snow-wh rising ground at the extremity of th

O'Donnell was now well placed for t that city. His forces were well concer rear had come up with his main bod also, notwithstanding the difficulties and his baggage. The ships lay off of the river above-mentioned, reinforcements, a fresh division r disembarked when required. St circumspect; and feeling that h obliged to undertake a long siege work to strengthen himself by l doubts, and collect his battering- transport of the guns was hard w artillery officer described it, "Whe the sand, we ascend the mountain quit the mountain, we sink into the

A fortnight or more had elapsed preparations were completed, and in the Moors had gathered fresh the defence of Tetuan. Their n to 35,000 or 40,000 men. A bro

:ommand, and around him was
famous black Moorish mounted
ole of these troops occupied
mp covering the town—a camp
with high substantial earth-
front of which lay a swampy
was water or muddy ground
lank (the right), and on the
the defences rested on rising
shwood, which gave good cover
marksmen. This position was
ı garrison of nearly 30,000 men.
h many batteries of guns, but
illerymen were unskilled, and
ractice. Experts who saw this
ght declared that, if manned
oops, it would have proved
le.

general soon realised that he
his nut before he could get at
an. The 4th February was the
attack.

o main lines of advance, right
ond the right an extension or
nt. The left attack was en-
al Prim, who was now in com-
Corps. He formed his troops
irst consisting of two brigades
ttalions—one battalion behind
etching out beyond, so that the
ng line—with two brigades in
ng. Between the two lines

k consisted of the 3rd Corps,
os de Olano, and it was formed
as the right.

e right General
ivision that had
s to circle round
ncampment con-
ng that flank.

f the 4th dawned
the night had
ı severe frost.
a.m., the mists
nding mountains
ed to their base
advance of the
made simultane-
corps fell quickly
tions already de-
oved steadily for-
nding the diffi-
marshy ground
e enemy's guns,
which opened fire as soon as the Spaniards came in sight. The Spanish batteries did not attempt to reply until well within range, and then did great execution. One shell set fire to the principal Moorish magazine, which exploded, scattering death and confusion within the lines.

The worst ground the assailants found was close up under the entrenchments. Here, too, the Moorish artillery, firing grape at very short range, did great execution. Prim's men were now a good deal harassed, too, by the sharp-shooters in the wood. But as they neared the works the signal was given to charge, and all went forward gallantly with loud shouts and "*Vivas!*" Of course, Prim led. On the eve of the fight he had said to some friends, "Happy the man who first enters the breach to-morrow." Now he showed that he meant what he said; for he rode straight into a battery through an embrasure (gun opening), followed by four of his staff, and cut down with his sword the two first Moors who attempted to bar his passage. When Prim's men saw their general disappear inside the works, they dashed after him, cheering; and the enemy, astounded at the daring of the five mounted assailants, gave way entirely at the charge of the rest of the column.

Prim had made good his entrance about the centre of the line of works; next him, on the right, a brother of General O'Donnell's got in with his division. On the left the 3rd Corps made good progress, but were much impeded by a morass, and, while caught there, suffered much from the enemy's fire. The left division of this left attack, however, penetrated, and the men

A MOORISH HORSEMAN.

having thrown off their knapsacks, which greatly encumbered their movements, raced forward, bayoneting the Moors wherever they found them. On the far right, meanwhile, one of Prim's divisions, lending a hand to General Rios, had driven the Moors up into the hills.

The struggle was ended. It had been costly and gallantly fought on both sides. The Spaniards had borne a heavy fire with cool endurance, and had shown great dash when the time came to charge. The Moors, for their part, had made a tenacious resistance. The artillerymen especially had stuck to their guns to the very last, although altogether overmastered. The cavalry on neither side did much.

Three days afterwards Tetuan — at the urgent request of many of the inhabitants — was occupied by the Spanish troops. The Moors had gone; there was not a sign of their soldiers in or near the place. On the 9th February General Prim made a reconnaissance forward in the direction of Tangier, but met no enemy. Hostilities were suspended. The only gossip was of overtures for peace. Spain had been entirely and rapidly successful; the Moors, dispersed and disheartened, were hardly expected to show fight again in the field. This impression was fully supported by the appearance of envoys in the Spanish camp, asking conditions, and negotiations began. These, as it afterwards appeared, were intended only to gain time. The Moors had not as yet abandoned hope. The resources of the empire could hardly be exhausted, even though they had lost one important town, and had been twice defeated in the field. They had still a vast territory behind and crowds of wild

A MOORISH SOLDIER.

warriors to rally round their flag. Mo terms demanded by the Spaniards we erable that a proud people might well battle or two before yielding.

These peace negotiations dragged than a month. Through the rest of of Febuarry, and all through the e March, the envoys came and went. were n ences to Fez. Th all to th of the employe up fres beaten in the forage a which were g by the n weather it was Marshal who ha created Tetuan for his v he migh his worl and un other c the new the e collecte strength road t This s was to the nex invaders, should the war continue, road which was hilly and easily he probably barred. Accordingly, on th O'Donnell abruptly broke off nego decided to appeal once more to the that day, leaving a small garrison he marched out with the rest of meaning to attack the enemy w might find them. The troops carr rations, and were in number about

The order of march was as follo head were two brigades of the 1st which had first landed at Ceuta, an the brunt of the earliest fighting. quarter staff immediately followed

"MOORS AND SPANIARDS MIXED INEXTRICABLY" (p. 110).

AFTER the battle of Trafalgar England had complete command of the seas, and, rightly or wrongly, her Government had adopted the policy of striking at the European Powers which were actually in arms as her enemies, or whose interests were opposed to her own, by expeditions against their distant colonies and dependencies. The power of her navy could thus be thoroughly utilised, and her army, though used in comparatively small fractions, was generally, by its quality and discipline, able to act with success against any forces which it was likely to meet. Communication with different parts of the globe then demanded such long periods of time, and was at best so very uncertain, that naval and military commanders acted frequently on a general policy which had been imparted to them rather than on specific instructions which had to be exactly carried out.

When, therefore, in June, 1806, Buenos Ayres was seized by a small force of 1,700 men under Brigadier-General Beresford and Commodore Sir Home Popham, it is very doubtful how far that enterprise was directly authorised by the king's ministers, though from documents published at Sir Home Popham's subsequent trial it may be understood that it was countenanced both by Mr. Pitt and Lord Melville. Be that as it may, Brigadier-General Beresford found himself holding this new conquest with a wholly insufficient force in the midst of a numerous hostile population, and without any strong place of arms to which he could retire if menaced by an organised attack. Aware of his precarious position, General Beresford sent an urgent appeal to the Cape for reinforcements, pending the arrival of a sufficient army from England to make good the possession of one of the greatest and most valuable Spanish provinces in South America. Even from the Cape, however, no assistance could be expected for nearly four months, and a force could not land before double t elapsed.

The American-Spaniards were r covering how feasible it was for a insurrection to overpower the under the command of Gener Frenchman by birth, they atta Beresford so vigorously that afte ing, in which the English losses 250 men, killed and wounded, l was obliged to surrender as pri The captives included the whol Regiment of infantry, 150 of tl corps, besides a few dragoons and navy had been able to render litt ance, and Sir Home Popham w necessity of falling back to his cr at the mouth of the Rio de l expected reinforcements from th about the middle of October, cor squadrons of the 20th Light Dr pany of artillery, the 38th and 4 of infantry, and a company of tl armament sailed up to Monte V by a combined attack of the land to get possession of that town; found impracticable, and it was able to await the additional reinfo England before any great operat undertaken. As an immediate l tions, however, the town of Mal mouth of the Rio de la Plata w occupied, and here supplies could cured, and a convenient harbour was available.

The news of the capture of Bue excited much triumph in Engla forcements for General Beresford once prepared. It was not till however, that these could be de

they did not arrive at the Rio de la Plata till January, 1807. They were placed under the command of Sir Samuel Auchmuty, and comprised the 17th Light Dragoons, the 40th and 87th Regiments of infantry, three companies of the newly-raised Rifle Corps, and some artillery. As we have seen, they were too late to save General Beresford from crushing defeat and captivity, but they found the Cape troops at Maldonado in the best condition, and fit for immediate service. These Sir Samuel Auchmuty at once embarked, and, at the head of a now formidable armament, sailed to the attack of Monte Video. Rear-Admiral Stirling, who had superseded Sir Home Popham in the naval command, protected the movement of the transports with his ships of war. A landing was effected about eight miles from Monte Video, and a brilliant action was fought with the Spaniards outside the town, in which the English were completely victorious. This action was remarkable as being the first occasion on which the Rifle Corps—afterwards the 95th, and now the Rifle Brigade—were actively employed. Their markedly gallant conduct then was an earnest of the long roll of distinguished services which the famous corps has since performed in all quarters of the world, wherever the honour of England has had to be maintained. After defeating the Spaniards in the open field Sir Samuel Auchmuty established batteries against the citadel and defences of the town, and landed heavy ship ordnance from the fleet wherewith to arm them, for no siege-train formed part of the equipment sent from England. From these batteries fire was opened, and continued for thirteen days, when a practicable breach was made. The town was summoned, and, as no reply was returned, the orders were given to storm. The defence of the Spaniards was tenacious, and their fire destructive and well-maintained; but, though they lost heavily, the columns of assault were everywhere successful in driving the enemy before them with the bayonet, and the place was taken.

After Sir Samuel Auchmuty had sailed from England, but before intelligence was received that Buenos Ayres had been retaken by the Spaniards, it was hoped by the Ministry that an expedition to the west of South America might meet with the same success as it was yet believed had attended British arms on the east coast. With a view to this object a force of 4,200 men was sent out in October, 1806, under command of Brigadier-General Robert Craufurd (afterwards the renowned leader of the Light Division in the Peninsula), accompanied by a naval squadron under Admiral Murray. The expedition was to be directed to the capture of the seaports, and the reduction of the province of Chili; and the course to be sailed, whether to the eastward by New South Wales, or to the westward by Cape Horn, was left to the discretion of Admiral Murray. It was hoped that, if Chili could be reduced,

MARSHAL BERESFORD.
(From the Picture by Sir W. Beechey, R.A.)

General Craufurd might communicate with Buenos Ayres, and that a complete chain of posts might be established across South America, which would then be opened up to

English trade. When the news of General Beresford's disaster arrived, however, a swift sloop of war was sent after General Craufurd, with orders that he was to give up the attack on Chili, and to proceed to the Rio de la Plata, there to join the army of Sir Samuel Auchmuty. Craufurd was overtaken at the Cape, and, sailing at once, he arrived off Monte Video on the 14th June. The various corps under his command were two squadrons of 6th Dragoon Guards, the 5th, 36th, 45th, and 88th Regiments of infantry, five companies of the Rifle Corps, and two companies of artillery.

In view of the concentration of troops at the Rio de la Plata, it was determined to send out from England an officer of high rank to take command; and in an evil hour Lieutenant-General John Whitelocke was selected, who arrived at Monte Video on the 10th May with Major-General Gower as second in command, and bringing with him the 9th Light Dragoons, the 89th Regiment of Infantry, a detachment of artillery, and a number of recruits for the regiments already on the station. The total of the British force which in the middle of June was available for offensive operations amounted to more than 11,000 men, but the greater part of the cavalry and artillery were unprovided with horses. Most of the dragoons had to act as infantry, and the requirements of the guns were very insufficiently met.

Monte Video, on the north side of the great estuary of the Rio de la Plata, is nearly 150 miles from Buenos Ayres, which lies higher up the river on the south side; and in order to move the troops which were to undertake the attack of the latter town no vessels drawing above thirteen feet of water could be employed; but, as a strong garrison had to be left to secure the base of operations, it was possible, by doubling the number of men which each ship could properly carry, to find accommodation on board for all the rest of General Whitelocke's army. The embarkation was proceeded with rapidly, and the troops were brigaded in the following order:—The Light Brigade, under General Craufurd, included the Rifle Corps and a battalion formed of nine light companies from the various regiments; Sir Samuel Auchmuty commanded the 5th, 38th, and 87th; General Lumley commanded the 36th, 88th, and four dismounted squadrons of the 17th Light Dragoons; and Colonel Mahon commanded the 40th, 45th, two dismounted squadrons of the Carabiniers, and four dismounted squadrons of the 9th Light Dragoons. There were also two co[mpanies of] Royal Artillery. Twenty-eight guns [of various] calibres were embarked with an a[mmunition] column for the conveyance of arti[llery and] small-arm ammunition. Cavalry, actin[g as such,] was hardly represented, only about a [squadron] of the 17th Light Dragoons being supp[lied with] horses.

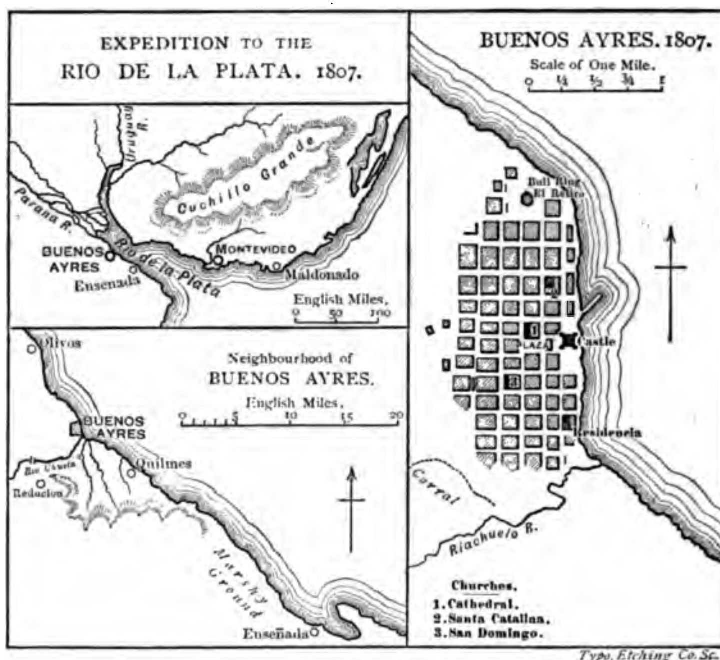
The first division of transports was [ready to] get under weigh on the 17th June, bu[t it was] not till the 25th that a suitable place c[ould be] found for disembarkation. Below Bueno[s Ayres] there extended for many miles along th[e shore] of the estuary a broad morass, and it was [neces-]sary to select a landing-place from w[hich a] passage through this morass existed. [Such a] place was found at Ensenada, about thi[rty] miles from Buenos Ayres, and here th[e land-]ing was commenced at daylight on th[e 28th.] General Craufurd's brigade was the first [on] the shore, followed by Sir Samuel Auc[hmuty's] brigade, and the fiery Craufurd at once [pushed] forward through the morass to secure a [position] on firm ground. The Spaniards offe[red no] opposition to the English troops, and [under a] capable commander the army might w[ell] have been formed and prepared for [further] operations. But from the outset negl[ect and] incompetence were apparent, and ne[utralised] at every turn the high qualities of th[e troops] and the ability and courage of the sub[ordinate] generals. In regard to the supply of [food to] the army, the gravest errors were made. [Rations] for immediate use should, of course, ha[ve been] carried by the brigades as they landed; [it] had been intended that each man shou[ld carry] three days' food in his havresack, but no [definite] order had been given on the subject. [Nor was] any provision made for them, and in d[efault of] instructions it was expected that the [commis-]saries would meet all wants on shore. [Reliance] was placed also for the subsequent s[upply of] meat on the herds of cattle which the [country] nourished, but it was forgotten that th[ese] wild animals could not easily be caug[ht, and] that they could only be brought to the [slaughter] by men skilled in the use of the Americ[an lasso.] No such men were attached to the [marching] columns, which, with ample supply of m[eat con-]stantly in view, were thus for the m[ost part] condemned to want.

The disembarkation was completed [on the] 28th, but none of the troops left the s[hore on] that day, except the brigades of Crauf[urd and] Auchmuty. The general forward m[ovement]

began on the 29th, and there was considerable trouble in passing the morass, some of the troops having to march for three miles up to their knees in mud and water. The artillery also were much delayed, only four field-pieces being dragged through the morass by the strenuous exertions of seamen and soldiers. Of the remaining guns only eight were subsequently brought to the front; the others were either destroyed, or left at Ensenada for want of means of movement.

The 30th June and 1st July were days of unrelieved toil and effort. The country was cut up by streams and swampy spots, and if opposition had been offered, it would have been much aided by these features; but no enemy was seen, except some detached bands of horsemen which hovered round, ready to cut off any fatigued straggler from the English columns. Craufurd still led the way, followed by Lumley's brigade, while the main body, with General Whitelocke, brought up the rear. Some of the men suffered terribly under the broiling sun, as, having been cooped up on board ship for months, they were in no condition for marching, and, ill-supplied with food from the uncertain sources which chance threw in their way, their strength was still further reduced by hunger. So general was the fatigue that on the afternoon of the 1st the men were ordered to throw away their blankets, as it was intended to push on that day to the village of Reducion. It was considered likely that there the enemy would hold the strong position, and would have to be driven from it by force. This village—about seven miles from Buenos Ayres—was, however, occupied easily, and the advanced brigades pushed through it to some high ground two miles further. Here their eyes were gladdened by the view of the city which they had come so far to attack, and which they hoped would ere long reward them amply for all their toils and privations. General Whitelocke, with the remainder of the army, occupied Reducion, and the night was passed without serious annoyance from the enemy, though the troops suffered greatly from exposure to a prolonged thunderstorm with heavy rain.

Between Reducion and Buenos Ayres, and about two miles from the former place, flows the Chuelo, a river which is fordable at few spots, and in the month of July, after the usual rains of the season, a very formidable military obstacle. Across it there was, in 1807, only one bridge, and from the English outposts could be seen the bivouac fires of a strong force evidently guarding this passage. Information was



also received that the Spaniards had there constructed strong and well-armed batteries, and had concentrated a large number of men, in the expectation that the invaders would have no choice but to attack them. General Whitelocke appears to have had no very definite plan of action in his mind, and we may gather that, rather from a reluctance to engage in the assault of a strong position than from a well-studied strategical scheme, he resolved to seek for a ford said to exist farther up the river, instead of forcing his way by the direct route across the bridge.

At sunrise on the 2nd July the English force was under arms. Craufurd's and Lumley's brigades took the advance, as before, under the command of General Gower, to be followed by the main body of the army under General

Whitelocke. Ascending the course of the Chuelo in search of a ford concerning which vague information had been received, reliance had to be placed in guides of doubtful trust-

"HAND-GRENADES, STINK-BALLS, BRICKBATS, AND OTHER MISSILES WERE HURLED FROM ABOVE" (p.

worthiness, and there was uncertainty as to the objects of the march and the time it might be expected to require. Early in the day about 500 of the enemy's cavalry appeared, barring the road to the head of the column; but threatened in flank by the Rifles, and having received two or three rounds from the field-pieces, these quickly gave way, and were no more seen. It was not till half-past three in the afternoon that, following a scarcely distinguishable track which led to the river's bank, General Craufurd arrived at the sought-for ford, which even when found seemed to demand no ordinary hardihood to attempt its passage. At this place—the Passa Chico—the Chuelo ran thirty yards wide and four feet deep. Fortunately, the current was not rapid, and the bottom was a firm gravel. Craufurd's men, led by their impetuous general, plunged in, and, carrying the ammunition-waggon of the field-pieces shoulder high, safely effected the crossing.

Lumley's brigade followed. As the m now formed in close proximity to the seen enemy, with a formidable obstacle i rear making retreat difficult, if not im

anxious eyes were directed over the plain that had been passed, in the ex of seeing the main body of the army in support under General Whitelocke was the wonder, bitter the disappo when no distant cloud of dust, no steel, showed the appearance of th which should have been now closing advanced brigades. General Whitel failed to preserve the communicati Lumley and Craufurd, and when the fir encounter with the enemy was impendin through incompetence or a more d motive, held himself aloof from the arms.

About three-quarters of a mile from which had just been crossed rose a lo of rising ground, and towards that ridge column of the enemy could be seen m if with the intention of taking up a p defence. The soldier's eye of Craufurd

hhich would result to the English vement if it was carried out, and he restall it. General Gower gave him act as he thought best, and pro-port him with Lumley's brigade. ops sprang forward, and the heights occupied without opposition. The ssed and staggered by Craufurd's dash, were obliged to forego their d to seek another position still uenos Ayres. The ground now mely intricate, covered with peach high fences; and the advanced ifles, threading their way through s, exchanged shots with the enemy's were quickly driven in.

ower sent an order to Craufurd to ving his foe at last within striking confident in his judgment of the daring chief was not to be stopped hold of success. Still he urged Brigade till the enclosures were he great open space of the Coral the slaughtering-place or abattoir movement of the English had fallen back, the column was halted for a breathing-space, and the generals with the staff-officers pushed along the broad road leading towards the city. Suddenly from cover on the other side of the Coral burst forth a discharge of grape and round shot. The Spanish position was developed, and it was evident that the foe were here in strength, though their numbers were still hidden. There was a moment of surprise, almost of recoil, among the English, and General Gower made a suggestion to Craufurd about turning the enemy's flank. But this was no moment for a fine display of tactics, no occasion for well-regulated manœuvre. Craufurd interpreted General Gower's words by the light of his own bold spirit, and he ordered a general direct charge. Undeterred by their ignorance of the strength before them, shaking off the fatigue of a long and toilsome march, the gallant Rifles and light battalion responded gladly to the call, and, cheering as they advanced, swept forward in irresistible assault. The South American Spaniards were not the men to meet the stern

BUENOS AYRES.

Lumley's brigade had now been d, but General Gower himself joined ot a Spaniard was to be seen. The ties which had covered the forward line ot levelled bayonets, and everywhere gave way in panic-struck flight, leaving in the hands of the victors twelve pieces of artillery, with which their position had been armed. The Light

Brigade followed hard in pursuit, and, firing no shot, smote the rearmost with the *arme blanche* alone. No halt was made till the outskirts of Buenos Ayres were reached, and at the very entrance to the streets Craufurd re-formed his men, who, flushed and excited with their prompt success, had fallen into some natural disorder.

Then was the time when Buenos Ayres should have fallen. A resolute advance at the heels of its disheartened and flying defenders would, it is very certain, have crushed every attempt at opposition, and the morning of the 3rd July ought to have seen the English flag again floating proudly over the town. If General Whitelocke, with the main body of his army, had followed closely the advanced brigades, and had now been at hand, no other blow need have been struck, no other shot fired. If even General Gower had shared in a small degree the military insight and boiling courage of General Craufurd, and had boldly entered the streets with Lumley's brigade and Craufurd's light troops, the result would have been almost equally certain. But Whitelocke was still far distant, and, despite Craufurd's strongly-expressed opinion and readiness to crown the work so well commenced, General Gower resolved to do no more for the time. The advanced brigades were withdrawn to the Coral, and only picquets were left to mark the points where the tide of pursuit had been stayed, and whence the Rifles and light battalion, much against their will, had been ordered to fall back.

As the English soldiers lay upon their arms, the bivouac that night was wretched in the extreme. Overpowered with fatigue and hunger —for they had had no food for more than twelve hours—without fire or shelter, and drenched with tropical rains, believing, moreover, that if it had not been for the shortcomings of their generals they would even then be in Buenos Ayres, their cheerfulness was sustained by the hope that the entry into the town was only delayed till it could be effected by daylight on the following morning. But already the only gleam of success that was to shine upon the army in South America had died away, and nothing but disaster was left for the future.

Hopes were still entertained that General Whitelocke, with the main body of the army, must be near at hand, and would soon join the advanced brigades, and reconnoitring parties were sent out to try to establish communication with him. It was not, however, till the afternoon of the 3rd that—too late to profit by the discouragement which existed a
Spaniards on the evening of the 2nd-
his appearance. He had not follow
the brigades of Craufurd and Lumk
across the Chuelo by the Passa C
making a long detour of thirty mil
passed the river much higher up
and now brought in his men we
unnecessary toil, and, still worse, sho
of discontent and loss of confidence.

In the morning of the 3rd Gen
sent a staff-officer into the town u
of truce, summoning General Liniers,
ing the Spanish forces, to surrende
But the panic of the previous e
passed away and the answer ret
"We possess sufficient strength a
to defend our town." Closely fol
answer came an attack in force
English picquets, who were oblig
way until they were supported;
desultory action lasting nearly tw
which both sides suffered som
Spaniards again retired into the tow

Though General Whitelocke ha
army concentrated, though every ho
the confidence of the enemy, and t
seriously impaired the power of his
both by the material losses which
and by the discouragement which i
brought, the English general appe
been in a painful state of indecision
tion. No plan of action was unde
the Spaniards were able at will to
press upon the picquets, acting unc
outlying houses, and to inflict losse
adequate retaliation was difficult, if
sible. Like the 3rd of July, the 4
allowed to pass in inaction, and it
the 5th that any forward movement

The town of Buenos Ayres was, in
two miles in length by one in b
streets were rectangular, and the
of the houses were lofty, well-built
surrounded by parapets about fou
In the centre of the town was the c
and feeble work, and near it wa
square, La Plaza. The principal bui
at the west end, El Retiro, the ampl
bull-fights, and, at the east end of t
extensive building called Residenti
intended to be a royal hospital, and
and monastery of St. Domingo. A
told, the Spaniards on the night of t
were in a state of the utmost terror a

the English troops marched in, to as conquerors. But the delays of hitelocke and Gower gave them ollect themselves. General Liniers self energetically to restore their well seconded by his officers and y, whose aid he had invoked, he spirit of the population from a weak nous despair to a stern and patriotic 1 to defend their town to the last. sures for defence were taken. re cut in the principal streets, placed in position, the slaves were even the women were inspired to e coming struggle by throwing n the housetops on hostile troops march below. The total number consisted of about 9,000 regulars, volunteer corps, all in some state and about 6,000 men, formed in npanies, who had taken up arms on.

n told that the 3rd and 4th of llowed to slip away without any n being taken by General White- he afternoon of the 4th, however, issued for a general assault upon s on the following morning. The e was now, owing to losses and to of troops on various detachments, strong. No definite tactical plan ve been formed. Objective points indicated to the commanders of the mutual relation which these ined, were to bear to each other and support was entirely over- arrangements were made for com- etween the various portions of the ed, or for receiving or asking for he commander-in-chief. Above all, retreat were decided on in case ould be met too powerful to be d no reserve was kept conveniently pport a success or neutralise a re- he assault of a large town, held by r troops in addition to a numerous matical population, the small army as divided into eight feeble columns, to enter the streets at different ted points, without reasonably full s to the general plan of the com- ief, without cohesion as parts of body, and, except for a few en- ls, without any means of forcing which might have been expected to be met with. On the morning of Sunday, the 5th July, the troops were under arms at four o'clock, and they hoped, at least, that they should have been let loose upon their task while darkness in some degree veiled their advance; but the sun was rising ere the signal was given to commence the attack, and the columns were put in motion.

Space does not permit that a detailed account should be given of the operations of each column. All did not encounter an equal amount of resistance, but everywhere the resistance was of the same character. Heavy fire was maintained from the roofs of the houses. Hand-grenades, stink-balls, brickbats, and other missiles were hurled from above on the English soldiers as they advanced. Breastworks, made of hide bags filled with earth, and deep ditches cut across the streets gave cover to the defence, while artillery opened a deadly discharge of grape at close range. Ever as the points were reached on which they had been directed the columns found themselves surrounded. The men through whom they had forced their way had again closed in, and they were circled by a ring of fire. On the left of the attack Sir Samuel Auchmuty, with the 87th and 38th, had bored his way, though with heavy loss, to El Retiro, and there established himself, taking a number of prisoners and three field-pieces, nor was the enemy able again to dislodge him. The 5th Infantry also penetrated to the convent of St. Catalina. The 36th made their way in the face of determined opposition as far as the beach of the Rio de la Plata, and their movement was signalised by the gallant conduct of Lieutenant-Colonel Byrne, who, with fifty men, charged and took two guns, driving their defenders, 300 strong, before him. Part of the regiment then managed to join Auchmuty, and the remainder, finding no tenable position in which to establish themselves, were obliged to retire. The 88th, acting in two wings under Lieutenant-Colonel Duff and Major Vandeleur, suffered almost more heavily than any other portion of the army. They fought with the brilliant courage which has always marked the "Connaught Rangers"; but exposed, outnumbered, with no hope of assistance, and having lost 17 officers and 220 rank-and-file, they were obliged to surrender at discretion.

The greatest disaster, the most overwhelming loss, was, however, suffered at the right centre. Here was the fiery Craufurd with the Light Brigade, which had already shown such undaunted determination, such a formidable warrior

spirit. It was formed in two columns, of which the right was commanded by Craufurd himself and the left by Lieutenant-Colonel Pack, afterwards Sir Dennis Pack, the famous hero of the Peninsula. Craufurd had been ordered to make his way through the town to the Rio de la Plata, and to occupy any high buildings as near as possible to La Plaza. Two three-pounder field-pieces accompanied his brigade, and, though the victims of continuous musketry fire from the housetops, and the flanking discharge of artillery from their left front, they reached the great church of St. Domingo. By this time, besides the many losses in the main body of Craufurd's column, the officer commanding and the greater portion of the advanced guard had been laid low. It was essential to secure some cover from the withering storm of bullets, some post of vantage which might possibly be made good against the enemy, and serve as a base from which further operations might be undertaken, if the rest of the army had closed upon the city with the success which was hoped for. The door of the St. Domingo church was battered in and the building occupied. Unfortunately, its roof was sloping, and afforded no secure military position, as did the flat roofs of the surrounding houses, from which the Spaniards were still able to pour in a destructive and unceasing fire. Lieutenant-Colonel Guard, with the Grenadier company of the 45th, now joined Craufurd, and till twelve o'clock in the day there was no reason to believe that the rest of the army had not been also successful in establishing themselves close to the enemy's main position. At that hour, however, a Spanish officer with a flag of truce approached. Craufurd thought that he had come from General Liniers with an offer to capitulate. Bitter was his disappointment when the Spaniard informed him that the 88th had been taken prisoners, and summoned him to surrender. Craufurd could not believe that he had been abandoned by General Whitelocke, and still thought that if he could not be supported, at least some attempt would be made to communicate with him. He feared to compromise the whole situation of the army, and returned a peremptory refusal to General Linier's summons. As time wore on, however, it became more and more apparent that no succour was to be hoped for, and he resolved to take the first opportunity of withdrawing from the town. If a large number of the enemy could be engaged in the streets, Craufurd thought that the fire from the houses would be neutralised, as the Spaniards would be afraid of hitti friends. A considerable column o was now entering the street on th the church, apparently intending of the English field-pieces which l outside the building. The Rifles to form up ready for a sally, an were doing so the enemy's column attacked by Lieutenant-Colonel Gu Grenadiers of the 45th, and by a of light infantry under Major T column gave way, but the fire f rounding houses was so severe Trotter and about forty of the a killed or wounded in two or th It was evidently impossible to reti was nothing for it but to continu of the church, hoping against h favourable turn of events.

At half-past three there could any doubt that the attack on Buen failed. His men were falling fast were bringing heavy guns into posi the church, and Craufurd felt that fice of life could not be of any ad pugnant to his brave spirit as was surrendered himself, with the shatt of his brigade, as prisoners of war a

It only remains to tell how it f right of the English attack on E The 45th Regiment, on the extrem Lieutenant-Colonel Guard, obtain of Residencia, after meeting with so from a body of Spaniards statione artillery in an open space. The gu abandoned, however, and, there be ance from the neighbouring houses building was crowned with the c regiment. Lieutenant-Colonel Gu has been seen, joined General Crau Grenadiers, and shared the fate of t gade. Major Nicholls was left in Residencia, and, though the Spani peated attempts to recover the maintained his post by skilful defe sional sallies, in one of which pieces of cannon. Between the Light Brigade, the Carabiniers ent and penetrated some distance, b unable to overcome the resistanc encountered and were forced to severe loss, Captain Burrell being killed and Colonel Kington severel

The result of the disastrous 5th the English army lost above 70 offi

killed or badly wounded, and 120 officers [1],500 men were taken prisoners. Aban-[doned] by their chief—who took no active part in [the d]ay's operations, who gave no command, [who h]ad shown no forethought, and who failed [to aff]ord either counsel or example—the subordin-[ate le]aders and the men of the various columns [had f]ought with a bravery and discipline worthy [of th]e best traditions of the English army. If [disgr]ace and shame there was, at least their

"GENERAL WHITELOCKE WAS TRIED BY COURT-MARTIAL."

[hono]ur was untainted, their valour had shown [itself] to be unquestionable. But, though General [Whi]telocke's army failed not in doing its best to [acco]mplish a task given to them in a manner [whic]h rendered it impossible of fulfilment, they [woul]d not have been men if they had not felt [keen]ly and expressed emphatically their mortifica-[tion a]nd disgust at the way in which they had been [com]manded. Craufurd himself publicly called [Whi]telocke a traitor, and even told his men to [shoo]t him dead if he was seen in the battle; [and] Sir Samuel Auchmuty afterwards said that [the] soldiers of his column had so greatly lost [conf]idence, and were speaking of their general in such terms, that he did not think they were to be relied upon for further effort under his command.

General Whitelocke put the seal to the story of his ineptitude and disgrace by making a treaty with the Spanish leaders, giving up all the advantages which had previously been gained on the Rio de la Plata, and engaging to withdraw from and deliver up the town and fortress of Monte Video. He only stipulated for an unimpeded retreat and embarkation, and that all the prisoners of war should be restored. In January, 1808, General Whitelocke was tried by court-martial at Chelsea Hospital, and was sentenced "to be cashiered, and declared totally unfit and unworthy to serve his Majesty in any military capacity whatever."

So keen and widespread was the national and military feeling of indignation at the way in which the South American campaign had been conducted that, for long after that period, the common toast in canteens and public-houses was, "Success to *grey hairs*, but bad luck to *white locks!*"

who had mutinied and murdered their officers; and he finally took up a position on both sides of the river at Ramnuggur, his main body cantoned on the right bank of the river.

Lord Dalhousie had realised from the collapse of the siege of Mooltan that he had before him a serious campaign in the Punjaub. He promptly ordered the assemblage of a large force at Ferozepore, and the movement from Bombay of a smaller body to act against Mooltan. He accepted without reserve the challenge flung at him from the collective Punjaub. "Unwarned by precedent, uninfluenced by example, the Sikh nation has called for war; and on my word, sirs, war they shall have, and with a vengeance!" were his stirring words at the farewell dinner given him by the officers of Barrackpore. By the end of September regiments were advancing from Meerut, Umballa, Sabatoo, and Jullunder towards the Sutlej or the Ravee. Before October was done the leading brigades of the army of the Punjaub had marched past Lahore across the Ravee towards the rendezvous at Shahdara. Cureton's cavalry brigade and Godby's infantry brigade were already there, and on November 12th Colin Campbell joined Cureton with two native

THE SURRENDER OF MOOLRAJ.

infantry regiments, taking com
advanced force with the temp
brigadier-general. At length Lor
self took the field, crossing the
19th at the head of his main body.
was respectable. Apart from the
Mooltan and the garrison of L
available for field-service four Brit
native infantry regiments. He wa
strong in cavalry, with three
regiments, five of native light ca
corps of irregular horse; and
artillery consisted of sixty horse-
eight howitzers, and ten 18-pound

Lord Gough was by no mea
genius, but he was a fighting sol
served under Wellington in the
at Waterloo with great distinctio
ness was one of his leading attrib
always eager for the fray, and the
he most delighted in was wha
accent, he called the "could steel."
he was informed, were still abou
their outpost on the left bank o
and Gough became at once in a
ness to drive them across the
daybreak of the 22nd he was on t

f Cureton's fine cavalry, Campbell's
ision, two field-batteries and as
of horse artillery; the fiery old
at the head of the force. Some
occurred about the village and fort
ur; but the Sikh detachments were
eating across the river when the
opened on them a rapid and telling
on pressing the fugitives, Lane and
lloped their six-pounders over the
which formed a wide border to the
ated stream. As they fired at the
rowding across the ford, answering
to reach them from the heavier
nce placed in battery on the further
and-by the Sikh fire became so hot
thdrawal of the British pieces became
; but when the order to limber up
ne of Lane's guns and two ammuni-
s were found to be stuck fast in the

r to spike and abandon the gun
ngly obeyed, since there seemed no
and Gough disapproved of Colin
sensible suggestion that the piece
otected until it could be withdrawn
all, by placing infantry to cover it
immediately in its rear. As the
he lost piece and the rest of the
, Ouvry's squadron of the famous
Dragoons drew off the enemy's
a daring charge into a mass of
near an island, within easy cover
guns. The enemy lost no time in
whole of his cavalry across the river
ession of the stranded gun, under
overwhelming artillery fire. Our
ecklessly sent forward to cope with
hostile Horse—a folly committed,
Campbell, under the personal
nce of the fiery commander-in-
am Havelock, the gallant colonel
Light Dragoons and the brother
amous Henry, sought and obtained
o cross swords with the insolent
n. His ardent troopers thundered
leader, nobly seconded by their
rades of the 3rd Bengal Cavalry.
nutes the Sikh Horse were broken
d by the headlong onset of an
l for his daring in the wars of
. Had Havelock halted after this
all would have been well; but
of another body of Sikh horse-
him to his destruction, and that of many of his gallant troopers. Waving his sword and shouting to his men to follow him, Havelock dashed on through the heavy sands, further yet into the mud and water, where horses floundered and men were helpless under a cruel grape and matchlock fire, supported by the keen tulwars of the Sikh light horsemen. They, indeed, were finally borne back to the river, and under cover of their own batteries; but this much of gain was dearly purchased by the loss of 90 men and 140 horses killed or wounded. Havelock himself, after a hand-to-hand combat, fell covered with wounds by the water's edge. Several other officers were killed or wounded. But the heaviest loss of that sad day was the death of the gallant Cureton, the adjutant-general of the army, who fell dead when riding forward to stay Havelock's effort to charge yet again. Renowned for brave deeds in many an action against French, Afghans, Mahrattas, and Sikhs; beloved alike by officers and men, Cureton fell close to that very regiment in which, a wild youth fleeing from his creditors, he had begun his soldiering by enlisting in it as a private trooper. His body, which Holmes, of the Irregulars, was badly wounded in trying to rescue, was buried at Ramnuggur with all the honours, in the same grave to which the corpse of Havelock was later consigned.

Lord Gough withdrew his troops beyond the reach of the Sikh batteries, and awaited the arrival of his guns and the remainder of his forces. He was well placed on the left bank of the Chenab, covering Lahore and the siege of Mooltan, and leaving Shere Singh undisturbed; while, had he preferred the offensive, a rapid stroke might have ended the business, for the Sikhs were eager enough for fighting. To gratify their desire he would have had to cross the river—to accomplish which by direct assault on the Sikh position on the opposite bank was impracticable. So Gough resolved to compel the enemy's withdrawal by a wide-turning movement with part of his force under Sir Joseph Thackwell. That officer's command consisted of Campbell's division, a cavalry brigade, and a powerful artillery—about 8,000 men. The force started on the early morning of December 1st, and after marching twenty-four miles up the left bank of the Chenab, crossed that river at noon of the 2nd. The following morning, after marching about fifteen miles down the right bank, Thackwell's command was close to the enemy in front of the village of Sadoolapore. Thackwell

hearing of the approach of a reinforcement, rode away in search of it, refusing Campbell's request to deploy and take up a position. Campbell's reconnaissance convinced him that the enemy was near and in force; but in his own words, "My command was not in formation for troops liable to be attacked at any moment; but my orders were imperative not to deploy." As a measure of protection he occupied with an infantry company each of three villages in his front; but Thackwell on his return ordered their withdrawal, and the columns were deployed. Between the British line and the twenty pieces of cannon from which the Sikhs were heavily firing from the villages while they were threatening the British flanks with cavalry, was a smooth open space over which Thackwell desired to attack. Campbell suggested that, "as they were coming on so cockily, we should allow them to come out into the plain before we moved." The cannonade proceeded, and it seemed presently the moment for an advance; but Thackwell preferred caution, hoping, most likely, for a decisive victory on the morrow. But he was baulked, since during the night the enemy withdrew toward the Jhelum, probably without having sustained serious loss; that of the British amounted to seventy men. Thackwell's turning operation had not been brilliant, and Sadoolapore was not an affair to be very proud of; but it brought about the relinquishment by the Sikhs of their position on the right bank of the Chenab, and this enabled the main British force to cross the river. By the 5th the mass of the army was at Heylah, about midway between Ramnuggur and Chillianwallah, but the commander-in-chief and headquarters did not cross the Chenab until December 18th.

If until then Lord Gough had been trammelled by superior authority, a few days later he was set free to act on his own judgment, the result of which permission was simply absolute inaction until January, 1849. On the 11th of that month he reviewed his troops at Lassourie, and next day he was encamped at Dinghee, whence the Sikh army had fallen back into the sheltering jungle, its right resting on Mung, its left and centre on the broken ground and strong entrenchments about the village and heights of Rassoul. That was a very strong defensive position, held by more than 30,000 brave men, with a battery of sixty guns —a position which only a daring commander would have ventured to assail with an army under 14,000 strong. Among the wiser officers of Gough's staff were men who wer[e] that the ground over which the ene[my's posi]tion was to be approached should [be] properly reconnoitred. Here is a signi[ficant pas]sage in the memoirs of Sir Henry [D...] "Whilst in the commander-in-chief's [camp on] the 11th the projected attack on th[e Sikh] position was described to me by Gene[ral Camp]bell. He had just been with the c[hief, who] had spoken of attacking the Sikh p[osition on] the 13th. Campbell, seeing that hi[s chief] had no intention of properly reconno[itring the] position, was anxious on the subjec[t ...] went into the tent of Tremenheere, [the] engineer, to discuss the matter. [...] opened on the subject, announcing [...] tion to attack without any other reco[nnaissance] than such as the moment might o[ffer on de]bouching from the jungle. He a[...] second march from Dinghee, the forc[e ...] to bivouac for the night, and that [...] should be passed by the engineers [in recon]noitring. Campbell wished Treme[nheere to] suggest this measure in a quiet wa[y to Lord] Gough; but he said that since the [...] the Chenab the chief was determin[ed to take] no advice, or brook any volunteere[d ...] and he proposed that I should spea[k to Colonel] Gough (the commander-in-chief's r[...] try to engage him to put it into Lo[rd Gough's] mind to adopt such a course." It is [...] that anything came of this improvi[...] of war, but there is no suggestion tha[t ...] afternoon of the 13th, Lord Gough i[...] defer the attack until the morning of [...]

As it was, early on the 13th the a[rmy was at] length on march towards the enemy. [...] guns moved along the road leading ov[er the Ras]soul ridge to the fords of the Jhelum be[...] bert's division marched on their right, [...] on their left, with the cavalry and lig[ht ...] on their respective flanks. The orig[inal inten]tion was that Gilbert's (the right) div[ision, with] the greater part of the field-guns, was [to ...] direct on Rassoul, while Campbell's d[ivision and] the heavy guns should stand fast o[...] overthrow the left of the Sikhs, and [cut them] off from retiring along the high ro[ad to] the Jhelum. Their left thus turned, [Gilbert and] Campbell were to operate conjointly [...] Sikh line, which it was hoped woul[d be rolled] back on Mung and driven to the [...] But when deserters brought in the i[ntelligence] that the enemy was forming behind [...] of Chillianwallah, on the left front of [...]

"PENNYCUICK WAS KILLED; HIS GALLANT SON, A MERE LAD, SPRANG FORWARD AND BESTRO
FATHER'S BODY" (*p.* 151)

Gough quitted the Rassoul road, s left, and marched straight on An outpost on the mound of was driven off, and from this ion was clearly visible the Sikh t in battle array. Its right centre, t of Chillianwallah, was about two om that village, but less from the ich was being deployed about five in its front. There was a gap urths of a mile wide between the he Sikh detachment under Utar ight flank of the main body under The British line, when deployed, more than oppose a front to centre and right, which latter, erlapped a little, so that part of brigade was opposite to a section tween Shere Singh's right and eft. Between the hostile lines ed a belt of rather dense, low rest, but a mixture of thorny , and wild caper.

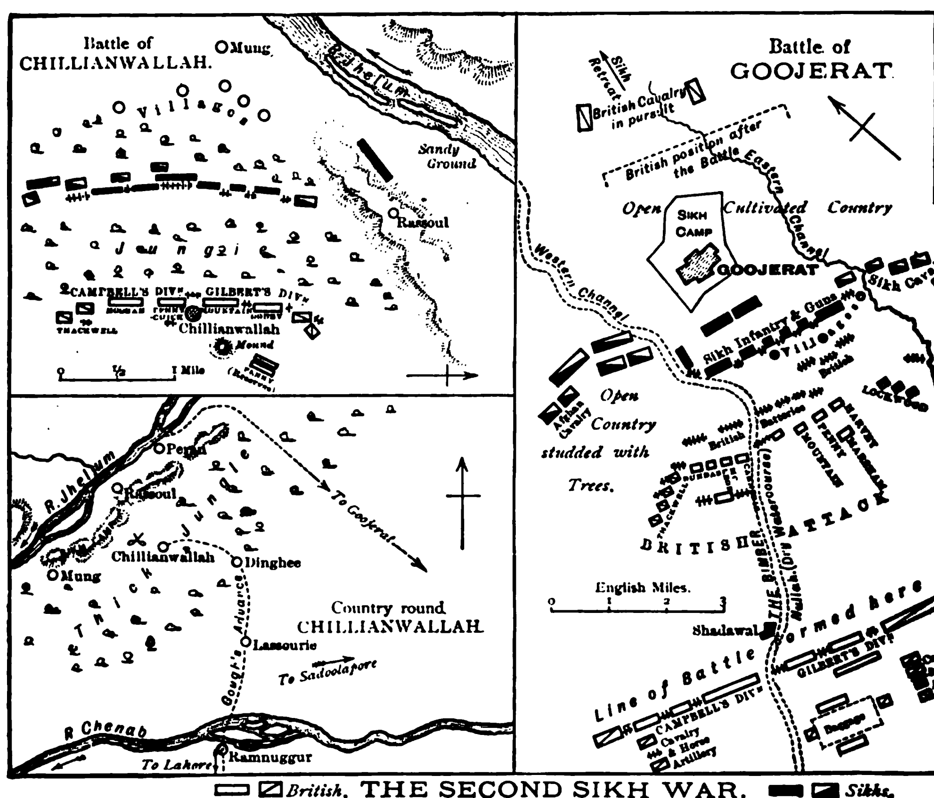
two o'clock in the afternoon of a y, and the troops had been under ybreak. Lord Gough, therefore, ermined to defer the action until d the camping-ground was being But the Sikh leaders knew well kindle was the temperament of British chief. They themselves fighting, and the British com- little provocation to reciprocate en they gave him a challenge of hots. Late in the day though it ined on immediate attack. The re ordered up and opened fire ; e of the infantry soon obliged the s to cease. The line pressed on nation somewhat impaired by the jungle, and met in the teeth, as rd, by the artillery fire which the on the advancing ranks. For a was to be heard but the roar of onade ; but presently the sharp usketry fire told that the conflict earnest, and that the British losing on the hostile guns. Of divisions Gilbert's had the right, left ; the latter had been the first order to advance, and was the e engaged. Pennycuick com- pell's right brigade, consisting of 's and the 25th and 45th Native ents ; Hoggan's, his left brigade, was formed of the 61st Queen's and the 36th and 46th Sepoy regiments. In the interval between the two brigades moved a field-battery, and on the left of the division three guns of another. At some distance on Campbell's left were a cavalry brigade and three troops of horse artillery under Thackwell, charged to engage Utar Singh's detachment, and hinder that force from striking at Campbell in flank and in reverse. The nature of the ground prevented the divisional commander from superintending more than one brigade, and Campbell had arranged with Pennycuick that he himself should remain with the left brigade. Pennycuick's brigade experienced an adverse fate. During the advance its regiments suffered cruelly from the fire of eighteen guns directly in their front. The 24th, a fine and exceptionally strong regiment, carried the hostile batteries by storm, but encountered a deadly fire from the infantry masses on either flank of the Sikh guns. The regiment sustained dreadful losses. Pennycuick was killed ; his gallant son, a mere lad, sprang forward sword in hand, and bestrode his father's body until he himself fell across it a corpse. Thirteen officers of the regiment were killed at the guns, nine were wounded ; 203 men were killed and 266 wounded. The native regiments of the brigade failed to support the 24th, and musketry volleys from the Sikh infantry, followed by a rush of cavalry, completed the disorder and defeat of the ill-fated body. Already broken, it now fled, pursued with great havoc by the Sikh Horse almost to its original position at the beginning of the action.

Hoggan's brigade, the left of Campbell's division, had better fortune, thanks to Campbell's steady leading. The brigade approached the enemy posted on an open space on a slight rise. Four Sikh guns played upon it during the advance ; a large body of cavalry stood directly in front of the 61st, and on the cavalry's left a large infantry mass in face of the 36th Native Infantry. Both the native regiments of the brigade gave way, but the 61st advanced in line firing steadily, a manœuvre constantly practised by Campbell, which put to flight the Sikh cavalry. The enemy pushed two guns to within twenty-five paces of the right flank of the 61st, and opened with grape. Campbell promptly wheeled to the right the two right companies of the 61st, and headed their charge on the two Sikh guns. Those were captured, and while the 61st was completing its new alignment to the right—an evolution by which

Shere Singh's right flank was effectually turned—the enemy advanced with two more guns strongly supported by infantry. Neither of the two native regiments of the brigade was up; but, wrote Campbell, "the confident bearing of the enemy and the close, steady fire of grape from their two guns made it necessary to advance, and to charge when we got within proper distance. I gave the successive commands to advance and to charge; heading the 61st immediately against the guns, and the successful result gave the greatest confidence to the gallant 61st." After the capture of the second two guns and the dispersal of the enemy, Campbell proceeded rolling up the enemy's line, and continued along the hostile position until he had taken thirteen guns, all of them won by the 61st at the point of the bayonet; finally meeting Mountain's brigade coming from the opposite direction.

Campbell had to fight hard for his success; which, indeed, he might not have obtained, if away on his left Thackwell had not been holding Utar Singh in check and impeding his efforts to harass Campbell's flank and rear. Brind's three troops of horse-artillery expended some 1,200 rounds in a hot duel with Utar which else would have been playi flank; and Unett's gallant troor "3rd Light" crashed througl edging away to their left witl Campbell in reverse. Thackwe utmost until he and his comm away to the endangered right, al not entirely hinder Utar Sing molesting Campbell, for that to endure a brief period when I engaged simultaneously in front, and the brigade was extricate tanglement only by his own al the indomitable staunchness of t

Meanwhile there had been on deal of hard fighting, accompa vicissitudes. Gilbert's right at was opened by his left briga The 29th Queen's, advancing und showed its native comrades the v entrenchments, routing the ener his batteries. But one of the i of the brigade—the 36th Nativ shivered into fragments by rep the Sikh cavalry. Its leader m



British. THE SECOND SIKH WAR. Sikhs.

illed, 316 men slain or wounded, lost or captured, the wreck of the giment gradually rallied in rear of brigade. The 30th Sepoys lost a intained its ground alongside the two hundred of whom had gone e Sikh fire. Godby's brigade on hat had been fighting under heavy Europeans swept forward through ith the 31st and 70th native

CHARGE OF THE 3RD (KING'S OWN) LIGHT DRAGOONS, CHILLIANWALLAH.
(From the Picture by Henry Martens. By permission of Mr. A. Ackermann, Regent Street, W.)

n their left. Before the levelled e Sikhs recoiled; but, suddenly n all sides by overwhelming num- ade was in imminent danger. The ed squares, but the 2nd Europeans rank in front to grapple with their s. After three hours' steady fighting iers had recovered their lost ground, heir opponents everywhere off the d taken every hostile gun within And their losses were comparatively r their steady front and the well- of Dawes' gunners, it must have eavier.

The cavalry brigade of the right came to sad grief. Its four fine regiments, led by an effete colonel who could scarcely mount his horse, got entangled in the brushwood and masked their own guns. While halted to restore cohesion, the old brigadier was wounded by a Sikh trooper. On a sudden some caitiff gave the word: "Three's about!"—from whose lips came the dastard cry was never ascertained. As the line went about, the pace quickened into a panic gallop, the British troopers followed closely by a few hundred derisive Sikh horsemen. Crowded together in their headlong flight, the fugitive dragoons rode right through and over Christie's and Huish's batteries, disabling gunners, up-setting tumbrils, and carrying ruin and dismay far to the rear among the wounded and medical staff. Four guns fell into the hands of the enemy; Christie was cut down, with many of his gunners; young Cureton was borne to death in the hostile ranks; Ekins, of the staff, perished in a fruitless effort to rally the fugitives; and not till Lane's gunners had poured some rounds of grape into the pursuers, while a wing of the

9th Lancers once more confronted the enemy, were the Sikh horsemen daunted into a leisurely retreat.

In spite of the disasters which chequered it, the battle of Chillianwallah may be regarded as a technical victory for the British arms, since the enemy were compelled to quit the field, although they only retired into the strong position on the Rassoul heights, from which in the morning they had descended into the plain to fight. Some forty of their guns had fallen into our hands. Pursuit in the dark would have been useless and dangerous over such ground, even if Gough's soldiers had been less weary and famished than they were. The moral results of the action were dismal, and the cost of the barren struggle was a loss of 2,400 killed and wounded. At home the intelligence of this waste of blood excited feelings of alarm and indignation, and Sir Charles Napier was despatched at a few hours' notice to supersede Lord Gough in the position of commander-in-chief. Gough was proud of his costly victory. At first he would not hear of falling back ever so little for the sake of getting water and protecting his rear. "What, leave my wounded to be cut up? Never!" was his angry reply to Campbell's counsel in favour of a short retirement. But Campbell's arguments finally prevailed, and the troops fell back in the deepening darkness on Chillianwallah, carrying with them the greater proportion of their wounded.

Meanwhile, Gough's army lay passive in its encampment at Chillianwallah, within sight of the Sikh position at Rassoul, licking its wounds, and awaiting the surrender of Mooltan and the accession of strength it would receive in consequence of that event, and of the reinforcements which soon would be coming to it from Lahore and Ramnuggur. Lord Gough had succeeded in fighting the battle of Chillianwallah before old Chater Singh could join hands on the Jhelum with his son, Shere Singh; but a few days after the battle the old sirdar followed the bulk of his own troops into his son's camp. Shere Singh renewed the overtures which, two days after the action of Ramnuggur, he had made in vain. Now, as then, Lord Dalhousie declined to treat with "rebels" on belligerent terms. Chater Singh's British prisoners—George Laurence, Herbert, and Bowie, who had been sent on parole into Gough's camp—were bidden to answer the Sikh leaders that nothing short of unconditional surrender would be accepted by the governor-general. If any harm befell their English captives, on their heads retribution lie.

The Sikh commander more than the chief of the British army an o to join issue in battle; but Gough, wisdom, resisted the offered temptatio solved to refrain from active hostiliti reinforcements from Mooltan should On January 26th a grand salute heavy guns announced the welcome the fall of Mooltan. As soon as this came known to Shere Singh, he be of movements towards his left, wh replied to by throwing up a redoubt field-pieces beyond the right of h On February 11th the Sikh army fo of battle before its lines, in direct the English force, but Gough restrai while he chafed. Next morning th departed "bag and baggage" from th on the ridge of Rassoul. After towards the Puran Pass on the 13th Sikh army marched unmolested British flank and rear towards the Wazirabad, its chief, with sudde seeking to cross the river and swe Lahore, while as yet the English wondering whither he had betaken h on the 14th it became apparent tha objective was Goojerat. Gough, slow to within a march of that place junction at Koonjah with the M on the 18th and 19th, and on the 20 to Shadawal, where the Sikh around the town of Goojerat was from the British camp. The b February 21st was the wide plain t of Goojerat. Shere Singh's camp l wise in front of the town, the righ part of its front extending from Mo where the Sikh cavalry was in forc easterly bend of the Bimber (th channel, a deep but dry nullah w down towards Shadawal, thence acro behind the three villages of Kulra, occupied by infantry, to its extreme village of Malka Wallah, on the the eastern channel—a deep, nar flowing into the Chenab.

It was a cool, bright winter mo the British army advanced against th front in columns of brigade at de tance over a fair expanse of level co with young corn. Gough was no mand of 23,000 men with ninety gu

heavy siege-pieces. The old
vith the assurance of battle and
f victory, led his right and right
the centre of his enemy. The
lowed by two and a half brigades,
e plain in the immediate right of
nnel. Next on the right marched
rigades—Mountain's and Penny's
he guns of Dawes and Fordyce.
e right moved Whish's division,
ries on either flank. The extreme
by the cavalry brigades of Hear-
ood supported by Warner's troop
ry, Lane's and Kindleside's bat-
olonel Brind following in second
n the left, beyond the western
Campbell's division and Dundas's
fine British regiments, and still
e extreme left was Thackwell's

ever ready with their artillery,
:le with that arm. After marching
es, "with the precision"—in the
h—"of a parade movement," the
y halted and deployed into line,
s and light batteries went to the
heavy pieces returned the fire
. batteries. Gough had at last
hard experience that an artillery
uld precede his favourite "could
his infantry lay down in ordered
ries went out to the front and
ificent and effective cannonade,
r two hours, and utterly crushed
: Sikh guns. The advantage in
weight of metal lay with Lord
hat advantage he would not be
go with most of the day still before
intry line began its advance, but
once to lie down to avoid the hail
und shot which fell thick among
in front. The gunners suffered
yce's troop had to fall back twice
s, and ammunition. The inevit-
nearer and nearer as the men
the enemy went down amid
rils and disabled guns under the
Gough's siege-guns.
khs fought on with the high
r race. The gunners were mostly
the grand old Khalsa infantry
h Bunnoo regiments showed still
. The Sikh cavalry hovered on
ger to pass round into the British
efforts were thwarted by the fire of Warner's guns and the counterstrokes of Hearsey's and Lockwood's Horse. One band of desperadoes did accomplish the turning movement, and made a bold and desperate dash on the spot where stood Gough alongside of the heavy guns; but a charge by the chief's escort cut the daring band to pieces.

During the cannonade the infantry, excepting the skirmishers, had not fired a shot. But at length the three Khalsa villages were stormed, after a desperate and prolonged resistance; and then the long majestic line swept on up the plain towards Goojerat. There was little bloodshed on the right of the Bimber channel, where marched Campbell and Dundas; but there was plenty of that skill which conserves human life. Campbell advanced with a strong line of skirmishers, the artillery in line with them. Having deployed, the division advanced as if at a review, the guns firing into the masses behind the nullah, who gradually sought shelter in its channel. Those he dislodged by artillery fire which enfiladed the nullah, which he had been ordered to storm; but he recognised that to do so must cause a needless sacrifice of life, and he passed his division across this formidable defence of the enemy's right wing without firing a shot or losing a man. "We had," wrote Campbell, "too much slaughter at Chillianwallah because due precaution had not been taken to prevent it by the employment of our magnificent artillery."

The discomfiture of the enemy was thorough—cavalry, infantry, and artillery fled from the field in utter confusion. The rout was too complete to allow of the reunion of formed bodies in any order. A body of Sikh Horse with a brigade of Afghan cavalry adventured a rash advance on Thackwell's flank. He hurled against them the Scinde Horse and the 9th Lancers, and a wild stampede resulted. The rest of the British cavalry struck in and rushed on, dispersing, riding over, and trampling down the Sikh infantry, capturing guns and waggons, and converting the discomfited enemy into a shapeless mass of fugitives. The pursuing troopers did not draw rein until they had ridden fifteen miles beyond Goojerat, by which time the army of Shere Singh was an utter wreck, deprived of its camp, its standards, and fifty-three of its cherished guns.

On the morning after the battle Sir Walter Gilbert, the "Flying General," started in pursuit of the broken Khalsa host, followed later by Brigadier-General Campbell. On the march

to Rawulpindee the latter passed the greater part of the Sikh army with its chiefs, who were laying down their arms. Campbell was moved by the fine attitude of the men of the Khalsa army. "There was," he wrote, "nothing cringing in the manner of these men in laying down their arms. They acknowledged themselves beaten, and they were starving—destitute alike of food and money. Each man as he laid down his arms received a rupee to enable him to support himself on his way to his home. The greater number of the old men especially, when laying down their arms, mad reverence as they placed their swor heap, with the muttered words 'Run is dead to-day!'" "This," continues "was said with deep feeling: they doubtedly a fine and brave people." Punjaub campaign ended with the Goojerat; and now for many years Sikhs have been the most loyal, hig and valorous of the native soldiers wh march and fight under the banner Empress-Queen.

THE TOMB OF RUNJEET SINGH, LAHORE.

SIB is one of the half-forgotten battles of the nineteenth century. Most readers will wonder where and when it was fought. Yet it was an event ad far-reaching consequences, and ily have changed the face of the East fter-current of the century's history. further notable as Von Moltke's first it was on the borderlands of Syria stan and under the Ottoman crescent reat strategist had his first experience arfare.

the end of the first quarter of the ntury the curious military organisation issaries had been practically master of nan empire. In 1826 Mahmoud II. these too formidable guardsmen, who had formed the main force of the armies, and substituted for them oops organised on European prin- quote a lively French account of the , "it was organised on a European h Russian tunics, French drill-books, uskets, Turkish caps, Hungarian sad- English cavalry sabres, and instructors ions." One of these instructors was llmuth Von Moltke, the future field- the new German empire.

Lübeck in the first year of the cen- on of a German officer in the Danish n Moltke was educated at the military Copenhagen, and received a commission ish army. But in 1822 he transferred nce to Prussia, and obtained a second 's commission in an infantry regiment ned at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. Next pplied for and obtained admission to ollege, and after three years of study o his regiment for a few months, and several years was employed only on , chiefly on military surveys in various parts of Prussia. In 1834, when he had risen to the rank of captain on the general staff, he obtained leave to travel, and after spending a short time in Italy, made his way to Constantinople, where, with the consent of his own Government, he was officially attached to the staff of the newly-organised Turkish army. His first important work in these new surroundings was to make a survey of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and to improve the defences of these two approaches to the capital of the Ottoman empire.

But he had come to the East in the hope of seeing active service, and though he had to wait awhile, he was not disappointed. The Sultan and his advisers recognised the thorough grasp of his profession possessed by the Prussian captain, and kept him employed at the headquarters of the army in the capital, when personally he would have preferred to be in the field. But at last the situation on the borders of the empire became so serious that Von Moltke was sent to the front to assist with his advice the Pashas who commanded in Asia.

For fate had declared against the Turkish armies. Since the destruction of the terrible Janissaries, the empire had lost province after province. Greece had been made into a kingdom; Servia, and what is now Roumania, were all but independent. The French were at Algiers. And finally an Albanian soldier named Mehemet Ali, who had gone to Egypt in 1799 as one of the servants of Khosref Pasha, had made himself master of the country, and had overrun with his armies Arabia, Syria, and Crete. The Ottoman Government had been glad to avert further conquests by recognising him as the tributary ruler of this widely extended dominion; but Mehemet persisted in maintaining in Syria an army which was a constant threat to Asia Minor, and even to

Constantinople. It was commanded by his son Ibrahim, a skilful and daring soldier; and not only was Mehemet encouraged by the French Government to dream of a march to the shores of the Bosphorus, but French officers had been sent to assist and advise Ibrahim, in case he ventured on this enterprise. The Sultan knew that it was only a question of time when Ibrahim's well-trained army would march across the Syrian border, and he had little confidence in the military skill of the pashas who commanded the armies he had gathered for the defence of his Asiatic provinces. It was under these circumstances that in March, 1838, Captain Von Moltke was ordered to proceed to the headquarters of the Turkish army of Anatolia, taking with him two other Prussian officers, his juniors in the service, who were to act under his directions.

Crossing the Black Sea, and making a rapid survey of several of the ports on its southern coast, Von Moltke and his companions finally disembarked at Samsun, and journeyed southwards by Amasia, Tokat, and Sivas, the point they were making for being the camp of Hafiz Pasha in the south of Kurdistan, on the upper course of the Euphrates. It was a long ride through a wild mountain country, with very primitive accommodation at the various halting-places. The crossing of the Anti-Taurus range was not the least difficult part of the journey. The lofty plateau was a desert of snow, the track across which was just marked by the traces left by a small caravan which had preceded the party. The descent on the southern side was through a series of precipitous gorges. At last the adventurous travellers reached the banks of the Euphrates at Kieban Maidan, only a few miles below the point where the two streams that form its head-waters, the Murad and the Phrat, coming down from the mountains of Kurdistan, unite in a rapid river about 120 feet across. Another day's journey brought them to the camp of Hafiz Pasha at Kharput.

Hafiz was a Circassian soldier of fortune, who had distinguished himself greatly by his dashing conduct in several campaigns against the rebels in Albania. He was fairly well educated, and sharp-witted enough to recognise that the three Prussians could be of the greatest use to him, in case the threatened war began upon the frontier. He gave them a hearty welcome, made Von Moltke a present of a splendid Arab charger, and asked his advice as to what was to be done to improve the motley force which he commanded. His army was made up of a few regular

battalions, an auxiliary force of loca
lumbering artillery served by half
ners, and a mass of irregular cavalr
assigned to him was to reduce to su
keep in order the Kurdish tribes
bourhood, many of whose chiefs w
open rebellion or notoriously disaff
was at the same time to be ready
invasion of the Syro-Egyptian army
him Pasha had got together at Ale
to Constantinople there were two
armies in Asia Minor—one at Ke
Isset Pasha, and another at Koniah
Iconium, commanded by Hadji Ali.
to stop the Egyptians, in case t
Hafiz Pasha. Von Moltke, of cour
divided from each other by 400 mil
country these three *corps d'armée*
to the danger of being destroyed
case Ibrahim crossed the border.
only a captain on the staff, sent to
The time was not yet come when h
rity to combine the movements of
it been otherwise, Von Moltke
changed the fate of the Ottoman er

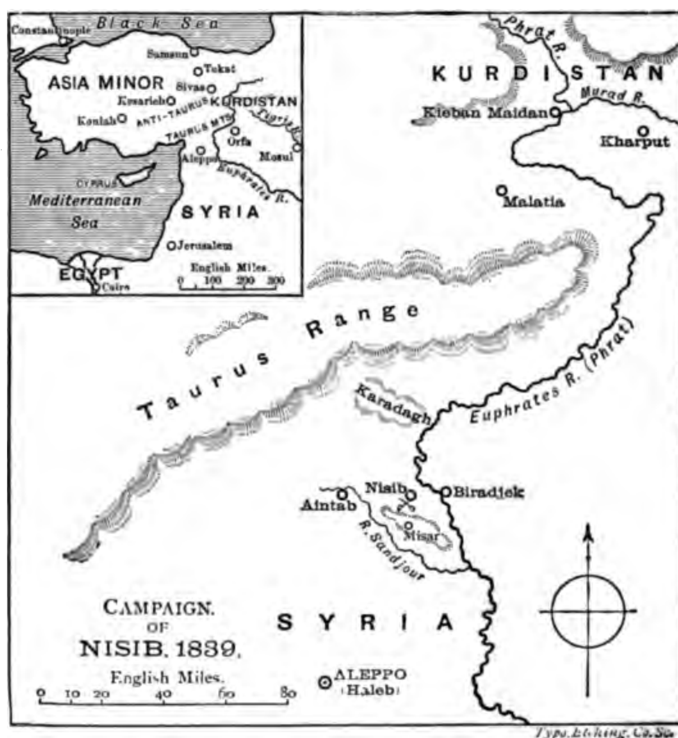
There were no trustworthy map
trict, and as it seemed likely that,
year would end without war being
Moltke proceeded to a survey of
frontier and the country round the
of the Euphrates. Beyond the riv
on as far as Orfa, the ancient Ede
more than one night in old c
Norman type, the work of the Cr
nearly reached the source of the
then voyaged down it to Mosul,
the Upper Euphrates by crossin
with a caravan. But before he
pasha's camp he met a column
the march. There were six batt
guns, and a hundred horse, and
moving northwards under the
Mehemet Pasha, one of Hafiz's
object of the expedition being
terms a Kurd chief who had hoi
of rebellion on a castle in the h
hearing that all was quiet at
attached himself to the column.

The Kurd refused to surrender,
was besieged. Von Moltke reco
place, planned the siege works,
tended the batteries. The place soo
and the castle was blown up, for f
cost another expedition next year if
a state of defence. It was Moltke

The capture of Paris, thirty-two years later, was to be the close of his active career of arms, as this was the beginning.

When he rejoined the headquarters of Hafiz Pasha, the Turkish general had just received news from Aleppo that Ibrahim had been largely reinforced with Syrian, Arab, and Egyptian levies, and was evidently preparing for an attack on the Turkish positions in Asia Minor. Separated, as he was, from the armies of Isset and Hadji Ali by hundreds of miles, Hafiz knew that the protection of the frontier depended on himself alone, and resolved to move closer to the border of Syria in order to make it impossible for Ibrahim to slip past him and gain the road to Constantinople without a battle. Accordingly on April 1st, 1839, the camp at Malatia was broken up, and the Turks marched to the foot of the Taurus chain, encamping again near Samsat. Here there was a delay while Moltke and a couple of Turkish staff-officers went forward to reconnoitre the country in front and select a defensive position barring the advance of the army of Syria. On April 29th, after their return, the march was resumed and the Taurus range was passed, 2,000 men having been employed for a fortnight before in clearing the snow from the passes. The army marched in several columns, each moving by a different pass. Karakaik had been named as the point where they were to concentrate; but at the last moment Hafiz sent word that they were to unite much nearer the frontier, at Biradjek. It would have been a bad thing for him if Ibrahim had come across the border-line while his columns were thus separated, but the Egyptian Pasha either was not ready to move, or, what is more likely, had no idea of the chance his Turkish opponent was giving him.

Moltke had selected the position at Biradjek. Close to the village of that name a low ridge ran across a bend of the Euphrates. The river covered both flanks, and the front between them was about two miles long. There was a gentle slope from the ridge of about 600 yards, with no shelter of any kind to protect an attacking force from the fire of the defenders. Behind the ridge, and between it and the river, there was a good camping ground, and shelter for the reserves from artillery fire. The ridge was further strengthened by four earthwork redoubts, thrown up just below its crest. The position was thus a natural fortress, improved by field-works. Its chief defect was that it would not have been at all an easy matter to get much of the army away from it across the river once the ridge was stormed. But then, Moltke, in choosing it, had made up his mind that the army of Hafiz Pasha could not be depended on to fight in the open against the



CAMPAIGN OF NISIB. 1839.

superior forces of the Egyptians, and if defeated in a pitched battle he did not expect that in any case much of it would hold together in the retreat. He therefore advised that it should hold the entrenched camp at Biradjek until it was reinforced. Ibrahim would not dare to march into Asia Minor, leaving the army of Hafiz in his rear with Syria at its mercy; and if he attempted to storm the long ridge and its redoubts by a frontal attack, all the chances were that he would be defeated with serious loss, and that he would be unable to attempt anything more that year.

The cavalry had been sent forward to Nisib, a village close to the Syrian frontier. One of their horses escaped, and a few troopers rode across the border-line to look for it. They were attacked

by the Egyptian cavalry, one of them killed, and the rest chased back to Nisib. This little incident upset all Von Moltke's plans, and changed the whole course of events in Syria ; for Hafiz, when he heard of it, was indignant at what he described as an unpardonable outrage, and made up his mind to attack the Syrians and have his revenge, instead of remaining quietly camped behind his redoubts. Anxious to have the opinions of others to support his own, he called a council of war, and urged strongly that after what had happened nothing was left for them to do but to march against the Syrians. He had, he said, submitted the case to the mollahs, the Mohammedan doctors of the law, and they had replied that the act of the Egyptians fully justified an immediate declaration of war.

A TURKISH BEY.

He asked Von Moltke what he thought, and the Prussian captain replied that the mollahs were no doubt excellent authorities on the question whether the war was just or not ; but there was another question to be considered : Was it wise ? And to answer this one had to know a great many things. What were the intentions of the Sultan's Government ? What were the rival Great Powers of Europe going to do ? What was exactly the enemy's strength, and on what resources of men and supplies could they depend to meet him ? On several of these points he himself knew nothing, and the mollahs knew no more than he did. The responsibility of a choice rested on the pasha himself, and he ought to know whether or not his sovereign, the Sultan, wished him to precipitate hostilities. "But," concluded Von Moltke, "not having all the necessary information, I must decline to give an opinion."

Hafiz was disappointed. He had hoped for a unanimous vote for war, and he was especially anxious to escape responsibility by having on his side the opinion of his Prussian military adviser. But Von Moltke wisely persisted in refusing to advise on any but strictly military questions. He would have nothing to do with politics. But the Circassian pasha was eager to avenge what he felt as a personal insult put upon him by the Egyptians, and at the same time he had persuaded himself that, whatever he might say openly, the Sultan wished for a war which might end in the reconquest of Syria, if not of Egypt. So he decided to fight.

Marching out of the Biradjek position, he massed his forces about the village of Nisib, sending his Kurdish irregular cavalry to raid across the frontier, and detaching a column of infantry and artillery to summon the Egyptian garrison that held the frontier town of Aintab to surrender. The Egyptians refused his first summons, but no sooner had a few shots been fired against the place than they not only surrendered, but offered to take service under the Turkish standards. They were not the first troops that Hafiz had recruited in the same way. Many of his Kurdish regiments were composed of mountaineers who had taken his pay the day after they had surrendered to his flying columns. But soldiers who transferred their allegiance so readily from one banner to another were not very reliable elements in an army.

Ibrahim and the Syro-Egyptian army had all this time been camped quietly near Aleppo. There were only a few detached posts and some irregular cavalry watching the frontier, which was thus open to the raids of Turks and Kurds. But Ibrahim was preparing to move, and by a curious coincidence, while the Prussian Von Moltke was advising his enemy, he himself had

his chief military adviser an officer of the ench army, Captain Beaufort d'Hautpoul, a of one of the Great Napoleon's generals. In first week of June he broke up his camp at ppo. Ten days later his Arabs were driving Kurdish horsemen back upon Nisib. On the

"HURRYING TO THE SIDE OF HAFIZ, HE URGED HIM TO AT ONCE MAKE A SHARP ATTACK" (p. 142).

th his vanguard cleared the pass of Misar, a file in the hills to the south of Nisib, and next y his army bivouacked five miles in front of he Turkish position.

All that day and during a great part of the ight the army of Hafiz was drawn up in battle rray, expecting to be attacked. At nine o'clock the 21st the Egyptians were at last seen to be dvancing. Nine regiments of cavalry, Arab nd Syrian horsemen in white burnooses, armed ostly with the lance and riding in a loose formation, moved towards the Turkish left. Behind them came some guns and a brigade of infantry. The gunners, directed by Beaufort d'Hautpoul in person, unlimbered and opened fire at long range against the Turkish centre and left. The Turkish batteries replied. All the guns on both sides were smooth-bores, most of the shot fell short, and there were very few casualties. The firing might have gone on all day without much effect. But suddenly, at a signal from the artillery position, the Egyptian cavalry fell back, the guns limbered up and retired, and the infantry followed them. The Turks flattered themselves that they had the best of the day, and that the Egyptians were afraid to come to close quarters. The fact was that it was only a reconnaissance carried out by the French officer, who wanted to

have a close look at the position of the Turks and to draw the fire of their artillery, in order to find out where their batteries were and what their guns could do.

All day Hafiz expected the attack to be renewed, and his troops were under arms. When night came they lay down where they had stood all day, with their weapons ready to their hands. At dawn on the 22nd it was seen that the Egyptian army was breaking up its camp and retiring towards Misar. Great was the joy at the Turkish headquarters, but it did not last long. The scouts who hung on the rear of the retiring Egyptians were suddenly driven back by a cavalry charge, and then it was seen that the columns of Ibrahim's army were no longer moving on Misar, but, after edging away somewhat to the eastward of their first direction, were advancing on a line that would carry them past the Turkish left, and if they were not checked would place them in position between Nisib and Biradjek, so as to cut off Hafiz from what was at once his line of supply if he remained at Nisib, and his line of retreat if he abandoned the place. Ibrahim, with his army formed in three columns, was making a bold manœuvre the success of which meant, not merely the defeat, but the destruction of the Turkish "army of Kurdistan."

Moltke saw the full gravity of the situation. Hurrying to the side of Hafiz, he pointed out to him that an army which tries to outflank another necessarily exposes its own flank during the manœuvre, and he urged him to at once make a sharp and well-sustained attack on the nearest of the three hostile columns. This would momentarily arrest the turning movement, and it might reasonably be hoped that the first column of the Egyptians would be seriously shaken, if not broken up, before the two others could come up to its assistance. But Hafiz did not like the idea of moving down with his whole army from the rising ground which he had held so long, and all that he did was to launch against the column a few squadrons of his irregular cavalry, who were driven back by a few volleys and a charge of the Arab Horse. Then, seeing that it was hopeless to try to induce Hafiz to take the offensive, and that the opportunity for it would soon be gone, Moltke proposed another plan. The enemy had not yet interposed between Nisib and Biradjek ; the best thing to do would be to retreat at once to that strong position, await an attack there, and resume the offensive after the expected reinforcements had arrived.

But Hafiz, with his staff grouped
met the suggestion with an unexj
tion. To go back to Biradjek woul
away in the presence of the Syriai
and their Egyptian pasha. He w
of them. He would not disgrac
flight.

Then Von Moltke, appealing
Prussian colleagues in support of
replied that what he proposed was
but a strategic retreat, an operation
the greatest conquerors had at tim
of as a prelude to their victories.
nothing disgraceful in it, or he wo
suggested it. It was now a simpl
gaining time, and keeping up their
tions with Asia Minor. If they ren
they were, the chances were all aga
they once regained the lines of Bir
thing was in their favour. Ther
discussion, on the one side Mol
colleagues urging instant retreat ;
Hafiz, backed up by the mollahs, v
that all the omens were in favo
at Nisib, and also supported by
Turkish officers, who thought it n
interest to side with the pasha th
three "Franks" who had come to
It ended in Hafiz Pasha declaring
should induce him to abandon th
Nisib ; on which Moltke, worn out
ill with a touch of fever, and discou
stupid obstinacy of the Circassian
away to his tent, and tried to sleep
day, declining all responsibility fc
being done.

What a contrast there is between
Moltke, stretched on his camp bed
utter disgust at being unable to
stupid pasha and his officers to ex
30,000 men from a false position
paign on the borders of Syria, ar
Moltke a few years later at the pa
sailles, directing with all but absolu
the movements of nearly a million
kings and princes waiting for his or
Europe looking on in wonder at
strategy by which he was sealing
France! But in the one instance
with a pasha who would not listen
the other with a soldier-king wl
insight to recognise and give free
marvellous genius for war.

All through that hot midsum
white cloaks and glittering lances

spread like the foam of an advancing
·e along the plain between Nisib and
hrates. Behind them came the three
of Syrian and Egyptian infantry, with
ıbering artillery dragged along partly
s, partly by long teams of bullocks.
evening the columns closed upon each
d upon the left rear of the Nisib
Then they camped in battle array,
long line of their watch fires told
ıt they had taken up a position from
ıey were ready to attack him in the
.

that evening the pasha sent for Von
Seated on a carpet in his tent, Hafiz
ıe captain to sit beside him, gave him
ıd a pipe, and then entreated him to do
could to help him in the defence of
› position. Von Moltke replied that he
ght that a huge mistake had been made
ing battle in such a place; but, while
all responsibility for the choice of the
he would do what he could to make
ıf it. For the next few hours he was
the light of torches and watch-fires
up the Turkish army, so as to meet
ng attack. All the troops, except a
ry scouts, were withdrawn from the
e chose a position on the high ground
e centre would be partly covered by
The right, which was nearest the
s, was rapidly entrenched, and a battery
guns were sent to strengthen the left.
all were in position.

ıg-expected battle began early on June
rahim—or, rather, his French adviser,
l'Hautpoul—adopted a system of tactics
ured him an advantage from the very
He was strong in artillery, his guns
tly long field-pieces of Eastern design
solid round shot, partly French howit-
t guns of comparatively large calibre,
shells. Keeping his infantry columns
of range, he pushed forward all his
escorted by his Arab and Syrian
The masses of horsemen to right and
›ut of range, but within a short gallop
f the guns, made it a risky matter to
sh them, even if Hafiz had had any
a than doggedly clinging to the de-
Thus protected, the Egyptian artillery
throw shot and shell into the position
the Turks were crowded together.
tish artillery, provided only with solid
ng range, and grape for close quarters,
could do comparatively little damage to the enemy's batteries, and the Egyptian infantry was quite out of its reach. The artillery duel with which the battle began was thus a most unequal conflict.

Soon the bursting shells began to tell upon the Turks, many of the regiments that held the plateau of Nisib being composed of doubtful materials—such as the troops who had surrendered at Aintab and the Kurdish levies. Whole companies broke up as the shells burst over them, and at last a whole brigade on the left retired from the ground it was ordered to hold, in order to shelter on the reverse slope of the plateau. Some regiments of the reserve, seeing this movement in retreat, conformed to it, and it looked as if the whole line was beginning to give way. Moltke galloped to the left, and tried in vain to induce the brigade to resume its place in the front. Nothing he could say had the least influence on officers or men. They were in comparative safety, and they did not mean to march back again into the thick of the artillery fire. He gave up the hopeless task, and turning his horse, rode towards the centre.

As he approached it he saw a sight which might well dishearten him. Guns were straggling back one by one from the front, and, worse still, artillery drivers, who had cut the traces of their limbers, came galloping to the rear in flight, abandoning their guns. Several regiments had fallen on their knees in prayer—the prayer not of brave men asking help for coming battle, like the Scots who knelt at Bannockburn, but the frightened petition of men who had lost heart and head, and afraid to do anything for themselves, were begging for a miracle from Heaven. The Syro-Egyptian infantry massed in heavy columns, with their green banners waving in a long line in their front, were advancing, a forest of bayonets flashing in the sunlight, while their cavalry streamed out towards the flanks.

The crisis of the battle had come. On the left a brigade of Turkish regular cavalry, without having received any orders, rode forward to charge; but it had only reached the crest of the slope that led downwards towards the Egyptian right when a few shells, almost the last fired that day by Ibrahim's artillery, burst in their front ranks. Horses and men alike seemed to be panic-stricken. The mass of cavalry wheeled round and fled wildly to the rear, riding down and dispersing part of the Turkish reserves in their mad flight. Moltke was trying to keep the

centre steady. Hafiz rushed to the right, where the Turks were firing their muskets at the advancing Egyptians at a range which meant a mere waste of powder and ball. Seizing a standard, he put himself at the head of a battalion

"THE MASS OF CAVALRY WHEELED ROUND AND FLED WILDLY TO THE REAR" (p. 143).

and called on them to charge the approaching Egyptians. It looked as if he was seeking for death in the midst of what he now recognised as a hopeless disaster. The men refused to advance. On came the Egyptians. But hardly anywhere were they met by anything more than an irresolute, ill-aimed fire from men who were calculating how long they could safely stay without risking having to cross bayonets with the enemy. As the line of green standards with the bright steel behind them came up the slope, most of the Turks and Kurds ceased firing and ran. Here and there a handful, with levelled bayonets, stood back to back and sold their lives dearly. Some of the gunners stuck to their pieces to the last, and fired grape into the faces of the Egyptians ; but for the most part it was headlong flight or abject surrender. En tire companies threw down their arms. Gun abandoned by their teams were captured in whole batteries. The mass of fugitives that streamed away over the back of the plateau fared the worst, for with a fierce yell the Ara horsemen rode after them, and for miles th plain was strewed with the corpses of th wretches who died at the points of their lon spears.

As the line broke, Von Moltke had the goo fortune to be near his two Prussian comrade Thanks to their horses, the three Europeans ex tricated themselves from the mass of fugitive avoided the pursuit, and after a ride of nine hou under the blazing Syrian sun reached Aintab i the evening. Von Moltke had lost everythin but the horse he rode and the clothes and arm he wore. He regretted most the loss of h journals and his surveys of Asia Minor and th Upper Euphrates, the result of many months travel and exploration. But he was fortunate i

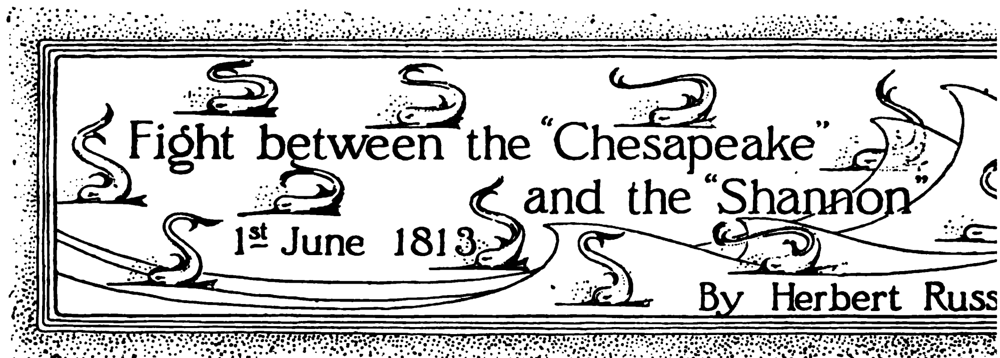
having escaped with life. The course of European history might have been changed if the good horse that carried him so well had stumbled in the wild rush to escape the Arab spears.

Ibrahim seemed astounded at the completeness of his own success. There was a panic throughout Asia Minor, many of the new Turkish levies disbanding on the news of Nisib. The Egyptians might have marched at once to the shores of the Bosphorus, but they hesitated to reap the fruits of their victory, and the intervention of England and Austria soon after forced them to give up all pretensions to rule in Western Asia.

Travelling across Asia Minor, Moltke and his companions saw everywhere signs that nothing could be done to help the Turks to hold their own. He was therefore eager to get back to Europe, and on August 3rd, when he saw the sea from the hills above Samsun, he felt the same joy with which the Greeks had greeted the same sight in their famous retreat from the Euphrates. Embarking at Samsun, he returned to Constantinople. His next experience of warfare was in the Prussian army.

By a curious turn of fate, he had among his opponents in his last campaign the same French officer who had so ably directed the Egyptian attack at Nisib. When the French Imperial army collapsed in 1870, and the new levies were being raised to meet the Prussian invasion, Beaufort d'Hautpoul, then living in retirement, offered his services to Gambetta, and was given the command of a division in Vinoy's army in the defence of Paris. The general took part in the great sortie that immediately preceded the surrender; and it so happened that as at Nisib, in far-off Syria, Von Moltke's first battle, so at Buzenval, under the walls of Paris, the last battle of the great Prussian strategist, Beaufort d'Hautpoul was among those who fought against him.

BIRADJEK.



THE whole volume of British naval history has no more glorious and inspiriting page to offer than that which bears the record of the memorable conflict between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*. It may lack the lurid splendour that throws Trafalgar out bright and strong in the story of nations ; but one would hesitate to declare that it was not as proud an achievement in its way as Nelson's dying victory. One needs, indeed, to understand the philosophy of the maritime annals of that period to appreciate how much deeper than the actual defeat of the Yankee frigate went the moral effect of that ocean triumph. Our war with the Americans was an unpopular one from the very beginning. We had taken up arms against them, not in that spirit of hearty animosity which characterised the Napoleonic struggle, but in a half-reluctant manner, as though influenced by the feeling that no honour was to be gained by fighting the young colonies across the Atlantic. The lesson which our soldiers and sailors received very early in the conflict was a staggering revelation. John Bull soon realised that if he meant to cope with his antagonist, he must cease to treat him as a mere sparring infant ; but gird his loins, tighten his belt, and go at him as a man to be reckoned with.

If the British Army chafed under the reverses it met with upon American soil, the British Navy was tenfold more chagrined by the humiliations put upon its flag on the high seas. Our sailors were flushed by the triumphs of long ocean campaigns. They had learnt to think of themselves as irresistible. Their domination of the deep had come at length to a habit of thought not for one moment to be questioned. When, therefore, news began to come in of the discomfiture of our ships by Yankee vessels, the effect was likely to prove correspondingly demoralising. The higher the see-s soars, the greater the depression descent begins. Time has taught back dispassionately upon that pe naval history. We were not fi Spaniard, or the Frenchman, but ou and blood. Now that the dwarf Pr long been crushed under the heel c Time, what true-born Englishman honour and admire the pluck of th Yankee bantam sparring up at its with such effect that the little cre torious crowing resounded from the to Massachusetts ?

The British sailor was burning wi to prove whether, man to man, he match for the American. Unequal c no test. If a ten-gun brig were ca Yankee corvette of treble her size an metal, the achievement could scarc to prove Brother Jonathan the t Captain Broke, of the British frigat sailed from Halifax, bound upon Boston Bay, on the 21st of March, 1 had but one end in mind : that of American frigate of his own calibre. was he in this desire that, according " Naval History," he sacrificed no twenty-five prizes on his voyage do not to weaken his complement by pu crews on board.

On the 1st of June, the *Shannon* h for some weeks hovering off the port inside the shelter of which the eager could descry the lofty spars of the fa can frigate *Chesapeake*, Captain Br direct challenge to Captain Lawren his vessel out and try the fortune of letter in which this challenge was one of the most manly, chivalrous, pieces of literature ever addressed t

a foe. "As the *Chesapeake* appears
y for sea," it begins, "I request you
e the favour to meet the *Shannon* with
to ship, to try the fortune of our
flags. The *Shannon* mounts twenty-
upon her broadside, and one light
18-pounders upon her main-deck, and
carronades upon her quarter-deck and
and is manned with a complement of
and boys (a large proportion of the
sides thirty seamen, boys, and passen-
were taken out of recaptured vessels
.. I entreat you, sir, not to imagine
urged by mere personal vanity to the
meeting the *Chesapeake*; or that I
ly upon your personal ambition for
ling to this invitation. We have both
tives. You will feel it as a compliment
at the result of our meeting may be
grateful service I can render to my
and I doubt not that you, equally
f success, will feel convinced that it
repeated triumphs in *even combats*
ittle navy can now hope to console
y for the loss of that trade it can no
ect. Favour me with a speedy reply.
rt of provisions and water, and cannot
ere."

ament and crew of the *Shannon* is
is letter. The *Chesapeake* was sixty
, carried heavier guns, and seventy
Although Captain Lawrence landed
and carronades and one long 18-
Boston, so as to reduce his broadside
e numerical strength as that of the
ate, the weight of his vessel's metal
y one-tenth that of the *Shannon*.
he advantage of superiority was con-
n the side of the American.

Broke sent his memorable challenge
ee prisoner, one Captain Slocum,
eleased along with his own boat on
on that he should deliver the missive.
h frigate, with colours flying, then
ose to Boston lighthouse, and there
it was seen whether Captain Law-
d accept his opponent's invitation.
peake was plain to their view, moored
it Roads, with royal-yards crossed,
ntly in readiness to come out. It
morning, with a light breeze blowing
st and north, and the blue waters of
were flashful with the high sun-
e British officers had little doubt
nkee intended going to sea, for her
three topsails were hoisted: but would she come up to the scratch, or try and give them the slip? No, no; the thing was not to be thought of, after such illustrations of Yankee pluck as had already made the Stripes and Stars a flag to be honoured and dreaded. If the *Chesapeake* got under weigh, there was pretty sure to be a fight, and hearts beat high on board the *Shannon*, whilst speculation ran into wild desire.

At about half-past twelve, whilst the British men-of-warsmen were below at dinner, Captain Broke, with a telescope slung over his shoulder, himself went to the masthead, and there beheld the *Chesapeake* fire a gun and almost simultaneously break into a cloud of canvas. He likewise perceived that Captain Slocum's boat had not yet reached the shore. Therefore Captain Lawrence had not received the challenge, but was coming out in response to the verbal invitations that the English commander had frequently sent to him. It was a brave sight to watch the stately American ship slipping nimbly through the smooth water of the Roads, heeling gently over to the breeze which filled her swelling sails, and surrounded by a great concourse of small boats coming out to watch the famous ocean duel from a safe distance. A few minutes later Captain Broke was again on deck, and the yards of the *Shannon* were swung, whilst the roll of the drum rattled fore and aft the vessel, summoning the hands to quarters.

It needs no very powerful effort of imagination to conjure up before the mind's eye the spectacle of Boston Bay as it appeared on the 1st of June, 1813. At one o'clock, the naval historian tells us, the *Chesapeake*, under all sail, rounded the Boston lighthouse. A right gallant show she must have made, with her long black hull slightly leaning to the impulse of her wide gleaming wings, her three ensigns streaming from various parts of the rigging, and a great white flag topping the fore-royal yard, and bearing a motto which must now sound strange to the Protectionist Yankee — "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights." For above a couple of leagues the two frigates held on in grim silence, standing directly out towards the open sea. The *Shannon* was repeatedly brought to the wind, in order to shiver her canvas, that the American might overhaul her. Meanwhile the *Chesapeake* was busy in reefing topsails, hauling up courses, taking in the lighter sails, and getting into war trim—like some veteran stripping ere he steps forth into the ring to try his prowess.

The *Chesapeake*, firing another gun, whose

sullen boom was intended as a note of defiance, came bearing down upon her enemy, watched with a thrill of pride from the land and the numerous boats hovering about out of cannon-shot. There could be no possible doubt in the minds of the spectators as to the issue of the contest. Flushed by a brief but marvellously triumphant record, the Yankees stood waiting with impatience to cheer their pet frigate—commanded by one of their most gallant officers—as she towed her prize in. On board of *her*, it is said, the Union Jack had been spread upon the table in the cabin for the English officers to dine off when they should be prisoners below.

At half-past five in the afternoon of that eventful day the action began, and before half-past six the pall-like clouds of smoke had settled away to leeward ; the crimson dye gushing from the scuppers of both vessels had become diffused, and vanished upon the clear waves ; the groans of the wounded were muffled down in the depths of the cockpit ; and all was over. Never before, in all maritime annals, was such a sharp and decisive engagement ; never, in the history of nations, was a more staggering issue than the result of the fight to the confident spectators who watched it from their native shore.

At the hour named—half past five—the two ships were close together, so close that the crews could distinguish one another quite plainly. Among those waiting and resolute crews—all speaking one tongue, and sharing, at heart, in the same sympathies—were doubtless many who had relations in common. It was blood fighting kindred blood, and the struggle was likely to prove the deadlier for this. Captain Broke, watching the Yankee frigate as a cat watches a mouse, perceived her intention to pass under the stern of his ship. Anticipating a soul-subduing raking as the *Chesapeake* brought her broadside to bear, the English commander gave the word for his men to lie flat down upon the deck. But the gallant Captain Lawrence held his fire, waiving the deadly opportunity that presented itself, and luffed his vessel up sharp within pistol-shot of the *Shannon's* starboard quarter. And then the tremendous fight began.

In reading the accounts of the conflict, one cannot fail to be struck with the rapid and complete demoralisation of the Yankees. That they could not have been wanting in courage, one may safely affirm ; but they seem to have been "struck all of a heap." The battle speedily furnished the British sailor with his pet chance —the boarding-pike ; and when once it came to *that*, with anything like equality of contend against, there could never b tion as to what the issue must prove

"The enemy," wrote Captain B account of the engagement, "made but disorderly resistance. The firin at all the gangways and between t in two minutes' time the enemy sword in hand, from every post, th flag was hauled down, and the proud Union floated triumphant over it. minute they ceased firing from below for quarter. The whole of this achieved in fifteen minutes from the ment of the action."

A lurid and life-long memory must that brief, but incredibly fierce, strug the two frigates have been to those gazing at it from the land, or cro and startled, in their boats neare The belligerents would be scarcely the white, wool-like clouds whic over them, full of darting crimso of flame. The very ocean must stagnated for a league around by berating thunder booming over i How was the fight going ? None co the first seven minutes. Then th of the artillery ceased, the smoke ro away in great bodies of vapour, and vessels were seen locked abreast. E and anxiety were at fever pitch. hand-to-hand struggle now ; the watch knew that the cry of "Boarders had gone, and that upon the decks of other of those vessels, dwarfed by dist dimensions of mere toys, a frightfu conflict must be waging.

In very truth so it was. The *Ches* missed stays while endeavouring to upon the British frigate, and before t manœuvre could be executed on board drove down stern first alongside th her quarter grinding the latter vessel forward of her starboard main chains Broke had intended delaying boardin reckoned that the guns of his ship more execution amongst a crew supp at least one-fourth superior to hi number ; but when the Yankee collid ship he ran forward, and perceivin *Chesapeake's* quarter-deck gunners w ing their posts, he ordered the two be lashed side to side, the great gu fire, and the main-deck and quarter-de

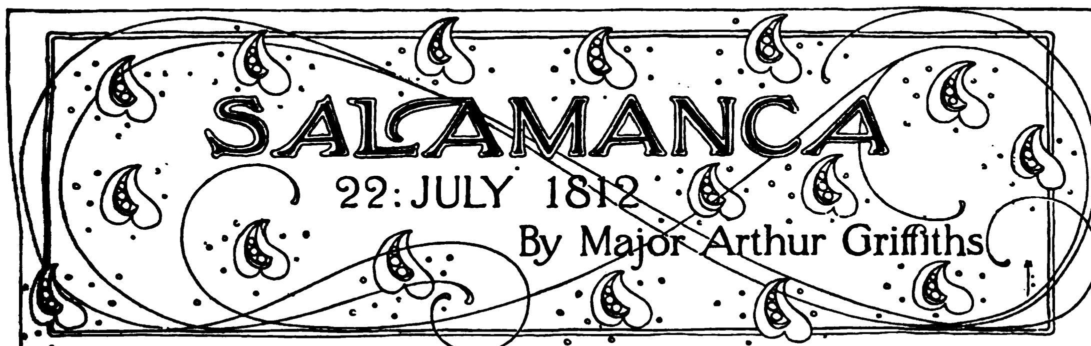
"ABOUT THIRTY OF THE CREW MADE A SMALL SHOW OF RESISTANCE" (*p.* 150).

to make a rush for it. The veteran boatswain of the *Shannon*, who was a survivor from Rodney's famous action, had his arm hacked off, and was mortally wounded by musketry, whilst securing the two ships together. The wild confusion, the clashing of steel, the savage cries and curses of men, the groaning and shrieking of the wounded, the whole uproar of that deadly conflict, must have formed a hideous nightmare-like memory to those who lived to look back upon it.

Captain Broke, followed by about twenty men, sprang from the *Shannon's* gangway-rail and gained the *Chesapeake's* quarter-deck. Here not an officer or man was to be seen. In the gangways about thirty of the crew made a small show of resistance, but were driven helter-skelter towards the forecastle, through the hatch of which they endeavoured to escape below, but in their eagerness prevented one another, and several actually jumped overboard into the sea. The Americans seemed to be completely bewildered by the turn the battle had taken. The *Shannon's* crew came pouring in, but they found almost a clear deck, fore and aft. Aloft the topmen were keeping up a destructive fire of musketry. But this was presently stopped by a midshipman named William Smith and his topmen, five in number. The exploit of this little band is one of the most gallant incidents of that truly gallant action. Smith, followed by his handful of sailors, deliberately crawled along the *Shannon's* fore-yard and gained the main-yard of the Yankee, with which the former spar was interlocked. Thence he reached the main-top, stormed it, and silenced the fire that was harassing our men.

Captain Broke had been wounded in the head by a blow from the butt-end of a musket, and whilst a sailor named Mindham was binding a handkerchief round his brow, he paused and cried out: "There, sir!—there goes up the old ensign over the Yankee colours!" A melancholy incident marked the hoisting
Lieutenant Watt, the first lie
Shannon, who had been wounc
raised himself upon his legs, ai
British ensign, hauled down the
and bent the flag on above it.
halliards being foul, the officer hc
so that the American flag was u
ceiving this, the *Shannon's* gunr
reopened fire, and killed their ow
and five of their comrades befor
their blunder. A straggling fi
through the hatchways by the s
been driven below. But it wou
Chesapeake had been captured
brief struggle, and the resistanc
men here and there was not lik
tide of victory. In a few momen
surrendered, and the triumph w

The old sea-story has been
who would think of again rep
not that any record of the battl
would be signally incomplete w
moral influence of that victory
in its invigorating effect upon
seemed at once to restore to th
tige which they had been slowly
first gun of the war was fire
Yankees, it was a duel which th
to look back upon with pride.
death or disablement of one hun
of the *Chesapeake's* crew is ster
the fierce, resolute manner in w
tained the short, desperate stru
memory of the manner in which
out to boldly meet the enemy
proud recollection. Britain ma
triumph; and if the American
ment that the laurels did not
to their lot, they should find it
the words of Captain Broke's lett
highest admission of splendid q
foe ever made to another.



IN after years the Duke of Wellington told a friend that he looked upon Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo as his three best battles. "Salamanca," he went on to say, "relieved the whole South of Spain, changed all the prospects of the war, and was felt even in Russia"—where Napoleon was just then meeting his first great failure. Salamanca also showed Wellington at his best—it displayed the finest qualities of his generalship, his quick unerring eye, his prompt detection of his enemy's mistakes, his consummate skill in turning them to his own advantage. For it was the serious and unmistakable error made by Marshal Marmont, the French leader, that led to Wellington's victory. "He wished to cut me off," said the duke; "I saw that in attempting this he was spreading himself over more ground than he could defend; I resolved to attack him, and succeeded in my object very quickly. One of the French generals said I had beaten forty thousand men in forty minutes."

"*Mon cher Alava, Marmont est perdu*," was his remark to the Spanish general of that name as he shut his telescope with stern contentment, and gave the orders that paved the way to victory.

Up to that moment, however, Wellington had been much disquieted. Matters had not gone well with him; he had been really out-manœuvred, out-generalled. Just when Marmont gave himself into his hands, he had been on the point of retreating, of escaping, indeed, while there was yet time. How Wellington felt that morning may be gathered from a story told at Strathfieldsaye years afterwards in the duke's presence by that very General Alava mentioned above. The duke had been too busy, so the story ran, probably too anxious, to think of breakfast on the morning of the battle. At length, about two o'clock in the afternoon, his famishing staff seized the opportunity of laying out a sort of picnic lunch in the courtyard of the farmhouse. Wellington rode into the enclosure, but refused to dismount like the rest, declined to eat anything, and desired the others to make haste. At last someone persuaded him to take a bite of bread and the leg of a roast fowl, when, suddenly, on the arrival of an aide-de-camp with certain news, he threw away the leg over his shoulder and galloped out of the yard, calling upon the rest to follow him at once.

The news brought him was no doubt that of the French flank movement which so jeopardised them, and was the prelude to the battle. "I knew something serious was going to happen," was Alava's comment on this episode, "when anything so precious as the leg of a fowl was thrown away." Food was scarce in those campaigning days. The duke, it may be added, sat by while the story was being told with a quiet smile on his face, but saying nothing. He was thinking, no doubt, that the narration was pleasanter than the reality had been.

But a true appreciation of the actual battle can only be had by considering first the long and intricate operations which preceded it.

The position of the English and French forces in the Peninsula during the early summer of 1812 was briefly as follows:—

Wellington was still in Portugal, although he had captured the two strongholds of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz in Spain. These were to serve as advanced posts for his invasion of that country and the expulsion of the French, which, it must be remembered, was the main object of the Peninsular War. But there were 300,000 Frenchmen in Spain distributed nearly all over it, in five different armies. That immediately opposed to Wellington was under Marshal Marmont; it was said to be nominally 70,000 strong, and further reinforcements were expected from

France. Moreover, Marmont was in touch with three other armies, one to the north of him, one behind him at Madrid, a third to the South in Andalusia. Wellington had never more than 50,000, so it is obvious that while Marmont alone was quite equal to cope with him, he might be courting overwhelmingly superior concentration. Again, Marmont's army was a fine fighting force in excellent condition, stronger in artillery, although inferior in cavalry; an army, moreover, composed entirely of Frenchmen, of men animated with one spirit, obeying one supreme leader, the great emperor himself.

Wellington, on the other hand, commanded a mixed force: it was made up of four different nationalities—British, German, and Portuguese. His cavalry was superior, the very flower of British horsemen, but he had fewer guns; his men were ill-found, pay was in arrears, for ready-money was desperately scarce through the niggardliness of the British Government, and the want of it, the real sinews of war, was severely felt in his matter of supplies—which had to be paid for, cash down. Still, Wellington was nothing daunted. He hoped to achieve some signal success if only he moved against Marmont, taking him promptly, and before his supports could join him. There was at this time much friction between the French generals, and this was likely still further to delay concentration. Everything depended, therefore, upon immediate action.

SALAMANCA.

Wellington advanced upon the 13th June. On that day he crossed the Agueda, and moving on towards the Tormes, laid siege to Salamanca. This city was defended by several forts and held by a French garrison. Marmont retired before Wellington, then returned to relieve Salamanca; Wellington took it, and Marmont again retired. It was a sort of see-saw between the opposing generals. Wellington now pursued Marmont as far as the river Douro; Marmont crossed and stood firm on the farther bank. Then reinforcements joined the French, and Marmont once more advanced, determined to drive Wellington before him. He also was anxious to win a victory soon, because King Joseph was on his way from Madrid to supersede him. Moreover he was a little disdainful of the English general's military capacity, which he had not yet tried in actual conflict.

It was now the month of July, and for the

t the two generals were like skilful s engaged in a closely contested l tried to take advantage of the ng on a checkmate. Marmont had, the best of it. The very direction nce jeopardised the safety of the y, and Wellington's only hope was eat. The French now all but fore- at Salamanca, and it was a race em for the river Tormes, behind ne English line of communications al and the rear. As the two armies ard, the spectacle is described by s as almost unparalleled in war. was seen," says Napier, the historian "the hostile columns of infantry at

ON GALLOPED OUT OF THE YARD, CALLING UPON THE REST TO FOLLOW HIM AT ONCE" (p. 151).

usket-shot from each other (not a ds!) marching impetuously towards al, the officers on each side pointing h their swords touching their hats their hands in courtesy, while the dry, huge men on huge horses, rode between in a compact body as if to prevent a collision. At times the loud word of command to hasten the march was heard passing from the front to the rear, and now and then the rushing sound of bullets came sweeping over the column, whose violent pace was continuously accelerated." This neck-and-neck contest went on for ten miles, and in the most perfect order. The same strange manœuvre was repeated a couple of days later, and on a larger scale. In the end, Wellington reached Salamanca safely, but none too soon. The French had the command of the Tormes river, and still threatening the road to Ciudad Rodrigo, could still force the English to retire.

Fortune at this time seemed to frown on the English commander. He had had one chance of attacking Marmont, and had missed it. Now Marmont had the best of it, and could take him at a disadvantage if he persevered. Wellington realised that he must soon withdraw into Portugal, and he wrote to the Spanish general

Castaños to this effect: a letter which fell into Marmont's hands. It was said after the victory that this letter was a lure to draw Marmont on; but it was a *bonâ fide* despatch conveying Wellington's real intention: the retreat was all but ordered, and it was to have commenced on the very night that the battle of Salamanca was fought and won. In the meantime, Marmont, too eager to snatch a victory, had committed his fatal mistake.

At daybreak, on the 22nd July, the day of the battle, the positions of the two opposing armies were as follows:—

The English were on both sides of the river Tormes; the bulk certainly on the left or southern shore, but one division, the third, was still on the right bank, as Wellington did not feel certain by which side Marmont would move. The left flank of the army rested about Santa Marta in the low ground; the right extended eastwards towards the village of Arapiles and the hills of that name.

The French at daylight were advancing into position; they had crossed the river by the fords at Huerta, some had occupied the heights opposite the English from Calvariza Aniba to Nuestra Señora de la Pena, and others aimed at Seiziz, two isolated hills close to the English right, thus clearly indicating Marmont's design of forcing on the battle.

The possession of these two last-named hills now became of vital consequence to both armies. They were called the Arapiles hills—sometimes los Dos Hermanitos, the "two little brothers"—and they stood steep and rugged, rising like two small fortresses straight out of the plain. Had the French gained them both, Wellington would have been obliged to throw back his right, and fight with his back against the river—always a hazardous proceeding. But once more there was a race between the opponents, and the result may be called a dead-heat. Both sent off light troops flying past to capture the hills, and each got the one nearest it. The twins were divided, and for the rest of the day one was known as the English Arapiles, or Hermanito, the other as the French.

This first small contest had an important bearing on coming events. It confirmed Wellington in his intention of retreating, but it obliged him to postpone his movement till after dark. For the French, in occupation of their Hermanito, could use it as a pivot around which to gather strongly and then swing a determined attack on Wellington's retrograding columns. So menacing was their possession of that Wellington was half disposed to try to capture it. But he forebore, to wait on events, and knowing so Marmont's impetuous character, he that the Frenchman might commit h general attack on the English positior

This was precisely what happened. was seized with a sudden fear that t were about to escape him. He saw gr of dust rising from the Ciudad Ro and rashly concluded that the enemy in full retreat. He was altogether w shall see. The English were no do move, but not as yet to the rear. only taking up the new positions lington found necessary since the Fr had so unmistakably shown his w and to fight upon the left bank o These new dispositions amounted t change of front. Till now the Eng faced north from the river at Santa Arapiles hill; hereafter it faced sou from Aldea Tejada on the right to village and hill, which became th left was held by the fourth divisio and seventh divisions were in a hol behind and below the Arapiles hi division was now definitely brough river, and being posted at Aldea Te the right of the line. It was the last-named division, with its trains sariat waggons all pointing tow Rodrigo, that betrayed Marmont and the battle to his own immediate def

Inspired by this quite groundl suddenly directed General Maucur divisions of infantry and fifty guns, the light cavalry, to reach out and English in their supposed retreat. menace the Ciudad Rodrigo road, w self, if the English showed fight, wo them with all his remaining force Arapiles village and hills. Maucune was the fatal mistake. It was an er error of the very worst kind. By t too adventurous march the Frenc their left—was entirely separated centre and their right; both the lat in the woods to the rear or crossir and altogether disconnected with-able to support or act with—Maucun had, in fact, as the duke put it, sp out too far. He was like a man wh out in striking, and, unable to recov

unterstroke from an opponent
iimself compact and collected,
ı much more vigorous blow.
been the report of Maucune's
was brought Wellington in the
l to the sacrifice of the drum-
Napier says that the duke was
he news reached him ; but
; throwing away an untasted
g, he certainly rode straight to
ıpiles hill, and from that high
fully realised what Marmont had
ıen, no doubt, he told Alava
l over with Marmont. For
sooner saw the
grasped it with
ıplete apprecia-
true genius in
were few and
ɔject was to fall
advance, and
it could be re-
rmed his troops
ıe first consisted
l 5th divisions,
ıguese on their
ɔnd them the
in the second
6th and 7th
ıe light cavalry
and in reserve
nade up of the
isions, the rest
ıese and more
ıt of the second
by the 3rd divi-
eral Pakenham, and to him was
nour of opening the ball. For
above-mentioned changes of
mpleted, Pakenham was ordered
four columns with twelve guns
ner flank and cross the enemy's
This meant "taking them in
alled, or at their weakest point.
:enham attacked, the first line
ınce and second his endeavour.
English left, which would thus
ed, an assault was to be made
Iermanito hill.
this the most critical juncture,
: of joining issue with a deter-
a great and momentous struggle,
a fresh proof of his iron nerve
racter. Troops march slowly :
ıour is the average rate of in-

BATTLE OF SALAMANCA. July 22 1812. (Beginning of the Battle)

fantry. There must therefore be a considerable interval of time before the orders first issued could take effect ; the French divisions on the march under Maucune had a couple of miles or more to cover, and would hardly get within vulnerable distance under an hour. Wellington was tired ; he had been at full stretch, mentally and physically, since daybreak, and it was now past three in the afternoon. "I am going to take a little sleep," he said to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, his military secretary, and the most favoured and confidential member of his staff. "Watch with your glass. Do you see that copse where there is a gap in the hills ? ' When the French reach it call me: do you understand ?" Then wrapping himself in his cloak, he lay down behind a bush and was soon sound asleep. Wellington had the faculty, like Napoleon and other great leaders, of sleeping at will, and he rose refreshed when Lord Fitzroy roused him presently with the information he needed. The time for action had arrived. Aides-de-camp and gallopers were despatched with last orders, while Wellington himself rode to the third division, where Pakenham was waiting impatiently for the signal to commence the fight.

What passed between the two generals (they were brothers-in-law) is historical. "Do you see thŏse fellows on the hill, Pakenham ?" said the duke, pointing to the French columns as they straggled along unconscious of the impending attack. "Throw your division into columns ; at them directly and drive them to the

[illegible] "Greater [illegible] [illegible]" [illegible] His admiration [illegible] Wellington's [illegible] spirited [illegible] Pakenham's [illegible] observed: "Did you ever see a man who understands so clearly what he has to do?" [illegible]

Lord Welling[illegible] was right," [illegible] one who was present. "The attack of [illegible] 3rd division [illegible] not only the [illegible] spirited, [illegible] the most [illegible] perfect thing of [illegible] kind that [illegible] modern times [illegible] have witnessed."

Meanwhile, Marmont had fully realised his terrible error. The rapid movements of the English told him, too, that the mistake was patent to his enemy. He saw the country beneath him alive with their troops moving in combined and well-concerted strength, while his own army was scattered, and in the midst of a difficult and half-completed manœuvre. But still he had no knowledge of Pakenham's intended attack, for the third division was invisible, and he did not yet despair. He hoped he might yet reunite his army before the moment of collision; and with this object he despatched messengers in hot haste in all directions, one way to hurry up the centre and rear columns, the other to check Maucune in his overreaching advance. At the same time some of the troops in hand opened a fierce fire upon the central part of the battlefield, and others made a bold attack upon the Arapiles village and English hill of that name.

It was now, when hoping almost ag[illegible] that Marmont caught sight of Pake[illegible] [illegible] division "[illegible] like a mete[illegible] Marmont's path." Marmont, in utt[illegible] was hastening to the spot most threate[illegible] he was severely wounded by a bursting [illegible] had to be carried off the field. General [illegible] who succeeded him, was also disabled [illegible] could take any steps to restore the fight [illegible] comma[illegible] volved [illegible] General [illegible] an ex[illegible] soldier, [illegible] Napier'[illegible] was "[illegible] pacity [illegible] the cri[illegible] much [illegible] sued, [illegible] flicting [illegible] were [illegible] fore th[illegible] troops [illegible] benefi[illegible] their [illegible] der-g[illegible] cour[illegible] hand."

It h[illegible] badly w[illegible] ral Th[illegible] who led [illegible] of Ma[illegible] two di[illegible] Pakenh[illegible] come [illegible] ported [illegible] valry a[illegible] and, w[illegible] artillery [illegible] French in flank, the infantry formed [illegible] charged furiously. The French guns a[illegible] sayed to answer, but were silenced and d[illegible] the field; then the French formed a p[illegible] connected line of battle upon two fro[illegible] to face Pakenham, the other opposed to [illegible] division and the Portuguese. At this ti[illegible] the 4th division had come into acti[illegible] had beaten back the attack made u[illegible] Arapiles village and hill. Already wit[illegible] short half-hour serious discomfiture h[illegible] taken the French. It is true that [illegible] Clausel's own division, part of the cen[illegible] come up through the wood, and had [illegible]

MARSHAL MARMONT.
(From a Painting by Meuret.)

h with Maucune. The latter now rallied a ·, and made a gallant stand along the hern and eastern hills, but his line was e and broken, without much coherence formation, while the westering sun shone in the eyes of the soldiers, joining with dense dust to half choke and blind and prive them of the full power of defence.

sound of a charging multitude"; how the horsemen rode down the French infantry "with a terrible clamour and disturbance. Bewildered and blinded, they cast away their arms, and crowded through the intervals of the squadrons, stooping and crying out for quarter, while the dragoons, big men on big horses, rode onwards, smiting with their long, glittering swords in

"THE DRAGOONS RODE ONWARDS, SMITING WITH THEIR LONG, GLITTERING SWORDS."

Their complete overthrow was now near at hand, and it was accomplished by the masterly tactics of Wellington, who appeared as usual at the critical point at the critical time. Under his orders a great cavalry charge put the finishing touch to Maucune's discomfiture. This charge, made by Le Marchant's heavy and Anson's light cavalry brigades, was one of the most brilliant feats performed by British cavalry. Napier gives the story in Homeric language, telling how "a whirling cloud of dust moved swiftly forward, carrying within it the trampling uncontrollable power." Le Marchant was killed, but others were there to lead his cavalry on. Pakenham, with his infantry, followed close, and, after a bitter struggle, which laid many low, the French were completely defeated. Guns and standards were captured and 2,000 prisoners: "the divisions under Maucune no longer existed as a military body." These were the memorable forty minutes which sufficed to conquer the French left. At the end of this short space of time, the 3rd and 4th divisions, with D'Urban's fresh cavalry, formed an unbroken

line across the basin or plain, a mile in advance of where Pakenham had so nobly begun the fight.

But the victory had been gained in only one part of the field. The French in the centre still maintained the contest with stubborn courage. Clausel had rallied his forces with surprising energy, and, for this purpose, skilfully used those that were still fresh and unbroken. His whole line of defence was now connected and stretched from where Maucune had been so severely handled to the western side of the Arapiles, where General Foy was firing on the reserves. He held the divisions of Bonnet, Ferey, drawn nearer to him, those of Sarrut and Brennier and the whole of his cavalry together covering his line of retreat to Alba de Tormes, and they were all firm and full of fight. Upon these the shattered remnant of Maucune's corps re-formed, and the hopes of the French were now revived by two serious failures on the English side—Pack with his Portuguese had assaulted the French Hermanito, and gallantly ascended to a few feet from the summit, when he came unexpectedly upon the French reserves strongly posted among the rocks. Their attitude was so determined, their fire so fierce, that the Portuguese recoiled, and were driven down the hill defeated and with great slaughter. Another disaster at this moment overtook the 4th division, which, just when it had won with much toil the higher slopes of the southern heights, encountered a large body of French on the far side. The latter being fresh, charged the breathless and somewhat disordered assailants, and forced them to give way. The French here were quite victorious, and would have pursued but for the stout resistance of two English regiments drawn up in line below.

Clausel was not slow to follow up these successes. He now pressed the left flank and rear of the discomfited 4th division, his cavalry came up at a trot and charged, the English were outflanked, overmatched, and lost ground; so that the fight rolled back into the basin, where several of the English generals were struck down—Cole, Leith, and Beresford—and the French Horse, having free scope, did great execution. For a moment the issue seemed doubtful. This was the final crisis in the battle; victory was to be secured by the general who had the strongest reserves at hand.

Wellington was in this position, and his opportune presence, as usual when most wanted, decided the day. He had fortunately still disengaged and untouched his 1st and (sions, and part of his 5th. They were the centre, at the point most mena ready to second their leader's prompt i The 6th division now came up char great vehemence, but meeting a stu ance and a murderous fire. But, und severe losses, they held bravely on, and regained the southern heights. Th battle again turned, and, although th still showed a bold front, it was purpose. Pakenham and the 3rd div stantly outflanked and hammered t the other divisions continued the fron Then the 1st division was employed the French right, under Foy, from body. But Clausel, who although had not left the field, employed thes troops, flanked by cavalry, to show a he drew off his shattered forces. G bravely and skilfully withstood the l of the now conquering English. He the light division and a part of th the 6th and the Spaniards in reserve. also, to whom fresh troops had beer "maintained a noble battle," holding a time against the ever-impetuous Behind the shelter thus unhesitating and greatly aided by the darkness, fo now fallen, the beaten French retre the Tormes by the ford at Alba de T by a happy accident escaped utter dis

Wellington to the last thought tl Alba was held by the Spaniards. I been deceived wilfully; the Spani Carlos d'España, had not only witl garrison, but he had made no men fact. Accordingly Wellington was i ignorance of the fact that Marmo occupied it the previous day. So t general, thinking retreat by Alba l turned all his attention to the only ford, that of Huerta, where he co finding the entire French army huddl in dire confusion. But, while he st his left wing to intercept their retreat the French drew off unmolested by when the fact was discovered it was t too dark to continue the pursuit.

But for this bitter disappointment French army would have been comp down its arms. As it was, Wellingt 11 guns, 2 eagles, and 7,000 prisoners. sults, direct and indirect, followed fro victory. One of the first was the

l of Madrid, which King Joseph left to join and strengthen the retreating Clausel. Of the indirect eatest was the clearance of South- Soult was now obliged to abandon d, moving round by a circuitous the south-east, to regain touch from France.

's reputation, already high, was ced by this brilliant feat of arms. gnificent generalship that secured Not a fault was to be found with from first to last, from the moment enemy tripping through all the changing fortunes of the hard-fought day, until he smote him hip and thigh, true genius was displayed. "I saw him late in the evening of that great day," says Napier, "when the advancing flashes of cannon and musketry, stretching as far as the eye could command, showed in the darkness how well the field was worn; he was alone, the flush of victory was on his brow, and his eyes were eager and watchful, but his voice was calm and even gentle. More than the rival of Marlborough, since he defeated greater generals than Marlborough ever encountered, with a prescient pride he seemed only to accept this glory as an earnest of greater things."

THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID.
(Photo, Frith & Co., Reigate.)

A SOVEREIGN of the House of Savoy is reported to have said that Italy was like an artichoke, which must be devoured leaf by leaf; and the saying became a fact in 1859 and 1860, when Lombardy, Tuscany, the Duchies of Parma and Modena, the greater part of the Papal States, and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies (a very tough leaf this last, which took some time to digest), were one by one absorbed by the little kingdom of Piedmont. After a short interval of rest, the province of Venetia was added to the others in 1866, and to carry out the comparison and devour the last leaf of the artichoke, there remained but to annex Rome. This was not an easy task, for that city and the provinces which had been left to the Pope after the campaign of Castelfidardo were garrisoned by the soldiers of Napoleon III., who seemed resolved to maintain the independence of the Holy See; but a Convention was signed on September 15th, 1864, by which the emperor agreed to withdraw his troops within two years, while the Italian Government undertook not to invade the Papal territory, and to hinder, even by force, any attack upon that territory coming from without. Some diplomatic correspondence, however, ensued between the two Governments, which left no doubt that if an insurrection were to take place in Rome, Italy would be free to act, and that an attempt might probably be made to bring about that insurrection.

The last French soldiers embarked at Cività Vecchia on December 11th, 1866, and to replace them every Catholic nation in Europe, but more especially France, Belgium, and Holland, furnished its contingent of volunteers representing all classes of society, from the noble whose ancestors had fought in the Crusades to the workman and the peasant; and on October 1st, 1867, the Papal army reckoned nearly 13,000 men. Of these, 2,083 were gendarmes; 878 ; 975 chasseurs; 1,595 infantry of tl dragoons, and 625 *squadriglieri*, or taineers. All these were Papal su foreigners were 2,237 Zouaves, abo Dutch and Belgians, the rest Fre nationalities, 1,233 Swiss Carabinie French soldiers, who formed the *Lég* (Ireland did not send a conting previous campaign, but was repre Zouaves by Captain d'Arcy and C hoyd, who had served in the ba Patrick in 1860; by Surgeon-Ma who, in the same year, had take defence of Spoleto under Major O by several recruits who hastened to the Papal standard when the Ga vasion began.) The effective for available for fighting did not amo than 8,000 men; but their excelle and organisation and, still more, the animated them, compensated for th in numbers.

Garibaldi spent the summer of 1 volunteers in all parts of Italy for against Rome, without meeting wi position from the Italian Govern amounted to 30,000 men, and the g was to invade the Papal territory i sions. The right wing, under Colon to advance from Orvieto towards centre, under Menotti Garibaldi, fr wards Monte Rotondo and Tivoli; under Nicotera, from the south tow If the Papal troops were disper country to oppose these bands, Ro free to rebel, and if they remaine fensive in Rome, the three div unite and attack the Eternal City. Minister, Ratazzi, feigned to be una warlike preparations; but at las

AVES TOOK ONE OF THE BARRICADES BY A DASHING BAYONET CHARGE" (p. 162).

armed intervention on the part of France, he ordered Garibaldi to be arrested at Sinalunga, near Arezzo, on September 23rd, and taken to the fortress of Alessandria, whence a few days later he was brought back to Caprera and set free, though several cruisers apparently maintained a blockade round the island. The enlistment of volunteers still went on; and, before the chiefs were ready to begin the campaign, several small bands crossed the frontier at various points, without orders, on September 28th and the following days, but they were everywhere broken up and repulsed by patrols of Papal troops, though one band of 300 men had a shortlived success at Acquapendente, where it overcame the little garrison of twenty-seven gendarmes.

The first serious encounter was at Bagnorea, a village to the north of Viterbo, strongly situated on a hill surrounded by deep ravines and accessible only at one point by a bridge. It was occupied on October 1st by a body of Garibaldians, who seized the funds of the municipality and plundered the churches. The remnants of the bands defeated elsewhere rallied round them, bringing their numbers up to 500, and, to strengthen their position, they fortified the convent of San Francesco situated outside the walls, raised barricades on the roads leading to the gate, and loopholed the adjacent houses. Colonel Azzanesi, who commanded the garrison of Viterbo, sent a detachment of 45 soldiers of the line, 20 Zouaves, and 4 gendarmes to make a reconnaissance; they made instead an attack, and, though the Zouaves took one of the barricades by a dashing bayonet charge, the detachment was repulsed with loss when it came under the hail of bullets from the houses. Two days later, however, Colonel Azzanesi marched against the town with two companies of Zouaves under Captain le Gonidec, four companies of the line under Captain Zanetti, a few dragoons, and two guns—in all 460 men. The Garibaldian advanced posts situated on the rocky heights in front of the town were obstinately defended, but were stormed one after another; the doors of the convent were smashed in and its defenders bayoneted or disarmed, the two barricades were taken, and the Garibaldians driven back into the town. A few cannon-shots soon overcame their resistance, and they fled in disorder through the ravines where the cavalry could not follow them, while the citizens flung open their gates and welcomed their liberators. This victory cost the Papal troops only six men wounded; the loss of the enemy was 96 killed and wounded.

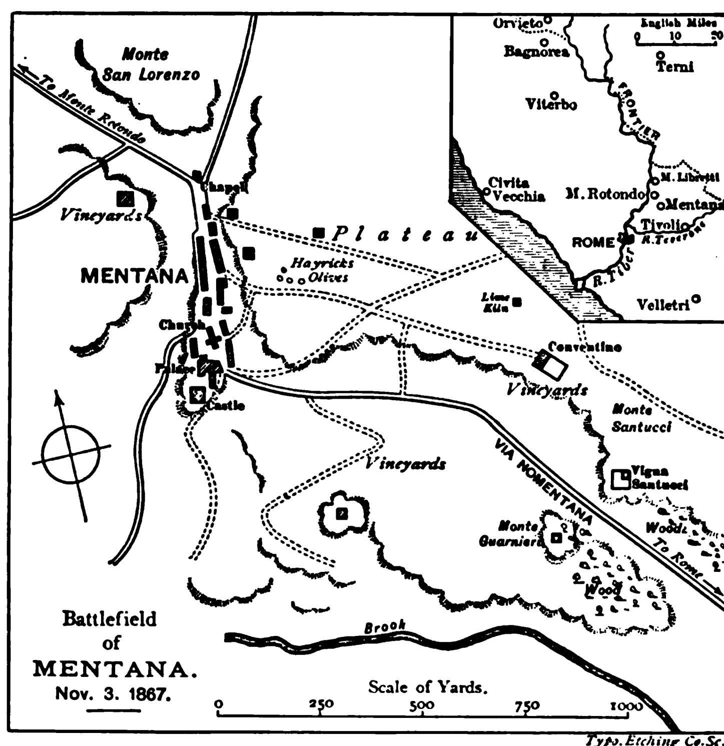
In spite of this defeat the incursions teers did not cease, for the Italian Go granted them free tickets over the allowed them to take the arms of the Guards, and the troops placed along th to arrest them let them pass. Figh place, therefore, every day in many and the most brilliant of these c that which occurred on October 13th Libretti.

This is a walled village, about ten m north of Monte Rotondo, built rou feudal castle on the summit of a isolated hill, at the foot of which commanded by the castle and leading gate. It was known that Menotti Gar advancing towards it with a numerous Lieutenant-Colonel de Charette orde detachments to march from different intercept him. One of these columr from Palombara had already been sent i direction, and did not receive the cou in time; another, from Monte Maggi to the point of junction too soon, waiting for a long while, withdrew. column from Monte Rotondo, comp Zouaves under Lieutenant Guillemin, near Monte Libretti at six in the eve the Garibaldian advanced posts, atta at once, and drove them back. The then sent one section of his men, u Lieutenant de Quélen, to turn the ene tion, and at the head of the oth through the narrow street, under a from the castle and the houses, till h the open space before the gate, which with Garibaldians. Here he fell wit through the brain; Sergeant-Major Bavarian, took the command, and a fu to-hand fight ensued, in spite of the in numbers. Major Fazzari, a Garibaldi was wounded and made prisoner; Alfred Collingridge, of London, surr six Garibaldians, fought desperately t mortally wounded; and Peter Yong, athletic Dutchman, killed sixteen G with the butt-end of his rifle, the breathless with fatigue and was in bayoneted. The fight had lasted for of an hour, when the second columr and drove the Garibaldians into the gate of which they could not comple It was now nearly dark; the Zouaves attempts to storm the gate, but as t through the narrow opening they

›f bullets from all sides ; de Quélen
vith nine wounds, and his men were
n back, but the Garibaldians, who,
nce been ascertained, were nearly
›t pursue them. The Zouaves had
1 and 18 wounded ; Sergeant de la
ook the command of the survivors
d to Monte Maggiore, but Sergeant-
, who with a few Zouaves had be-
.ted from the rest in the darkness,
in a house near the gate, and ex-
›ts with the Gari-
long as there was
At four next
too, retreated to
giore, and Menotti
elieving that this
Zouaves were the
a large body of
lrew in the oppo-
ı to Nerola.
t-Colonel de Char-
dered to dislodge
s strong position—
ited on a high hill
gly-built castle on
rtillery could have
nd he left Monte
the 17th with
l about 900 men
the Zouaves, the
tibes and the Swiss
heir approach the
Menotti Garibaldi
› Montorio Ro-
ıg a detachment
the castle, which
after little more
's firing.
antime Garibaldian emissaries were
ıged in preparing an insurrection in
ıe Government was no less energetic
ecautions against it. The city was
be in a state of siege ; most of the
closed and barricaded, outside the
vorks armed with guns were thrown
was placed in position on the
e ditches of the Castle of St. Angelo
with water, and the guards were
l. The writer was then in the *dépôt*
es in the Monastery of St. Callisto,
hundred recruits of all nations were
d into the mysteries of drill, and as
e troops were in campaign, a large
rd-mounting and patrolling fell to

our lot. It was a service which entailed but little of the fatigue or danger, and none of the excitement, of actual warfare ; but we were in constant expectation of an attack, and to be ready for any emergency the two companies which formed the *dépôt* remained under arms in front of the barracks every night from sunset till past midnight, while advanced posts and sentinels were placed in the neighbouring streets to guard against a surprise.

The insurrection, in which not many Romans



Battlefield of MENTANA. Nov. 3. 1867.

Typo. Etching Co. Sc.

took part, began on the evening of October 22nd. The Serristori barracks, not far from St. Peter's, were blown up : the greater part of the men quartered there were luckily absent at the time, but thirty-seven Zouaves, eighteen of whom were Italians, were buried beneath the ruins. At the same time an attack was made on the Capitol and repulsed by the Swiss Carabiniers ; and the guard-house at the gate of St. Paul's was surprised and taken by a band of Garibaldians in order to facilitate the entry of a convoy of arms, which had been hidden in a neighbouring vineyard ; but the arms had already been seized by the police, and the Garibaldians were soon dispersed. Other attacks were made on the gas-works and the military hospital, but without

success, and before midnight all was again quiet in Rome. The next day a body of seventy-six Garibaldians, all picked men, led by the two brothers Cairoli, who had hoped to enter Rome with another convoy of arms and take the command of the insurgents, but had failed to arrive in time, was discovered by a patrol, lurking in the grounds of a villa outside the walls, and after a short skirmish in which the Garibaldians fought desperately, the survivors of the band fled back to the frontier.

Just before these events took place, Garibaldi escaped from Caprera, passed over to the mainland, and arrived in Florence on October 20th; Ratazzi took no steps to arrest him till he was out of his reach, and he crossed the frontier at Correse. He immediately ordered all the bands in the neighbourhood to join him, and on the 23rd he was at the head of at least 10,000 men. A large proportion of these were drawn from the populace of the great cities of Italy, and were attracted mainly by the hope of plunder; but there were also many soldiers and officers of the regular army, and many veterans who had fought under Garibaldi in former campaigns: their arms, drill, and organisation were, as a rule, good; but they were, for the most part, shabbily dressed, and very few of them wore the traditional red shirt.

POPE PIUS IX.
(Photo, Pierre Petit, Paris.)

The road to Rome lay through Monte Rotondo, a small town situated on a height. About one-third of its circuit is defended by a wall in which are three gates, the rest is closed by the walls of the houses which stand on the brow of the steep hill. Near the centre is the palace of the Prince of Piom
building of three storeys with a
garrison, commanded by Captai
Antibes Legion, was composed c
of the legion, one of Swiss C
gendarmes, dragoons, and artil
323 men with two guns.

Early on the morning of
Garibaldian columns were seen n
the town and taking up their

pulsed, and after eight hours' fi
gradually slackened and at last c

Garibaldi had not expected t
sistance, and he was furious at l
during which he might, by a for
surprised Rome; the arrival o
determined him to renew the as
and a waggon laden with faggot
was pushed up against one of
a heavy fire, and lighted. The
sheet of flame, but while it w
besieged raised barricades in th
from it, and when the Garibaldi
town, it was only after two ho

the Papal troops, wearied and out-were driven back into the castle. held out for some time till the began to undermine the walls, pitulated, after a defence of twenty-which, as Garibaldi confessed, had r 500 killed and wounded.

ing detachments of the Papal army in the provinces were immediately uard Rome against a sudden attack,

necessity of distributing clothes and shoes to his men delayed his departure till eleven, and his vanguard had got only a short distance beyond Mentana when it met the Papal troops.

A large number of Garibaldians had deserted during the retreat from Rome, and the losses at Monte Rotondo had been heavy; but re-inforcements had come up during the attack on that town, and, according to the most trustworthy estimates, Garibaldi had still, at

"THEY MADE SOME PRISONERS" (*p.* 167).

t until the arrival of the French h the emperor, after much hesitation ounter orders, had at last despatched. d at Civita Vecchia on the 29th, o Rome on the 30th, and Garibaldi, s had advanced as far as the bridges verone, about three miles from Rome, ged shots with the Papal outposts, Monte Rotondo. He intended at e a stand there, but considering that lly distant from Rome, was a much sition—with a river in front, and a s country, suitable for guerilla war-rear—he gave orders to march upon daybreak on November 3rd. The

least, 10,000 soldiers when he accepted battle at Mentana.

The column which left Rome that morning under the command of General Kanzler, was composed of 2,913 men of the Papal army, under General de Courten, 1,500 of whom were Zouaves, and a little more than 2,000 of the French soldiers just arrived, under General de Polhès—making in all about 5,000 men with ten guns.

The troops were under arms at one on the morning of the 3rd, but it was four o'clock when they marched out of the Porta Pia, the Papal forces leading and the French following at some distance. It was a dark and rainy morning,

and the soldiers in heavy marching order and carrying two days' rations in addition to their usual burdens, advanced slowly over the muddy road. After crossing the Ponte Nomentano, about four miles from Rome, Major de Troussures was sent with three companies of Zouaves by a road to the left, to gain the valley of the Tiber and march on a line parallel to that followed by the main body, to threaten the right flank of the Garibaldians. The remainder of the column went on till it reached the farm of Capobianco, half-way to Mentana, where it halted to let the men get some food and dry their clothes. By this time the rain had ceased, and, as after an hour's rest they again formed their ranks to continue their march, the sun shone brightly in a cloudless sky.

On leaving Capobianco, the road ascends for some distance, crosses a broad tableland, and then winds rising and falling as it passes over the lower slopes of several hills covered with brushwood. It was half-past twelve when the dragoons who preceded the column came upon the Garibaldian outposts commanded by Colonel Missori, occupying a strong position in the woods on each side of the road. They fired their carbines and returned at full gallop to give the alarm. The first company of Zouaves, under Captain d'Albiousse, and the second, under Captain Thomalé, were immediately extended in skirmishing order to the left and right, the third company, under Captain Alain de Charette, and the fourth, under Captain le Gonidec, following as supports. The woods were soon cleared of Garibaldians, and the heights scaled; but a Genoese battalion, commanded by Captain Stallo, and another from Leghorn, led by Captain Meyer, held the tableland to the right of the road, and their heavy fire checked the advance of the Zouaves till their line was strengthened by the companies of Captain de Moncuit and Captain de Veaux; and Lieutenant-Colonel de Charette, hastening up with the company of Captain Lefebvre, led a furious bayonet-charge, which swept the Garibaldians before it. It was in vain that they tried to rally and re-form behind trees or farmhouses; they were driven from one place of refuge after another, and a long line of killed and wounded marked the track of the Zouaves as they drove the shattered battalions back upon the Santucci vineyard.

This strong position—a walled enclosure which had been loopholed, as well as the large farmhouse standing on a height within it—was held by the battalion of Major Ciotti: it c the approach to Mentana from the ‹ the tableland above that village, approaches from the front and from can be swept by a plunging fire from of Mentana. The approach to the vi protected by a cross-fire from Monte a wooded height on the opposite s road; this had to be carried first, a taken by Captain Alain de Charett company climbed the steep slopes and Garibaldian sharpshooters from thei among the trees.

A piece of artillery, commanded l Bernardini, then opened fire on the vineyard, while Lieutenant-Colonel de attacked it in front with some com Zouaves, supported on their right by panies of Swiss Carabiniers. The wa enclosure were soon scaled, and the Ga driven back into the farmhouse, wl made a stubborn resistance till the d broken in, when they laid down their this attack Lieutenant-Colonel de horse was killed under him, and C Veaux fell, struck by a bullet which dı into his heart the cross he had won fidardo.

The Papal troops had been equally on the left of the high road, where driven the Garibaldians from the v come out on the open slopes whic towards Mentana, from which they co heavy fire on the crowd of fugitives from all directions towards the village. I two o'clock; there was a cessation o for a few minutes to pick up and c the wounded, and General Kanzler, established his headquarters at the vineyard, prepared to attack Mentana.

The Castle of Mentana, a feudal fort Borghese family, stands upon a rock cipitous sides advancing from the high a deep valley; it was held, along wi jacent Borghese palace, the village, barricade erected at its entrance, by f lions of Garibaldians, under Lieutena Frigyesi, a Hungarian; the height village, where there was a large farm v of hay and corn, was occupied by six commanded by Colonel Elia and Major Major Cantoni, with three battalions tioned to the left of the village on leading to Monte Rotondo, and the which had been taken at the siege of

were drawn up on Monte San Lorenzo, a little to the rear.

General Kanzler placed three guns, two of which belonged to the French, on Monte Guarnieri, another on the high road, and two more in the Santucci vineyard, to counteract the fire of the Castle and of the Garibaldian artillery; the Zouaves advanced from the vineyard in skirmishing order and drove the Garibaldians from a building called the Conventino, beyond which the ground gradually rises towards the height which commands Mentana, where Elia's battalions were posted having their flanks protected by the fire from the Castle and the adjacent houses. Five companies of Swiss Carabiniers advanced in line with the Zouaves. On arriving in sight of the position held by the Garibaldians, the Zouaves, instead of waiting till the fire of the artillery had thrown the ranks of the enemy into disorder, broke away madly from their officers and charged. Heedless of the voice of their colonel or of the sound of the bugles, they pressed on, driving the Garibaldians from every hedge or clump of trees which they sought to defend, and flung them back into the houses. There the charge was stopped by a hail of bullets from the loopholed walls, but the Zouaves held their ground, sheltered by the haystacks, from behind which they returned the fire of the Garibaldians. A desperate sortie of the enemy dislodged them, but three companies, led by Major de Lambilly, came to their relief; they regained their positions, and at this spot, which was alternately lost and retaken, the greatest amount of slaughter took place; and the struggle lasted till nightfall.

The front attack having been thus stopped, Garibaldi sent two strong columns to turn the flanks of the Papal army. One of these, of three battalions, marched from the northern end of the village, and nearly succeeded in surrounding and cutting off two companies of Swiss Carabiniers on our right. They retired slowly in good order, firing as they went, until being reinforced by two more Swiss companies, and two of the Légion d'Antibes, they dashed forward, broke up the Garibaldian column and pursued it as far as the road to Monte Rotondo.

The other column, which marched from the south of the village, was not more successful—it was repulsed by three companies of the Légion d'Antibes, who followed it as far as the entrance of the village, where they took a house and made some prisoners, but had to retire in presence of superior numbers.

Just then the detachment under Major de Troussures was seen advancing in the direction of the road to Monte Rotondo. Garibaldi at once perceived that the day was lost, and his line of retreat nearly intercepted, he hastened to provide for his safety and left Mentana, while his staff-officers still continued to defend the village.

They immediately collected all the men still able to fight, to make a last desperate effort to envelope the wings of the Papal army; and when General Kanzler, who had sent forward all his reserves, saw two strong columns of companies issuing in good order from Mentana, he requested General de Polhès, whose infantry had hitherto taken no part in the combat, to bring forward his troops. A French battalion and three companies of Chasseurs, under Colonel Fremont, marched at once on the Garibaldian left, deployed into line, and for the first time the "Chassepot" was brought into action. The fight ceased for a moment over all the field of battle, as the soldiers on both sides paused to listen to that deadly fire, rapid and ceaseless as the rolling of a drum, before which the hostile battalions disbanded and fled back into Mentana or Monte Rotundo, in spite of all the efforts of Menotti Garibaldi and his officers to rally them. The column on the right wing met with the same fate: attacked by Lieutenant-Colonel Saussier with a French battalion and the Zouaves of Major de Troussures, it broke and dispersed in various directions.

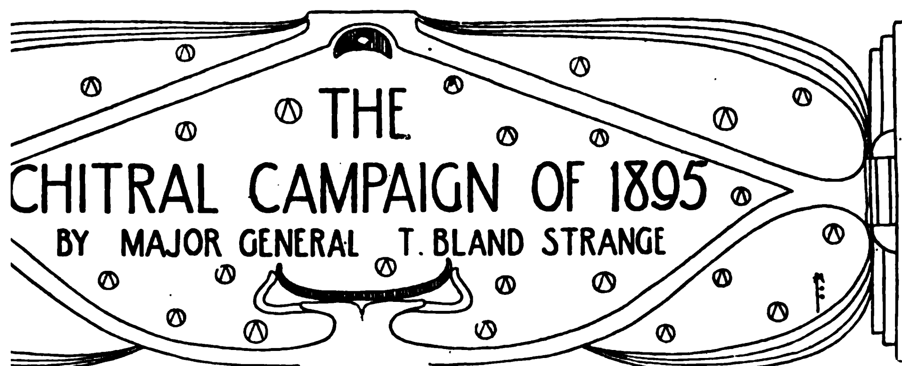
Mentana was now completely surrounded, and it was decided to take it by assault. General de Polhès led a French regiment and a battalion of Chasseurs to storm the barricade at the entrance of the village, while the Zouaves attacked a neighbouring house.

It was just then, at the end of the fight, that Julian Watts-Russell, an English Zouave, and one of the youngest soldiers in the Papal army, fell, close to the village; his comrades succeeded in taking the house, but the French column, crushed by the heavy fire from the barricade, the houses and the Castle, retreated after losing heavily.

Night had fallen, and it would have been impossible to continue the struggle; the troops lit their watch-fires round the village, throwing out strong advanced posts and sentinels, and held themselves in readiness against a surprise. The next morning at dawn, Major Fauchon, with a French battalion, entered Mentana, when some hundreds of Garibaldians laid down their

arms. Seven hundred others in the Castle capitulated, and were allowed to cross the frontier without arms. They had left 600 dead and 500 wounded on the field; while the loss of the Pontifical troops was 30 killed and 114 wounded, and of the French, 2 killed and 36 wounded. Garibaldi continued his retreat as far as Correse on the evening of the battle, and crossed the frontier the next day with 5,000 men 900 others, under Colonel Salomone into the Abruzzi. The other Garibaldi under Acerbi and Nicotera, which had the provinces of Velletri and Viterbo Italian troops which had followed the ally withdrew without offering any and thus ended the campaign.

BAGNOREA.



" The sea-wolf's litter stand savagely at bay."

day the keels of the Norse
ated on the shores of Britain,
ıy was maritime power.
ng galleys changed to trading
ıde came military occupation,
empire became a necessity to
ons on the little islands of a

an outlet in a new world.
the plains of Abraham above
anada, which a French king's
her royal lover, Louis XIV.,
:lques arpents de neige en
then we lost the fairest half
tinent—our thirteen colonies,
tates of America—by attempt-
ithout their consent.
West we turned to the East,
; France by the victories of
merchant company began a
he history of the East, from
es we know that the hordes of
time and again descended from
rld to the conquest of Hindo-
fixed the house of Timour
›f Delhi, and stopped the tide
ıe North.
lassy, by raising a rival power
ıount, shook the throne of the
who subsequently became our
elhi. A century after Plassy
that Mongol dynasty met his
at the hands of an English
horse at the fall of Delhi in
the great Mutiny. Hodson,
King of Delhi and slaying his
vho had caused the massacre
n and children, became the
Queen Victoria, the outposts of whose legions now face those of the great white Czar—the crest of the wave of Central Asian invasion, which our occupation of India has dammed back for more than a century.

It is no light task that we have set ourselves, thus to stem the natural overflow of the Tartar hordes that have ever surged over the ancient civilisations of Hindostan.

Unwittingly, nigh half a century ago, while yet the Muscovite was a thousand leagues away, we had planted our standards at Chitral, what time we shattered the Sikh (Kalsa) army, which threatened the invasion of India, and assumed the administration of the Punjab and the whole territory of Runjeet Singh (1848).

Kashmir was part of the Sikh kingdom under a viceroy, Golab Singh. To him we left the beautiful valley, or rather sold it for a trifling sum (which was never paid), guaranteeing protection and assuming suzerainty. The Valley of Chitral is a dependency of Kashmir, and one of the gateways of India, behind which the Muscovite already stands.

Nizam-ul-mulk, Methar of Chitral, was murdered by his brother, Amir-ul-mulk, in January, 1895, in the usual mountain fashion, with probably the usual outside instigation, as he was favourable to our influence.

Dr. Robertson, the representative of the Indian Government, accepted the *de facto* ruler as best he could.

Umra Khan, the bold and intriguing ruler of Bajour, invaded Chitral, not without pledge of outside support if he were successful. He offered the Metharship to Sher Afzul, apparently meaning to keep it himself. The Government of India gave him notice to quit by April 1st, 1895. The answer was an attack by his ally, Sher Afzul, on Captain Ross, and sixty Sikhs,

escorting ammunition to Dr. Robertson at Chitral.

Ross and his men died fighting; fourteen only, under the wounded subaltern, Lieutenant Jones, fought their way back to Puni; later, Lieutenants Edwards and Fowler, with a still smaller force, attempting the same task of conveying ammunition to Chitral, were attacked by overwhelming numbers.

Fighting desperately and with some loss, they gained the shelter of the village of Reshun, bringing in all their wounded, ammunition, and rations.

From the 7th to the 13th they doggedly defended the place, loopholing the walls and piling the ammunition boxes into breastworks on the flat roofs.

The men had short rations and but little water, which they drew from a stream hard by, making sorties, in one of which, on the night of the 10th, Lieutenant Fowler and twenty men surprised about fifty of the enemy who had incautiously lit fires behind their sungars: the glare exposed them, while the attack got within ten yards without discovery and bayoneted about twenty; the rest fled.

During the sortie, a counter attack was made on Lieutenant Edwards and his men in the village; it was repulsed.

After this taste of sepoy steel, the enemy were not quite so intrusive, and the little garrison were able to get water, repair their defences, and attend to the wounded (among whom was Lieutenant Fowler).

Edwards, improvising splints and bandages, utilised his carbolic tooth-powder to put on open wounds.

Not a murmur escaped the lips of the patient sepoys, who burnt the bodies of their six slain comrades, and grimly went on doing their duty, engaged in watching and desultory fighting day and night.

On the 13th a white flag was shown by the enemy, who ceased firing and asked parley.

Mahommed Isa Khan* said he had come from Dr. Robertson at Chitral with orders to stop all fighting pending the recognition of Sher Afzul as Methar.

An armistice was concluded—the besieged to be unmolested, the Bhisties allowed to get water, and supplies of food sent in to the garrison.

Mahommed Isa proposed a game of polo, and invited the British officers, who, wit hardihood, accepted. They were trea seized, and the surprised garrison kille Jemidar Lal Khan and eleven sepoys, their officers, were carried as prisoner Afzul, and subsequently delivered to Ur who wanted the English officers as a t in the game he was playing with Gen He treated the officers well, and rel Mohammedan soldiers and the Hi accepted Islam; those of our Hindu sepoys who refused conversion perish sword. By this capture sixty-eight ammunition fell into the hands of t who were already fairly well supplied and ammunition from Afghanistan.

That inadequately-protected supplie nition were ordered up to Chitral by I son was not the act of the military au

Their mobilisation of 15,000 men w planned, and carried out with a sw secrecy possible only to a Government by the questions of party politicians.

The despatch of the expedition was early in March; the plan of campaig in the Intelligence Office by the mic month; none of the officers chose mand were warned until well on General Low himself had been gra for a trip to Kashmir—his baggage equipage, which had already started recalled. The commissariat and officers only got orders for the fro days before the force crossed the fron

The press got the news on t March. On the 1st of April 15,000 arms crossed the frontier. In Eur with their supplies can be carried within a few miles of the fighting march of a European army in Ind seen to be understood. Perhaps army ever marched with less im Low's army marched almost as it s out tents or baggage, which followe first fights had opened the route supplies of food and forage had to through pathless mountains produ but brave and hardy foes, and the many camp-followers as fighting-men.

The transport required was—cam bullocks, 7,329; mules, 5,148; donk ponies, 3,536. The camel transport a source of difficulty in mountain co has often to be used *faute de mieux;* General Low, himself an Indian cav

* Isa is the Mohammedan form of Jesus.

in organising transport for
in Afghanistan.
the force were—Commanding-
nant-General Sir Robert Low.
General Kinloch—Royal Rifles,
giment, 15th Sikhs, 37th Dogras,

General Waterfield—Gordon
cottish Borderers, 4th Sikhs,
, Field Hospital.
General Gatacre — Seaforth
he Buffs, 25th Punjabis, 4th
Hospital.
Troops —
11th Ben-
h Bengal
Pioneers,
mountain-
3, 8, 2
ngal Sap-
, 6 com-
er Field
d Veteri-
Lines of
General
st Lanca-
, 29th and
Hospital.
appeared
The bones
tion, like
first ill-
o Cabul,
hiten the
desperate
hillmen,
han guile,
trigue were to smite us. But
isation and reticent generalship
h of Kelly, the dogged defence
and the steady courage of our
pessimist prophecy.
that both the Malakand and
were occupied by the enemy—
numerously—General Low issued
a simultaneous attack on both
ntion being to concentrate the
at Dargai, before the Malakand,
General Kinloch was left in the
rigade was to force the Shahkot
avalry under Colonel Scott were
orders, to be opened at the foot
ese orders were to countermarch

successful, and the defenders of

the Shahkot remained at their posts, while the Malakand was forced, and did not oppose General Low till the 4th of April, when they were checked by Kinloch's brigade at Khar-kotal.

A deluge of rain delayed the transport animals, and was trying to men *en bivouac*. Nevertheless, the leading brigade marched briskly to the attack on the morning of the 3rd. The Guide cavalry felt the way, and the mountain-guns shelled the sungars along the higher crests.

The enemy's position was mostly on the left of the pass. Their banners betrayed the sungars (breastworks of loose stone), piled along the faces

THE CHITRAL CAMPAIGN.

and on the crests of the hills—the lowest on a precipitous hill, 3,000 feet above the valley.

After a brief artillery fire, the 4th Sikhs and Guides were ordered to climb the hills on the left, carry the sungars, work along the crests, and turn the flank. As soon as they came within range, the hillmen opened fire, to which the attack could not adequately answer, as it took the men all they knew to climb. Those defenders who had not firearms rolled an avalanche of rocks on the assailants; they, being in open order, could avoid them, though not the rifle fire.

The defenders seem to have marked the ranges and picked out the officers, distinguished from their men by wearing helmets instead of turbans.

Major Tonnochy, Captain Buchanan, Lieu-

tenant Harman, and three native officers were wounded before two-thirds of the ascent had been got over. Lieutenant Ommaney, of the Guides, was also wounded.

The tribesmen stuck to their defences until rushed by the bayonet.

It took nearly four hours to carry the crest of the position. The Sikhs and Guides had been nineteen hours under arms. In addition to the British and native officers mentioned, four sepoys were killed and eleven wounded.

before the crest was reached a small party of Gordons, under a non-commissioned crept up a watercourse and dropped int sungar, from which a party of Swatis were ading the Borderers. The tribesmen c hardly handle their tulwars before the bay silently did its work—not always with impu for a gallant Gordon and a huge Pathan found locked in a last embrace.

If Britons take their pleasures sadly, the their fighting with a dash of comedy.

"THE GUNS CAME INTO ACTION AGAINST THE ENEMY ON THE HIGH RIDGE" (p. 175).

In the meantime the Scottish Borderers and the Gordon Highlanders worked up the centre of the pass. The mountain-guns, having been brought up a hill directly under the Malakand peak, shelled the main defences and the village on the summit. After half-an-hour of artillery fire, General Low gave the order for the main assault by infantry. The Borderers took the centre, the Gordons the right, the Maxims going up as far as practicable with the fighting line.

The ascent was steep and tortuous. It was afternoon before the assailants were up to the defences. The Borderers and Gordons bore the brunt of the fighting, and suffered most.

Though the hillmen defended step by step, they rarely waited for the Scottish bayonet ; but

Half-way up the steep of Malakand pant ponderous sergeant, breathless and drenched sweat. A bullet splashed the mud in his Looking up, he shook his fist at the sungar shouted, "Ye blank brutes, if ye was on the I'd eat yer!" In the strife of battle laughed.

The last climb was precipitous ; the hauled each other up. Lieutenant Watt, o Gordons, was the first to top the ridge. enemy rushed at him. He shot two with revolver, and shouted to his men below. they could not at once reach him, he was for ately able to get down, until a fuller rush c be made.

This officer had his shoulder-strap ca

VIEWS IN THE CHITRAL COUNTRY.

away by a bullet, which first passed through the brain of his corporal.

General Low, seeing the difficulties of the main attack, sent Kinloch's infantry up the hill in support—King's Royal Rifles on the left, Bedfords and Dogras on the right.

The 15th Sikhs only were held in reserve. By 2 p.m. the pass was carried and the village in flames. The fighting was severe on the summit, and from the wooded plateau the defenders had to be dislodged by the bayonet.

The Gordons and Borderers, now mixed, collected outside the village to rest and get breath, while the Bedfords, who were in good order, passed through the fighting line, and, with the Dogras in hot pursuit, drove the enemy across the ridge behind Malakand into the Swat valley beyond Khara, where Colonel Patterson allowed his wearied Bedfords to bivouac.

The commissariat was far on the other side of the pass, but in the deserted village men found native food—rice, flour, sugar, calves, and goats —so the force fared sumptuously and slept peacefully, for no mountaineers were near save the dying and the dead.

The Sikhs and Guides occupied the corresponding crest on the left, the Dogras on the right.

Meanwhile, the mountain gunners and their mules began to scramble up the pass, followed by the mule transport of the 1st Brigade. The baggage of the 2nd Brigade being on camels, could not be got up until a pathway had been made for the unwieldy brutes. Late in the evening an order was flagged to the summit of the pass for the 2nd Brigade to come down to their rations. The descending stream of soldiers and the baggage of the 1st Brigade struggling up made a block in the pass.

Night fell, the unencumbered soldiers got down, but the transport mules had to be unpacked, and some doolies with their suffering load of wounded waited for the day. Officers who carried tins of Bovril in their haversacks gave them up for the wounded men, smoked a pipe for supper, and lay down under the universal sky blanket.

Our casualties were eight officers and sixty-one men. The strength of the enemy was estimated at 12,000, their killed at 500. Their wounded must have been many.

The little pathways down to the Swat valley were streaked with blood, showing where the wounded had been carried or dragged themselves along.

The pencil diameter of th
bullet will drill a hole even t
without bringing down or alwa
rush of a man of a fighting religi

What the hillmen said they f
the child-rifle, but the devil gu
half-a-dozen men with one sh
burst and threw up splinters, a
shots themselves."

An ancient, unused road, sai
of Buddhist construction, was
soon made passable for the clums

The indefatigable sapper had
fit for wheel traffic.

Lionel James, war correspon
force, thinks the original
soldiers rather than priests.
Macedon entered India *viâ* the
are told; and if the army of
Greek, why not a Russian Alexa

Unlike the Greek, the Russi
his conquests slowly, but surely.

The Greek soldier has left
impress on roads, for many of t
the mountain gates of India
type, especially the women: th
tall, absolutely different from t
figures and hideous featureles
Ladakis on our north-eastern fr

Modern Buddhist roads with
of prayer-graven stones lead str
hills, and are unfit for load-carryi
Buddhist pilgrim carries nothi
filth and his hand praying-machi

But we must pass from Bud
the soldiers of either Alexand
Victoria.

On the morning of the 4th t
Dogras returned from their
valley of the Swat, and rejoin
on the summit of the Malaka
brigade was ordered to march
Bedfords gave the advanced gu
the ancient pathway, followed b
guns, the K.O. Rifles, and the

* The Maxim must stop man or
range, for the rapidity of fire is so gre
bullets will strike a man before he can
Henri calibre Maxim has a large bullet
black powder draws fire. Smokeless
invaluable for the defence of fronti
ranges can be marked and ammunition

† A little revolving copper cylin
written prayers: each revolution c
book of prayer, and the pilgrim twi
as he walks leisurely along.

15th Sikhs, taking another path,
upon the plain about the same time,
illage they had burnt the evening

y of sappers, road-making in the
orted the enemy in force on a low
right front, and ascending in great
high rocky ridge which ran parallel

ords seized the mouth of the defile
ich the road ran, two companies on
; another of Bedfords and one of
ascended a spur on the right.
s came into action against the enemy
igh ridge. The Dogras advanced
plain, supported by the Sikhs, and
the low ridge to the right front,
e enemy over it, and beyond. They
the fire of the heights, and were
assailed by rushes of the hillmen,
tood their ground. Major Cunning-
nced his guns, and the ring shell
d the enemy.
Cambridge's two companies of Bed-
the sudden onset of a large body of
with magazine fire at short range,
could not stand. Most of the brave
ceeded in regaining cover, though
ave escaped unwounded.
he account given to a war correspond-
unded Swati :—
ght hard, because the mullahs urged
t the Kaffirs before the devil-guns
ought over the pass, and they told us,
heart, that the guns could not be
r the pass for days ; but it was false,
y we heard the deep boom of these
om them there was no safety and no
the mullahs urged us on, and so
of us determined to rush the guns,
ne made us cowards.
met many Kaffirs (infidels) on the
hill, whom we had not seen, for they
ut making smoke and we were so
em that we could not escape being

ir fire killed few, though it was very
many of us, who had escaped into
believed we were unwounded until
ood on our clothes.
e all more or less wounded. I got
g to his thigh), but only a few were

not stop us fighting.
Kaffirs stood still, and we could not make it out. They made no attempt to drive us from our position.

"Then our mullahs said, 'They are afraid ; the day is ours.'

"So a great party came down from the hill into the plain, for we were full of the belief that the Kaffirs were afraid.

"Suddenly there was a shout, and the Kaffir horsemen were upon us.

"Now we know nothing of horsemen, and we never believed they could come up the Malakand with big horses.

"With one accord we fled—some to the hills, others to Badkhel, and others into the nullahs.

"The horsemen killed a few ; but for the softness of the ground they would have killed many.

"It was night, and the mullahs said, 'The river is rising ; let us go to the other side ; then they will never pass.'

"Some said, 'Let us attack them to-night,' but we were beaten ; we had about 200 dead on that ridge.

"We feared the horses and the guns, and we went to Tanna that night. . . .

"We of Swat lost heart when we saw the smoke of Khar ascending to the sky.

"Most men had lied ! My wound was sore, but I was able to walk ; it was only a little stiff, as it had not bled much."

The Kaffir horsemen of the narrator were a tired party of the Guides' cavalry under Adams and Baldwin : they had marched right through from Dargai, over the Malakand, that morning without even watering or feeding. Adams formed them behind a khotal held by the Dogras, and charged home through soft cornfields almost knee-deep.

The hillmen, who had faced magazine-rifle fire, would not face horsemen with that queen of *armes blanches* the lance ! They mostly took it in the back ; some faced about, squatted, and sliced at the legs of horse or rider ; Lieutenant Baldwin, four sowars, and six horses were wounded.

Major Cunningham's guns gave the sungars a last benefit : the shooting was good, and the last fire of the day had a demoralising effect.

The brigade bivouacked where it stood.

The force opposed to us was a fanatic gathering, probably 6,000, composed of the remnant of the Malakand defenders, those of the Shahkot pass left out of the first engagement, and men from the Bonar and Bijour countries.

Their losses were more than at Malakand, the

guns doing most of the damage, getting shell into the masses on several occasions.

Our loss was slight—men killed, two; officers wounded, three; and men wounded, fifteen; horses killed and wounded, eight.

General Low's headquarters with 2nd Brigade (excepting Gordons and Gurkhas, holding the Malakand) reached Khara on the 5th. No serious resistance was met until the Swat river was reached.

On the 6th the brigades again changed places, the second being ordered to the front. The mules were being used for supplies only; when available for general transport, they were sent on to 2nd Brigade instead of back to 1st Brigade.

The bare and precipitous hills of Swat contrast with the fertile valleys, long green stretches of waving corn in spring, due to the moisture from the watershed above, and alluvial soil washed down by floods.

Trees are scarce—mostly mulberry, walnut, apricot. The climate in spring is delightful, but summer is hot in the valleys. Our troops will doubtless be cantoned on the heights, where they will be far healthier than being poisoned in Peshawar.

The valleys of Swat, Bijour, and Chitral resemble each other: the people handsome and intelligent—the men brave but volatile, the women gracious and full of charm.

The Hunza-Nagar valleys, at the foot of the eastern passes, are barren, the people more Tartaresque and less intelligent.

On the 6th of April the 2nd Brigade encamped opposite the crossing of the Swat river, north of the village of Alladand.

Reconnaissance showed that the gatherings we had fought on the 3rd and 4th had retired up the Swat valley, without entirely dispersing.

Where the Swat river has five beds—reported fordable, but swift—were two villages, Chakdara and Adamderai, on wooded knolls.

They were occupied by the enemy, swarming in from the north-east, making a strong position to defend the ford. On the right, about 2,000 yards, rises a knoll, and beyond a ridge of hills parallel with the river, completely commanding the passage. There were no corresponding positions on our bank.

Two companies of sappers under Major Alymer were sent down to commence bridging at daybreak; they were fired upon from the opposite bank, and unable to work.

The Maxim of the K.O.S.B. and No. 8 Mountain Battery, R.A., were brought down; the ground the latter had to cross was boggy. By the time they got into action it was found the enemy were in greater force than was thought probable at this point. As the strength of the enemy developed, regiment after regiment was sent into action—4th, 15th, Sikhs, and Borderers. The firing became general all down the river, and the guns, having got the range, were doing good work against the sungars on the ridge.

GENERAL LOW.

The 11th Bengal Lancers and Guides, under Colonel Scott, were ordered to find a ford. Among the enemy were noticed some of Umra Khan's cavalry. It was a difficult task to ford the Swat, through fire and water, for the torrent swept over the holsters. Lieutenant Sarel's horse shied at the splash of a bullet, lost its footing, and was swept away; the rider saved himself by gripping the lance held out by a sowar. Shual Singh, of Captain Wright's squadron, was the first man across. The ground on the other side was broken and marshy; the enemy, already flying, had a long start, but before they got into the high ground the lancers were among them, inflicting severe loss, until stony ground and heavy going made further pursuit impossible. Of the tribesmen, but few stood to bay, knelt down, and shot their man before the lance could reach them. Five sought shelter in some bushes over a dry well, and pulled the first sowar, horse and all, into the well with them. His comrade dismounted and prodded that well. The sowar

ot that the tribesmen were
nded Swati, finding a worse
hopped him up. One must
e of native lancers, and heard
of the trooper as he transfixes
y as he would a tent-peg, to
erocity of man.
he cavalry had crossed, the

wounded; the Sikhs two sepoys drowned, two lancers were killed, and several wounded. The sappers had a few casualties. The enemy had assembled 4,500 to oppose the passage, and their losses were considerable. If the tribes had stood to their defences, the cavalry must have suffered severely, but positions impossible to cavalry attack were abandoned. The 3rd Brigade passed

THE PASSAGE OF THE SWAT.

, linked arm-in-arm like their
Island of the Scots," had also
igher up, opposite the small
ich they carried under cover of
ntain-guns. The Sikhs crossed
ver down, and occupied the
a and Adam Dhara.
ntry-fording are only possible
brass cartridge and breech-
ld days of paper cartridges,
had to be held above water.
the passage of the Swat were
rs had one man killed and two

the Malakand on the 8th. To feed the troops on the north side of the pass, General Low had been obliged to utilise, during the 4th, 5th, and 6th, all the mules of the force, as these were the only animals that could cross the pass; and it was not till the 8th, when camels had been streaming across for two days with supplies, that it was possible to equip the 2nd and 3rd Brigades with transport, tents, baggage, and twenty days' supplies. The 2nd Brigade were entirely across the Swat by the evening of the 8th, and head-quarters next day, the 3rd Brigade encamping on the opposite bank at Alladand. On the

10th the 2nd Brigade marched to Gambât, crossing Katgola pass, over which Umra Khan's horsemen had disappeared from the pursuit of Wright's tired squadron.

The 3rd Brigade passed the Swat, now bridged. General Kinlock's Brigade was left to guard the Swat valley and communications. On the 11th General Low and 2nd Brigade reached the Panjkora river at Sado ferry. Owing to the difficulty of the "Shago Kas" defile, the baggage did not get into camp till very late that night, being fired into *en route* by the hillmen who still hung on our flanks and rear. The advanced guard of cavalry, Guide infantry, and 4th Sikhs had arrived at Sado on the 10th. Cavalry forded the river, and reconnoitred up the Bijour valley; they found Umra Khan's forts still held, and that evening, owing to the river rising, the cavalry had considerable difficulty in recrossing. The Panjkora bridge was commenced by Major Alymer and sappers. It was built on raft piers from logs lying on the banks.

On the evening of the 12th, foot-men could cross. There being every hope that the remainder of the brigade and their baggage could cross the following day, Colonel Battye and his Guides passed over to cover the bridge and form a *tête-de-pont* at the apex of a re-entering angle of the right bank. The post had a level space of some hundred yards in its front, and was commanded by high ground on the left bank. Before daybreak on the 13th the river rose suddenly, swollen with melted snow.

The tribesmen had set adrift huge logs, which bore down upon the bridge and swept it away. A suspension bridge was then commenced at a suitable site about two miles lower down. The cables were twisted strands of telegraph-wire, but this was work requiring three or four days. A new road also had to be cut on the opposite bank to the mouth of the Bijour valley. This could only be done by holding the right bank. On the 13th the Guides were ordered to march down the right bank and punish certain villages, from which men had been persistently firing on the transport. The route intended for the Guides to follow was in view of the left bank, and could be covered by fire from our side. By some misunderstanding, never now to be explained, Colonel Battye led his Guides up the Ushiri river into Bijour.

When the helio flashed the news that overpowering masses of the enemy were bearing down on the separated parties of the Guides engaged in burning the walled villages, the 2nd Brigade was ordered out to [illegible] retirement. The Sikhs hearing [illegible] sister corps, the Guides, were in a [illegible] broke into a shout, got under [illegible] five minutes after the long-drawn [illegible] assembly had died away were m[illegible] followed by Captain Peebles and his [illegible] Borderers, and the Gordons. The ra[illegible] west of the camp was climbed, and [illegible] lined its western face. On the sum[illegible] corresponding ridge, across the river, [illegible] were engaged out of range of supp[illegible] were hard pressed, for the enemy saw [illegible] was carried away. A delayed helio me[illegible] even now received by Colonel Battye [illegible] out the order of the previous evening [illegible] immediately countermanded by an [illegible] retire on the camp. Then Colone[illegible] obeyed, and retired deliberately as a go[illegible] should. His party was divided into t[illegible] right retired last, covering the ot[illegible] Colonel Battye remained with it. The [illegible] found an easy descent, and were not p[illegible] the enemy, who threw themselves f[illegible] the two remaining columns, in spi[illegible] artillery fire which had now begun [illegible] The right and centre retired slowly[illegible] each other with flank fire, until the ce[illegible] had to climb round a precipitous sp[illegible] sight of Colonel Battye, who held [illegible] assured of their safety by seeing th[illegible] Meanwhile Lieutenant Codrington wi[illegible] seeing the right had ceased to retire, a[illegible] to ascend in support of his chief, w[illegible] tenant Lockhart with the centre t[illegible] position to cover the retirement of [illegible] they would have to cross the open. [illegible] men, swarming above Colonel Battye[illegible] heavy and continuous fire upon his li[illegible] which must have been annihilated but [illegible] hillmen fired high, under the exciteme[illegible] quarters, as all soldiers will, in spite of [illegible] of all campaigns since the introducti[illegible] arms.* That the Guides behaved [illegible] goes without saying—always. Their se[illegible] was just when they reached the open [illegible] the fire across the river could not sup[illegible] on account of the nearness of friend a[illegible]

At this critical moment Colonel B[illegible] The Afridi Company, without ord[illegible] bayonets and turned savagely upon [illegible] avenge the man they loved like a fat[illegible] Bap! (as the sepoy calls his colone[illegible]

* The Germans keep their bayonets fixed; [illegible] tendency to keep down fire.

the enemy to the very foot of the they began to re-ascend to their estruction. The officers could be d there to seize an infuriated sepoy collar and hurl him back into the lenly the Guides obeyed, carrying colonel, the last of four brothers who fields of honour.

ed resistance of the Guides and the e of the 2nd Brigade had hardly enemy. At nightfall 2,000 men lay he cornfields for the signal to rush the isolated—but still stout-hearted ho had not tasted food for forty-eight marched and fought the long day ut, said a Pathan prisoner, "Sud-ight was turned into day, and then gain our courage forsook us. The ere firing the stars at us."*

evening a company of the 4th Sikhs with his Maxim managed to cross on s to the support of the Guides.†

e night the enemy fired stray shots, unded a couple of sepoys. At day-fire was more accurate and killed Captain Peebles and wounded a with the Maxim.

y retired, and the Guides and Sikhs forward position. The party that Guides was about 4,000 strong; by ccount they lost 500. Our loss was fficers and three men killed, and wounded.

13th, Umra Khan sued for terms, his prisoner, Lieutenant Edwards, three days later.

were incessant, and the rivers con-se; it seemed likely that the bridge vat, in General Low's rear, and the bridge over the Panjkora, would pt away.

remaining mussack rafts (one had rned, and two unserviceable from were not sufficient to cross supplies. es and Sikhs were ordered to pack and baggage in their entrenchment and hold themselves in readiness to re-cross by the suspension bridge before what there was of it was swept away, for the flood threatened the piers, and was rapidly rising to the roadway, but the river falling on the 16th, they were ordered to stand fast.

On the 17th, General Low crossed with the 3rd and 2nd Brigades. They had been preceded by a squadron of the Guides under Colonel Blood, who found the enemy advancing from the village of Miankalai. The enemy occupied the hills on the south and two villages to the west. The 4th Gurkhas were directed up the southern hills, to move along them to the west; the Seaforth Highlanders on the slopes below, and the 25th Punjabees in support. The Buffs occupied the hills to the north with the Dera-jhat battery in action on a knoll in the centre. While the infantry cleared the hills, the lancers advanced up the centre of the valley, but they got no chance to charge, the ground being broken.

The enemy did not show the bold front of previous days, but retired as the infantry advanced, and though the guns were pushed forward about 1,000 yards, the loss of the enemy was trifling. Our casualties were four Gurkhas and a Highlander, four troopers and twelve horses wounded.

On the 18th, General Low, with the 2nd and 3rd Brigades, marched on Mundia, Umra Khan's home, a stone fort with four flanking towers, the interior a village intersected by lanes, the principal buildings being the mosque and Umra Khan's harem. The place was abandoned and empty save for a couple of ancient cannon, the toilet articles of native ladies, some rag-dolls, and a letter from an enterprising Bombay firm offering to supply Umra Khan with the newest weapons and ammunition at the lowest rates.

But Umra Khan had been fairly supplied from several sources, and had gone to his Afghan friends at Asmar, at the date of General Low's visit.

On the same evening General Gatacre, with the Buffs, Gurkhas, half a mountain-battery, two Maxims, a half-company of sappers, and twenty days' supplies, was pushed on to Barwa, *en route* for Dir and Chitral.

On the 20th, the remainder of the brigade, Seaforths and Punjabees, were brought on by General Low to the foot of the Janbatai. Having news that the Chitral garrison were reduced to great straits, Gatacre was ordered to

* were fired across the river by the artillery. are to be discontinued in our service, and at balls are seen only in our military

† are skins of animals used as water-bags. with air they support a raft, being very suitable for crossing mountain torrents. rock does not injure them as it would a port or pontoon, but crossing under fire is e bullet-hole lets out the air.

push on with 500 men, supported by the Seaforths.

The following day news came that Sheer Afzul

COLONEL BATTYE.
(*Photo, J. Burke & Co., Kintuck Maree.*)

had abandoned the siege, and was a prisoner in the hands of our ally the Khan of Dir.

When the relief of Chitral by Colonel Kelly's column was known, orders were sent to Gatacre not to press his men. His advanced troops were at Dir. The Lowari pass, 10,400 feet, was knee-deep in softening snow, and could only be crossed by a battalion at a time. Umra Khan had crossed with several thousand men in January when the snow was hard. Though our men suffered, they endured cheerily.

There is a good deal of "bogey" talk about our men funking the mountain-passes and the snows: they do not in the least, but enjoy the change from the sultry plains.

A man of the Buffs (the old London City Regiment) smacking his arms after the fashion of a cabby, said to his pal, "Well, I likes this—it reminds me more of the Old Country than anything I saw since I left."

They rivalled the mountain Gurkhas, tobogganing on nothing, down the steep snow slopes of the abrupt descent; and a sporting Madras Drabie unpacked his mule and tobogganed down astride on a rum cask, disappearing in a whirl of snow rather faster than he liked.

General Low's steady advance, securing his communications as he marched, and his five decisive defeats of the enemy, drove Umra Khan across the border, and Sheer Afzul to despair, thus rendering possible the relief of Chitral by Kelly's gallant little column.

Adjectives only weaken the bald chronicle of Chitral defence as told by Dr. Robertson.

The fort of Chitral on the river (to which there is a covered water-way) is about eighty feet square, with towers at the angles; the walls, eight feet thick, are stone filled into square wooden crates. It is naturally commanded from every side, and the indefatigable enemy built sungars, giving them a protected command. About fifty yards from the fort was a stone wall enclosing the mosque and stables, solid stone buildings, which had to be destroyed by the garrison, as they were not numerous enough to hold them. March 1st, the garrison consisted of 370 fighting-men, 90 Sikhs, the remainder Kashmir Imperial Service Rifles; Captain Campbell commanded the whole. When he was wounded the command devolved upon Captain Townshend. The other European officers were Captain Baird and Lieutenant Harley, Dr. Robertson, British Agent, Lieutenant Gurdon, his assistant, and Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch. On 3rd March came news of the approach of Sheer Afzul and a large force. A reconnaissance was made toward Drosh, Captain Baird led the advance, the British Agent and Captain Gurdon accompanied the force; they were repulsed from a fortified village, and in retiring, their flanks were overlapped. Campbell was shot through the knee, but mounted his horse and remained. The two Imperial Service Kashmir officers, General Baj Singh and Major Bhikran Singh, were shot dead, one on each side of Captain Townshend, who drew off the party

COLONEL KELLY.

and reached the fort, covered by the Sikh[s]. Dr. Robertson's native writer, carrying order[s] received eighteen tulwar wounds, and is aliv[e]

ARLEY, AT THE HEAD OF FORTY SIKHS AND SIXTY KASHMIRIS, RUSHED THE HOUSE OVER THE MOUTH OF THE MINE" (*p.* 182).

to write still. Captain Baird, mortally wounded, was brought in by Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch and thirteen Gurkhas, who had been cut off; they were nearly all wounded, but fought their way back through enclosures, with the body of the dying officer, who was carried by Whitechurch. Our loss was 22 killed and 36 wounded out of 150 engaged. In the fort were stored seventy days' half-rations, 350 rounds of Martini, and 240 Snider per man.

The enemy tried every means, beginning with Afghan wile, offering Dr. Robertson and party a safe conduct to Mastuj, while arrangements were made for their destruction *en route*. They made the fiercest assaults and carried on incessant fire. Day and night the garrison watched, fought, and toiled, building traverses and prados with any available material, and screens of tents and carpets. Boots were utilised as fire buckets. On the 25th the enemy set fire to the water-tower; they were repulsed and the fire extinguished. On the 14th they again assailed the waterway, and failed; Dr. Robertson was wounded in the shoulder, and other casualties occurred. On the 16th a letter was sent in from Edwards, and a truce granted with the hope of obtaining his release; it was futile, for, on the 17th, it was discovered that the enemy had run a mine to within a few feet of the walls; the playing of native bagpipes and tom-toms had prevented the sound of mining from being heard. Lieutenant Harley, at the head of 40 Sikhs and 60 Kashmiris, rushed the house over the mouth of the mine. The order was, "No firing; bayonet only." Three powder-bags were carried, the garden gate was quietly thrown open at four p.m., and the party rushed out and bayoneted 35 of the enemy; the powder-bags were placed, the fuses lit, the assailants barely escaped being blown up with the defenders, the turban of the last retiring sepoy caught fire from the explosion, which laid open the whole mine like a ditch to the foot of the tower. We lost 8 killed, 13 wounded; the enemy about 60. Their wounded went up with the fiery blast; their souls to the Paradise of fighting-men; their charred remnants fell back into the crater of the exploded mine.

The garrison now sunk counter-mines to continue the fight under the earth, as well as upon it.

The siege lasted forty-six days; one fifth of the garrison were killed or wounded. On the night of 18th, Sher Afzul and his retainers fled.

Our ally the Khan of Dir was advancing in one direction, Colonel Kelly in another, and Low's force getting near.

On the 20th April Colonel Kelly's marched into Chitral. They left Gilgi parties on 23rd and 24th March. First p Pioneers, with addition of two mount under Lieutenant Stewart, R.A., wh *en route*, also Lieutenant Oldham, R. 40 Kashmir sappers and 100 Hunzanag Lieutenant Gough with 60 Kashmir tr had snowed for five days, and Kelly Ghize for the second party. On Apri whole attempted the Shundar Pass, 11,0

Eight miles from Ghize the mules sa the girths in snow, and Colonel Kelly to Ghize with half the Pioneers, leaving Borradaile at Taru with the rest, ten d plies, and all the coolies.

On the 3rd, Borradaile pushed on command, guns and carriages in piece on sleighs, partly on the backs of co the foot of the pass, where they slept snow, having no tents. Next morni made a track through the pass to Langa ing it in the evening; there they ent themselves. The following day they the guns through—killing work for men altitude, where the rarefied air makes b difficult, and brings a taste of blood i mouth. Thirty men were struck wit blindness, 26 frostbitten in the first part They carried 15 lb. kit, eighty rounds and wore poshteens (sheepskin coats).* (5th Colonel Kelly, with 50 levies, start Borradaile, who had advanced towards The people of Langar had been taken prise, and made salaam. On the 7th t a halt to collect transport. Rig-Ackbar

* We are slow to apply the military experie gained in various parts of our empire. Lieu Lotbinière, R.E., an officer from the Canadian College, for some years roadmaking in the pas Gilgit, asked the Government to import s sufficient to instruct his men, and invaluabl open the passes when the snow is soft. E acquire the use of snow-shoes in a few days, an sepoys? The requisition for snow-shoes puzzled and never got beyond the Baboos of t Finance Department. The rigid doolie, with it (an incomparable litter in the plains), is unsu mountain warfare. A dandy or net hammock, mended by Major Carter in his paper on mou fare, is more suitable. But during the long p Waterloo to the Crimea we forgot more than to have learned since, for many a brave fellow ried from a Peninsular battlefield in his silk net the military tailor has long since swept away th adornments of the British army to substitute futilities.

levies. The Yasin people were friendly, ve assistance. April 8th, Colonel Kelly's e was led by Humayan, the Prime r of Hunza, whose levies skirmished to on. These are the people we conquered wo years ago. The old story: conquer atic and take him into your service, or the alternative of fighting him for ever.

9th, the levies under Lieutenant Beynon the enemy's right. The main body ed down the valley of the river. The ened on the sungars; a few shells drove defenders, who suffered in their flight e rifles of the Pioneers. But they only to a second line of sungars.

n the guns opened with a like result; we ly five casualties. Same day the force d to within two miles of Mastuj, which nant Moberly had held for eighteen days 6 Sikhs and 250 Kashmir troops against ned Isa with 1,500 men. Moberly had usly rescued Lieutenant Jones and his oys from Puni, after the destruction of n Ross and his party. The enemy were ly posted about a mile north of Langar. e 13th, Colonel Kelly, with all available he guns now carried on country ponies, d Nisagol. Similar turning tactics (in mstances, lowering ladders with ropes cliffs) compelled the astonished enemy ndon apparently impregnable positions. e 14th, Drasun was occupied after a t march of twenty miles. On the 15th, torms had turned to pelting rain.

he 17th, at Barnas, the river, 4 feet deep now-water, had to be forded. On the he food supply was reduced to two and a ys. Foraging parties secured another day's On the 19th the force reached Kogasi t opposition, and found the enemy had ned the siege of Chitral.

is flank march Colonel Kelly baffled the who had expected him by the same n which Captain Ross had been destroyed. fzul, with 700 Chitralis, hemmed into the by the Khan of Dir, surrendered. He t prisoner to General Low's camp on the rotesting that he had always been our He wore a Russian military great-coat, e buttons of the Czar's army. His coat, policy, was reversible.

ral Low humanely released the 700 s, and sent them to their villages. Sher e sent to India, probably to be pensioned. thousand rounds of rifle ammunition were found buried in the Fort of Dir. The natives say it was sent from the north (about a month before the campaign opened) by the Ameer of Kabul. It was thought that a further amount was sold out of our own magazines, but contradicted on official inquiry.

With the flight of Umra Khan and the surrender of Sher Afzul active operation ceased, excepting the occasional stalking of an incautious British sentry, and the curiously treacherous attack on Lieutenant Robertson while surveying, by the man given him as a guide by the Khan of Dir.

Lieutenant Robertson, with the usual British confidence, had given his sword to the guide to carry. The man had been a follower of Umra Khan, and carried a double-barrelled sporting rifle of his own. Suddenly he fired both barrels at the lieutenant, who was riding in front; one bullet grazed the pony's ear. Robertson jumped off, drew his revolver, and fired at the man, who was coming at him with his own sword—wounded, but did not drop him. The revolver jammed, and the Englishman was cut over the head, but he closed with his assailant and got him down. Seeing two more men making for him with drawn tulwars, he made a dash for his Gurkha escort, only a few hundred yards behind. His assailant fled, but was subsequently captured by the Khan of Dir, tried, and shot. The incident, like a hundred others, is typical of the ineradicable treachery of the Afghan character.

The Imperial Government, in accordance with that of India, have decided to occupy Chitral with a few native troops and a native mountain-battery.

A glance at the accompanying map shows the situation, and that the last swoop of the Russian eagle brings the frontier within fifty miles of Chitral.

Lake Victoria, named after the Empress of India, is henceforth in the territory of the Czar, whose conquests, so far as England is concerned, are always those of peace.

The Russians will not knock their heads against our fortified lines of Quetta, to reach which they must have gained the Afghan, and after taking or masking which they would have a desert march of some 200 miles before reaching populous India.

They can turn our defences through the fertile valleys of Kashmir and its dependencies, which afford pleasant resting-places, assembly grounds, and bases for further operations.

The passes of the Hindoo Koosh, as marked

on Captain Younghusband's map, may be divided into two groups—an eastern group which leads down into the Hunza-Nagar assembly grounds, and a western group which leads down to the Chitral assembly grounds, thence direct to Peshawar, without entering Afghanistan proper.

The eastern group—Kilick, Mintaka, Khunjerab — are very difficult passes, down which only small detachments could come ; moreover, a wedge of Chinese territory is supposed to control (whatever that may be worth) their northern inlets. The western group—Baroghil, Darkot, and Khara-Bhart—are much more practicable, and a fairly large force could march by them and be concentrated in Chitral.

It is true we have ceded the intervening territory of Wakhan to the Ameer of Kabul. Hitherto a buffer State has only afforded a pretext to the strong and unscrupulous to punish a foray or the theft of a flock of goats, by the annexation of territory. We must have a definite boundary, the crossing of which by either party is a *casus belli*.

To consolidate our frontier is a mere of mule roads, which the hillmen wou make under our supervision.

One great cause of dislike to our occ the compulsory coolie transport enforc Kashmir Government to carry suppli posts. Even the sahib's beer has to be men's shoulders. It is true the forced paid, but the more warlike tribesm rather fight us than carry our burdens.

That we should not improve our co tions for fear our enemies might us not the argument of a sane person, el would be destitute of railways. Tl made his road and entrenched his *ca* advanced : we let a political agent re heart of a native village, without esco a strategically-selected post, a Maxim a large supply of ammunition an garrison, and a good road to it, wou the perpetual expense of punitive e whose only result is hatred of u wobbly ways.

SURGEON-MAJOR ROBERTSON.

istrous Russian campaign of
iad shown that the great Na-
was not invincible, that his
iations were not always superior
s which sway human affairs,
ould no longer calculate on
n arms of conquered countries
n forced to give him unwil-
The "Grand Army" had
. Famine, the slaughter of
s, and, above all, the horrors
retreat had destroyed it. A
remnants, principally gathered
s d'armée which had been the
upon the fatal campaign and
gone all its trials, were re-
Prussia, under the command of
d chivalrous Eugène de Beau-
d taken up the burden after it
ily relinquished by Murat in his
n to his kingdom of Naples, and
to be relieved from a task in
much difficulty and little glory.
he superior officers in the army
ow no longer what it had been
s. In spite of the adventurous
hey led, many of them had
tablished homes, and, though
n occasions capable of the most
and the noblest self-devotion,
nger the hard and fiery warriors
le of the past and recked not of
entered lightly on the most
rises, who carried all their
hem into the field, having no
the fires of their bivouacs. But
or was himself still indomitable,
ited, his capacity as stupendous
smayed by the terrible blows
he had set himself to work to
of the past, to provide for the
necessities of the future, and astonished Europe saw fresh armies spring into existence at his bidding, and the power of France in his hands still loom great and unconquered. He arrived in Paris from Russia on the 18th December, 1812, and the moment he was again at the centre of the vast system which he had created, he had made it vibrate to his war cry from end to end. From Rome to Brest, from Perpignan to Hamburg, the whole empire rose in arms at once; while he, master of the wide extent, with consummate knowledge of every detail in its organism, was able to direct all its resources with a judgment so clear, with a hand so firm, and with calculation so unerring, that in three months the *matériel* and *personnel* of an army of 300,000 men had been created, enrolled, and organised; and this enormous mass of soldiers, clothed, armed and equipped, was set in motion, and was about to find itself concentrated within reach of the enemy, ready for battle. Of all the administrative feats performed by Napoleon during his reign this was one of the most marvellous. Infantry, artillery, a proportion of cavalry, supplies, ammunition, transport, all were provided, and, both in forming these masses and in the smallest details of their equipment and organisation, nothing was neglected, nothing forgotten. It is said that at any moment of the day or night, whatever had been his pre-occupation, the emperor was able to tell the numbers, composition, and actual value of each of the numberless detachments of all arms which he had put in motion in every part of his empire, the quality of their clothing and armament, the number of stages in the line of march of each, and the day, even the hour, when each should arrive at its destination.

It has been said that Prince Eugène was retreating slowly through Prussia. He was pressed upon, but not hurried, in his still defiant

march, by the overwhelming numbers of the following Russian army. For three months he had been able to dispute the possession of Poland, Saxony, and Prussia. At last his retreat, bringing his feeble force within reach of support, came to an end at Magdeburg. On his right and left, however, his enemy still poured forward their legions. They crossed the Elbe—Hamburg was passed by them. They occupied Dresden and Leipsic, and the empire of France itself was threatened. Prussia, so long cowed by Napoleon and forced to furnish a contingent to his armies, had roused herself in national revolt against his iron domination, and had declared war against him, putting into the field 95,000 men, and with them the veteran Blücher, who within the next three years was destined to reap so great a harvest of glory. But the onward movement of the enemies of France was now no longer to have before it only the *débris* of the hosts which had retreated from Russia, but its way was barred by the newly-raised army under the immediate command of the greatest warrior of the time. Napoleon had left Paris on the 15th April, and, rushing to the centre of the long line now held by his lieutenants, he was prepared to carry out his strategic scheme of surprising and turning the Russo-Prussian right, and thus rolling up and hurling back the forces of the allies who had dared to think that his power had been irretrievably shattered.

On the west of Leipsic lies the great plain in the centre of which is Lutzen. Here was the scene of the last and most famous of the victories gained by Gustavus Adolphus. Here the great Swedish monarch fell, and here his tomb marked the spot of his glorious death, the limit set by fate to his Protestant championship. To this plain as a gathering place had been directed the masses of troops with which Napoleon intended to operate as his field army. Hither came, under the command of the renowned generals of France, the numerous columns which had been formed in so many different countries—from the east of Europe, from the centre of Spain, from Italy, from the north, west and south of the threatened empire, all concentrated and fell into line with the utmost precision, with the most perfect unity of purpose.

On the night of the 1st of May, Napoleon was at Lutzen. Already, at Weissenfels, the young conscripts who filled the ranks had had their first encounter with the enemy, and, led by the heroic Marshal Ney, had borne themselves with the steadiness and valour of old soldiers. So brilliant had been their conduct, so d[illegible] success which they had obtained, that their leaders with pride and confide[illegible] army of France seemed about to ent[illegible] fresh career of triumph. But there fel[illegible] cloud upon the success which had [illegible] achieved. Marshal Bessières, Duke [illegible] one of the emperor's oldest and mo[illegible] adherents, who commanded the cav[illegible] guard, was suddenly struck down [illegible] cannon shot while reconnoitring n[illegible] his master's side. As his body was [illegible] the field wrapped in a cloak, the fat[illegible] comrade painfully impressed Nap[illegible] said, " Death is coming very close to [illegible]

On the 2nd May the emperor r[illegible] o'clock in the morning to give his [illegible] dictate his correspondence. The [illegible] spies, more explicit than any which [illegible] received, led him to believe that [illegible] Russo-Prussian army was moving f[illegible] sheltered by the Elster, towards Z[illegible] Pegau. It seemed that they had [illegible] that the French were directly in [illegible] and that their commander, Wittg[illegible] looking for his enemy nearer to th[illegible] mountains. Cavalry was the one [illegible] Napoleon had been unable to ex[illegible] sufficient numbers, and, in default [illegible] perfect knowledge to be gained [illegible] scouting squadrons, he made his a[illegible] for a forward movement with a p[illegible] caution which would enable him to [illegible] error if unhappily he should make o[illegible] only four leagues from Leipsic, and [illegible] to push boldly on and to secure th[illegible] the Elster at that town. If he co[illegible] his plan, he believed that he woul[illegible] flank of the enemy and cut their [illegible] munications, after which he could [illegible] with every advantage in his fav[illegible] Eugène was ordered to lead the a[illegible] the corps of Lauriston and Marsha[illegible] supported by the cavalry division [illegible] Maubourg and a strong reserve [illegible] Lauriston was to seize Leipsic, an[illegible] was to move on Zwenkau, at which [illegible] probable that the advanced troops c[illegible] would be encountered. The emp[illegible] with his guard, would follow in supp[illegible] Eugène. Meantime, in case, as was [illegible] enemy should throw themselves [illegible] French right, Marshal Ney was to e[illegible] self with his *corps d'armée* in the ne[illegible] of Lutzen ; and a group of five [illegible]

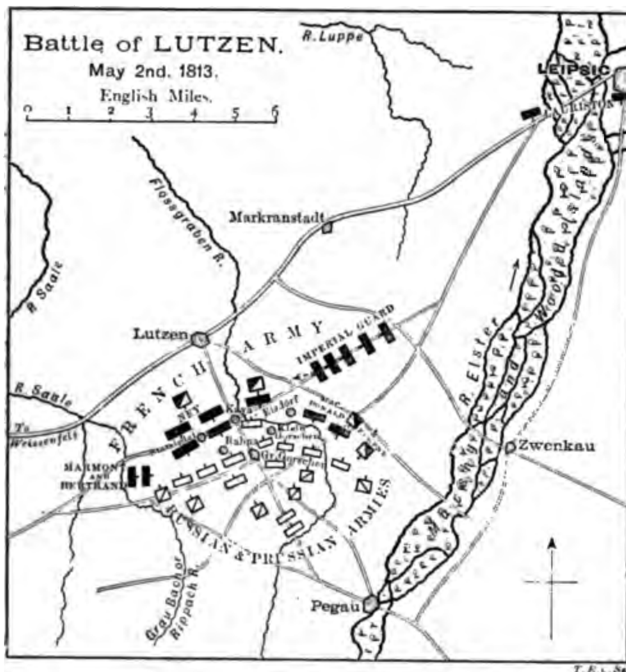
m as a strong defensive position
n a pivot for all the operations
my. There remained the corps
trand, and Oudinot, which were
it from Leipsic. They were
forward and to form on the
he enemy made an attack on
osition. If no such attack was
whole was to press on to the
Elster between Zwenkau and

'rench army was in motion.
columns were on the march
and the Elster. The Old and
re following in the same direc-
ps was taking up a defensive
illages south of Lutzen. Mar-
and Oudinot were all pressing
art in the great struggle which
ninent, though its exact locality
n. At ten o'clock the emperor
, and, followed by the crowd of
of men who formed his staff,
Leipsic. As he passed along-
f his soldiers that were toiling
epeated cries of "*Vive l'Em-*
l his appearance. Nothing in
time is more striking than the
military ardour and veneration
f their emperor mastered the
as they found themselves in
army; with what enthusiasm
man, who had been the author
in which the blood of French-
ured out like water, the man
o be detested by their country-
ifices which he demanded, and
ely torn themselves from their
o fight his battles.
al cavalcade approached Leipsic
town by Maison's division of
was being vigorously carried
the natural obstacles and stern
h the French had to encounter.
vered by a wide belt of marshy
l, traversed by several arms of
he only passage across this belt
lowing a long series of bridges.
who commanded the garrison,
mps of wood with light infantry,
the entrance to the bridges by
of artillery, supported by heavy
. The gallant Maison, having
my's light troops and brought
and infantry to reply to the
Prussian fire, detached a battalion, which, fording one of the branches of the Elster, threatened Kleist's flank. He then formed a column of attack, and, placing himself at its head, carried the first bridge with a bayonet charge. The Prussians stood their ground stubbornly, but were swept away by the fierce rush, and Napoleon saw his soldiers entering Leipsic pell-mell with their flying foe. The town was at his mercy, and the first portion of his plan of operations was apparently carried out with complete success.

It was eleven o'clock. Napoleon no longer thought there was any fighting to be done, except in his immediate front. There he believed that he had found the main force of the enemy which he wished to crush, and there he had struck a first successful blow. Suddenly the roar of many pieces of artillery struck his ear, resounding from his right rear apparently in the direction of the villages which he had left to the guardianship of Ney's corps. As we have seen, the chance of an attack on his flank had been foreseen and provided for, and he was neither surprised nor disconcerted. After listening for a few moments to the cannonade, which, increasing in volume, became more and more terrible, he said calmly, "While we have been trying to outflank them, they have been turning us. However, there is no harm done, and they will find us everywhere prepared to meet them."

Marshal Ney had accompanied him to Leipsic. Him he sent back at once, at a gallop, to rejoin his corps, impressing upon him that he must hold his position like a rock, which he should be well able to do, as he had 48,000 men at his disposal, and he would after a time receive the support of other troops on his right, on his left, and in rear. Then, with the composure of a mind prepared for any emergency, he issued orders for all his advanced troops to reverse their order of march, the most delicate of operations to execute with precision, especially in the case where enormous masses have to be handled. Lauriston was ordered to maintain his hold on Leipsic with one division, while the other two divisions of his corps were to move towards the left of Ney's position. Macdonald's corps was to fall back from Zwenkau also towards the left of Ney. Prince Eugène, with his reserve artillery and the cavalry of Latour-Maubourg, was to support Macdonald. So much for the strengthening of Ney's left. On his right, Marmont, who was now on the march north of Lutzen, was ordered to hurry into position; while Bertrand, still distant, was to connect

with Marmont and make every effort to appear on the enemy's left and rear. Finally, as a support to the centre of the new battle-line, the whole of the Guard was to retrace its steps and form behind the group of villages held by Ney. No conscripts were these, but a mass of 18,000 war-hardened old soldiers who could be relied upon to maintain the prestige of French arms under any circumstances. His orders given, and having seen the wide and complicated manœuvre well commenced, the emperor betook himself to the point where Ney's corps was sustaining the first onset of the allied army, and where long hours must be passed in strenuous resistance before the much-needed succours could make themselves felt.



The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were present with the allied armies, which had entered on the campaign under the command of the veteran Kutusof. Kutusof was dead, however, though this was not publicly made known for fear of the influence the fact might have on the superstitious minds of the Russian soldiery. It was given out that he was absent, and the supreme command was placed in the hands of Count Wittgenstein, who had as chief of the staff General Diebitch, afterwards so well known in the Turkish war of 1828. The allied generals, well served in reconnaissance by their numerous cavalry, were aware of all the movements of the French army, a detected Napoleon's scheme of attacking They had conceived the apparently ver plan of falling on the flank of the lon out French columns as they passed great Lutzen plain. Knowing their superiority in cavalry, they considered would easily break up a newly-raised which had with it hardly enough squ perform ordinary scouting duties. If t succeed in penetrating the French line they considered that Napoleon must suffer a shattering disaster. therefore arranged that, on of the 1st May, the Rus forces should cross the Elste kau and Pegau, and should on the group of village Lutzen, the very villages i the French emperor had p corps. Excellent as their however, it failed in one on which it was founded. posed that no great force w them in the villages, as bivouac fires, such as those outposts, had been seen in bourhood, and, till the cra came, it was unknown that divisions were lying hid them, formed and ready fo

Let us examine the posit Marshal Ney, on the mai which in French hands de chance of victory for the F Flowing northward throu towards Lutzen are two s Flossgraben and the Rippach. Be south of Lutzen, are the five villa Gorschen, the most southerly; Klein-Gorschen, a little farther to Starsiedel, towards the west; and K the north-east near the course of the The three first named lie in a sligh of ground, cut up by streamlets bo trees, which form here and there poc ing cattle and eventually discharge into the Flossgraben. Starsiedel an stand on rising ground.

The allied forces which were ab themselves on this position were under Count Wittgenstein in person d'York, who had commanded the F tingent of Napoleon's army in t against Russia, and had been t

the emperor when misfortune overtook After crossing the Elster, these leaders Blücher, who had with him 25,000 men. ert were 18,000 of reserves, and the Imperial Guard. Some 12,000 or 13,000

"HE THEN FORMED A COLUMN OF ATTACK" (p. 187).

nder Wintzingerode, had covered the t of the infantry and artillery, and y prepared to complete the success emed to await the decisive action of ined army. Besides these, another 12,000 men, under Miloradovich, was farther to the south, and might ed to come into line in time for the ttle.

The Russo-Prussian army rested its right flank on the Flossgraben and its left on the ravine through which the Rippach flows, and, as it deployed its long, dense columns, the Emperor Alexander and the King Frederick William rode through its ranks, encouraging their soldiers and receiving their enthusiastic acclamations. The two monarchs then placed themselves on an eminence commanding the battle-field, from which they could watch the fortunes of the day.

Of Ney's corps the most advanced division was that of General Souham, a man who had grown grey in war, imposing in appearance by his great stature, cool, determined, and of

undaunted courage. The division was formed near Gross-Gorschen. Not till about ten o'clock was there any sign of the approaching storm, but at that hour the advanced sentries could see the long blue lines near the Flossgraben, which the old soldiers in the ranks recognised as regiments of the enemy, deploying from column of march. On the other side, near the Rippach, the glint of the sun on brass and steel showed the presence of the dragoons and cuirassiers of the Russian Imperial Guard, while the black clouds that wheeled and hovered near and far were the pulks of Cossacks, whose name even then was one of dread to Western Europe. To the young soldiers of France who had not been three months under arms, it seemed that all was lost, and that it would be impossible for them to hold their ground against such odds till help came.

The fiery Blücher, though bearing the weight of seventy years, commanded the first line of the attack on the French with all the vigour and impetuosity of youth, with all the patriotic enthusiasm which animated the soldiers of Germany. Covered by the fire of twenty-four guns and supported on the left near Starsiedel by the Russian cavalry, his leading division advanced; but Souham stood fast with his men formed in squares, for, young as they were, they could not have been trusted in a looser formation. The French artillery, inferior in numbers, replied to the Prussian fire, but was unable to subdue the torrents of grape that tore through the French ranks, and whose every discharge was followed by the ominous order from Souham and his officers, "Close your ranks," as gaps were made in the serried masses. The conscripts fought like veterans, and, when the Prussian infantry charged with loud cries of "*Vaterland! Vaterland!*" repulsed them once and again, but, decimated by the ruthless artillery fire, threatened on their right by powerful squadrons, they gave way and fell back from Gross-Gorschen to Rahna and Klein-Gorschen. The cavalry, which had menaced them, thought to convert the retreat into a rout and swept down from Starsiedel; but General Girard's division, supported by the divisions of Generals Marchand, Ricard, and Brenier, received the hostile squadrons with so steady and deadly a fire that they drew rein and retired. The divisions of Souham and Girard then occupied Klein-Gorschen and Rahna, and for the time checked the further advance of the Prussian infantry.

Rallied in their new position, the brigades of Souham regained all their original and, with Girard's division formed on were again prepared for vigorous The watercourses, enclosures, and p were the main features of the villa important means of defence, and experienced generals of the French well how to make the most of the they offered. The general situation moreover, and fresh confidence p young soldiers by the arrival of M mont, who, with his arm in a sling f wound, debouched near Starsiedel v sions of Generals Campans and Bo two divisions were at once formed squares, and occupied all the gro Girard's right and Starsiedel. Ca sion was composed entirely of mari been drafted from their service a seaport garrisons to swell the rank army; and nobly did these men maritime honour of France in mightiest conflicts ashore. As the the terrible fire of the Prussian b bore themselves proudly and giving back no step of ground and right of the army with soldierly When the allied sovereigns and Bl new and firm attitude of their ene evident to them that the French l so much surprised as they had hop the case, and that it would be no carry the villages now so strongl Blücher, undaunted by any obst cognising that victory could alone forcing the French centre, left thei neutralised by the allied cavalry himself at the head of fresh troo division, supported on right and le d'York's divisions—against Klein-G Rahna.

Furious was this second assault, became a series of independent tween detached bodies, in the attack of each incident of the offered a post of vantage. In ho enclosures, across watercourses, f tree in the groves, the stalwart the French recruits fought it out There was no time to load, and the be decided with the bayonet. B forwards the combatants swayed, b they struggled, boys could not men. Klein-Gorschen and Rahna by Blücher and his sturdy follo

wo divisions which had defended
ll back towards Kaya and Star-
s they were indeed. When the
, scarce a third of each company
ent." The centre of the French
ly shaken, but still Souham and
le again to re-form under cover of
Brenier and Ricard, and Star-
Campans's marines and Bonnet's
ood immovable and defiant.

though the impassioned vehem-
r, the patriotic ardour and courage
who followed him, were destined
lriving the great wedge of attack
of the French army; but at this
and tremendous force, though it
nagnetic personality of one man,
he field against them. Marshal
e have seen with Napoleon near
rrived at a gallop to assume the
ie army corps, which had hitherto
without him. The presence of
untless battlefields, the victor of
great Prince de la Moskowa, the
ear-guard in the dread retreat over
ppes of Russia, was like a draught
to the men who were staggering
nemy's fierce attack. The very
narshal's face, whose every feature
promising energy, the vivid light-
e, the rudely-cut upturned nose,
ominant jaw, inspired confidence.
ic, powerful frame seemed a tower
iich no force could overthrow.

grasped his *corps d'armée* in his
Marchand's division he detached
ssgraben towards the hamlet of
eaten the enemy's right and to
n with Macdonald, whose arrival
uld not now be long delayed. He
head of the divisions of Brenier
pressed forward to retake the
had been abandoned. But the
already left the villages behind
line of French bayonets crashed
men at the foot of the eminence
a stands. If the Prussians fought
dignity of their country, so long
th the heel of Napoleon, the
ls, officers, and men fought with
ion to maintain the glory of their
and reassert her predominance in
nothing could resist the leader-
Death passed him by on every
le others fell on his right and left,
he seemed invulnerable. Forward he pressed and ever forward till at last the bloodstained ruins of Klein-Gorschen and Rahna were again in the possession of Brenier and Ricard, the relics of Souham's and Girard's divisions following hard on their forward track; and, despite every effort of Blücher, the Prussians were hurled back upon Gross-Gorschen.

The French supports began to close at last on the scene of conflict. Macdonald and Prince Eugène were following the east bank of the Flossgraben and approaching Eisdorf, the Guard was hurrying towards the north of Kaya, and though the head of Bertrand's columns was not yet in sight, his early arrival might be counted upon. Napoleon himself rode on to the field of one of the bloodiest engagements in modern war. The personal presence of the greatest general of the time was allowed by his adversaries to be worth at least ten thousand men; and his soldiers, believing that where he was defeat could not be, hailed his appearance as a presage of victory. Still the determination of Blücher and his resources were not exhausted, though division after division had crumbled to pieces in his hands, while they sacrificed themselves in following where he led. The Prussian Royal Guard and reserves had not yet been engaged, and Blücher called upon them in turn to conquer or die. On his right he sent two battalions across the Flossgraben to check the head of Macdonald's advancing columns. On his left he launched the cavalry of the Royal Guard against Marmont's squares, and in the centre he placed himself at the head of the tall Pomeranian Grenadiers to attempt a last attack on the position which had so long defied him. Again Frenchman and German closed in the shock of deadly strife. Against the furious charges of Prussian cavalry, supported by Wintzingerode's squadrons, Marmont's squares remained unbroken, like iron citadels, vomiting fire from their living walls. No check could be given on the right to Macdonald and Prince Eugène, but in the centre the four divisions of Ney's corps, already rudely handled and battle-weary, gave way before Blücher. Klein-Gorschen and Rahna were carried for the second time. The German leader was severely wounded in the assault, but, refusing to quit the field, the old warrior gave his men no breathing-space and pressed up the slope towards Kaya. Even there the French could not again rally in time, and the last village, the key of the position, was at last wrested from them.

The French centre was pierced, and, if the Russian army had at once followed in support of the conquering Prussians, the day would have been lost to Napoleon. But the movements of allies always lack unison, and the opportunity which had been gained by the determined gallantry of Blücher was lost by the inactivity of the Russian commanders. Napoleon's cool glance marked that the Prussian Guard, though for the time successful, was shaken by its advance, and that no fresh troops were behind them. Riding into the midst of the shattered bands of conscripts and exclaiming, "Young men, I have counted on you to save the empire, and are you flying?" he succeeded in restoring some order. Ricard's division had suffered less than the others, and was still in battle formation. To its head he sent Count Lobau, one of his most trusted generals, bidding him lead it again into the fight. It was a last despairing effort. The emperor had no longer under his hand the eighty squadrons, led by the brilliant Murat, which, in similar circumstances, he had been able to launch at his foe at Eylau and Borodino. These had perished in the Russian snows. He was obliged to trust his fate to battalions of half-drilled, weakly, inexperienced boys, already shaken by heavy loss and worn out by fatigue. And the boys failed him not. Inflamed by the warrior spirit of their country, they responded gallantly to the appeals of their emperor and the leadership of Count Lobau. With the bayonet they fell upon the Prussians, who had so lately[illegible] them back. The divisions of Souham[illegible] Grenier also rallied in their attenuated[illegible] under the mastery of Ney's adamantine [illegible] and again plunged into the fight. W[illegible] sound to French ears, the roar of gu[illegible] heard on their left flank. It was Mac[illegible] who at last was making his presence felt [illegible] other side of the Flossgraben. Far a[illegible] their right deep columns were deployi[illegible] fighting formation, relieving the pressure [illegible] mont's corps. Bertrand had arrived, a[illegible] both flanks the allies were exposed to [illegible] fire. Over a front of two leagues the [illegible] raged. Even the oldest of the warriors [illegible] had never seen an issue so bitterly co[illegible] none that had demanded such a tribute [illegible]

COSSACK OUTPOST.

The last charge of Ney's corps ca[illegible] before it. The Prussian Guard reeled b[illegible] Kaya, the key of the position, was [illegible] Blücher. A vast crescent of fire w[illegible] in front of the allied army, but still[illegible] centre of that crescent could be cut thr[illegible] horns could be held of comparatively li[illegible] sequence. They must fall back if their [illegible] tion was destroyed. Although 40,000 [illegible] been expended by Blücher, there still r[illegible] the corps of Wittgenstein untouched, t[illegible] of d'York, which had suffered little, [illegible] infantry of the Russian Imperial Guard. [illegible] six o'clock in the evening, and the eff[illegible] be made at once or not at all. Witt[illegible]

NAPOLEON RALLYING THE CONSCRIPTS AT LUTZEN.

led to make it, and led the fresh [illegible]s over the ground where lay the piles of [illegible]ch and German dead and wounded which [illegible]ed where the tide of success had ebbed and [illegible]d. Masses of cavalry supported the move-[illegible], and, under Wintzingerode, neutralised [illegible] French right. Macdonald's infantry had [illegible] been able to come into action, and the [illegible] advance was, for a time, unchecked. But [illegible] is that long line of bearskins crowning the [illegible] stretching from Starsiedel to Kaya? what [illegible] six steady masses in the rear? what is [illegible] huge battery whirling into action? It is [illegible] infantry and artillery of Napoleon's Imperial [illegible], which has at last arrived. Sixteen bat-[illegible] of the Young Guard are in columns of [illegible] under Dumoutier, supported by six batta-[illegible] of the Old Guard. Druot is putting eighty [illegible] into action. No one can conceive the para-[illegible] effect upon a foe of the appearance of the [illegible] French Guard. Trained by twenty [illegible] of war—survivors of all the campaigns [illegible] revolutionary times till the great suc-[illegible] the empire—their eagles have always [illegible] victory, and, in fair field, they have [illegible] met their superiors. They have [illegible] from Leipsic, and have been mar-[illegible] under Napoleon's own eye. Now their [illegible] advance pauses to give Druot time to [illegible] shower of grape and cannon-balls on [illegible]stein and d'York, and now again they [illegible] forward with levelled bayonets and set, determined faces. Vain is now the bravery of Wittgenstein and d'York, vain the hopes of Alexander and Frederick William. Shattered by the combined artillery and infantry fire, their troops stand still, waver, recoil.

The steady squares on the French right throw back the cavalry of Wintzingerode, the serried columns in the centre, flanked by Druot's artillery and Macdonald's infantry which is now in line, press against the Russian battalions, and now the whole allied army must retreat, having permanently gained no foot of ground, no single military advantage during the long day of undaunted effort and patriotic devotion.

But though victory, after hovering doubtful over the combatants, at last rested with Napoleon, though his young army had proved its spirit equal to that of its predecessors which had marched resistless over Europe, no trophies of success could be gathered, no crowds of prisoners swelled the triumph as in the days of bygone conquests. The grand cavalry of the past had disappeared never to be replaced. The pursuit, which alone could have so much demoralised the allies as to render them incapable of future action, was impossible. The Russo-Prussian army retired unmolested, slowly, sullenly, defeated but not finally overmastered, again to gather strength and cohesion. Great and undoubted as was his victory at Lutzen, it was but the prelude to the succession of shocks, which left the edifice of Napoleon's Empire in crumbling ruins.

MARSHAL MACDONALD.

IN the year 1876 there had been some serious troubles in Bulgaria. Opinions differed, and always will differ, as to their origin; it may be taken as certain, however, that a partial insurrection broke out on the part of the Christian population of a small district, the movement having been got up and fomented by outside agitators. Many of the Moslem inhabitants were murdered, and in revenge the Turkish Bashi-Bazouks, or irregulars, perpetrated massacres on a much larger scale. These, greatly magnified and exaggerated, created much excitement throughout Europe and aroused a widespread feeling of indignation against Turkey. For a time it seemed that Russia was about to take the opportunity of striking a final blow at her old enemy, but not being fully prepared, her agents incited Servia to declare war against Turkey, although she had no grievance whatever against her neighbour. Large numbers of Russian officers and soldiers, for the most part in civilian dress, made their way to Servia and were throughout the war the backbone of the Servian force.

The Turks, expecting that the first step on the part of the enemy would be the invasion of the district of Widdin, lying upon the Danube, which was completely open to such an attack, collected a force under Osman Pasha for the defence of that district, while another and larger force was assembled at Nisch, near the southern frontier of Servia. After one or two minor skirmishes, in which the Servians were worsted, Osman Pasha took up his position near the river Timok. The country around Widdin, a town of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, was for the most part fertile, and showed every sign of prosperity and comfort. In spite of the fact that large numbers of Turkish irregulars had joined Osman Pasha's force, women and girls were working fearlessly in the fields. Herds of cattle grazed peacefully, and the whol
of the population showed how utterly un
were the reports so industriously sprea
Servian and Russian agents of rap
murder.

At Adlieh, a large and busy B
village, some four-and-twenty miles fro
din, life went on as usual, although the
army was encamped a few miles dista
parties of men frequently came over t
purchases. No amount of inquiry coul
single fact in support of the tales of
atrocity, and indeed the inhabitants sco
idea that they had any cause of complai
ever. The consuls and vice-consuls
various Christian Powers, they said,
vigilant that no Turkish pasha, however
ful, would venture to extort money, stil
allow violence to be offered to the Ch
They might perhaps grind down th
religionists, who had no one to take the
but as for the Christians they had no c
whatever to make, and the writer c
positively that during the whole of the
was in Turkey, the story he heard at Ad
everywhere repeated, and that he never
single tale of ill-treatment from the Chri
any expressions of discontent with Turk
Indeed, the appearance of the country s
itself, and in point of material comfort
dition of the peasantry was at least equa
of any English agricultural population.

In July the harvest was going on, n
women, and sometimes women witho
were at work reaping the corn with smal
while women and girls were busy in
bacco and maize fields hoeing and ear
the plants—and this within sound of the
the combatants. Masses of yellow an
camomile, blue and yellow cornflower
convolvulus, and madder, rose campion
rockets, blue larkspurs, yellow moss drag

and bluish-white hollyhocks, covered the of uncultivated ground. Herds of cattle, and goats, and a great many horses, fed un-, and a prettier and more peaceful scene carcely be imagined. Near Adlieh the un-l ground rose into hills, and thence on to mok low ranges of undulations succeeded ther. In the neighbourhood of the village brigade of Turkish regulars, under Fazli and a still larger number of irregulars, all canvas, not one of them being quartered village.

ilities began in earnest on July 20th ; the ıs crossed the river in two columns and in the direction of Adlieh, passing the f Osman Pasha's forces at Izvor. Osman is troops round and engaged the Servians, Fazli moved out with his brigade and fell their flank. For some time the Servian y fought fairly, but when two squadrons cassian horsemen charged down upon they were seized with a panic; two ons threw away their arms and fled, and the rest at once gave way before dvance of the Turks and retreated to llage of Zaichar, where they had already n up some earthworks. Zaichar stood on -rising ground with the Timok winding its foot ; and as so far Osman had received ders to cross the Timok, there was for a pause in hostilities, broken only by a try fire across the river by the skir-rs. The fortnight that followed, however, y strengthened the Turks. At the out-of hostilities the Servians had already l under arms about 120,000 men. Against the Turks were for a time able to oppose from 15,000 to 18,000 men at Nisch, Osman had but some 5,000 troops at n.

l the Servians possessed the slightest t of energy or military skill they could placed 30,000 men to hold the Turks h in check, have poured 80,000 across mok into Bulgaria, and have marched t unopposed across the country to , capturing Widdin and Rustchuk on way. It is probable, however, that the at this success would have disclosed to all the utter falsity of the pretext Servia ade for declaring war against Turkey—, that the latter had collected a great with the intention of invading her—had ing to do with the inactivity displayed. omplete defeat of the division that had encountered the Turks at Izvor had also, no doubt, a cooling effect upon Servian enthusiasm. They had lost in that battle some 2,000 men and five cannons, and the fugitives reported that Osman Pasha had at least 25,000 men; whereas, in fact, including Fazli's brigade, he had only some 8,000 men engaged. In another direction the Servians had attempted an advance: 6,000 men crossed the frontier and took up their post at Palanka, thereby interposing between Sofia and Nisch, but were attacked and defeated with a loss, as acknowledged by themselves, of considerably over 2,000. Other raids had been made, but these partook rather of the character of brigandage than of regular warfare.

On the 1st of August the Turkish army at Nisch advanced up the valley towards Alexinatz; but Osman's force, which was now considerably increased in strength, remained inactive, to their great disgust. Their contempt for the Servians was now supreme, for six battalions of the latter that had crossed the river had been utterly routed by a single Turkish battalion, and there was a confident feeling among officers and men that if Osman received orders to do so they were perfectly capable of marching unaided to Belgrade, even if the whole Servian army barred the way. On the 7th of August some two hundred Circassians, four battalions of infantry, and three guns, marched some four miles up the Timok and there crossed, the Circassians galloping on ahead. Presently they came to a village occupied by a considerable number of Servian troops; these fired their muskets and fled, but numbers were cut down by the wild horsemen, who pushed on until close to Zaichar itself. The Servian batteries, some eight or ten in number, opened fire. Osman's guns replied, and a vigorous cannonade was kept up for half an hour. A larger force of Circassians now crossed the river, and being strengthened by two squadrons of regular Turkish cavalry, crossing this time by a ford in front of Zaichar, enter the place without opposition, the entire Servian force having retired as soon as the first Circassians had shown themselves.

The Circassians at once scattered over the country round to plunder, and soon returned with great numbers of cattle, sheep, and goats, the greater proportion of which were at once sent off under small escorts to their distant villages. The Turkish officers and the men of the regular army were full of indignation at this wholesale plunder. The Circassians,

indeed, were, throughout the campaign, responsible for the greater portion of the deeds charged to the discredit of the Turks. They had been brought over and settled in Bulgaria at the time of the conquest of Circassia by the Russians. They retained all their primitive savagery, were wholly undisciplined, and fought solely for plunder. As irregular cavalry they were extremely useful; absolutely fearless of danger, they would start in little parties of twenty or so and traverse the enemy's country, utterly disregarding the stringent orders of the Turkish generals against plundering, ill-treatment of the natives, or firing houses. Smoke from burning villages marked their path, and they would return loaded with plunder. Nothing could escape their keen vision, and as the eyes of the army they were invaluable.

A CIRCASSIAN.

The Turkish soldier, on the other hand, is obedient to orders, wholly adverse to violence, patient in hardship, easy and good-tempered to an extent unequalled by the soldier of any other army in Europe; and throughout the war the writer never witnessed a single Turkish soldier engaged in plundering. Surprise was freely expressed among the Turkish officers that Osman Pasha, who was a strict and strong commander, did not punish the Circassians for their disobedience of orders, but had he done so it is certain that the whole of these troops would at once have ridden away to their villages, and the influence of their compatriots at Constantinople would have been amply sufficient to have caused the Turkish general to be recalled in disgrace.

The next morning Zaichar was occupied. It was a pretty place covering a considerable extent of ground, for the houses, with the exception of those in two or three of the principal streets, stood in orchards. On the 13th of August, Fazli Pasha received an order *to take* twelve battalions of infantry, a squadron of cavalry and two batteries, and to through Servia and join the army of Pasha before Alexinatz, towards which was crawling along by slow stages.

The march led through a remarkably country, and was wholly unopposed: the were deserted, the whole population apparently fled as soon as the news ca the Turks were advancing from Zaicha transport was miserably insufficient, a only food taken was hard baked and the supply was very insuffici the needs of th The Turks eked o scanty rations by ing heads of mai roasting them in th of the fires. Occa they obtained a of grapes from th yards, but these w exceptional feasts, the most part the sisted entirely upo stone-like bread water. Only one larger than a villa passed. When the entered it, it was in flames, the work plundering Circ who had attached selves to the colu who were raidi whole country The last two days' led across very country, where a f dred resolute men could have made a long but resolute men were scarce in Servia force marched on in high spirits, notwit ing scanty rations and long marches. the division encamped—or rather bivouac they had no tents—on a sort of platea hundred yards across, rising from a pl dominated by several eminences within ea

In front was a valley, beyond which rose wooded hill, and from the camp one of t erected to protect Alexinatz from attac force advancing east could be seen. Pasha had not yet arrived in the valley other side of Alexinatz, but was still tw march away. The position, had the S

sessed any vigour, would have been a peril-one, as the great bulk of the Servian army within four miles of us, and there was ity of time for them to have thrown them-es upon Fazli's force before Ayoub could prevent any attack upon the main body. He had skirmishes with the enemy, whom he found holding several positions on the face of the hill.

After their flank was secured, the main division marched forward. All went well until they

A BASHI-BAZOUK.

arrived to his assistance. Fazli had no of awaiting an attack; and, leaving his bag-carts at the spot he had decided to occupy, arted at once to reconnoitre the forts on the behind Alexinatz, and, if he saw an opporty, to make a dash at them. Emin Bey, a regiment of foot, went on in advance, ing through a large and very thick bush, mission being to clear the heights and to reached an almost impenetrable forest which covered the last two miles to be traversed. Here progress was made very slowly, and the leading battalion arrived alone at the edge of a clear space, some five hundred yards across, which served as a glacis to the fort. They at once attacked and drove off a body of Servians posted there. An order was sent to them to prepare a place for the artillery to throw up a

parapet and clear the approaches. The battalion, which was known as that of Silistria, had a friendly rivalry with another battalion as to which would be first engaged, and seized the first chance offering itself. The men thought then that this was the opportunity—there was the fort and there was their enemy ; the natural conclusion was, let us go and take it. The men at once requested leave of their major to go on and attack the fort. The major entered into the spirit of the thing, and, placing himself at the head of the battalion, advanced alone and unsupported with the reckless feeling of an Irishman entering a scrimmage of whose merits he neither knows nor cares anything.

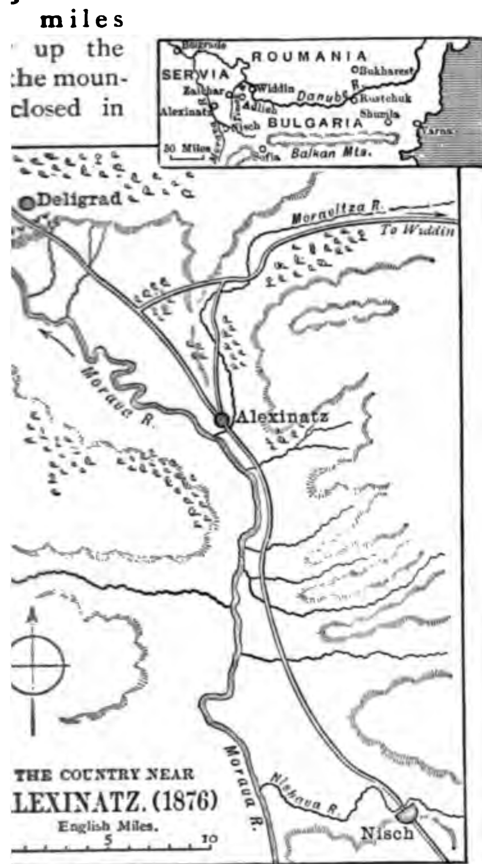
Advancing in open order, they found themselves under a very heavy cross-fire from the fort and from batteries supporting it, while a rolling fire of musketry broke out from trenches round the work. The Turks were to some extent sheltered from the musketry fire by the fact that the ground rose in steps, but the shell burst among and around them thick and fast. They kept on, however, until they reached a depression within fifty yards of the fort, and here they took shelter, being so close under its guns that these could not be depressed sufficiently to play upon them ; and from here they kept up a continuous fire against the Servians in the trenches. The battalion was but halfway across the glacis when Ahmet Pasha, who commanded the brigade, arrived at the edge of the wood with two more battalions ; he pushed forward one on each side of the ridge so as to support as much as possible the Silistria battalion by keeping up a heavy musketry fire upon the fort, while that battalion was ordered by bugle to retreat.

Presently a man made his way back to say that they could not retreat without being altogether destroyed, but that if they had another two battalions with them, they could take the fort. Fazli Pasha himself had now come up, and with immense difficulty brought a battery of artillery to the edge of the wood and opened fire on the fort. But all the Servian guns that could be brought to bear opened up upon the battery, with such effect that it suffered very heavily and could not have maintained its position had not night been at hand. Two more battalions were now pushed forward, and their fire enabled the Silistria battalion to hold its position until nightfall, when it made its way back, having lost in killed and wounded nearly two hundred men. The supporting battalions and the artillery also suffered heavil position of the division that night was a one : the forest was so thick that even in time it was difficult to make one's way the trees, and at night the darkness was a

The force was therefore obliged to where they were when darkness fell unti ing ; then seeing a large force advanci Alexinatz, Fazli marched back to the spo he had left his waggons. This positi tected the flank of Ahmet Pasha's army the next day came up the valley of the On the following day a very strong Servians, who had come out by a ci route from Alexinatz, advanced in four columns to attack Fazli in his isolated p A breastwork had been thrown up rou knoll, and in a short time six batteries fire upon it from different points, wh Servian infantry advanced in skirmishin supported by a strong column. Fazli did r for attack, but launched his infantry t them, while his artillery engaged the battery. The fight, however, was neve serious : the Servians would not sta Turkish advance, though willing to m themselves on broken ground and to k their fire until the Turks got into mov and the day closed without any decisive The next day the Servians were reinfo five or six battalions and some more a and the shell fell thick and fast into the The loss, however, of the Turks was mu than might have been expected, for the s deep and the shell sunk so far into it exploding that but few men were killed. times the Servians crept up close, under of the brushwood, but each time the dashed out and drove them back. Rei by fresh battalions, the Servians again an attempted to storm the position, but succeeded in reaching the breastwork. Th ing lasted from eleven in the mornin seven at night, when the Turks took the sive in earnest and drove the Servians order far away into the hills. On th day the Servians attacked the division o Pasha, which formed the connecting li tween Fazli and the division of Hassan down in the valley : but in each case the repulsed with heavy loss.

Two days later Fazli Pasha descend the valley of the Morava, crossed the r two trestle bridges, and then ascended facing Alexinatz—the Servians, dishe

eir defeats, making no attempt to inter-
ith the movement. Alexinatz stood on
pes of the opposite hill : it was a place of
portance, and was simply a large village
which fortifications were erected for the
e of the valley of the Morava. The capture
hills facing the place opened that valley to
irks, but at the same time they could
y move forward and leave the Servian
gathered round Alexinatz in their rear.
miles
up the
the moun-
closed in



THE COUNTRY NEAR
LEXINATZ. (1876)
English Miles.

her side of the river, and here a number
y formidable redoubts had been erected
e Servians under the direction of their
n officers.

days later the Turks attacked the Servians,
a strong force occupied the hill higher
valley. Their position was covered by the
seven redoubts, and for some time the
ras simply an artillery duel.

wo o'clock in the afternoon the infantry
ed. The Servians held their positions
ome obstinacy, but gradually fell back at
urkish advance. At last, however, the
went forward in earnest, and the Servians
peedily broke into flight ; their redoubts were all captured, and they were driven across the river. The Turkish loss was 400, that of the Servians three times that amount. For a week nothing was done, and the position of the Turks deteriorated, as the Servians, now threatened in no other direction, were able to concentrate their whole force to oppose them ; and fully a hundred thousand were gathered within a short distance of Alexinatz. The Turkish general was an utterly incapable man and wholly unable to come to any decision whatever ; indeed, a more perverse, feeble, and obstinate old man was never in command of an army. A sudden rush would have certainly resulted in the capture of Alexinatz, although the position was an exceedingly strong one. The fortifications were at first formidable, and had been immensely strengthened during the last fortnight.

The Turks had consequently become rather the besieged than the besiegers. Bands of Servians frequently moved along the hills on their side of the river, coming down into the valley and cutting the Turkish communications with Nisch ; and several times considerable forces advanced from Alexinatz as if to attack in earnest. They never pushed these home, however. The most serious one was made on the Turkish rear by some 20,000 men, who, covered by a heavy fire from twenty-eight guns, pushed up nearly to the Turkish trenches. The musketry, however, brought them to a standstill, and, in spite of the efforts of their officers, they began to fall back. As soon as they did so six battalions of Turks advanced against them, The Servians retreated rapidly until they reached a wood, where they made a stand. After wasting a good deal of powder the Turks again advanced, drove the enemy through the wood down into a valley and up into another wood, where they were largely reinforced and made a fresh stand. The Turks, however, were not to be denied, and pushed the enemy far up the hillside fully two miles beyond the farthest point to which their advance had previously extended. The Servian loss was over 1,500 men ; indeed, some estimated it at fully double that amount.

There had now been some fourteen engagements, more or less serious, and in every one the Servians had been defeated with ridiculous ease ; and the Turks were of opinion that they were fully a match for them at the odds of one to three. They gained nothing, however, by their successes, being altogether paralysed by the incapacity of their general, and the delay was the more provoking inasmuch as it was known

that the European Powers were exerting great pressure upon Turkey and endeavouring to put a stop to hostilities, which, if continued, were certain to attain much more serious dimensions. The Turkish soldier knew nothing of this. His view of the matter was that he had an army of men whom he absolutely despised in front of him. He had been called out by a most wanton attack by these men. He had been taken from his family and his home, and as he considered himself in a position to thrash the enemy to his heart's content, to march to their capital, and to dictate any terms the Porte might choose, he failed to comprehend what seemed to him the mysterious delay in operations. The feelings of the soldiers were more than shared by the officers, and the commander-in-chief, Kerim Pasha, and Ahmet, the general of the army, shared between them the blame of the delay.

"RUSSIAN OFFICERS COULD BE SEEN THRASHING THE MEN WITH THE FLATS OF THEIR SWORDS."

Both were indeed utterly unfit for their position—Kerim was not only old, but so fat as to be almost incapable of walking a dozen yards. Ahmet was incapable, intensely lazy and irresolute, but at the same time obstinate. Had the matter been left to the generals of divisions, there would not have been a delay of more than twenty-four hours before Alexinatz; and before the European Powers had had time to think of remonstrating, the Turks would have been in possession of the Servian capital. The bitterness of feeling on their part was not directed against the Servians, but against the Russians, who were the real authors of the war and who used Servia as a catspaw. As later on in Bulgaria the Russians came to be hated by the Bulgarians with a passion that had never been excited by the Turks, so in Servia the overbearing behaviour of the Russian officers was already rendering them intensely unpopular. Their principal offence, however, was that they endeavoured to force the Servians to do what they most objected to—namely, to fight.

In many of the encounters the Russian officers could be seen thrashing the men with the flats of their swords and driving them before them like sheep. They themselves showed extraordinary gallantry, exposing themselves with absolute recklessness under the heaviest fire, in the hope of animating their men. T

the disappointment had been bitter, ..ds of Russian soldiers had gone down ..ia in the full belief that the braggadocio Servians meant something, and that the ..f Bulgaria was ready to rise against what ..ad been told was the horrible tyranny Turks, and their disappointment was ..ly extreme.

..by day skirmishing and occasionally fighting went on, but beyond the loss ..aused, nothing came of it. In spite of ..ardy nature and excellent constitution, ..ks of the Turks had been thinned by ..s brought on by the insanitary state .. camps, by tainted water, and bad and ..ent food; and undoubtedly a serious out- ..would have taken place had the army ..pt much longer on the same ground. ..known to the Turks before Alexinatz, ..rts of the Powers to put a stop to a .. things that was certain ere long to ..ussia into the field, were approaching Russia was arming, and would, it was ere long be ready to take the field in .. of the situation she had created and ..ad so disappointed her expectations.

..ery town Slavonic committees had been for sending volunteers to Servia. The of hatred to the Turks had been in- ..usly fanned, and in view of the absolute ..of the attempt to overthrow the Turkish power in Bulgaria, the feeling had grown to a point when even the Russian Government could scarcely have submitted to a failure of the hopes it had excited. Thus, then, palpable as was the hardship that Turkey should abstain from punishing the insolent little State that had so wantonly attacked her, and had put her to so great an expense, it was evident that a continuance of the war would involve her in a life-and-death struggle with Russia, and she therefore acceded to the urgent advice of the other Powers and consented to an armistice, the news of which came like a thunderbolt upon the army before Alexinatz.

Never was there a case in which a country was so defrauded of the fruits of victory. Turkey lost all the advantages obtained by her troops; time was given for Russia to prepare for the war upon which she was bent, and the moderation of Turkey was rewarded by an invasion as costly and wanton as that of Servia had been. Servia herself, regardless of the fact that she had been spared by Turkey, had time to reorganise her forces and join Russia against the Power that had spared her; while Europe, which had arrested the arms of Turkey, raised no voice on her behalf when she suffered for having listened to its advice. The treaty that followed the armistice may be considered as a monument of unfairness and of the success attending calumny and misrepresentation.

VIEW IN WIDDIN.

1814-15-16 THE GURKHA WAR

By Lieut: Colonel Newnham-Davis

THE thunders of the cannon of Waterloo were in the ears of Englishmen when Ochterlony beat to their knees the pluckiest soldiers in Asia. In the supreme excitements of Napoleon's struggle and overthrow and the great game of "grab" that followed afterwards at Paris, men had scarcely time or patience to follow the fortunes of the armies which on the north-eastern frontier of India, in one of the most difficult countries in the world, faced by the bravest hill-warriors who ever crossed steel with us, and dogged by the deadly Terai fever, won a great stretch of country for India and changed the fiercest of enemies into the staunchest of friends.

Whenever and wherever in our Asiatic wars the stress has been greatest, whenever the bugles have shrilled for some desperate charge, side by side and shoulder to shoulder with the British soldiers rejoicing in the joy of battle, the little Gurkhas have charged with our men.

On the eastern shoulder of India the long line of the Himalayan snows—those peaks that are giants amongst the mountains of the world—thrust up their white towers and pinnacles to the sky; and from this great barrier ridge after ridge of smaller mountains dip to the dhuns—fertile valleys that lie between the Himalayan foot-hills and an outer barrier of hill, known as the Sandstone range to the south and the Suwaliks further north. Between this outer barrier, through the ravines of which come tearing down the mountain-rivers, and the broad sun-kissed plains of India lies the slope of the Terai, a great grass jungle where it touches the plains—the finest tiger-preserve in the world—and, towards the line of hills, a forest of great trees, where the trunks are so close to each other that the foliage closes overhead and the glades are as dim as the aisle of a great cathedral; where the foot of the traveller sinks deep into the cushion of decaying leaves; where t
never heard. It is a silent f
where in the hot months a fe
as a cobra's bite claims as a
sleeps in its shade.

From where the Sarda foa
rushing from the snows t
Gogra, to Darjeeling, the Bri
looks across the deep valley
Kinchinjunga, towering in
kingdom of Nipal—terai an
tain; but when the Britis
with the Gurkha kukris the
generals had won a broade
the mountain land as far nor

Nipal is the hermit king
The great ones of the E
travel in India in the cold w
the guests of the king of N
in the terai, and at Khatm
British Resident, like a cage
walks and rides to the limits
excepting the Resident and
sional visitors to the capital,
journey by one path only, n
that first barrier of sandston

But every year in the sprin
the Nipalese hillmen—jovial
chested and big-limbed, sh
Tartar eyes, noses like pug-d
natured gashes for mouths—
in our regiments. Brave as
cocks, faithful as dogs, wit
peace and none in war, th
special friends and compa
The stately Sikh throws awa
man's shadow falls on it, an
medan and Christian is alwa
but on a campaign the G
with as few formalities as To
his rum, and is good compa

Captain Younghusband, travelling on
with an escort of Gurkhas, met the
ian explorer, Gromchefski, the native
he little men asked leave to speak to
and. "Tell him," he said, pointing
Russian, "that though we are small
e rest of the regiment are taller than
Then, after the assault of Bhurtpore,
Gurkhas raced with the grenadiers of
for the breach, the British soldiers
em for their bravery, they returned
iment by the following characteristic
—"The Eng-
as brave as
y are splendid
d *very nearly*
s."
re examples
nity of the
The mutiny,
beyla cam-
ery frontier
have proved
ty and gal-
when Lord
he hero of
to choose
s" for his
placed on
private of
anders, on
a Gurkha

are brothers
s now with
e, it was not
tremendous
sticuffs that
so, and so well did the Gurkhas hold
that they very nearly brought down
e great disaffected princes of India.
alese highlanders, the men of the
gdom, a nation of conquerors, looked
their hills on to the Indian plains,
ous of their own strength, longed to
ettle against the army of India. The
war was soon found. There were
ds in dispute. We established police
otect our rights, and the Gurkhas
and murdered our officials and police-
d Hastings, the Governor-General,
r in the autumn of 1814, the begin-
cold season.
s knew exactly what was coming,
re prepared.

LORD HASTINGS.

In the sea of razor-backed hills and single peaks, west of what is now the summer capital of India—Simla—Umar Sing, the best general of Nipal, had his troops. It was the northernmost portion of the Nipalese kingdom, a country of great grassy slopes of a marvellous steepness with rocks breaking through the grass and here and there broad patches of treacherous shale, with on the sheltered slopes stretches of forest, and, where the streams race down the hill-side and tumble in cascades over the rocks, strips of undergrowth like an English copse.

A strangely mixed array Umar Sing had under him, long-nosed Brahmins as well as the pug-nosed little Gurungs and Magars, men in scarlet coats of the cut of those of our infantry and turbans, men in their loose native garb with the little lop-sided cap that is characteristic of Nipal, but all armed with firelocks which put them nearly on an equality with our troops, and with that deadliest of weapons the kukri, the blade of which looks like a crooked laurel-leaf, all fighting on familiar ground, all intensely patriotic.

Opposite to him, with six thousand men—all natives, except the artillery—was General Ochterlony, the man of the campaign.

"Ould Maloney," as the Irish soldiers used to call him—"Loniata," as the natives jumbled his name—had behind him in his career the bad dream of Carnatic prisons, had been most desperately wounded, had in a memorable siege thrust back Holkar from the walls of Delhi, and, now seeing further with his one eye, so the men said, than any other general in India, cautious when generalship and not the mettle of his troops had to win the day, splendidly audacious when rashness was necessary and he had tried troops under him, "Ould Maloney," with his sepoys of the plains, was going to try conclusions with the best fighting hillmen of the East.

Further south, facing the hills where the lightest-hearted of the Anglo-Indian world now dance and flirt at Missouri, was Gillespie, as daring a man as ever wore the British scarlet, with her Majesty's 53rd, some dismounted dragoons, some artillery, and 2,500 native infantry. Bulbudhur Sing, Umar's best lieutenant, was in the hills with 600 men waiting for the hot-headed soldier who, single-handed, had galloped a few years before to help the besieged residents of Vellore.

Further south again, facing the passes which lead to the richest towns and most productive country of Central Nipal, was Major-General John Sullivan Wood with her Majesty's 17th and 3,000 natives; and further south still, threatening the passes which lead to the capital—Khatmandu—was Major-General Marley with a force of 8,000 sepoys, stiffened by her Majesty's 24th.

Ochterlony and Gillespie were to open the ball, and Wood and Marley were to thrust their forces through the passes later on.

Gillespie, with characteristic hot-headedness, was going to be first in the race. Lord Hastings had warned the handsome devil-may-care soldier against knocking his head against fortifications when there were Gurkhas behind them; but Gillespie believed in dash, and the Indian army was used to victory, so he disregarded the Governor-General's little lecture, and made his rush forward. He seized a pass in the first range, the Suwaliks, pushed through the va[illegible] beyond, the Dehra Dun, and occupied the [illegible] town of Dehra at the foot of the first slop[illegible] the Himalayas.

On a hill thrown out from the higher [illegible] some five miles from Dehra, was a stone fort [illegible] was of the simplest type, four stout stone [illegible] loopholed, with here and there towers to [illegible] flanking fire. It stood some 600 feet a[illegible] the ground that sloped up to the first ri[illegible] the hills and commanded the path up w[illegible] Gillespie intended to take his men into [illegible] higher mountains.

"THE GREAT PEAK OF KINCHINJUNGA TOWERING IN MID-AIR" (p. 202).

Bulbudhur Sing with his 600 men [illegible] here for Gillespie's advance, strengthening [illegible] primitive fort by outside stockades.

Gillespie was only too anxious to try [illegible] clusions with the Gurkhas and their lea[illegible] so, after reconnoitring the position, he mad[illegible] scheme for an attack on the last day of Oct[illegible] Four columns were to make the attack on [illegible] little fort, which was first to be battered by [illegible] pieces to prepare for the assault.

The field-pieces were carried up in the [illegible] ness by elephants to a little table-land w[illegible] commanded the fort and was within range [illegible] four attacking columns, each with a compa[illegible] the 53rd to lead, were in position, and as [illegible] after 10 o'clock as the guns had done their [illegible] a signal given by gun-fire was to set all [illegible] columns racing up the hill at once.

pie, impatient and hot-headed, stood by s, and watched the shot striking the one walls and making no impression. le brown faces of the enemy looked the embrasures and laughed at him; them danced on the tops of the walls. neral grew angry, angry at the futile de and the mocking enemy. His men into the shelters of dry grass under which the Gurkha garrison slept. The grass took light, and the pioneers to save themselves dropped the ladders. A flaming hillside, a hail of lead, no ladders, the assailants had no chance, and the first column and the second, which had begun its advance, slid back down the slippery hillside to shelter leaving many red-coats lying on the slope.

"THEY SLID BACK DOWN THE SLIPPERY HILLSIDE TO SHELTER."

l round, close against the lower slopes, ling-ladders, then let them use them! an hour before the time fixed, the gun- r an attack was given. Only one of the columns heard the signal and acted on gh another followed later. Up the steep ope went the company of the 53rd that ping and scrambling, the pioneers who the scaling-ladders tugging desperately eavy weights. A hail of lead came from holes that had framed the little grinning d by mischance the pioneers stumbled

The general's blood was up. Three more companies of the 53rd had come up, and a battery of the Bengal Horse Artillery. He ordered a second assault and determined to lead it in person.

In the rear face of the fort there was a little door, and Gillespie intended to be the first man in through that. The 53rd put their backs to the work and hauled up two of the galloper-guns by drag-ropes on to the ridge at the back of the fort, a light stockade that barred the way was hacked at and kicked and shaken till it gave

way, and the two guns were brought close to the door. The general, with some dismounted dragoons about him and the 53rd crowding behind, went with the guns, while the other columns again started up the slopes.

The light guns fired a couple of rounds at the stoutly-barred door and did not shake it, and from the walls and loopholes came a blaze of fire in response. The general fell shot dead, the bullets ploughed into the closely-packed mass, and when the attack had definitely failed, as it did, the British carried out of action 4 officers and [illegible] men killed, and 15 officers and 213 men wounded.

First blood to the Gurkhas.

Meanwhile, Ochterlony was making his way into the hills, but with all requisite caution.

Passing without difficulty the outer range of hills, which here are small and have many gaps in the chain, he encamped at Plassea, facing the Himalayan foot-hills. The mountain country [illegible] which he had to win his way is a series of broken ridges running north-north-west, and each ridge forms a strong position.

On the outermost ridge was the fort of Nalagarh—a stout stone fort with towers for flanking fire, and its outpost, the little square fort of Taraghur. The slope of this outside ridge was covered with bamboos and thorny [illegible] and the only paths up were along the [illegible] beds of dried-up torrents.

Behind the first ridge was the Ramghur ridge, [illegible] with stone forts, and behind that again [illegible] the Malaun heights.

A corps of reserve of the light companies of the different battalions, and the 3rd Native [illegible] under Colonel Thompson, cut off the [illegible] between the fort and the out-[illegible] and Ochterlony occupying all the surround-[illegible] got his guns with infinite difficulty [illegible] and battered away at the stone [illegible] fort. The Gurkhas had only jingals [illegible] of three or four ounces—to [illegible] Chumra Rana, who was in com-[illegible] the conclusion that resistance [illegible] and surrendered with a hundred of [illegible] of the garrison having slipped [illegible] Umar Sing.

[illegible] anticipated any resistance that [illegible] offered on the way, and on the [illegible] Ochterlony faced the centre of [illegible]

[illegible] Ramghur was the right of the [illegible] left rested on a fortified [illegible]

Ochterlony moved on to the Gurkha
but sent his battering-train, with one
to keep the Gurkhas employed at Ram

Then came the second reverse that Oc
troops sustained during the campaign.

The battery before Ramghur
stockade, which defended the road
effect, and Lawtie, the field-engineer
hundred sepoys under a British office
noitre the ground before he brough
nearer. The sepoys dislodged the Gu
a small breastwork they found in the
"Thus far," to quote an eye-witn
affair, "had the spirit of the office
their men. But when the enemy,
inforced, came back with superior
retake their post, the sepoys could
vented from wasting their ammuniti
ing up a useless fire as their opp
approaching. The upper layer of the
being at last expended, some voice
for a retreat, alleging as a reason
would not have time to turn the
place appeared tenable with the b
Gurkhas, however, were now at
arguments, threats, entreaties, pro
vain to avert the disaster which en
men broke in confusion and turned
the enemy, plunging among the fug
pieces all whom their swords could r

But worse news still was to reach
from the column which Colonel Ma
53rd, now commanded in the place
Gillespie. Bulbudhur and his Gurkl
to the fort and heavy guns had be
from Delhi. When they arrived t
bombarded. On the 27th of Noven
ticable breach was made, and on t
two flank companies and one battali
of the 53rd and the grenadiers of
corps, under Major Ingleby, tried
Lieutenant Harrison and some n
53rd got into the breach, but pe
further, and the storming column wi
4 officers, 15 Europeans, and 18 na
and 7 officers, 215 Europeans, and
wounded.

It was said that the men of the 53
contented, and that, though they n
breach, they would go no further; a
as a sequel to this most misfortunat
duels were fought between the off
two battalions of the 53rd.

The fort was afterwards beleagu
water supply was cut off, when Bulb

ender, cut his way through the
ling him, and left the fort, with a
of dead and desperately wounded,
his men.

new the mettle of his enemy and
ategist he had to meet in Umar
ayed the game of war with the
, drew away Umar Sing's allies
e roads, reduced outlying forts,
lines of communication, and in-
supplies. Umar Sing, as each
untenable, retreated to another,
his stand on the Malaun ridge.

now, and if the campaign was to
y, Ochterlony had to gain a de-
or the other three columns had

l Martindell had been appointed
l of the force which had received
from Bulbudhur Sing and his
red. Runjoor Sing, the Gurkha
of Umar Sing, opposed to him
Umar Sing's tactics, fallen back
position at Jytuk, striking hard
henever he got a chance; and
irresolutely investing him there.
and east again Major-General
Wood had advanced through the
Butwal, where, on the jungle-
ne range, a fort and some shelter-
ed the first pass on the road to
ntral Nipal.

dense silent forest the advance-
f the light company of the 17th,
made their way, and the column
it could. When the men of the
were close upon the far edge of
was opened upon them from a
mahouts could not control the
phants, and they rushed back
h the forest. It was difficult in
forest to tell friends from foes,
se were wearing red coats like
or a little all was confusion; but
n Croker with his company drove
a rocky, wooded spur which ran
hills on the right of the breast-
oraj Thappa, one of their leaders,
were streaming away from the
en the 17th, pushing on eagerly,
disappointed to hear the "retire"

•

Sullivan Wood judged the hill
too strong a position to attack,
light company covering their
retirement, the disappointed troops withdrew.

Later in the cold weather General J. S. Wood made another reconnaissance to Butwal, but without penetrating the hills.

Further south and east again, where the passes lead from the plains to the capital, Khatmandu, Major-General Marley had two advanced detachments at Summunpur and Persa surrounded and overpowered, and Major-General George Wood, who succeeded him in command, judged the season too late to attempt any important operations.

A gleam of encouragement came from Kumaon, where Colonel Gardner with some Rohilla levies and Colonel Jasper Nicolls, who was afterwards to be commander-in-chief in India, won success after success, and finally captured Almora, the chief fort in those parts.

The success or non-success of the campaign lay then with Ochterlony, who was now at close quarters with Umar Sing, the best of all the Gurkha generals, who had under him as his chief lieutenant Bucti Thappa, whose deeds are sung to this day throughout Nipal as the bravest of the brave.

The Malaun position, where Umar Sing waited for Ochterlony, is a range of bare hills with peaks at intervals. The citadel of Malaun guarded the Gurkha left, the fort of Soorujghur their right, and the peaks between were held as stockaded posts—all but two, the peak of Ryla towards the enemy's left and the peak of Deothul almost under the guns of Malaun.

Ochterlony, who throughout the campaign had been consistently cautious, knew now that the time had come to risk everything.

During the night of the 14th April, Lawtree, the field-engineer, stole up to the Ryla peak, and, seizing it without difficulty, set about stockading it with the few men he had with him.

At daybreak on the 15th five columns were sent out. Three moved on Ryla, two under Colonel Thompson marched on Deothul and seized those positions without difficulty, for the attention of the Gurkhas was distracted by an attack on their stockades below the citadel of Malaun, an attack which cost us many lives —amongst them that of a gallant officer, Captain Showers, who in single combat, in view of the two forces, killed his opponent, a Gurkha leader, before he was himself shot—but answered its purpose well.

There was desultory fighting about Deothul all through the day, but our men held their own

and busied themselves erecting stockades. Two field-pieces were sent up to Colonel Thompson, and through the night shots were exchanged with the Gurkhas, while the men finished their work at the stockade, which became a strong work with embrasures for the guns.

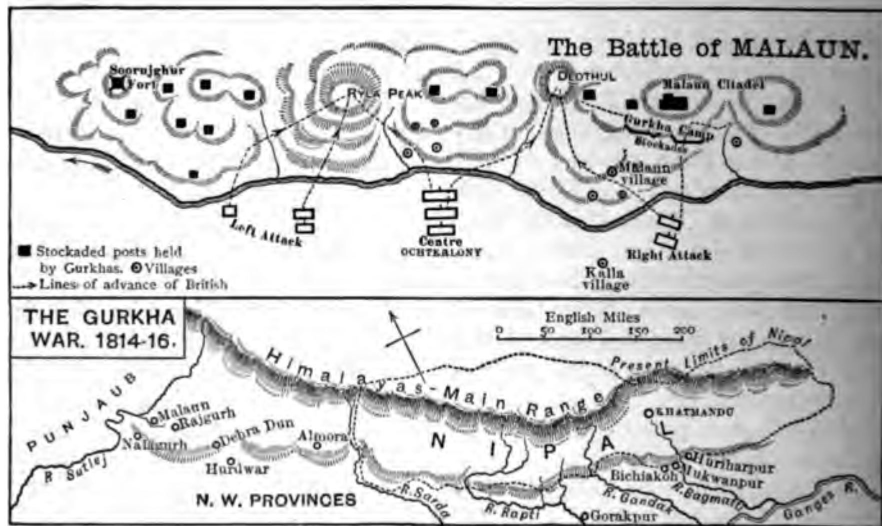
During the night Bucti Thappa slipped away from the fortified position he held between the peaks in possession of the British, and joined Umar Sing at Malaun. Both the Gurkha leaders knew that, unless Deothul was recaptured, the game was up. An attack was planned for next morning, and Bucti, who was to lead it, swore a solemn oath in the durbar-hall, before all the higher officers of the Gurkha force, to conquer or remain dead on the field. He warned his wives to prepare for the funeral pile, gave his son over to the protection of Umar Sing, and then went down to take command of the 2,000 Gurkhas, who in the darkness were forming in a semicircle at the base of the Deothul hill.

Colonel Thompson had inside his stockade two native battalions and two guns.

With daylight the great trumpets of the Gurkhas sounded, and the attack began. The hill blazed like a sheet of flame with the Gurkha musketry. The hillmen strove to get to close quarters, reserving their fire till they were within pistol shot; but grape and canister and musketry fire struck away the Gurkhas charging kukris in hand. No man turned, but the attacking force was swept out of existence. The trumpets sounded again, and a second body charged and went down like corn before the wind, and then a third.

Though it was a forlorn hope, Bucti Thap gathered some men together, and for a fou time tried to charge up that desperate hill the slopes of which lay dead the flower of Gurkha army, and Thompson, knowing that victory was gained, led out his men to meet

The battle was decisive. They counted of the Gurkha dead, and our men had some killed and wounded. Our two guns suf terribly, and at the end of the day Lieute Cartwright, with the only unwounded m the gun detachments, served one gun, Lieutenant Armstrong, of the Pioneers, Lieutenant Hutchinson, of the Engineers, the other.

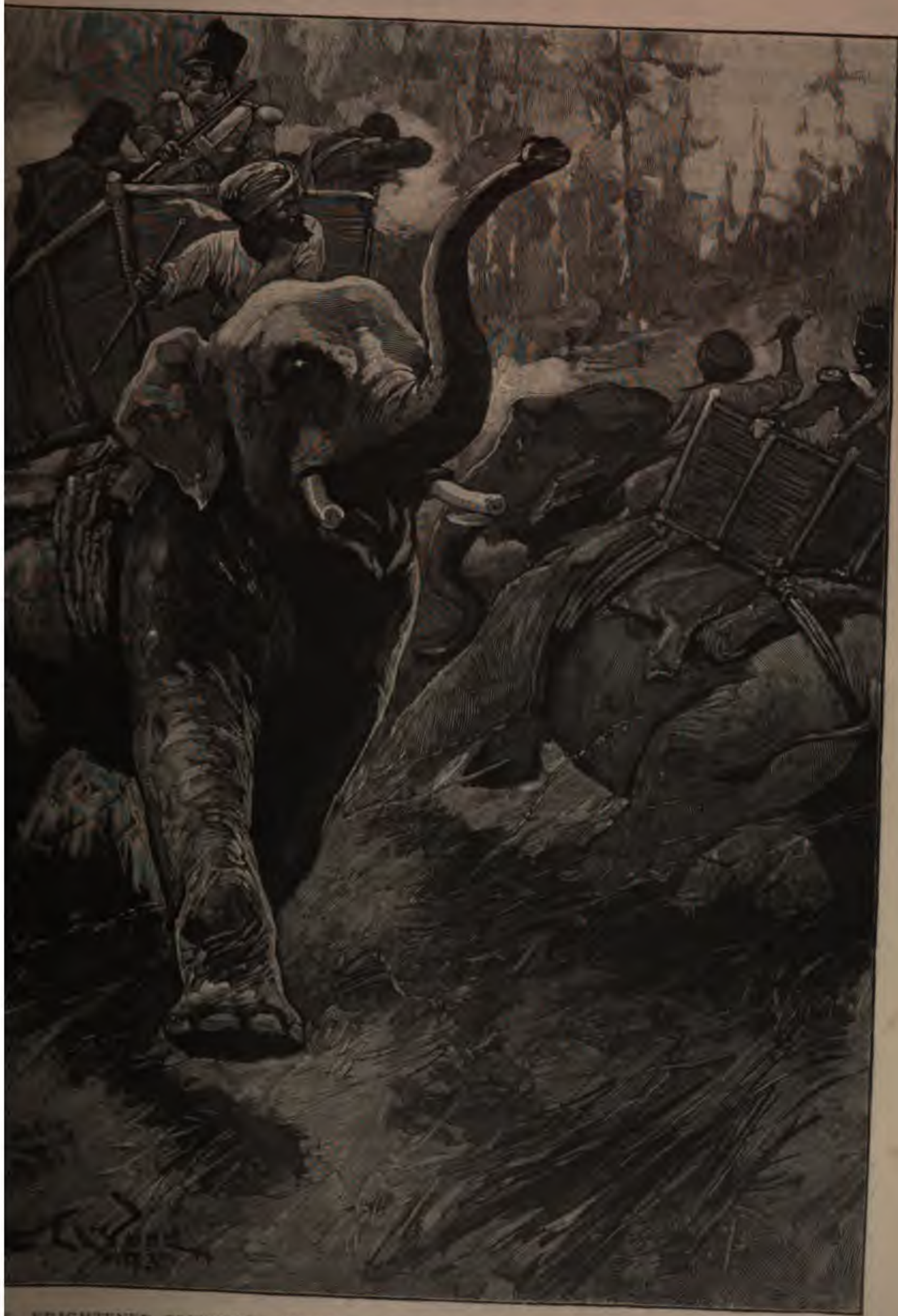


When the last remnants of the attacki were hurled down the hill, our men fo body of Bucti Thappa amongst the slain Thompson, honouring a noble enemy, h wrapped in a shawl of honour and sent Umar Sing.

Next day a funeral pile was built in the between Deothul, where the victorious B stood to their arms, and Malaun, where was left of the Gurkha army crowded round grey walls of the fortress.

From the gate of the citadel a sad little p headed by Brahmins, wound down the hills The smoke rose from the pyre, and, to acc pany the Gurkha hero to paradise, wives dared the fire with him and di funeral pile.

Umar Sing sulked. His men and his were deserting him day by day, but it was until the walls of Malaun began to cru



" FRIGHTENED ELEPHANTS RUSHED BACK CRASHING THROUGH THE FOREST" (p. 207).

under the fire from the British guns that he would consent to sign a convention, which gave to the British all the land between the Sutlej and the Sarda. Those of the Gurkhas in that part of the country who did not come over to us retreated across the latter river, and Umar Sing himself, with his son Runjoor, retired to Khatmandu.

The fierce old warrior, beaten and broken-hearted, gave to the Nipalese durbar his advice never to make peace with the Christians, and then retired to a temple he had built, and died soon after the Gurkha defeats of the next year ended the war.

* * * * *

Malaun, though three-quarters of the Englishmen who read of battles have never even heard its name, was second only to Plassy in asserting the dominancy of the European in India, for all the wolves were afoot thinking that the lion was very sick indeed ; and, if Ochterlony had failed before that Himalayan ridge, we might have found ourselves in worse straits than even the mutiny brought us to.

* * * * *

Diplomacy failed where the sword had been successful. The Nipalese durbar haggled, chaffered, and temporised ; but old Umar Sing's advice was very much to the liking of the council presided over by the Prime Minister, and though the great nobles hoped to spin out the cold weather in negotiating, on one point they had thoroughly made up their minds—they would have no British Resident in Khatmandu.

Ochterlony had struck, in 1814-15, where the capital scarcely felt the blow ; Lord Hastings determined that this time, in 1816, the blow should reach the heart of Nipal.

Without waiting for a formal declaration of war, Sir David Ochterlony was ordered to make his advance against the capital, and as he led his brigades through the terai he was met by the Gurkha emissary bringing down the declaration of war from Khatmandu.

It was now February, 1816. In a month the fever that haunts the terai would make a campaign impossible.

Sir David Ochterlony was a K.C.B.—a reward for his services in the last campaign. He had under him nearly 20,000 fighting-men ; he had a reputation that he could not fall short of.

Beyond the deserted jungle and the dense, deadly forest, where he was assembling his force, there lay the labyrinth of hills of the sandstone range, jungle-covered, with long walls of precipices facing towards the plains. 1 passes that led through to the dhuns we difficult as Nature could make them, and stockaded. And towering above th range were the Himalayan foot-hills would give an army as much trouble a than the first range.

He divided his force into four Colonel Kelly, with the first brigade men, all native infantry except his own i her Majesty's 24th, was despatched tc lony's right to force a passage by the the Bagmatti or some neighbouri Colonel Nicholl was sent off to Ochterl with her Majesty's 66th and some 3,8c to find his way up the valley of the small river that flows into the majestic Sir David Ochterlony with the 3rd brigade, her Majesty's 87th, and se half native regiments, 8,000 men in all before the Bichiakoh pass, the direct r capital.

Other columns from Gorakpur and captured Almora were to keep th employed further north-west ; but a no effect upon the war we need n about their doings.

On the 10th of February, 1816, had his men safely through the dre of the terai and camped within si first Gurkha stockade in the pass. O Nicholl and Kelly began their march four days Ochterlony left his men in did nothing. The hot-heads an officers began to grumble and to allowed to try their luck against th before them. But Sir David knev stockaded defences of the Bichiakoh pregnable, and had called on his 1 Department to find him some path he could turn the position. Captain found him one. This very active of search along the range met some sn salt, and they, being heavily bribed, show him the path they used into Nij unknown to any Nipalese officials.

On the night of the 14th, as the preparing to turn in, a whisper wei the camp of the third brigade to fa leaving all tents standing, and all pro baggage, at nine o'clock, just as the in a cloudless sky, the column—a snake—wound out of the camp nortl into a dark gap in the hillside, the g Balu stream. First went the light c

"FRIGHTENED ELEPHANTS RUSHED BACK CRASHING THROUGH THE FOREST" (p. 207).

In the stockades the great trumpets were blown, and down the hill, bringing some guns with them, streamed a shouting torrent of some two thousand Gurkhas. From the camp Sir David sent more men across to the village, till on our side we had one European and two native battalions before the village commanding the glen. From the camp the artillery pounded at the Gurkhas swarming down the ridge.

It was bayonet against kukri. Again and again the Gurkhas charged over the open slope up from the glen, and again and again those not swept away by bullets and shells perished on the bayonets of the 87th, who yelled, in answer to the Gurkha shouts, as they charged to meet the rush of the little, brown demons.

The Gurkha gunners, finding that they could not make any effect on our men before the village, turned their guns on the camp. The shot came hurtling through the tents, and Sir David's old servant, who stood inkstand in hand by his master, where the general, in front of the camp, was directing the fight, was kill
ball. A lucky shot blew up the enemy's
ammunition, and the Gurkhas began t
less resolutely.

The action had lasted since ten in th
ing, and it was now near five. Sir Da

SIR DAVID OCHTERLONY.
(From the Painting by A. W. Devis.)

the 8th Native Infantry to finish th
before sunset. They deployed and with
swept up the hill, capturing the Nipale
and sending the beaten Gurkhas flying
the thickets, leaving their wounded an
upon the ground.

It was a horrible sight that the sett
went down upon. Ensign Shipp, of th
wrote of it :—"The dying and wounded
masses in the dells and the ravines bel
our own company we had, I think, eleve
and twenty wounded, our total numbe
eighty only. As long as it was light, w
plainly see the last struggles of the
Some poor fellows could be seen raisin
knees up to their chins and then flingin

their might. Some attempted to
in the attempt. One poor fellow
is legs, put his hands to his bleed-
fall and roll down the hill to rise

* * * *

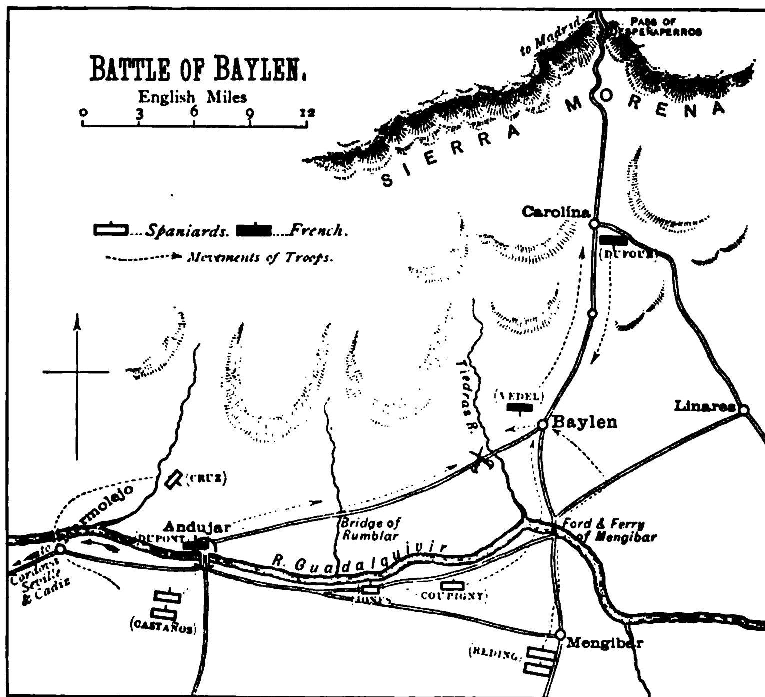
t Mukwanpur broke the Gurkha
d on the heels of the messenger
the news to Khatmandu came
that Kelly had routed Runjoor
fled, leaving his picked guard, the
oon—the men with silver crescents
ans—defeated and disheartened,
ls of Huriharpur, and that Nicholl, come safely through the Rapti valley, had joined Ochterlony.

On the 4th of March, 1816, in full durbar, at the general's camp in the valley of Mukwanpur, with the vakeels of all the great princes of India to witness, Chunda Seka, the Nipalese envoy, on his knees presented to Sir David Ochterlony a treaty which gave to the British everything that they claimed.

Here let us leave the stout old veteran at the moment of his supreme triumph. It is better to think of him as the brilliant commander of 1816 than as the politician of 1824, rebuked and superseded, and dying like his great antagonist, Umar Sing, of a broken heart.

THE PALACE OF THE KING OF NEPAUL.

weakness and vacillation first showed themselves. He sat still where he was and hurried back courier after courier to Madrid with despatches full of despondency and fear, earnestly imploring reinforcements. Many of these letters fell into the hands of the Spaniards and gave them heart of grace. All could not be quite lost if such was the situation



of the French. Castaños, the captain-general of whom Napier writes as "the first Spaniard who united prudence with patriotism," was in command of the Spanish forces. Even he had despaired at first. Although he had gathered men together, including those of his own camp, at St. Roque, originally intended for the siege of Gibraltar, he had been so little sanguine that he had already embarked all his heavy artillery and stores. But as troops joined him, he began to hope that he might yet get the better of Dupont. His strength was first doubled, then quadrupled—all classes had taken up arms, high and low, rich and poor. In a few weeks an army of 39 battalions and 21 squadrons, with a well-formed and well-organised artillery, was collected about Seville. Castaños was supported by two capable officers: one a French *émigré*, Coupigny, the other a Swiss soldier of fortune named Reding. An Irish general called Felix Jones was also under the orders of Castaños, so

that he and his lieutenants were repr
of four different nationalities.

The Spaniards now prepared to
offensive against Dupont, both by fro
on Cordova and by menacing his co
tions through the passes of the Sier
Their impatience to attack was fore
Dupont's frantic anxiety to retreat. I
could not re
golden opport
by his ten days
of Cordova, he
the forward fo
grade movement
that moment hi
and embarrassme

On the 17th
he evacuated Co
fell back on th
quivir at And
Spaniards pres
with their advan
It is possible that
fears were aggr
the horrible nat
contest, and th
displayed by hi
enemy. All alon
of retreat he c
ghastly proofs
bloodthirsty an
able character:
off and butch
stragglers, seize
his sick in hospital, his doctors, couri
non-combatants. One French offic
René, returning from a peaceful
Portugal, was taken prisoner, mutila
alive between two planks, then his
sawn in two. A timorous general (y
Dupont *l'audacieux!*), not strangely,
affected by these terrors. His despat
magnifying his dangers, were filled
most painful misgivings and the mo
appeals.

So desperate did he conceive hi
that he wrote as follows to Madrid fro
—a letter which was intercepted, and
doubt, greatly increased the confide
enemy:—

"We have not a moment to lose.
immediately fall back from a position
are unable to subsist. My men be
under arms have no time now as he
reap the corn and bake their own bre

en's sake hurry up reinforcements ! What we imperatively require ice of a firm and compact body of support me and to support each . Send me medicines with all ien for my wounded. The enemy nonth has intercepted all supplies and ammunition."

Dupont's repeated applications, ry, who was Joseph's military right id, had ordered Vedel's division to the pass of Despeñaperros ; and although harassed in his march irregulars, got past safely and n (soon to become historical) with men. Another general, Gobert, n sent in support by Savary, an-poleon's permission. Dupont was

CORDOVA.

nough to have resumed the offen-n fully expected him to do so. could not believe him to be really Commenting upon the situation e, he wrote : "Dupont, with 25,000 to accomplish great things. As a t, with only 21,000 the chances ghty per cent. in his favour." This opinion was dictated at Bayonne on the 21st of July—the very day of Dupont's capitulation.

There was no vigorous initiative left in Dupont : a bold stroke might have got him out of his mess, but he remained inactive, clinging tenaciously to a vicious position. He had en-trenched himself at Andujar on the far side of the river, fortifying the bridge against attack. He thought to cover the pass and his communi-cations, but he was too far forward, and his defen-sive line was weak, easily to be turned on either flank. The river Guadalquivir was nearly dry, and fordable at many points ; below him on the right was the bridge of Marmolejo ; higher up, his left, his weakest flank, was assailable by the fords of Mengibar, and pressure along this line would make his whole position untenable. In fact, he was altogether in the wrong place. His excuse is that he held on to Andujar because Napoleon had approved of his halt there ; but the emperor was not then in possession of the latest news, and he always hoped that Dupont would not remain idle. His safest course would be to fall back, concentrate at Baylen, strike the Spanish columns as they showed ; and then, even

if defeated, his retreat through the mountain passes would have been secure.

At that time, no doubt, Dupont's army was weak and in wretched case; and this added greatly to his anxieties. The soldiers were mostly conscripts, young unfledged recruits, barely formed as soldiers, having hardly learnt discipline, ignorant even of their drill. They were half-starved, too, and suffered greatly in health. It was the height of the "dog days," the heat almost tropical ; the supplies were very short ; there was no wine, vinegar, or brandy ; only half-rations were issued, often only quarter-rations of bread. The banks of the river were dangerously unhealthy, the "eternal home of malarious fever." Six hundred men went to hospital in less than a fortnight, and the rest lost all heart and strength. Dupont occupied a position too wide for his numbers. He himself was at Andujar, Vedel at Baylen, Gobert away back at Carolina, just as he had come through. Being besides continually harassed by guerillas threatening his communications, he was obliged to break up his force into fragments, and keep them constantly moving to and fro in large patrols along his whole front. This greatly increased the sufferings and hardships of the French troops, who, always marching to and fro, badly nourished and under intense heat, became greatly exhausted and fatigued.

The Spaniards so far had failed to realise the faulty dispositions of their opponent. Castaños, of his own accord, would not advance to attack; he did not even prepare to do so until he received positive orders to that effect from Seville. Then he slowly approached the Guadalquivir: even now, notwithstanding the strength of his very mixed force of regulars and irregulars, which numbered some 50,000, he was so little in earnest that he still talked of retreat. He could not see that Dupont, by holding to Andujar, was giving himself into his hands. No doubt what Castaños presently did was just as a skilful general would have acted ; but it was more by luck than good management, the mere chance of the lie of the land than wise action following profound military forethought and science.

At last, in accordance with the definite decision of a council of war, the Spaniards began active operations on the 18th July. The plan arrived at was, as it happened, the best possible. Dupont's false position was his enemy's opportunity. The true system of attack was to encourage him to remain at Andujar by strong feints in his front, while the real stress was on his left—his extreme left, far away where line of retreat lay exposed. This, in effect, w what happened. On the 13th, General Reding advanced from Mengibar towards the ford of that name, and drove the French outposts across the Guadalquivir ; next to him, on his left, came Coupigny, then Felix Jones. This movement was threatening enough, but, as it was not persisted in, Dupont seems to have neglected it, mistaking its dangerous intention. Moreover, Castaños now strengthened him in his unwise resolves to hold to the right, for the Spanish general began serious demonstrations against Andujar ; he covered the heights opposite with a great multitude, and apparently "meant business." Dupont, terrified, stood fast, and only sent frantic appeals to Vedel for help. Then Castaños opened with his artillery against the Andujar bridge, and despatched a body of irregulars across the river at Marmolejo lower down with orders to manœuvre around Dupont's right rear.

Now Reding, pressing forward, forced a passage at the Mengibar ford. Dupont, hearing this, countermarched Vedel, who was approaching him, and directed him to protect Baylen, which was now exposed and within easy reach of Mengibar. Vedel, having made one useless march, was again to be of no service ; for, Reding having crossed the direction of his march, indicated an intention to strike at Linares and the pass beyond. Accordingly Dufour, who commanded after Gobert's death, hurried off to Carolina, hoping to forestall Reding ; and Vedel, equally anxious, quickly followed Dufour. Thus, these two French generals with their divisions were separated on the 17th July by five-and-twenty miles from their chief and comrade, Dupont, at Andujar. All this was enormously to Reding's advantage. He was joined on the 17th by Coupigny, and now the two together, 20,000 strong, seized Baylen. Here Reding, after throwing out a detachment towards Carolina, took up a position facing Andujar and the west.

In order to fully appreciate this most complicated state of affairs, it will be necessary to recapitulate the positions of the opponents. Dupont, with one-half of the French forces, was at Andujar, the extreme end of a front of forty-five miles ; Vedel and Dufour were at the other end, quite cut off from him, about Carolina. Reding was in between the two ends, holding Baylen, the key of the position. Castaños was in strength

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rench cavalry. Yet now the
Spanish reserves restored the fight, which, as the day grew on towards noon, manifestly slackened on the French side.

Dupont's men were horribly exhausted. They had been marching all night, fighting all the forenoon ; they were covered with dust and exposed to a tropical sun ; they were mad with thirst and there was no water to be had. Already 1,500 men had been struck down, the Swiss regiments in the French service had gone over to the Spaniards, large numbers of officers were wounded, Dupont himself included. At this time the French general declared he could not dispose of more than a couple of thousand men, although it was never properly explained why his forces had dwindled to so few. Thousands could never have fired a shot, and it was openly said afterwards that the care of the general's personal baggage, swollen with church plate and plunder, so fully occupied a great part of his whole force that it was never brought into action.

Now at this critical moment the guns of the pursuit were heard in the rear about the Rumblar bridge. Castaños had come up at last, and the French were taken between two fires. Poor Dupont had no news of Vedel, and was in despair. He proposed a suspension of arms, which Reding willingly granted, because, as a matter of fact, he himself could hardly hold his own ground. Nevertheless, Vedel was really near at hand. He had been aroused by the distant sounds of battle, and had left Carolina that morning at 5 a.m., working, as a good soldier should, towards the noise of guns. Yet now, although time was of the utmost consequence, he tarried by the way and halted for several hours six miles short of Baylen to let his men breakfast and rest. He only resumed his march when the firing had ceased, to arrive on the ground after Dupont had asked for an armistice. Being ignorant of this, Vedel attacked Reding to good purpose, and captured 1,500 prisoners. Then an aide-de-camp from Dupont came and told him to desist, informing him that negotiations with the enemy were in progress.

Thus the battle was lost when on the point of being won. It would have been easy enough to reopen the strife, and with every prospect of success. Vedel clamoured for a joint attack on Reding, and was supported by his subordinates. Dupont would not consent, ordered Vedel to give up the prisoners he had taken and withdraw to Carolina. This did not please Castaños, who insisted that Vedel should also surrender, and

threatened in default to massacre all Dupont's force. Here was an opportunity of quashing the negotiations and resuming hostilities. Dupont and Vedel together, 18,000 French soldiers, were strong enough to give a good account of a raw Spanish army; and if Dupont was caught between Castaños and Reding, Reding was in equally critical condition between Vedel and Dupont. It was an occasion when a bold stroke for freedom would probably have resulted in triumphant victory. Had Dupont been the man of Marengo, Jena, and Friedland he would have cut his way through his difficulties sword in hand. But he was completely broken down, and could only assemble a council of war, upon whom he threw the responsibility of decision. Heroic resolutions such as alone could have saved the French were not to be expected from a number of different opinions, and the council came to the conclusion that further resistance was hopeless.

Negotiations recommenced, and n imposed harder terms. At first he permitted the French troops to retur but at this moment a letter from Ge recalling Dupont to Madrid, fell into general's hands. Castaños not stran to carry out Savary's views, and insi whole French force — Dupont's, Dufour's—should lay down their render at discretion. Meanwhil again drawn off, but Castaños d return, and that he should be in capitulation. Extraordinary as it Dupont sent Vedel peremptory or back; and Vedel, although well o and at the head of a force arme actually returned. Nor was this al officer with a Spanish escort scoure to pick up small parties and out garrisons, and include them in t

"KEPT THEIR COWARDLY ASSAILANTS AT BAY SWORD IN HAND" (p. 221).

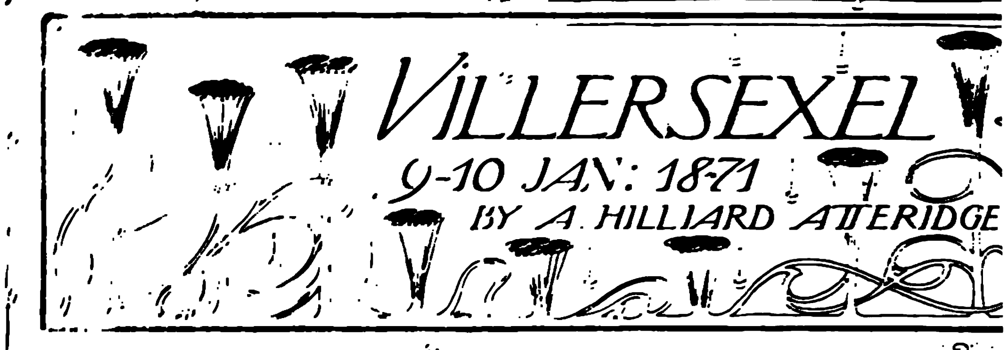
"And," as Napier says, "these unheard-of proceedings were quietly submitted to by men belonging to that army which for fifteen years had been the terror of Europe." Twenty thousand French soldiers gave themselves up at one stroke of the pen to an enemy for whom they had had the greatest contempt. There is no more pregnant truth in military art than that the conduct of soldiers depends greatly upon the character of their immediate chief.

General Dupont undoubtedly failed when put to a supreme test. It was the first occasion on which he had been in independent command, and he was unequal to it and its peculiar difficulties. According to all accounts he was a man of lively imagination, apt to vary between the two extremes of enthusiasm and despondency. He is described as an affable, agreeable person, a good talker, with strong literary tastes, and, even while a general, he had competed for poetical prizes. His writings are full of fine rhetoric, but his military despatches were wanting in force and decision. Whatever his faults were, he expiated them to the full. On his return to France he, with the other generals concerned in the capitulation, were arraigned before a special commission and treated with the utmost rigour. Dupont himself was sentenced to be degraded from his rank; he was to give up all his medals and decorations, to forfeit the rank of count and all money grants made him, and to be imprisoned indefinitely. He lingered on in a state prison until the fall of Napoleon in 1814, when the Bourbons, on return to power, released him, and he was at once made Minister of War. A special royal ordinance restored him to his rank and honours, and he occupied a prominent military position until his death in 1838.

It only remains to be said that this capitulation, "shameful in itself, was shamefully broken." The French prisoners, on their march down to Cadiz, where, according to the treaty, they were to be embarked and sent home to France, were treated barbarously by their Spanish captors. Many were murdered in cold blood: eighty officers were massacred at Lebrija, but not before they had kept their cowardly assailants at bay sword in hand, to be shot down treacherously from houses around. All who survived to reach Cadiz were there cast into the convict hulks and subjected to horrible ill-treatment. The wretched remnant were afterwards transported to the desert island of Cabrera, where "they perished by lingering torments in such numbers that few remained alive at the termination of the war."

Baylen is a dark spot in history, disgraceful to both sides engaged. Yet from it started the career of one of England's greatest generals, and it was the first serious blow that assailed the fabric of Napoleonic power.

A SPANISH CARICATURE ON THE CAPITULATION OF DUPONT.



THE first few days of 1871 was a dark one for France. Two whole armies were captive in Germany. The Prussian flag flew over Metz and Strasburg. Paris was held fast in a ring of iron through which it had proved impossible, so far, to break a way. The armies of the provinces, Faidherbe's in the north and Chanzy's on the Loire, for all their gallant efforts had suffered repeated defeats. Faidherbe had lost Amiens, Chanzy had been forced to abandon Orleans. And yet amid all this dark[illegible] there was yet one gleam of hope; and, while most of the defenders of France fought only with the courage of despair, there were some here and there who thought that even at the eleventh hour the tide of conquest might be turned back. [illegible] with this hope, they [illegible]

[illegible]

levies under Garibaldi and Cremer; Badeners, reinforced from his army, siege of Belfort, the one place in [illegible] which the tricolour still flew.

Between the southern end of the [illegible] of the Vosges and the first outlyin[illegible] the Jura there is a gap some miles w[illegible] the mountains sink down into low hills the central valley of these hills the [illegible] joins the Rhine and Rhone makes its gap is known to French geograph[illegible] *trouée de Belfort*, taking its name fortress on its northern side, whic[illegible] against an invader coming from the [illegible] the Rhine. Belfort has been a place [illegible] ever since it was acquired by Fra[illegible] Louis XIV. and fortified by Vauban on a spur of the Vosges, with its [illegible] rounded by a triple girdle [illegible]

[illegible]

mplete even the investment of the
l the end of the year they were still
it his outworks, and the citadel and
rere untouched.

e second battle of Orléans, on Decem-
e left of the Loire army under Chanzy
l towards Vendôme along the right
he river, pursued by the Germans
ice Frederick Charles. The right,
of the 15th, 18th, and 20th *corps*-
ad retreated by the left bank, then
thward and eastward by Gien to the
iood of Bourges, where General Bour-
and reorganised it. Ill-fed, incom-
uipped and badly uniformed, the
suffered terribly in the retreat to
it a few days' rest did wonders for
by the middle of December the army
ready to take the field. Gambetta
l come to Bourges to encourage the
co-operate with Bourbaki; and on
he army began to move northward
ris, its object being to threaten the
tions of Prince Frederick Charles
illes and so force him to slacken his
Chanzy.

same day M. de Serres, a young en-
io had often acted as Gambetta's
rived at Bourges with a new plan
Government at Bordeaux had already
a plan for sending Bourbaki's army
of France, where it was to raise the
lfort, and, uniting with Garibaldi and
oops and the corps which was being
General de Bressolles at Lyons, it was
rthwards at the German communica-
iake a raid across the Rhine into
Germany. It was hoped that Bour-
es could be rapidly conveyed by
the east; that Werder could be over-
efore he even realised that he had
force in his front; and that Belfort
s and the south of France could be
basis for a new campaign, the first
iich would be to force the Germans
eir advance on the Loire and think
arding the communications by which
supplied from Germany than of hunt-
Chanzy or reducing Paris.

sight the plan looked a wild one, but
d, and it very nearly succeeded. It
for most people to realise what are
ons under which an army of some
n maintains itself in a hostile country
h of winter, carrying on at the same
time the siege of a great capital like Paris. It is true that some supplies could be obtained in France itself by purchase and requisition, but by December the resources of the districts occupied were nearly exhausted. The army before Paris, the armies that faced Faidherbe in the north and Chanzy in the west, had to be supplied in great part with the ordinary necessaries of life from Germany itself. Ammunition for the Paris siege-guns, renewed supplies for the armies in the field, all this came by the lines of railway that stretched across eastern France through Champagne and Lorraine, guarded partly by detachments on the lines themselves and in the towns through which they passed, but chiefly protected by Werder's army preventing any stroke from the southward and Manteuffel holding back the levies of the north. Werder had at most 43,000 men at his disposal. He had had some difficulty in holding on at Dijon and at the same time maintaining before Belfort a sufficient force to press the siege. If 80,000 or 100,000 men, even of inferior quality to his own, could be suddenly thrown against him, he must go, and then the main German army would have to take swift and effectual means to stay the French advance in the east. Otherwise it would be cut off from Germany and starved. But the crisis in the east would coincide with renewed sorties from Paris, a renewed advance on the Loire and in the north; and it might well be that, under such pressure, the siege of Paris would be raised if only for the brief period necessary to refill its magazine, bring out a large number of the civil inhabitants, reinforce the provincial armies with some of Trochu's best troops, and so change the whole face of the situation.

As in the earlier project for raising the siege of Metz by the march of MacMahon's army to Montmédy, everything depended on rapid movement. Otherwise this bold stroke for the deliverance of Belfort and of France would end in another disaster like that of the previous enterprise. But in the first few hours there was certainly no loss of time. When de Serres submitted his plan to Gambetta, the dictator hesitated to approve it. The movement northwards towards Paris had begun that morning; he based great hopes on it, and this stroke at the German communications seemed too daring. He told de Serres he would leave the decision to Bourbaki himself, and the engineer hurried off to Baugy, north of Bourges, where he found Bourbaki had established his headquarters in

one of the houses of the village. By candle-light in the little room the engineer and the general bent over the map of the east of France, and discussed the plan. The conference was a good one. Bourbaki thought the bold game could be successfully played, and gave de Serres a note in which he informed Gambetta that, as soon as he received an authorisation cancelling previous orders, he would put his army in movement for the east of France. The order came back by telegraph, and next morning the troops were being moved to the points where they were to entrain, and the southern railways were collecting engines and rolling stock about Bourges.

Gambetta expected great things of Bourbaki. He was one of the most popular soldiers of the Second Empire. He had a record of service extending over thirty-four years. He had fought in Africa, the Crimea, and Italy—everywhere with distinction. Englishmen should remember his name as that of the brigadier who brought up the two first French battalions to the help of our hard-pressed soldiers on the terrible morning of Inkerman. At the outbreak of the war

GENERAL VON WERDER.

with Germany he was in command of the Imperial Guard. He had been brought out of Metz before the end of the siege on a mysterious mission to Chislehurst, and, when he wa permission to re-enter the fortress, he offered his sword to Gambetta, not tha

GENERAL BOURBAKI.

a Republican, but because all dynastic a feelings disappeared in the general int the defence of France against the invade unfortunately, Bourbaki during this campaign seems to have been a differe from the fiery soldier of Algeria and the On the battlefield, when he heard the again, he showed something of his old but on the march and at the council-b hesitated, changed his plans, and see labour under a depressing feeling that as general of the Empire he could not rel those who now followed him to stand after a single check. "If it rains or sno much," he wrote to a friend, "they will my fault, and that I have betrayed them."

Though everything depended on spe railway transport of the troops to the departments was terribly slow. All wa fusion. Trains were blocked for hours line, while the men, huddled together carriages, shivered with cold, for the grou deep with snow and all the streams were Only a single line was available for the part of the way from Bourges to Chalo Saône. The 24th corps from Lyons the same point by another line. It h ginally been intended to move only two the 18th (General Billot) and the 20th (C

Clinchant) from Bourges, leaving the 15th to hold in check the Prussian corps of observation under Zastrow, which had moved southwards from Versailles. But Bourbaki, though the resources of transport were already taxed to the utmost, insisted on the 15th being also placed at his disposal, and after some hesitation the Government granted his request. At last, in the first week of January, the four corps were concentrated between Besançon and Chalons-sur-Saône—a movement which ought to have been completed before New Year's Day.

"THE GERMANS TOOK THE DEFENDERS OF THE BARRICADE IN REVERSE" (p. 227).

Werder had already found out that a considerable force was being accumulated in his front, and on December 26th he abandoned his advanced position at Dijon. One of the German regiments marched out of the town carrying its gaily-decorated Christmas tree on a cart, and as they passed along the street the soldiers threw some of the bonbons to the children. In order to be ready to oppose any attempt to relieve Belfort, Werder concentrated his forces between Vesoul and Villersexel in the valley of the Ognon. On January 4th he received orders to push reconnaissances to the southward, and the result was some skirmishing between the German scouting parties and Bourbaki's advanced troops. Three days later the German headquarters staff at Versailles telegraphed to Werder orders and information which showed that Moltke considered that a very serious danger was threatening the Germans in Eastern France. Werder was informed that he would be largely reinforced from the north, and that Manteuffel would presently take over the eastern command. Meanwhile he was at any cost to keep Belfort blockaded; use the most severe measures of repression in case the population of the occupied departments attempted an insurrection; fall back before Bourbaki if he could not hold his ground, but even so take care not to lose touch of him. At the same time he was directed to be ready to block the southern passes of the Vosges, and to prepare to destroy the Basle and Mulhouse railway, so as to make a French *coup-de-main* on the upper Rhine more difficult. A hundred thousand Frenchmen were gathering round Besançon, and Werder was outnumbered nearly three to one.

Bourbaki had been hesitating as to whether

he should march direct on Vesoul in order to strike at the field-army under Werder, or move immediately to the relief of Belfort. On this same 7th of January he decided on the latter course. On the 8th he concentrated three of his corps about Montbozon in the Ognon valley —Billot on the left, Clinchant in the centre, Bressolles on the right. Two battalions and a squadron of cavalry were pushed forward to the little town of Villersexel, where there was a bridge across the river and an important junction of roads. The main body of the French was about eight miles south-west of the town. Eight miles north-west of the same point Werder had concentrated his army about Noroy-le-Bourg, intending next day to fall on the flank of the French, trusting to the superior quality of his troops to more than compensate for inferior numbers.

Early on the morning of the 9th the two armies were thus converging on Villersexel, which was held by the French advanced guard. The first division of Billot's corps (nine battalions and fourteen guns) was moving up the right bank of the Ognon, and had reached the village of Esprels at nine in the morning, when the cavalry scouts brought in news that the Germans were about a mile in front near the village of Marast. This was Von der Goltz's infantry division, forming Werder's right. Within half an hour the two divisions were in contact, and all day long the fight continued among the snowy woods between Marast and Esprels. The French, mostly young troops, stood their ground well, and resisted every effort of the Germans to break through or turn them. Once only, towards one o'clock, there was a temporary panic in the Bois des Brosses, which was held by chasseurs and *franc-tireurs*. The 34th Pomeranian infantry fought their way into the wood, and had captured half of it when they were driven out by a counter attack made by fresh troops, a brigade of linesmen and mobiles which was gallantly led to the charge by its brigadier, General Robert. On this part of the field the fighting ended with the short winter day, soon after four o'clock.

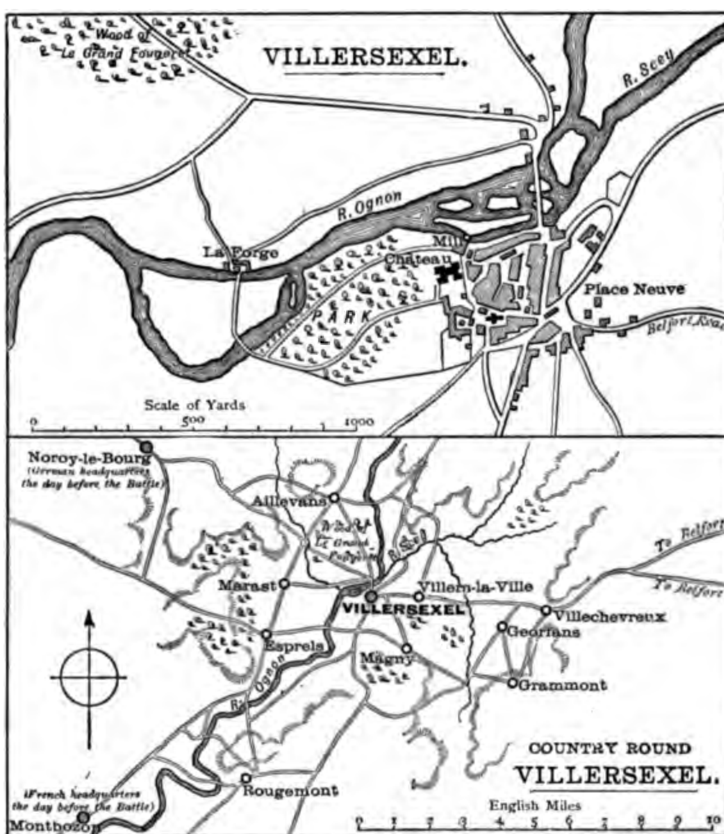
But in Villersexel itself and on the other side of the river the fight was a much more serious affair. In 1870 the town numbered about 1,500 inhabitants. It is built on the slope of a hill on the left bank of the Ognon. The main street runs from the Place Neuve (at the point where the Belfort road enters the town) to the stone bridge which crosses the river. Close to the bridge several side streets run into the main street. On the west side of the town stood the splendid château of Grammont—a three-storied building, with two wings, ending in high-roofed pavilions. Beyond the château extended a wooded park, and at the western end of the park a large island divided the Ognon, and both branches were crossed by foot-bridges, that nearest the park being a small suspension bridge. On the evening of the 8th the town had been occupied by two battalions of the 20th corps (Clinchant), one being a battalion of Corsican mobiles and the other a battalion of mobiles of the Vosges. General Ségard commanded this advanced guard. He barricaded the stone bridge, loopholed the houses along the river, and put a company of the Corsicans into the château ; but by a strange oversight he took no precautions to guard the foot-bridge at the end of the park.

At nine on the morning of the 9th the sound of cannon was heard away to the left on the north bank of the river. It was the beginning of Von der Goltz's attack on Billot's first division. This put the little garrison of Villersexel on the alert, and soon they saw the head of a column issuing from the wood of Le Grand Fougeret, opposite the town. They opened fire from the houses and the barricade, and the Germans threw forward a line of skirmishers, while two batteries took up a position on the high ground beyond the wood, and began to throw shells into the streets and the park. Higher up the German engineers had bridged the river near Aillevans, and a division was crossing there, with orders to move down to the eastward of the town and stop the advance of the main body of the 20th corps, which was coming up in that direction. The Germans repeatedly advanced towards the long bridge as if they meant to rush it, but each time they fell back under the heavy fire from the houses. Along the banks of the river the rival firing lines exchanged volleys at close range. Twelve o'clock came, and the Germans had made no progress. But about this time a lieutenant, with half a company of the 25th Fusilier regiment working along the river bank, reached the hamlet of La Forge, and, to his surprise and delight, found an unguarded foot-bridge leading across to the big island in the Ognon. Cautiously reconnoitring the island, he came on the suspension bridge, giving free access to the park. He could hardly believe his good luck. Sending back word to his captain of what he had discovered, he hastened to secure a footing among

the trees of the park. The rest of the company, and after it the greater part of the battalion, stole across the bridge into the trees, and then the word was given to advance. The château was taken with a rush. Surprised by an attack from a quarter which they thought quite secure, some of the Corsicans were bayoneted, about a hundred were taken prisoners, the rest fled into the town. Pressing down through the streets, the Germans took the defenders of the barricade in reverse, and the bridge was captured. By one o'clock the Germans held the town. To the eastward the heads of their columns had reached Villers-la-Ville and the woods towards Magny.

Between one and two o'clock there was a lull in the fight on the south side of the Ognon. Then Bourbaki and Clinchant, the commander of the 20th corps, rode up by Magny and directed a general attack upon the positions held by the Germans. Two divisions moved against their left, while a third pushed forward to attempt the recapture of Villersexel. Further down the river, at Pont-sur-Ognon, a division of the 18th corps crossed to the south side of the stream to support its comrades of the 20th in their attack on Villersexel. It was commanded by Admiral Penhoat, a brave Breton sailor, who that day showed himself a good general. Between three and four o'clock Villers-la-Ville was captured. It was a strong position: the village, with a wood close beside it, stands at the crest of a long, gentle slope—a natural glacis, like that which made the attack of St. Privat so terrible for the Prussian Guard on August 18th. Now, covered as it was with deep snow, this long slope gave the garrison of the village a splendid field of fire. Nevertheless, Logerot's brigade of two battalions of the mobiles of the Jura moved steadily to the attack, a battalion deployed on each side of the road, the general on horseback between them, quietly signalling, now to one, now to the other, with his *lips*, escaping the balls that whistled round him as it by a miracle. But, bravely as it was made, this front attack would probably have failed if it had not been combined with a turning movement against the left of the village by Polignac's brigade. Under this double attack the Germans gave way.

But they had a further reason for not making a prolonged or desperate defence of this part of the position. Werder was now aware that he had in his front on the south side of the river



the three divisions of Clinchant's corps and one of Billot's. True, all these troops were not actually engaged, but they could come into action very soon. Further east, the 24th corps, under de Bressolles, was marching by the villages of Grammont, Georfans, and Villechevreux—a movement which outflanked the whole German position. Bressolles, with a woeful lack of initiative, was marching quietly to the points assigned to him in the general order for the advance of the army on the 9th. He could hear the cannon thundering away to his left, but only four companies of one of his battalions marched towards the fight and took some part in it. Had

de Bressolles pushed boldly in behind Werder's left, the battle might have been, not a defeat, but a disaster for the Germans. Werder, used as he was to the German habit of each corps commander moving at once to the help of a comrade who was actually engaged in a battle, evidently expected some such movement on his left; and, seeing that the French were making a good fight of it, and that there were nowhere signs of that collapse of the new levies on which he had counted, he sent an order between three and four o'clock to withdraw all the troops to the north bank of the river, except those actually holding Villersexel. His guns retired partly by the stone bridge in the town, but mostly by the temporary bridges at Aillevans.

BELFORT.

Then the French attack came rolling on to the boundary walls of the park and the outlying houses of the town. A little after four the sun had set, and the attack on Villersexel began amid the gathering twilight of the winter evening. But the sky was clear, the stars began to come out, and the moon, near the full, shining on the snow gave light enough to continue the struggle. Bourbaki, flushed with something of the old eagerness which had made him famous in Africa and in Italy, was well up to the front. When the mobiles of the Pyrenees and the Vosges began to fall back under the heavy fire that met them as they advanced against the park, Bourbaki pushed through them, and, sword in hand, placed himself at their head. "*À moi, l'infanterie!*" he called out. "Stand by me. Have French soldiers forgotten how to charge?" And they rallied and dashed forward with the shout of "*Vive la France! Vive la République!*" One of Clinchant's divisions was attacking the town. Admiral Penhoat's battalions won on their way with the bayonet into the park and attacked the château. The Germans set it on fire as they gave way. But the victors arrived in time to extinguish the flames and to rescue the French prisoners made earlier in the day.

It was after six o'clock, but the fight was not over yet. On the north bank the cannon were silent, but in the town, at the end of every street, Frenchmen and Germans were firing into each other at close quarters, or fighting hand-to-hand with the bayonet. Several houses were on fire, and the struggle was becoming a fierce one, in which there was very little thought of

AN INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE OF VILLERSEXEL.

(From the picture by Alphonse de Neuville.)

quarter. At one point, as the French pushed into the courtyard of a house held by the Germans, an officer appeared at one of the windows, and, raising his hand, said something. All that the French heard was the word "*prisonnier*"; but they concluded, perhaps incorrectly, that he was asking to be allowed to surrender with his garrison. The French captain ordered the "Cease fire," and entered the courtyard. The next moment he and several of his men fell under a volley from the windows. The whole may have been one of those unfortunate mistakes which occur in all wars. But the Frenchmen thought it was a piece of murderous treachery. Faggots soaked with tar were brought up, under a heavy fire; they were piled up against the door and walls of the house and ignited, and not a man of the German garrison came out of the house alive. It was Bazeilles on a smaller scale.

Nine German battalions held the town—Landwehr men from the eastern provinces, Poles, and Pomeranians — determined men, mostly about thirty years of age, coming of good fighting races, and veterans of the war of 1866. Outnumbered as they were, they made a dogged resistance. Towards seven o'clock four Landwehr battalions tried to retake the château. They actually got possession of the lower floor, but the French held out in the basement cellars and in the upper stories. There was a hard fight in corridors and on staircases—here with crossed bayonets, there with the rifle, firing through holes cut in floors and ceilings. The château at last took fire, and both parties had to abandon it. Colonel von Krane, who led the attack, narrowly escaped being cut off and burned to death. By the light of the blazing building the Germans were driven back into the streets of the town. At ten they broke into the park again, only to be once more repulsed. Gradually the fight became confined to the streets near the bridge, where both sides fought behind barricades rapidly improvised, by the French to secure the ground they had won, by the Germans to maintain themselves in the streets and the little square near the bridge end.

For three hours, from ten till after one, this desperate street-fight went on by the light of blazing houses. In narrow lanes, in courtyards, inside the houses, men fought hand-to-hand. It was one of the hottest fights in the whole war. Strangely enough, both sides seemed to think only of pushing new forces directly into the narrow space where the battle was raging—the Germans by the stone bridge from the north bank, the French by the streets leading to the park. Neither party tried to push round beyond the town and enter it from other points; and outside the streets the troops not actually engaged listened to the din that rose from the little town, and watched the flames that shot up from the blazing château and the burning houses—flames in which many of the wounded were destroyed. One of the horrors of the fight was the smell of burning flesh in the crowded lanes.

It was between one and two in the morning of the 10th when the Germans at last let go their hold of the town and retired across the stone bridge. General Billot watched the fight from the ground he had held all day on the north side. The Marquis de Grammont stood beside him, in the light of the flames that still rose from the ruins of his home on the other side of the river. He offered the general to guide through the darkness a column which could fall on the rear of the Germans and cut off their retreat, but his proposal was rejected. It was felt at the moment that enough had been done. A victory had been won, and there was no disposition to run further risks in the hope of still greater results.

When the château was recaptured by the French about seven o'clock, M. de Serres, Gambetta's delegate, rode back to the point near Rougemont (more than five miles from Villersexel), to which the field-telegraph had been brought up, and thence, a little before 8 p.m., he telegraphed to the Government at Bordeaux:

"The battle ended at seven p.m. The night prevents us from estimating the importance of our victory. The general commanding-in-chief bivouacs in the centre of the battlefield, and the army has occupied all the positions assigned to it in the general orders for the march issued yesterday. Villersexel, the key of the position, was stormed to the cry of '*Vive la France! Vive la République!*'"

The Government telegraphed its congratulations to Bourbaki. He received them while the night battle was still going on. De Serres, in his eagerness to send the good news, had said that the battle ended at seven. It continued for something more than six hours after that.

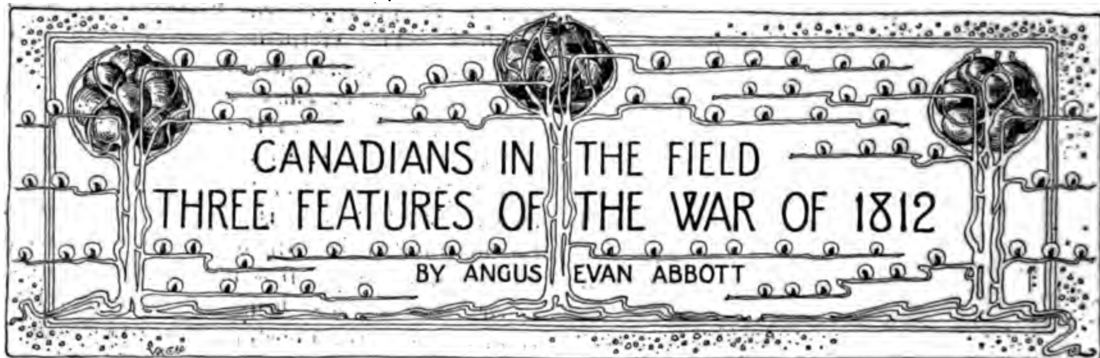
The Prussian staff made a more serious mistake in its report. It declared that Werder had held his own "against the 18th and 20th corps and part of the 24th." But neither the 18th nor the 20th brought all its troops into action

(though doubtless their being near the field influenced the result); and as for the "part of the 24th," it amounted to only four companies. It is not easy to say how many troops were actually engaged in the fight from first to last. Probably Werder had about 20,000 men in and near Villersexel, on both sides of the river, of which about 12,000 were seriously engaged. Bourbaki had about 50,000 in the 18th and 20th corps, and 20,000 more in the 24th on his extreme right. But of these 20,000 not 500 were engaged, and of the 50,000 about half must have been in action at one time or another. In the fighting in the town and the park after sundown there were about 7,000 or 8,000 Germans against 9,000 French. Everywhere—except, perhaps, in Billot's fight against Von der Golz, where the opposing forces were about even—the advantage of numbers was on the side of the French; but they were mostly new levies, and they had to expel a veteran enemy from a very strong position. The mobiles and volunteers who fought their way through the streets of Villersexel were brave soldiers, and Bourbaki might well build high hopes upon this first battle in his campaign for the relief of Belfort.

Considering how much street-fighting there was in the evening and night, the losses were not heavy. The Germans admitted a loss of over six hundred men, the French about seven hundred. The Germans carried away some hundreds of French prisoners with them. Of the townspeople of Villersexel only one is known to have taken part in the fight, and he was a Polish refugee, Felix Romanowski, who had settled at Villersexel after fighting in the Polish insurrection of 1863. He shouldered a rifle on the morning of the 9th, and was unwounded at the end of the day. It is not unlikely that part of the time he was firing at his own fellow-countrymen of the Polish provinces of Prussia.

To win a battle is one thing; to reap the full fruits of victory is another. Time was all-important to Bourbaki if his enterprise was to have any chance of success. Yet, instead of pressing Werder with all his available forces next day, and driving him northwards away from the roads leading to Belfort, he lost precious hours and days in hesitation, only to find, when at last he resumed his advance, that the Germans, largely reinforced, were ready once more to throw themselves across his path. The victory of Villersexel was almost the last flicker of hope for France. Héricourt, Montbéliard, and Pontarlier witnessed the collapse of the daring plan, the execution of which had been so wel' begun in the hard fighting through the short winter day and the long night at Villersexel.

GAMBETTA.
(*Photo, Carjat, Paris.*)



MANY deeds of daring done during the War of 1812 are remembered in the history of North America. Indeed, the bitter struggle between the Americans and Canadians was rich in brilliant exploits, either side having to its credit a number of memorable events. The needless conflict, which began about nothing and ended in nothing, caused a great deal of bitterness to be harboured at the time in the hearts of both parties to the quarrel. But, fortunately, that bitterness has quite died away ; and, although the two halves of the great continent occasionally do look a little black the one at the other, the difference is merely a family one, with small chance, indeed, of growing into anything more serious than a scowl.

The War of 1812 furnishes a rich field for the student of independent and disconnected fighting. It was more or less a guerilla war from start to finish. Small bands of soldiers did wonders. Battles were fought with such determination and bitterness that the killed and wounded were desperately out of proportion to the number of soldiers engaged. The troops of both sides were born riflemen, never wasting a shot and always shooting to kill. Many engagements took place in the woods, and the Indians, who served on the Canadian side, were as ever ruthless and cruel. There can be no gainsaying that America had good ground to complain of the red man's doings. On the other hand, the Canadians found themselves obliged to defend their homes against powerful armies of invasion. No help could be looked for from across the Atlantic, for the United Kingdom had to grapple with the greatest danger she ever encountered in all her history. During the years the War of 1812 was dragging its course, Britain got ready to meet Napoleon, met him, and fought the battle of Waterloo. Canada, meagrely populated, was thrown on her own resources. Against her she had a great Union, practically unlimited as to territory, money, and men. She therefore had to use every card in her hand, and one of the strongest cards was the Indian. Under Tecumseh and the younger Brant the red man fought with all his wonted cunning.

This article deals with the exploits of Laura Secord, the Glengarries, and the great Shawnee chief Tecumseh. That these feats were all performed for the Canadians is in no way implying that the records of the United States army are barren in daring deeds successfully carried through. On most occasions the Americans fought with dash, and their greatest successes were made when matters looked blackest for them.

Laura Secord's name is revered by the Canadians in much the same way as is that of Grace Darling in England, or, still better illustration, for each was concerned in war, Jeanne d'Arc in the land of "dame and dance." Of her deed the verse-writers of Canada, and they are many, have, one may say without exception, spun their rhymes ; and no history of the wonderful northland would be acceptable to the Canadians did it fail to mention her name and chronicle her heroism. Tales have been told, dramas woven, songs sung to her honour ; and as time goes on, her memory is surely destined to be kept green by the warm-hearted people of the great Dominion. For with heroic determination she pressed stoutly on through dark woods and across swollen streams to save the little army of Canadians from surprise and annihilation.

Mrs. Laura Secord was a daughter of Thomas Ingersoll, a United Empire Loyalist who removed from the United States to Canada after the war for independence and founded Ingersoll, now a flourishing town of some five thousand inhabitants. Laura married Mr. James Secord,

e outbreak of the War of 1812 the two ing in Queenston on the banks of the river. When news came to the Cana- at an army for invasion was being n the opposite bank, James Secord, like nadians able to bear arms, volunteered defence of his country. He ranked as when the first decisive battle, Queenston , was fought. That he bore himself y and fought with all his might there no disputing, for towards the end of the ay his wife Laura, as she picked her way the wounded and dead—while the war- of the frenzied red men still rang from fs where the invaders were clinging to

"A BAND OF INDIANS POUNCED UPON HER" (p. 235).

e of the rock, with above the savages and the swirling river—she came upon her d lying among the dead as one dead. fe gathered the wounded volunteer into ns, and made her way with as great speed burden would allow to their house. she found that, although he had received sperate wounds, he still breathed. All inter she nursed and tended him, and in June the secret of the invading army came into her possession, her husband was still a cripple, and she herself determined to risk all and make the long journey alone.

The battle of Queenston Heights—a decisive Canadian victory—cleared the Americans out of Canada, but in the spring of 1813 they obtained possession of a strip of territory along the Niagara river. Queenston and, of course, the Secord's home lay inside the territory occupied by the Americans, and James Secord and his faithful wife were cut off from all communication with the Canadian army. General Dearborn, leader of the American army, had secured a firm footing on Canadian soil. Once safely across the frontier, he attempted to drive his army like a wedge into the interior of the country, but the Canadians fought fiercely. For them everything was at stake. Indeed, this war was carried on more like a war of extermination than a fair fight such as one would expect between two peoples speaking the same tongue. Devastation and rapine everywhere, neither side having a monopoly of the blame; villages, homesteads, crops were all given over to the flames, and the capital of each country was in turn

burnt. It was a cruel, heartless, revengeful war.

In his attempt to penetrate the country, Dearborn met for a time with success; but at length the Canadians managed to check him at two or three points, and forced him to retire to the Niagara again. This caused much dissatisfaction in the United States, for Dearborn's army was considered quite large enough for the enterprise, and the general found himself likely to be superseded in command should he not without loss of time pick up the evacuated territory and continue to advance instead of to retreat. Not only the people of the United States, but the soldiers themselves considered that there had been no cause for such a right-about-face, and were eager to get away from the river, on whose banks they seemed destined to linger. Retreating, the Americans were, to be sure, pressed closely by the Canadians, who, although scarcely strong enough to attack, hastened to take possession of all the strategical points in the country evacuated by General Dearborn. In doing this a body of the Canadians, commanded by FitzGibbon, a light-hearted Irishman who played an energetic and not altogether unhumorous part in the war, entrenched themselves at De Cou's house, a spot commanding a number of highways leading into the interior of Canada. Until FitzGibbon and his men were driven from their stronghold, Dearborn could not move. Once De Cou's house was stormed and burnt, a highway into the heart of Canada would be thrown open before the invaders. Dearborn planned to surprise FitzGibbon. For this purpose Colonel Boerstler was given command of 600 men, including fifty cavalry and two field-guns, and with the utmost secrecy, as he thought at the time, marched off through the bush for De Cou's.

As a reward for the valiant part he had played at the battle of Queenston Heights, James Secord had been granted by the Canadian Government a small tract of land, which lay some distance outside of the village of Queenston. On the farm he and his wife lived, himself crippled and sorely distressed; and to their house, on the evening of the 22nd of June, 1813, came two American officers, who demanded food. While awaiting for or partaking of this, they fell to discussing the situation and Dearborn's plans, and, most imprudently as it turned out, carried on their conversation in a tone of voice loud enough for Mrs. Secord, who was waiting on them at table, to overhear everything they said. Soldier's wife that she was, and patriotic Canadian as well, she quickly guessed that some decisive move against her country's troops was meditated, and she paid careful but cautious attention to everything that passed between her two unbidden guests. When they had finished their meal and departed, Laura Secord repeated to her husband all that she had heard, and he agreed with her that an attempt to surprise the Canadians would certainly be made. If the surprise succeeded, the whole of western Canada must fall. That night the husband and wife discussed the pros and cons of the situation, and, the husband being unable to leave the house, the wife decided to make an attempt to steal through the American lines, and thread, by a circuitous route, twenty miles of bush to warn FitzGibbon of his great danger.

Laura Secord arose at dawn. She had planned every step of her journey and arranged the strategy by which she hoped to pass the vigilant pickets, whom the American general had thrown out at the skirt of the woods to prevent the accomplishment of just such enterprises as she had undertaken. Dressing herself only in a jacket and short flannel skirt and without shoes or stockings, she took her milking pail in one hand, her three-legged milking stool in the other, and set out to where her cow was lying, not yet having arisen from her night's sleep. As soon as she quitted the house, she beheld the pickets at their stations all alert with the vigilance of a coming crisis. She had not gone a rod from her house before the soldiers detected her, and, although they would know that, on a farm, woman's first duty is to milk the cow (it takes precedence over everything, the object being to allow the beast to eat her fill before the scorching heat of day and the swarms of flies drive her to take shelter under a tree), they still kept strict watch over her actions.

But to all outward appearances the good woman's only ambition was to get the milking over as soon as possible, for she walked straight to the cow and, causing her to arise, set down pail and stool, and commenced to milk. The beast had always been a quiet one, but this morning something was wrong. The soldiers, as they looked on, saw the animal kick over the pail and run a short distance towards the woods before being brought to a standstill by the entreaties of the farmer's wife. Again Mrs. Secord settled down to milk, and again the cow kicked over the pail and ran still nearer to the dark forest. One of the Americans, no doubt himself born and bred on a rich New England farm

often kicked and run, sauntered
his assistance ; but Mrs. Secord
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. In this way, by short and
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woman reached the edge of the
the wood, far into the wood,
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e never traversed a Canadian
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ckets (the Americans held the
distance around Queenston) ;
many creeping animals lay in
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Secord met with a thousand
nents.

beech roots raised their gnarled
through the soil ; fallen trees,
es held up as if, like a drowning
help, lay at every angle to be
best she could; tangled clumps
bby thorn, interwoven under-
grasses, and limbs of standing
she found it impossible to pro-
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ng at them with a goad which
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ormed by Lakes Ontario and
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exploit, and in the month of
ive.) But without pausing or
n momentary heed to the
urn to her home which must
surged upon her, she pressed
ened by the long winter's frost,
her feet, the gloomy closeness
using the perspiration to run
from her brow ; down into deep gullies she passed and up their steep sides again, over rocks, through morasses and cold spring swamps, across rapid streams on the trunks of fallen trees, keeping an anxious look-out in front of her for signs of friend or foe.

Night falls early in the woods. Dimness in the clearing is blackness under the interlocked branches of the forest. Owls began to hoot from the tree-tops and to flit past her with the soft rustle of ghosts; strange sounds awakened on the air; warm, sweet, enervating smells oozed from the ground where lay the leaves of ages; the whip-poor-will cried sharply and clear. The passage through the woods had been terribly trying to her, and during the last part of the journey she made but little progress. Her clothing was torn, her feet blistered and bleeding, and her strength all but left her. So it was that when, with whoop and spring, a band of Indians pounced upon her, she could not have been entirely unthankful that at length her long journey was ended for weal or woe. It happened that the Indians were allies of the Canadians ; and Laura Secord, woefully bedraggled, was carried before the commander, FitzGibbon. He heard her story, and had her carefully attended to, for she was in sore straits.

FitzGibbon and his Indian allies acted with promptitude and decision, and the result of Laura Secord's remarkable journey through the woods was the complete discomfort of the American army. FitzGibbon captured every man and officer.

When the Prince of Wales was in Canada he visited Mrs. Secord, then an old, old lady ; and a few days later she received a handsome present from the heir to the Throne of England.

THE GLENGARRIES AT OGDENSBURGH.

The storming of the old French fort Presentation at Ogdensburgh must be looked upon as one of the most curious and daring exploits of the War of 1812. The business was coolly planned, and carried out with irresistible dash. But then, what but valour and dash could be expected from men who had inherited the very spirit of self-reliant bravery from the same sources as they had inherited their sturdy frames and determined, if fiery, tempers ? Highlanders of the real fighting stock, heirs to the deeds of a long line of valiant warriors, many of them the direct descendants of those hot-headed mountain men who poured down from the hills to be scattered at Culloden, and who, for their failure

to win or to fall, were transported to the shore of the then savage continent, North America. The sons of those who had fought at Culloden again fought a hapless fight against Washington in his struggle for freedom, and when the war for independence ended they left their all in the United States and journeyed to Canada rather than live under any flag but the Union Jack. It was these men and their sons that stormed Ogdensburgh.

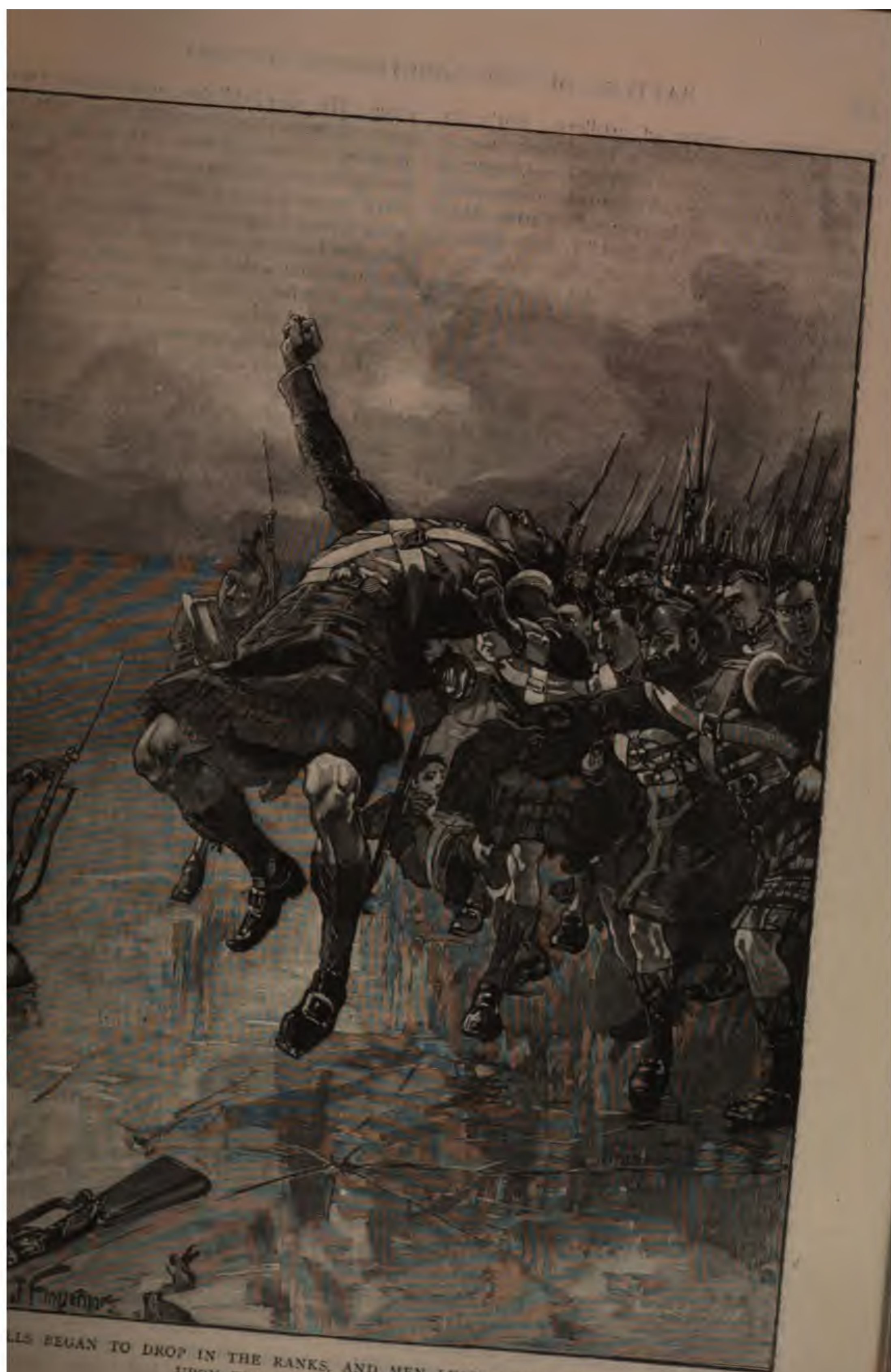
Anticipating the arrival of many United Empire Loyalists—as those were called who quitted the United States after the struggle for independence—the Government of Canada set aside a large tract of land along the northern bank of the St. Lawrence. In the county of Glengarry these Highlanders made their houses, taking up farms, and by their industry soon turned that part into the garden spot of Canada. They beat their swords into ploughshares, and were as successful civilians as they had been brave soldiers.

To the settlement thus formed, about 1803 came a very welcome addition. When peace with France was patched up in the first years of this century, the authorities in England, believing that war had run its course for a time, disbanded a number of splendid regiments. Among these was a Highland regiment, Roman Catholics all; a regiment that had been raised for Continental service by the individual exertions of a priest, Alexander Macdonnell, of Glen Urquhart. He was a fighting clergyman, one of the old sort, who could with equal faith lead his flock in prayer or into battle. In the regimental marchings to and fro, Father Macdonnell went with his men as chaplain of the corps with true paternal love in his heart and true fighting fire there as well. The Treaty of Amiens signed and orders issued for the disbandment of this regiment, Father Macdonnell applied to the British Government to be allowed to take his men to Canada. Not only did he obtain the desired permission, but he was also given the means for transportation; and the men with their priest at the head marched in to the highland settlement of Glengarry, no doubt one and all welcomed to the land of the maple and beaver. Probably when they settled down upon the banks of the St. Lawrence to clear their farms for the plough, they dreamed that their fighting days were past for ever. If so, they were unfortunately mistaken.

The war broke out, Queenston Heights had been carried and retaken, and the harsh winter of the northern zone of America cam[e] effectively put an end for a tim[e] hostilities. But long before this too[k] fact, at the first serious news from W[a] Father Macdonnell's fighting blood in him and the fiery cross was sent [t] land. The Highlanders lay by donned their tartans, took down t[heir] swords from their places on the ce[iling] and repaired to the rendezvous wh[ere] George Macdonnell—" George the [Red] was called, after the Highland ma[nner of dis]tinguishing one of a name from [another by] some personal peculiarity—was rea[dy to lead] the men and lead them afterwards[. "George] the Red " was a near relative of the [priest, and] a fighting Highlander through an[d through.] The men he gathered around him [became] the Glengarry Fencibles, and duri[ng the war] proved themselves sore stumbling-bl[ocks to the] ingenious and valiant Americans.

The Glengarries were given a grea[t stretch of] the St. Lawrence to guard, their h[eadquarters] being at Prescott, in Grenville Count[y.] After their long schooling against [the] trained troops of France, it must h[ave been a] curious experience for these men to en[gage in the] semi-guerilla fighting that took place [in the war] of 1812. On the American side of th[e river,] directly opposite to Prescott is Ogde[nsburgh, a] thriving place to this day. Between th[e Canadian] and the American towns the St. Lawr[ence is] at this point quite a mile and a quarte[r wide,] a strait of beautiful waves in summ[er, a] mass of grinding ice-floes in earl[y winter] and early spring. In the depth [of winter] it presents a curious spectacle: [a wind-]swept plain, glittering in the sun[, or] eerie white under the moon, bro[ken by] rugged furrows and dotted here and [there with] air-holes—breathing-places an acre or [more in] extent, from which ascend, when the [tempera]ture is very low, clouds of vapour a[s from] huge caldrons. The freezing over of [the great] rivers of America is a gradual proce[ss, the ice] growing out from either bank until [some] night the ice-floes are jammed, the[ir] edges are joined, their giddy whirli[ng stops,] and the grinding roar is hushed. A[s the days] pass the ice becomes so thick that it [will bear] any burden that man ever places upon [it. Such] was the river in the month of Februar[y, 1813.]

At Ogdensburgh stood an old Fr[ench fort,] and in this fort a Captain Forsyth held [command] with five hundred American soldie[rs]



"...LLS BEGAN TO DROP IN THE RANKS, AND MEN LEAPED INTO THE AIR TO FALL FLAT UPON THE GLITTERING ICE" (p. 238).

proportionate number of artillery. Early in February, Forsyth, with a small company at his back, had crossed the river late one night on a foraging expedition. This audacious proceeding enraged the "Glengarries." Father Macdonnell and "George the Red" laid their heads together. The outcome was the order that Ogdensburgh must be stormed, and stormed without delay. The leader at once set about preparing for the action.

His plans were as simple as bold. A stretch of ice more than a mile wide, offering no shelter from shot or shell, lay between the Highlanders and their foe. From the walls of the fort eleven cannon looked over this ice-plain. But Macdonnell cared nothing for the strange footing, and hoped to reach the cannon before the cannon would have time to reach him. Morning after morning the red leader marched his men out upon the frozen surface of the river, and for hours at a time used the ice as a drill ground. To the Americans at Ogdensburgh, who at first watched every movement of their dangerous neighbours, it appeared as though Macdonnell was determined to keep his men in thorough training for the spring campaign. Not only did the Highlandmen march and countermarch, but they hauled with them a couple of ugly-looking field-guns. Day by day they ventured farther out upon the ice in their practice, until the centre of the river was reached if not passed.

On the morning of the 22nd February the Highlanders as usual turned out upon the ice. Four hundred and eighty of them there were all told, and the everlasting two old field-pieces dragging behind them like the tail of a beaver. From the walls of the fort at Ogdensburgh the usual number of soldiers took their places to watch the drill. Captain Forsyth himself watched the spectacle for a time, but having seen enough of it, hastened to his breakfast. As he sat over his meal an officer came to him and said that he thought there was something suspicious about the looks of the Highlanders this morning. Forsyth thought otherwise, and went on with his breakfast. The junior officer, unfortunately for the Glengarry men, felt uneasy and sceptical, and resolved to keep a suspicious watch over the goings-on on the ice. Not many minutes passed before his shout from the walls of the fort caused the soldiers to spring to their arms. The Highland hosts had suddenly rent asunder, and two columns dashed straight for opposite sides of the fort.

"George the Red" himself headed the left wing. His men held the ropes of the two field-guns. Foremost in the right wing ran Captain Jenkins, a Canadian born and bred. On they dashed for the fort, running as fast as legs would carry across a frozen river. But half a mile of ice is a long, long road to travel, and before the columns had progressed many hundreds of yards the first cannon-load of grape shot came sweeping across the field of ice to meet the oncoming columns. Another hundred yards forward and the musket balls began to drop in the ranks, and men leaped into the air to fall flat upon the glittering ice.

Macdonnell's men carried the guns. It was the leader's plan to plunge into Ogdensburgh, brush out of his way any opposition that might there be offered, and plant the artillery in a position to fire into the fort from the rear, in this way preparing a breach for Jenkins, who was to storm the fort at the opposite side. But Macdonnell had not counted on his movements being so quickly discovered, nor that he would encounter such obstacles when he approached the bank. His men reached the American shore, swept through the village with irresistible fury; but when they reached the chosen spot for planting the guns, the guns were not forthcoming. They had, it turned out, become buried in a great bank of snow and ice that skirted the marge of the river. It took a weary time to hoist them out of their helpless position, tumble them up the river bank, and plant them in a commanding position. Meanwhile the Americans, rare marksmen and cool fellows, did not let the minutes slip unprofitably by.

While Macdonnell's men were floundering in the snowdrift, poor Jenkins and his band were having a very bad time of it. No sooner had he started forward than seven cannon were pointed at him, and the grape played havoc with his men, momentarily throwing them into confusion. He himself had his left arm shattered by the very first shot from the fort, but calling bravely to his men they all sprang forward. However, they had not gone many yards before a second shot struck the leader, this time on the right arm, completely disabling that also. Notwithstanding his terrible wounds—his left arm had to be amputated and his right was never afterwards of any use to him, although it hung by his side—the gallant Canadian pressed stoutly forward to inspire his men, but at length fell exhausted on the ice from loss of blood. His men, however, never lost heart. Leaving their commander where he lay, they breasted the fire from

d up the bank, formed in :harged over the breastworks, r bayonets to carry the day. e "George the Red" got his and with a "Hurrah!" both ie old French fort. Forsyth, red with those men who were escaping into the woods that ce. The Highlanders secured armed vessels that lay in the quantity of stores across the l having destroyed the fortifi- 'anadian soil.

loss in the gallant affair killed and fifty-two wounded, ick down on the ice by the

-CHIEF OF THE SHAWNEES.

oes where once roamed count- few patches of ragged forests a continent of forests; a few ut not civilised, where once any villages of wigwams and gh green branches and drifted The triumph of the white nerica has been won by the ell-nigh everything indigenous The very climate has changed. ain, France, Holland, and our m set foot on American soil e throat of all things un- s, wild-flowers, forests — all ged; streams diverted, rivers set to crawl over the face aid bare to the glaring sun, tinent turned into a second most deplorable sacrifice to enience was the sacrifice of Children of the Forests.

randest figures in American s. Among these Pontiac and it in commanding proportions, coincidence that both of these uring the years in which their re done, had their wigwams anks of the Detroit river. om no greater war-chief ever awk, personally directed the Fort Detroit, then garrisoned , and conducted the greatest led in the history of the red the next striking figure in ght on the banks of the same e with the British, whom his great forerunner had attempted to expel from American soil. As a striking figure of the War of 1812, this Tecumseh may be placed shoulder to shoulder with Sir Isaac Brock, hero of Queenston Heights, whom he knew and loved. Tecumseh was a born leader, eloquent in speech, lofty in principle, and brilliant in war. His death in the battle of the Thames caused a thrill of sorrow to pass through Canada, sorrow only less intense than that which moved the Canadians when they heard of the death of Brock on Queenston Heights.

Tecumseh, war-chief of the Shawnees, was born about 1770. His earliest recollections were of war, for his people, turbulent and fierce, found themselves in unending trouble with the Americans. He was twenty years old when General Harmer, commanding a large body of American troops, was sent to punish his tribe. The Shawnees met the Americans, and the cruel fight that resulted was altogether disastrous to the white men. They were forced to fight at great disadvantage, and finally had to take to heels to escape a general massacre. Next year General St. Clair undertook to avenge Harmer's defeat, and the end of this expedition was that the Americans were again almost annihilated. This, of course, could not last. The United States Government, two years later, fitted out a column, giving the command to General Wayne. Ample troops for the war were placed under the general's care, and Wayne most effectively administered the punishment which in the previous attempts had failed to be given. The Shawnees lost a greater part of their territory and a large number of their best warriors.

The disaster to his people had a curious effect on the mind of Tecumseh. At that time a young and no doubt unimportant buck, the defeat rankled in his heart without in any way cowing his independent nature. A great hatred for the Americans grew in his breast, and he formed a determination to overwhelm them in the west and drive them east of the Alleghanies. To do this he saw clearly that he must not begin by leading one tribe to war against the soldiers, but that all Indians on the continent must be formed into a confederacy and made to act in concert. It was a dream cherished by most of the great Indian chiefs, but none set about its accomplishment with clearer intelligence and sterner determination to surmount all obstacles than Tecumseh.

His resolve once formed, he without loss of time set out to preach the crusade among the

neighbouring tribes. His oratory, rich in the metaphor which the Indian loves and thrilling with martial fire, touched the hearts of the restless warriors; and when in 1804 Tecumseh's brother, the then chief of the tribe, proclaimed himself a prophet sent by the Great Spirit to lead the Children of the Forest back to their original ways of life and ancient heritage, and at the same time renounced the chieftainship in favour of Tecumseh, the young warrior found himself at the head of a splendid band of warriors, which his own and his brother's fame, ringing through the land, was causing to be increased every day by ambitious spirits from friendly tribes. So threatening did the movement among the Indians appear to the United States that the President instructed General Harrison, himself President in after years, to see Tecumseh and learn his intentions.

This was the first meeting between Harrison and Tecumseh. They last came face to face in the swamp-lands of the valley of the Thames in Canada, and Tecumseh, fighting like a mountain-cat, fell riddled with buckshot.

This first meeting threw into relief the character of the Indian war-chief. Both Americans and red men arranged to meet unarmed. Tecumseh at the head of his warriors appeared at the appointed place punctually. One of General Harrison's officers offered a chair to the chief, saying—

"Warrior, your father, General Harrison, offers you a seat."

Tecumseh gazed into the sky before answering:

"My father! The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother. She gives me nourishment, and I will rest on her bosom."

Having spoken, he flung himself on the turf.

The interview was short and unsatisfactory. Tecumseh refused to relinquish his idea of forming a confederacy, unless the President, on behalf of the United States, undertook to keep the white man within the boundaries already occupied by him.

WHERE TECUMSEH STOOD AT BAY.

Immediately after the interview the Shawnee chief set out to preach his favourite scheme to the Indians of the south. During his absence his tribe got into further trouble with the troops, and were again sorely cut up and defeated. Tecumseh returned home, gathered around him the warriors who had escaped destruction, and, the War of 1812 breaking out, he hastened with his band to Detroit, there to place himself at the disposal of the Canadians. From that day to the day of his death he led his braves with a judgment and brilliancy scarcely equalled in the annals of Indian warfare.

communication with the outside world, and with his thousand warriors completely surrounded Detroit, besetting every highway and path ; and when Brock summoned Hull to surrender, Tecumseh drew in his circle of ferocious followers, and their war-whoops, ringing from the woods and re-echoing from the old stockade, hastened the American general's resolve to open the gates. From that day to the day of his death Tecumseh was looked upon by friend and foe alike as one of the great leaders in the war. The Canadians found him an invaluable ally, and the Americans a leader to be reckoned with. Few Indian chiefs ever had such responsibilities placed on their shoulders by the white man as had Tecumseh. It is scarcely too much to say that Brock looked to the Shawnee to hold the territory of Michigan and defend Western Canada from attack. Proctor, who commanded the few troops Brock could spare from his hard task at Niagara, no doubt held actual command, but Tecumseh was the fighting force. And right well he did his duty.

In January of 1813, Proctor and Tecumseh led out their small force and surprised a brigade of Harrison's army, killing close upon 400 men, and capturing Brigadier Winchester, three field-officers, nine captains, twenty subalterns, and more than 500 men. Considering the small armies in the field at this time, the number of killed was appalling. Unfortunately some Indians, losing control of themselves, commenced to massacre the wounded, and a number of unfortunate American soldiers were in this way done to death before the red men could be brought under control.

News of this action spread among the tribes of the forest and plain, and Tecumseh's band was swelled by volunteers from near and from afar—bucks anxious to see fighting or to avenge the blood of killed tribesmen. Proctor, elated with the success of his offensive operation, determined to pursue the forward policy, and with 1,000 regulars and militia, and 1,200 Indians, he in April laid siege to Fort Meigs. At this siege Tecumseh again distinguished himself by cleverly leading Colonel Dudley and 400 American troops into an ambush, with the result that half were slain and the remainder captured. Although Proctor found it impracticable to continue the siege, he managed during the operation to take 550 prisoners, and the slain of the American forces were estimated at about 500 men. After this General Harrison's army was strengthened to such proportions that the small army of Canadians and I it impossible to act on the offensi success, and when Commodore Perr action swept the upper lakes of the Proctor found himself compelled Fort Detroit and retreat towa Against this movement Tecumseh one of the finest examples of Indiar has been handed down to us from a long passed, but passed for ever, wh was still a great orator and a sturdy the course of his speech he prote against any retreat not preceded by quote a few sentences from his orat

"Father, listen ! our fleet has g know they have fought ; we ha great guns ; but we know nothing happened to our father with tha ships have gone one way, and astonished to see our father tying and preparing to run the other.

"Father, listen ! the Americans defeated us by land ; neither are they have done so by water ; we t to remain and fight our enemy make their appearance.

"Father ! you have got the arr Great Father sent for his red chil intend to retreat give them to us go. Our lives are in the hands Spirit. We are determined to defe and if it be his will, we wish to lea upon them."

The Great Spirit willed, and T his bones on Canadian soil.

Proctor began his disastrous re tember 28th. The country throu route lay is as peculiar in its way North American continent. Once this tract of land was covered by L but through the ages the water the face of the earth, leaving a plain of waving reeds and coars paradise of the wild duck. Thr Canadians and Indians made the coming to the River Thames, set northern bank through an open fo

Closely following on their fo General Harrison with 3,500 men, Kentucky riflemen mounted on understood the woods as well as a Proctor found it impossible to progress owing to the terrible ground ; and Harrison, with his n soon caught him up.

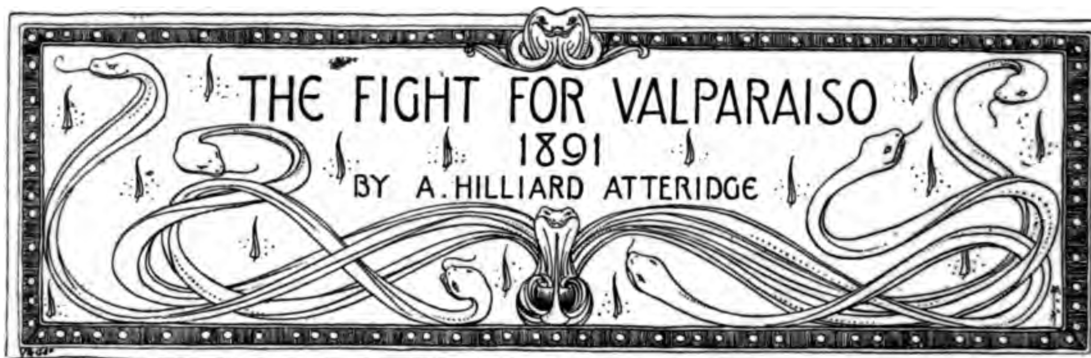
n October the 5th the little band of regulars
ndians was forced to halt and prepare for
The position he secured was a favourable
On his left the River Thames flowed, deep
acherous. On his right, in the security
amp, lay Tecumseh and his warriors,
ed at the prospect of another meeting
ir foe. The small force of regulars were
from river to swamp, and all was ready
ppearance of Harrison.
nseh held a position that appealed to
an heart. A tangled mass of under-
ng grass, and gnarled swamp-oak hid
n view; underfoot the soil shook like
scarcely would bear the weight of a
foot, being quite impossible to horse-
such a place the mighty warrior
n all confidence the time when he
ing whooping from his cover to fall
flank of the Americans. The last
poke to Proctor as he was about to
e fastness of the marsh-lands were,
ve a big heart!"
anding the telling position he had
ctor neither took ordinary precau-
pe surprise nor did he or his men
r in the fight. At the first charge
ican horsemen, and before the
n opportunity to begin the battle
according to the arrangements come to betw
Proctor and Tecumseh, the regulars broke a
ran. In fact, many did not go to the trouble
attempting to escape, but threw their weapo
on the ground and surrendered.

Tecumseh saw what happened, and his rag
was great. He and his warriors might very we
have withdrawn and saved themselves, for n
army could hope to catch the red man in the
woods; but instead of doing this he resolved to
give battle, and at the head of his bucks sprang
out of the morass and flew at the throats of the
renowned riflemen. The Kentucky men, hunters
and trappers every one of them, were familiar
with Indian tactics, and used to fighting under
trees. They met the Indian charge with great
coolness, and although badly cut up, held their
ground.

In the savage struggle that followed, the
great Shawnee Tecumseh met instantaneous
death, being riddled with buckshot. His death
put a stop to all fighting. The Indians quickly
melted away among the trees, leaving their chief
dead on the banks of the muddy Thames.

Tecumseh's end was one after his own heart.
Pontiac died from a tomahawk-blow delivered,
it is said, in a drunken squabble; but Tecumseh
died with tomahawk in hand, the heat of battle
in his brain, and his face to the foe.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.



THE history of most of the South American republics, since their successful revolt against Spain in the first quarter of the century, has been diversified with frequent civil wars. Here the party that has been beaten at the elections tries to reverse the verdict of the polls by an appeal to arms; there a president develops into a dictator, and answers the protests of the local congress with rifle bullets. A playful exaggeration described the condition of a Spanish republic by saying that there was a revolution in the capital whenever it was too hot to work. But there is one South American State which is a notable exception to this condition of affairs. In Chili there was an abortive attempt at insurrection in 1851, but for nearly forty years from the day of its failure the country enjoyed internal tranquillity. It supported Peru in its resistance to Spain in the sixties. It carried on a successful war with the same sister republic at the end of the seventies, gaining thereby extension of territory and some reputation for hard fighting by sea and land. But this long period of internal peace and growing prosperity closed when in 1890 an ambitious president tried to usurp something like dictatorial power. Balmaceda was by all accounts an able man, and many of his ideas as to the lines on which the wealth of the country could be developed were excellent. But unfortunately he tried to make himself the arbitrary master of the State instead of its constitutional head, and towards the end of the year he brought matters to a crisis by throwing into prison some of the leading men of the majority in the Congress, which opposed his views.

On January 1st, 1891, the Congress, with the exception of his few personal adherents, formally declared that Balmaceda had violated the Constitution. Those leaders of the majority who were still at liberty and many of their followers then went on board the fleet, which had through its officers promised to support the Constitution against the would-be dictator. The army, however, for the most part stood by Balmaceda, and the fleet steamed away to the northwards, and took possession of Iquique, which became the temporary capital of the provisional government, while Balmaceda was for the time supreme at Valparaiso and Santiago and throughout the south and centre of the Republic. Coquimbo marked the northern limit of his power, and for a time the rival claimants to the dominion of Chili were indeed at war, but unable to strike any effective blows at each other. The difficult nature of the country between Coquimbo and Iquique, the fact that the Congressists commanded the sea, and the fear that a large withdrawal of his forces from the south would lead to a rising against him, all combined to prevent Balmaceda from attempting to do more than stand on the defensive. The Congressists, on the other hand, though they bombarded Coronel and other points on the coast held by their rivals, had only a small untrained and badly armed land force at their disposal, and could therefore make no serious attempt to drive Balmaceda from the capital and the great port of Valparaiso. The dictator, through his agents in Europe and the United States, set to work to obtain a fleet, and the Congressists imported arms and rapidly levied an army in the north. It was a race between them to see which would first be ready for effective action. The dictator had nearly all the organised machinery of the regular government at his disposal, maintaining himself by something like a reign of terror in Valparaiso. The Congressists, though nominally rebels, were really preparing to defend law, order, and the constitution against their worst enemy.

Fortunately for Chili, the Congressists secured the help of a remarkable man to form, train, and direct their new levies. Emil Körner had learned the soldier's business in that excellent school the general staff of the Prussian army. He had seen war on a grand scale in France in 1870-71, and he had come out to Chili to act as a professor in the "Academy of War" or Staff College of the Republican army. Refusing to give his adherence to Balmaceda, he made his way to the headquarters of the insurgents at Iquique, and was at once appointed chief of the staff to General Del Canto, who commanded their land forces. For three months Colonel Körner worked night and day. He superintended the training of the recruits. He gave lectures and practical instruction to the officers. He drew up and had printed a little book with elaborate diagrams on the modern infantry attack. He imported some thousands of Männlicher repeating-rifles, and armed his best regiments with this terribly effective weapon. Finally he compiled and issued a series of maps of the country in which the army was to operate, and drew up a plan for the coming campaign. The Männlicher had never yet been used upon the battlefield, and the struggle for the possession of Valparaiso would therefore be, from the scientific soldier's point of view, an interesting experiment. By the beginning of August the Congressist leaders decided that the time for action had come. Körner would perhaps have wished for a little longer time for preparation, but Balmaceda had purchased a powerful ironclad and some other warships in Europe, and their arrival would deprive the Congressists of the great advantage of an unchallenged command of the sea, which indeed was the first element of success in their plan of campaign.

VALPARAISO.

The Congressist or Constitutional army was less than 10,000 strong. There were three infantry brigades, varying in strength from 2,500 to 3,000 men, a couple of batteries of mountain-guns and a few field-pieces, six squadrons of cavalry, mustering in all less than 700 sabres, three companies of engineers, and a detachment of sailors from the fleet with six Hotchkiss machine-guns. None of the infantry had had the Männlicher rifle in their hands for more than six weeks; some of them had only enlisted a fortnight ago. It was a daring enterprise to throw such a force as this on a hostile coast within a few miles of a great city held by a regular army at least 25,000 strong. Körner, in advising the attempt to be made, trusted partly to the effect that would be produced by the new rifles, partly to the notorious fact that the Balmacedist army was in part composed of recruits

enlisted by force, and old soldiers whose sympathies were not with the dictator, but who were terrorised into following his generals by the frequent military executions of those who showed the least hesitation in obeying orders, the least leaning towards the Constitutional cause.

The troops embarked at Iquique, Caldera, and Huasco in the second week of August. They were crowded on board of seven large steamers and three war-ships, these last being the ironclad *Almirante Cochrane* (named after the British admiral who did so much for South American freedom) and the cruisers *Esmeralda* and *O'Higgins*. The members of the provisional government were on board of the ironclad, together with General Canto, Colonel Körner, and the staff. All went well, and at noon on August 19th the fleet assembled at the appointed rendezvous at sea, sixty miles west of the port of Quintero, the destined landing-place. The orders were that the fleet was to approach Quintero under cover of the darkness of the next night. The steam launches of the war-ships were to go into the bay and drag it, to make sure that there were no torpedoes laid down. At dawn the vanguard battalion was to surprise the little town; the rest of the army was to disembark under the cover of the guns of the fleet; and, as soon as it was complete, it was to march southwards for Valparaiso, distant about fifteen miles. The men were to land carrying three days' provisions, and the infantry were to have 150 cartridges in their pouches, the small bore of the new rifle making it possible to carry this large supply of ammunition without overloading the men.

When the sun rose on Thursday, August 20th, it was found that instead of being off Quintero the fleet had, through miscalculating the drift of a current, been carried ten miles to the northward of the port, the mistake resulting in some loss of valuable time. The harbour was found to be clear of torpedoes, and the only garrison in the town was a few dragoons, who retreated southwards as soon as the boats of the vanguard put off from the side of the steamer. The dragoons tried to drive away with them a large flock of 3,000 sheep, but, on being pursued, they abandoned this valuable prize to the Congressists. The telegraph office was occupied, and the wires cut, but before their flight the Balmacedists had got off some long messages to Santiago and Valparaiso. It was a bad piece of negligence on the part of the invaders that they had not landed small parties above and below the town to cut the wires in the dark.

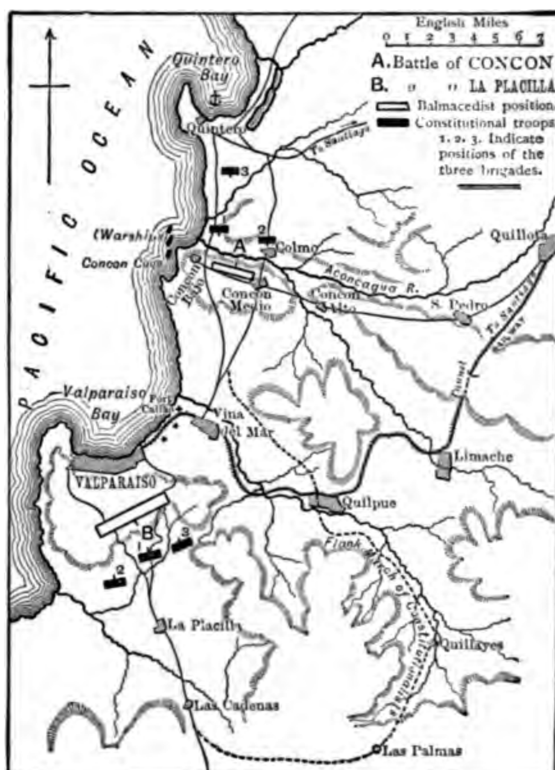
The disembarkation at Quintero had been timed for 5.30 a.m., but the fleet did not reach the bay till seven, and it was not till half-past nine that the first boatload of troops were towed to the shore. At ten the vanguard began its march southwards towards the Aconcagua river, but it was not till twelve hours later that the last of the troops were ashore, and the march of the third brigade did not begin till midnight. The Aconcagua, which is fordable at several points, runs into the sea through a valley about half a mile wide, the parallel lines of heights on either side being from 450 to 600 feet high. Rumour said that the dictator's troops were concentrating on the southern heights to dispute the passage, and the scouts pushed on in advance by the Congressists confirmed this report. They found the enemy holding a position on the southern hills, with his left near the sea on the heights above the village of Concon Bajo, and his right about two and a half miles further inland. His force was estimated to be about 11,000 strong, with several batteries of cannon and machine-guns. It was certainly pushing daring to the verge of rashness to attack such a force in such a position, with inferior numbers and hardly any artillery. But General Canto and Colonel Körner decided that the risk of inaction would be still greater. It would dispirit the volunteers, it would add to the strength of the enemy's forces, and finally there was the danger of a break in the weather. Levied in the rainless districts of the north, the Congressist army was formed of men who could not be expected to carry on a campaign in wet weather without suffering serious losses by sickness, and being reduced to a state of depression that would not leave much inclination for fighting in the survivors. They were good soldiers, these volunteers of the Constitution; but, like the French duellist with the umbrella, though they did not mind being shot they had not bargained for catching cold.

Soon after sunrise on Friday, the 21st, the Congressists began to throw shells from their mountain-guns across the valley into the Balmacedist lines. Their object was to make the dictator's batteries reveal their positions by opening in reply, and soon Körner's staff-officers were able to note, not only the points where the enemy's guns were, but also the positions into which he was moving his infantry battalions. While this desultory cannonade was echoing

valley, the fords of the Aconcagua noitred, and it was finally decided r was to send across the first brigade artly sheltered from the enemy's view ear the village of Concon Bajo, and Balmacedist left, while Canto, with ther brigades, crossed higher up at attacked their front. The fleet was ose in to the shore near Concon Cove t the right attack with its long-rang- It was the battle of the Alma all over small scale. Like Gortschakoff, the t generals, Barbosa and Alcérreca, did the actual landing, but disputed a ng lying between the invaders and ive; and in the actual fight Körner's m Concon Bajo was exactly parallel s attack on the Russian left near the Canto's advance with the two other presented the main frontal attack of and French armies.

ck from Concon Bajo had the great f the support of the fleet. Alcérreca is would be so, and strongly urged o was his senior, to give battle at a er from the coast; but his colleague r contempt for the new levies of the As he saw them advancing on the the battle of Concon, he said, using expression of contempt—"They are I shall sweep them back to their ships orning!"

ter eleven the battle began in earnest. n the shore told the fleet where to e, and the *Cochrane*, the *Esmeralda*, *Higgins* working their guns as safely ere at target practice, searched with ire every hollow in the hills near the e the dictator's reserves might be d. At the same time a battery of uns opened from Concon Bajo on the s of the enemy who were watching nd a company of rifles advanced n, and for the first time the rapid fire ating-rifle was heard on a battlefield. shower of bullets and shells the ts fell back, and the 1st brigade, lumn of fours, plunged into the river l. Before they advanced the men their packs and cloaks, going into only their haversacks, water-bottles, mmunition. The ford was nowhere aist deep, and as the column reached e bank regiment after regiment ex- fighting formation. As the first line reached the crest of the height a large flag was displayed, a signal to the ships to cease firing, for after this their shells would have been as dangerous to friends as to foes. All the high ground near the sea was clear of the enemy, but supported by a battery of artillery, the Balmacedists held the further edge of a ravine which ran across the hill, nearer to Concon Medio, and against this the attack of the first brigade was directed, while the cavalry crossed by the ford and, riding up the heights, protected its right,

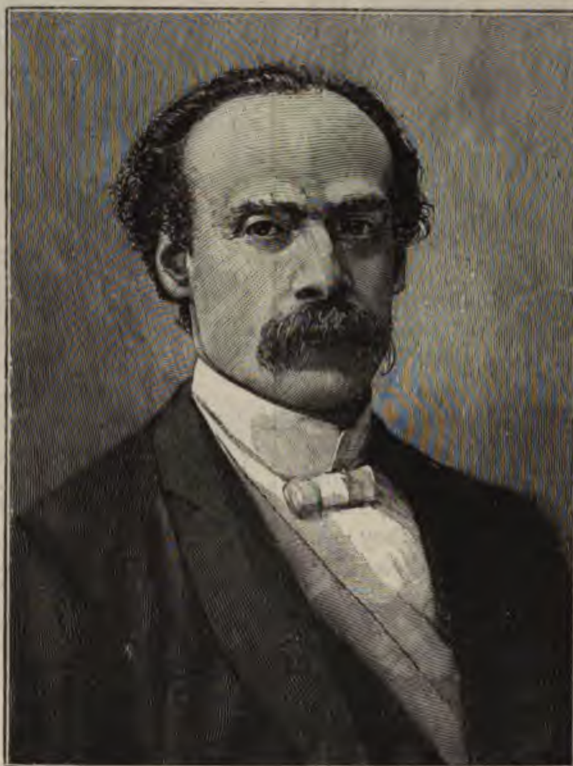


which was threatened by a mass of Balmacedist lancers.

Meanwhile Canto had heard the firing towards the sea, and took this as a signal to begin his own attack at the ford of Colmo. Covered by the fire of a mountain-battery and the machine-guns landed from the fleet, the first battalions of the 2nd brigade forded the Aconcagua. The 3rd brigade was still far from the field, but messengers were despatched to hasten its march, and especially to urge the artillery to push on as rapidly as possible. The Colmo ford was not at all as good a place for crossing as the ford of Concon Bajo. The bottom was irregular, the current was strong, and the place was under fire from the Balmacedist position. Several men were

shot down in the water, and still more were swept away by the current, or missed the ford and were drowned. But nevertheless the Congressists pushed on ; and once across, the very steepness of the river bank sheltered them as they formed for attack.

There was now a sharp infantry fight in progress at two points—on the Congressist right, where the 1st brigade was steadily forcing back the Balmacedists along the ridge, and between Colmo and Concon Medio, where Canto with the 2nd brigade was struggling for the possession of the long green hillside above the river. At both points the rapid fire of the new rifle told strongly in favour of the attack ; but it had also its dangers and drawbacks, for the regiments first engaged, partly trained as they were, did not husband their cartridges, and though they had 150 to begin with, they were soon beginning to run short of ammunition. This was especially the case on the right. The Iquique regiment had got to within two hundred yards of the Balmacedist battery, and the gunners were firing case-shot. The guns were in imminent danger, when the fire of the attack all but ceased. Their ammunition was gone, and they would have had to fall back if at that moment the cavalry had not come to the rescue. The two squadrons that charged had not quite three hundred sabres, but they decided the fight on this part of the field. Sweeping round the flank of the infantry they dashed with a wild cheer in amongst the guns and captured the whole battery, the Iquique men coming on with their bayonets fixed the moment the rush of horsemen stopped the fire of the guns.



PRESIDENT JOSÉ BALMACEDA.

In the attack of the 2nd brigade cartridges had run so short that the men searched the bodies of the dead and wounded for further supplies. Here it would have gone badly with the attack had not part of the 3rd brigade arrived, tired after their night march, but with their pouches well filled with cartridges. The Balmacedists had been gathering round Concon Medio for a counter attack, when in their front the sudden outburst of heavy volley firing from the newly-arrived battalions, and on the left the sight of their own troops retiring in confusion followed by Körner's 1st brigade, told them that the battle was lost. While the mass of the Balmacedist army retired towards Valparaiso, some 1,500 threw down their arms and were made prisoners. Others dispersed in various directions, and altogether Barbosa did not muster more than 3,000 men by evening out of the 11,000 that he had put in line of battle in the morning.

In the battle of Concon the victors lost 869 men, of whom 216 were killed, 531 wounded, and 122 returned as "missing." Of these most were drowned, or shot and swept away by the river during the difficult passage of the Colmo ford. Of the Balmacedists 1,648 fell in the battle, of whom 833 were killed and 815 wounded. It will be noticed that the number of killed and wounded was nearly equal, those killed on the spot being slightly in the majority. No previous battle since firearms were invented showed any such result. This was largely the result of some of the Balmacedists having fought behind breastworks, where if a man was hit it was by a bullet through the head. On the other hand, comparatively few of the wounds inflicted by the Männlicher had fatal results after the battle. There were not many bullets to extract—most

of them had gone through, making a small clean wound with very little bleeding, and if no vital part was penetrated there was generally a rapid recovery. Most of the wounded were out of hospital by the end of September.

After the fight many of the prisoners took service with the Congressist army, and the guns captured by the cavalry proved a very welcome and it was with the utmost difficulty that a moderate supply of shell and cartridges was put on the road for the captured positions. The troops bivouacked for the night on the ground they had won, and here there was another difficulty. Many of the men had eaten all their reserve rations on the march, others had thrown them away. Supplies had to be hunted up in

"THEY DASHED WITH A WILD CHEER IN AMONGST THE GUNS AND CAPTURED THE WHOLE BATTERY" (p. 248).

reinforcement to its artillery. If Canto and Körner could have followed up their victory by an immediate march on Valparaiso the war might have been ended next day; but this was out of the question, because most of the regiments had fired away so much ammunition that there were not ten cartridges per man left. The machine-guns and the mountain-batteries had also nearly exhausted their supplies. And it was not so easy to refill the empty pouches and limbers. The disembarkation of the baggage animals and the transport of the ammunition columns had been going on slowly at Quintero, the neighbourhood during the evening after the battle. Then, too, nearly all the infantry were without their cloaks and packs. They had thrown them down before they entered the fords. They shivered through the night for the want of them, and those who recovered them next day were fortunate. Some had to wait for them till the end of the campaign.

After the battle, the 1st brigade had pushed on to a point about ten miles from Valparaiso. It was not till noon on the 22nd that the ammunition supplies of the army were brought up to 120 cartridges per man. By this time it had

been ascertained that the strong position of Vina del Mar, north of Valparaiso, was entrenched and held in force by the Balmacedists. All night trains had been moving along the railway between Quilpue and Vina del Mar, bringing up troops from the direction of Santiago. In the afternoon firing broke out in the Balmacedist lines, and later on came the sound of regular volleys. The Congressist staff rightly guessed that there had been an unsuccessful attempt at mutiny in the enemy's camp, promptly followed by military executions. During these last days there was a reign of terror in the camp and in Valparaiso, and counting on the notorious disaffection of many of the dictator's troops, the Congressist leaders resolved to try the effect of a surprise attack on the Vina del Mar position at dawn on the 23rd.

But the Sunday morning saw the first failure of the Congressists. The troops destined for the attack did not reach their positions till the sun was already risen, and then surprise was out of the question. There were no signs of a revolt among the garrison of the lines, which had been further reinforced by rail during the night. When the artillery of the attack opened, it was answered by a still more powerful artillery in the lines, and on the left of the defence the heavy guns of Fort Callao co-operated in this cannonade. The fleet stood in towards the bay, and engaged the northern forts, but was unable to produce any effect upon them. By nine o'clock it was decided that a successful assault on the lines was out of the question ; the fleet steamed out to sea, the infantry withdrew to their bivouacs of the night before, and the artillery retired with them. But Colonel Körner had already suggested, and Del Canto had accepted, a new plan for the capture of Valparaiso. The army was next day to march to Quilpue, cut the railway there, and then moving round to the south of Valparaiso, attack the city on the side where Balmaceda had no entrenched position ready for his army, and where the forts could not co-operate in the defence.

"The only road practicable," writes Colonel Körner in his official report, "was through Quilpue and the farms of Las Palmas and Las Cadenas. The practicability of this road depends entirely on the state of the weather : very good when it is dry, it becomes boggy after a little rain. A much more serious inconvenience was the distance which had to be traversed—rather more than twenty-eight miles. An army well trained in marching could do the distance without difficulty in twelve hours ; bu tutional army had not had tim trained to this work. Besides, volu ready to fight, submit without di struction in fighting, but by no me to the more arduous training in ing, which is the only means by w in time, form a 'marching arn ingly, it was necessary to allow twc relatively short distance."

The actual time taken was Körner was anxious to mislead th his intentions, and accordingly on the 1st brigade pretended to be an attack on Vina del Mar, wh two marched on Quilpue. Wh seized the town, the 1st followed railway was torn up and the tunne blocked by sending a locomotive ing the engine up on the line, an quantity of rolling stock on to Quilpue a committee of gentlemen to watch the station for the tl days and nights, counting the c passed through and estimating tl soldiers they contained. They t gressist staff that Balmaceda mu centrated about 14,000 troops, in Indians. The Congressist force n about 10,000 men.

Tuesday was a day of rest, an were made to lead the dictat an attack along the railway lin on the Wednesday the march Soon after it began a regiment o deserted from the dictator and popular forces. The hot hours o of the day were given to rest, and i the march from Las Palmas to La resumed, but little progress was darkness : the ground to be trav up with streams, marshes, and w last the troops bivouacked without ground where the generals had ho the enemy soon after daybreak. T therefore adjourned till the next the 28th.

The troops were concentrated morning. In the afternoon a cc was held in a farm-house, where K of chalk in his hand, explained, wit a rough diagram drawn upon th each was to do in the next day's figh held a succession of ridges, steep-si narrow summits, which run out i

illage of La Placilla. Körner knew
l well. As professor at the Staff
had directed tactical exercises upon
judged that if one extremity of the
briskly attacked the enemy would
icult to move up supports from the
position on account of the deep
at traversed it. The hill on the
ght approached by the La Placilla
iosen for the point of attack.
le of La Placilla was short, sharp, and
The artillery began to exchange fire
a.m. on Friday. An hour later the 1st
brigade, always to the front, moved
Placilla, with the 2nd to support it
t, while the 3rd kept the rest of the
t line in play. The troops had been
husband their ammunition this time,
open fire till they were within 400
enemy, which is point-blank distance
g-ranging Männlicher. So, silently
, with a few skirmishers in front, the
went up the hill, finding some diffi-
sing lines of deep pits and entangle-
rbed wire prepared for its reception
my. At last it got within the pre-
ge, and the volleys of the repeating-
ut.
ft, the 2nd brigade had made a bad
seeking for cover from the storm of
came down from the heights, its
diverged from the true direction,
t too far towards the sea, with the
there fell upon the 1st the full
ll the strength that Barbosa had
the height above Placilla. The gal-
nts of the brigade were giving way
pressure, when again the Chilian
turned the day in favour of the
se. Six squadrons, which had gained
in rear of the advancing infantry,
e Balmacedist right. The enemy
e the storm of horsemen, and this
led the 1st brigade again to advance,
while the 2nd came up on its left, and the 3rd pressed forward on its right. The enemy gave way in all directions. The collapse of the right decided the fate of the whole line. Barbosa and Alcérreca fell while they tried to stem the rout —perhaps shot by their own men. A little after ten the fight was all over. Thousands surrendered where they stood; the rest were driven back into the streets of Valparaiso, where no further resistance was attempted, and where the Congressist troops, as they marched in with the stains of battle upon them, were hailed by cheering crowds as a rescuing army.

For all night long disbanded soldiers, released criminals, all the scum of the great city, had been burning, looting, and killing, Balmaceda having given the city up to pillage when he saw the impending collapse of his ill-gotten power. The foreign warships had landed armed parties to protect the European quarter on the high ground above the town. In the city below whole blocks of houses had been burned. No wonder that Canto's sturdy volunteers marched in to the sound of ever-repeated "*Vivas!*" for the Constitution and for the victors. Canto was the hero of the moment. Beside him rode, all unrecognised by the crowd, the studious German staff-officer who had organised the army of the Congress, and showed it the way to victory.

The fight had cost the victors much more loss than the battle of Concon. They had 485 killed and 1,124 wounded. Of the Balmacedists 941 had been killed and 2,422 wounded; the killed showing nothing like the same proportion to the wounded that had been the feature of the losses at Concon. Balmaceda had not shared the dangers of either fight. When the victors marched into Valparaiso most of his colleagues had taken refuge in the consulates and on board the foreign warships. He himself was crouching in the hiding-place in which some days later he was found dead, slain by his own hand.

INKERMAN has been rightly called the "Soldiers' Victory," but it might be still more justly styled "The British Soldiers' Battle." It was from first to last—from its unexpected opening at early dawn, through all its changing episodes in the hours before noon and until mid-day brought the crisis, through attack and counter-attack, offence and defence, onslaught and recoil—one of the finest feats of arms accomplished by British troops, one of the chiefest glories of our long and eventful military annals. It takes rank with Agincourt, Rorke's Drift, the defence of Lucknow; with Plassy, Meanee, Waterloo: equal to the best of these, overshadowing some, surpassing others; in its way unique—a bright and shining tribute to the warlike courage of a nation already laurel-crowned.

Many British battles have been won against great odds, under tremendous disadvantages; but none have better shown our inflexible, unconquerable tenacity than Inkerman. It was fighting for safety, too: our backs were to the wall; had we been defeated at Inkerman our army would have been swept into the sea: but these great issues were not fully realised by the rank-and-file. They knew they must win the day: that was their business, as it always is. But the fact that they were so near losing it made no great difference to them—all they thought of was to come to blows, to try conclusions with the enemy, to charge him, bayonet him, shoot him: always supremely indifferent to his vast numerical superiority, and quite undismayed by his courage.

So it was that the strange spectacle was seen of a handful resisting thousands, of a weak company charging through battalion columns, of stalwart soldiers engaging a crowd of the enemy single-handed and putting them to rout. When ammunition ran short, as it often did in the deadliest episodes, our mei stones and hurled them at the f of gunners, when hard pressed, swords and rammers and spon even with fists—for the story bruiser who felled Russian afte knock-down blows is perfectly eager for the conflict found offic lead them; there was no hesita to re-form, to rejoin regimen body gathered round any comr ready to stand fast and die, go do anything but retire. "Wh asked Colonel Egerton, at the 200, when pitted against unk "Fire a volley and charge!" a the brigadier; and his aide-de-ca Clifford, sprang to the front to first flight. General Pennefath five hours' fighting, when he ha half his small force, did not aba one jot: if Lord Raglan now him a few more men, he said, the battle out of hand and "lic the devil." Waterloo was "ha Wellington quietly remarked a was nothing to Inkerman.

The battle of Inkerman was by the restored confidence that whelming reinforcements gav generals inside Sebastopol. Aft landing, the victory of the Alma flank march to the south side o plete fortress, the allied Engli had achieved no fresh trium had overruled the daring but warranted counsels to go stra Sebastopol; an immediate atta too dangerous, the golden opp and it became necessary to sit stronghold and reduce it by th

of a siege. The allies were thus planted in a corner of the Crimea, committed to the high-land or upland of the Chersonese, as it was called, the only ground they could possibly occupy when attacking Sebastopol from the south side—ground that no one would have selected had choice been unfettered, for it was rugged, inhospitable, very extensive, and above all exposed on one flank right round, almost to the very rear. Balaclava, the British base of supply, at a distance of six miles from the front, lay open to attack by an enterprising enemy, and almost the whole length of road which connected it with the British camp. How fully the Russians realised this, how nearly they overbore the weak resistance offered by the Turks who defended this vulnerable point, how nobly a handful of British cavalry spent itself in beating back disaster, has been told in the story of Balaclava. That glorious battle, gained at such terrible cost, was only the prelude, however, to another more tremendous effort; for the Russians, although foiled in this first attempt, felt strong enough and bold enough for a second. They were encouraged to fresh endeavours by their own gathered numbers and the knowledge that their enemies were growing daily more and more unequal to the transcendent task before them.

THE VALLEY OF INKERMAN.

Prince Mentschikoff, who commanded the Russian forces in and about Sebastopol, exultantly foresaw the complete annihilation of the allies. He believed that they were at the end of their tether. In his reports to St. Petersburg he declared that the enemy never dared now to venture out of his lines, his guns were silent, his infantry paralysed, his cavalry did not exist. The Russians, on the other hand, were once more enormously in the ascendant: troops had been pouring into Sebastopol continuously all through the month of October; a whole army corps had arrived from Odessa; two other divisions were close at hand on the 2nd November, and by the 4th, the eve of the battle of Inkerman, the total of the land forces assembled in and around the fortress must have been quite 120,000 men. This total was just double that of the allies, including the Turks, available for all purposes, including the siege of a great fortress, which alone might claim the whole efforts of the army. No wonder, then, that Mentschikoff was full of confidence, that he counted upon an easy triumph, nothing less than sweeping the allies off the upland into the sea. "The enemy," he wrote, "cannot effect his retreat without exposing himself to immense losses. Nothing can save him from a complete disaster. Future times, I am confident, will preserve the remembrance

of the exemplary chastisement inflicted upon the presumption of the allies." Two of the Czar's sons were hurried post-haste to the Crimea to stimulate the enthusiasm of the troops and witness their splendid triumph.

Some inkling of the impending disaster—prematurely so called, as was soon to be proved—crept out and gave general uneasiness even at a distance from the theatre of war. Friends in Russia warned friends in England to anticipate terrible news. The great effort approaching was prepared under the direction of the Czar himself, and was of a nature and extent to deal an overwhelming blow. In the Crimea itself vague intelligence reached the allied commanders that a terrible struggle was near at hand. Reports of the reinforcements arriving, of the stir and activity within the fortress, the repair of roads, the mending of bridges, all the indications that are plain as print to the experienced military intelligence, warned Lord Raglan and General Canrobert to be on the look-out for another momentous battle, for which, in truth, they were but badly prepared.

Some idea of the disproportion between the armies about to come into collision will rightly be given here, so that we realise at once how overmatched were the allies, how marvellous therefore was their prolonged resistance and eventual triumph on that now historic 5th November, the Inkerman Sunday which in British annals has eclipsed that other anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. It has been said above that the Russian forces totalled 120,000 in all. Of these rather more than half, or 70,000 men, were actually present in the field. All took part in the action, but some only as covering forces or engaged in feints: these numbered some 30,000; the remainder, just 40,000, composed the attacking columns, and fought the battle of Inkerman. The whole allied strength that day upon the upland of the Chersonese was 65,000, but barely a quarter of these numbers could be or, as a matter of fact, were used in the coming action. From first to last the total French and English forces on the ground were just 15,683—half of each, but more exactly 7,464 English and 8,219 French—and of the latter 3,570 were actually engaged. There is no mistake or exaggeration in these figures, which are based on official returns on both sides. It must, moreover, be carefully borne in mind that only a proportion, and a small proportion, of these 15,000 were on hand in the early stages of the fight. For hours the brunt of the battle fell upon the 2nd division, which was bar[illegible] although opposed to 40,000, and the [illegible]ments came to them in driblets slowly a[illegible]ing but meagre assistance and relief. [illegible] the extraordinary tenacity shown by o[illegible] in their prolonged and indomitable [illegible] against such tremendous odds that s[illegible] glory was achieved at Inkerman.

The allied weakness, of which Lo[illegible] was fully aware, was caused by the [illegible] upon their forces by the siege oper[illegible] the need for protecting their comm[illegible] The troops, taking them from west t[illegible] so to the south and rear, covered a fr[illegible] was twenty miles long. Before Seba[illegible] French were on the left, the English on [illegible] but General Canrobert, always anxio[illegible] rear of his position, kept a large for[illegible] heights above the Tchernaya valley[illegible] English perforce garrisoned and defe[illegible]clava. Hence on the right flank of t[illegible] front, round about Inkerman as it c[illegible] called (although the real site of old In[illegible] on the opposite side of the Tchernaya [illegible] defence was greatly impoverished, bei[illegible] in the first instance to a few weak ba[illegible] the 2nd division. Its immediate supp[illegible] too close—was a brigade of the Ligh[illegible] under General Codrington on the Vict[illegible] adjoining, but on the other side of a [illegible] ravine; behind, and three-quarters of [illegible] was the brigade of Guards, twice that di[illegible] 2nd brigade (Buller's) of the Light Div[illegible] 4th and 3rd divisions, fronting Seba[illegible] more or less appropriated to the sie[illegible] were two or three miles removed fro[illegible] treme right flank. A French army c[illegible] Bosquet was, however, within the lesse[illegible] holding the eastern heights which ga[illegible] Canrobert so much concern. But [illegible] thus described made up the sum to[illegible] allied armed strength, and every porti[illegible] particular place and specified duti[illegible] could well be withdrawn from any pa[illegible] denuding it of troops or dangerously [illegible] the long defensive line. There were, [illegible] reserves, no second line to call up i[illegible] emergency to stiffen and reinforce [illegible] The allies were fighting with their ba[illegible] wall. Retreat was impossible because [illegible] no fresh troops to interpose and cover [illegible]

The weakness of this 2nd division [illegible] isolated and exposed position had l[illegible] source of serious misgiving. Its c[illegible] Sir De Lacy Evans, deemed his force—

onstant outpost duty—to be peril-
Ie called it "most serious." Sir
n, who commanded the Light
equally solicitous. Lord Raglan,
chief, knew the danger too: he
that his men of the 2nd division
ed, "but there were not enough
t he was ever buoyant and hope-
g no great trouble, yet alive to
fully prepared to meet them.
nty to think of," he wrote to the
Minister, "and all I can say is that
best." Strange to say, that best
any artificial strengthening of the
ntrenchments. The ground was
ed for defence, and might have
but impregnable—or, at least,
standing even determined attacks.
ould have gone far to redress the
mbers telling so heavily against
t only one meagre barrier was
en this was destined to prove of
lue in the battle. The prompt
le was not then deemed an essen-
oldier's field training, and, as the
trenches before Sebastopol had
labour of that kind, the troops
more of it, even although indis-
sary as everyone now knows.

n general had not failed to detect
efects in the British line or to note
eakest point. Upon this he based
erations. He meant to envelope
e exposed right flank by vastly
ers, while well-timed demonstra-
ht be expanded into attacks should
lied forces at other parts of the
mple and perfectly plausible scheme
ked out as follows:—

t columns, making up a combined
,000 men, with 135 guns, were
he main, the most weighty, and
pass, the only real attack. Both
from the newly-arrived 4th or
Army Corps. One, called the
Division, commanded by General
ich had entered and was actually
in Sebastopol, was to take one
of the English position; the other,
Pauloff, the 11th division, still
ortress and lying north of the
ver, was to attack the English

f's force was strengthened by other
garrison, and its infantry strength
was 19,000, his guns 38 in number. He was to issue from Sebastopol at a point between the Malakoff Hill and the Little Redan, then follow the course of the Carenage ravine, and to come out on the northern slopes of Mount Inkerman, where he was to join hands with—

b. Pauloff, who, marching from the heights of Inkerman on the far side of the Tchernaya, was to cross that river and the low swampy ground that margined its course by the bridge near its mouth. This general commanded 16,000 infantry and had with him 96 guns. His orders were to ascend the northern slopes of Mount Inkerman and push on vigorously till he met with Soimonoff.

When thus combined, the whole force of 40,000 (including artillerymen) was to come under the direction of the Army Corps commander, General Dannenberg, and his orders were to press forward and carry all before him. It was confidently expected that nothing could withstand him—that he would "roll up" the weak opposition of the English right, beat all that he encountered, and sweep victoriously onward right past the Windmill Hill to the eastern heights in the rear, and within easy distance of Balaclava.

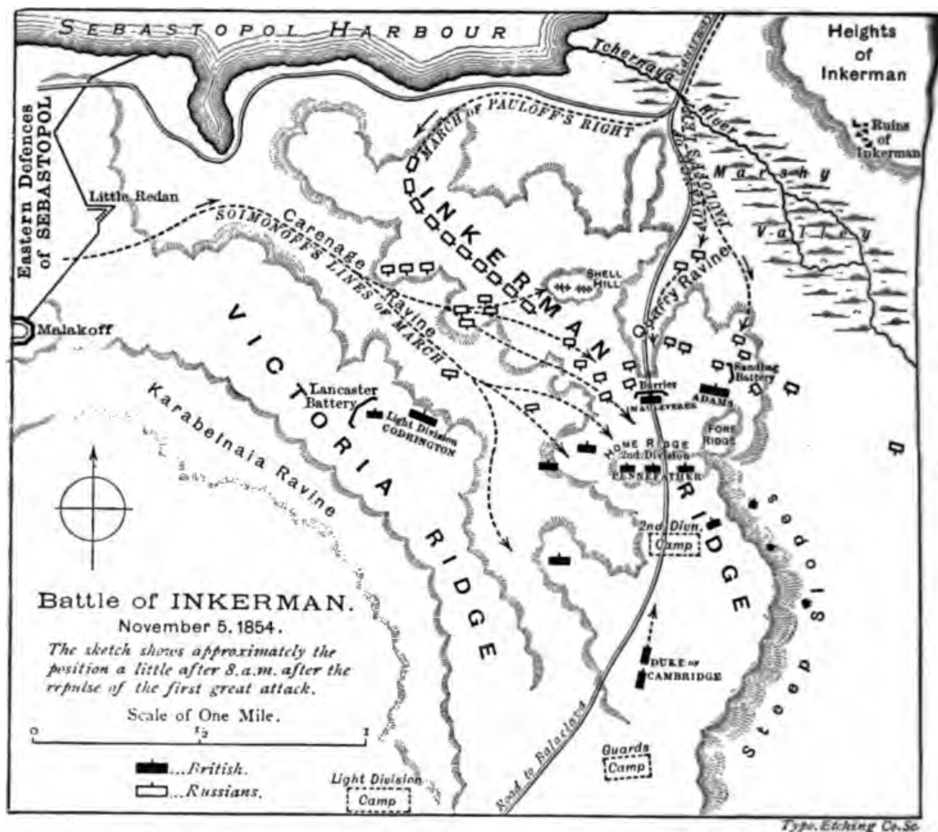
2. Meanwhile, Prince Gortschakoff, who now commanded the army hitherto known as Liprandi's, in the valley of the Tchernaya, and had under him a force of 22,000, with 88 guns, was to "contain" Bosquet—occupy his attention, that is to say, by feints and false attacks upon his position, so that he should be held to these heights and unable to reinforce the English right. Later, when the main attack had prospered and Dannenberg's victorious troops were seen well to the south of Windmill Hill, Gortschakoff's demonstrations were to be converted into a real attack. He was to go up against the heights with all his force, drive back Bosquet, join hands with Dannenberg, and the Russians would then be in triumphant possession of the greater part of the Chersonese upland. After that the siege must be raised, the allies must be swept off the plateau, destroyed, taken prisoner, or hurried into disastrous flight upon their ships.

3. A third conditional operation was entrusted to the troops remaining in garrison, under the command of General Moller. He was to closely "watch the progress of the battle," cover the right of the attacking troops with his artillery without attempting to reply to the fire of the allied siege-guns. Whenever confusion showed itself in the trenches, due to the great wave of

victory setting from the eastward, he was to move out in force, attack and seize the siege-batteries.

Capable military critics have not failed to condemn the foregoing plan of operations. It erred, in the main attack, by trusting too entirely to numbers, crowding great masses of men on ground not spacious enough to hold them. There was not sufficient room, indeed, upon the Russian battlefield for half the forces engaged.

play a waiting game, and give no effect until that help was no longer urgently r He was to do nothing, in fact, until t attack had actually succeeded. The lo enemy resisted, the longer he remained Had he exerted a stronger pressure, feints been pushed with more insist would have paralysed the movement French with Bosquet, and by the very of his attack weakened the English d



Battle of INKERMAN. November 5. 1854.
The sketch shows approximately the position a little after 8.a.m. after the repulse of the first great attack.

Moreover, this ground, imperfectly known to the men who held it and might have carefully studied it, was cut in two by a great ridge, which divided the two columns intended to join forces, and prevented their combined action. General Dannenberg appears to have realised this difficulty and wished his two generals, Soimonoff and Pauloff, to act independently, the former directing his efforts against the Victoria Ridge, altogether to the westward of Mount Inkerman, and leaving the latter ample space to manœuvre. But Dannenberg's wishes were not distinct orders, and Soimonoff, obeying Mentschikoff, the general-in-chief, held on to the original plan.

Again, Gortschakoff's *rôle* condemned him to

Inkerman. "His advance was, however, depend upon a contingency that never occ —and while he waited for it his 22,000 were of absolutely no use in the fight.

A brief description of the theatre wh this great performance was played should p any account of the varying fortunes of th and details will be best understood by re to the plan.

The battle of Inkerman was mainly fou a long ridge of ground running from so north and a little west of north, with spurs jutting out on each side of it, the in between them dropping into long holl ravines. This ridge has come to hav

of Mount Inkerman. A second
)arallel to it but separated from it
.ge ravine, and which is known as
Ridge, played a secondary part in
:nt, but the brunt of the business
d on the first-named, and at about
›int, where another smaller crest
.stened by Mr. Kinglake the Home
lesser ridge trended forward at its
rming a right angle, and the salient
e Fore Ridge. A road—the post-
3alaclava—intersected the Home
st above where it dropped into the
e the advanced pickets had thrown
reastwork—a mere stone wall or
., which was known as the Barrier.
: 400 yards in advance of the Home
iearly double that distance, and
down the eastern slope, there was
:er, once a more ambitious work,
f sandbags to hold two 18-pounder
ice known as the Sandbag Battery.
neither for defensive purposes, as
ten feet high and there was no
›king over it, nor, for the same
›dgment to favour assailants. But
was nobly contested by the soldiery
itions engaged, and it gained the
f the "Slaughter-house" from the
›nsequence of the losses incurred
sandbag battery stood on a salient
s the Kitspur, to the north-east or
the Home Ridge; to the left or
'as another — the Miriakoff spur,
was the scene of a determined
he whole surface of the field of
ickly covered with brushwood and
amidst which crags and rocky
ed their heads. In some places the
'ed into dense forest glades, and in
ivines were steeply-scarped quarries
cess.
started at 5 a.m. amid darkness
ich so favoured his march that he
nt Inkerman unobserved, and then
izing its highest point, Shell Hill,
; guns in battery on the crest quite
our outposts. The night had been
isually quiet, although some of our
d they heard the rumbling of distant
wheels, in fact, of Pauloff's artillery.
awn, too—it was Sunday morning—
f Sebastopol rang out a joyous peal,
nip, but to stimulate the courage of
ussian soldiery. But our outpost
duty in those days was imperfectly performed, and the enemy was on top of our pickets before the alarm was raised. They were pressed back fighting, while the guns on Shell Hill opened a destructive fire. General Pennefather, who was in temporary command of the 2nd division, realised at once that serious events were at hand. It was not in his nature to retreat before the coming storm. He was a "fine fighter"; in another rank of life he would have been in his element with a "bit of a twig" at Donnybrook Fair. "Wherever you see a head, hit it" was his favourite maxim in war; and now, where a more cautious leader would have drawn off and lined the Home Ridge in defensive battle, he thrust forward with all his meagre forces to meet the Russian attack. This daring system was greatly aided by the state of the atmosphere; in the fog and mist no notion of the pitiful number of their opponents reached the Russians, and the handful of English forgot that they were unsupported and so few. Pennefather's plan, born of his fighting propensities and indomitable pluck, found favour with his superiors, for when presently Lord Raglan, the English commander-in-chief, came upon the ground, he did not attempt to interfere, but left the audacious Irishman the uninterrupted control of the fight.

They were meagre indeed—these first English defenders of Mount Inkerman. Pennefather had of his own barely 3,000 men all told, and only 500 men came up in the first instance to reinforce him. But he sent all he had down into the brushwood out in front till it was filled with a slender line. Meanwhile Soimonoff, waxing impatient and having all ready, was determined to begin without waiting for Pauloff's co-operation. His guns on Shell Hill had "prepared" his advance, and soon after 7 a.m. he sent three separate columns against the left of our position on Home Ridge. The first of these, on the extreme right, under road column, as it was called, got a long way round, when it met a wing of the 47th under Fordyce and a Guards picket under Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, before whom it turned tail; the second column had no better fortune on the Miriakoff spur; the third, following up the course of the Miriakoff glen, encountered a wing of the 49th under Grant, who at once gave the order to "fire a volley and charge." His counter-attack was delivered with such determination that it carried all before it; the Russian column was fairly broken up and driven helter-skelter under the guns on Shell Hill.

Now Soimonoff came on in person at the head of twelve battalions, nearly 9,000 men. His aim was the centre and left centre of our line, and for a time he made good progress. But the first supports, those from the Light Division, arriving, Pennefather at once used them against Soimonoff. He sent on the 88th Connaught Rangers, 400 of them who, feeling the whole weight of the attack, recoiled, and retreating left the three guns of Townshend's battery in the enemy's hands. Then the 77th under Egerton, but led also by the brigadier Buller, came up and caught Soimonoff's outside column—caught it and smote it so fiercely that it fled and was no more seen on the field. These Russians were 1,500 strong. Egerton had no more than 250, but he never faltered, and his men, answering like hounds to his cry, tore straight on at the run and smashed in with irresistible fury. There was an interval of raging turmoil in which the bayonet made fearful havoc; then the Russians ran, Egerton pursuing at the charge to the foot of Shell Hill. About this time General Soimonoff was killed. Egerton's action had wide-reaching consequences. Through it the abandoned three guns were recovered, the 88th rallied, the 77th themselves or their remnant held fast for hours the ground it had secured. These combats disposed of about half the forces Soimonoff had put forward in this attack. The remainder had advanced courageously against our centre by both sides of the post-road; but they also were beaten back, partly by the fire of our field-guns, partly by the spirited charge of a couple of hundred men of the 49th under Bellairs.

Thus in less than an hour Soimonoff's great effort was repulsed; he himself was slain, and his men driven off the field. For this portion of the 10th Russian division never regained cohesion as a formed military force. It was no mere defeat but an absolute overthrow, in which regiments melted away and the whole force was ruined. Many excuses have been offered for their want of success: the dense mist giving exaggerated value to the handful that faced them, they perhaps thought the enterprise too difficult. It is also certain that the English fire was murderously effective upon these dense compact columns of attack; some were absolutely decimated, others lost nearly all their officers, and all were so shattered and disorganised that no part of them returned to the fight. They ought, nevertheless, to have done better; with such greatly superior forces, backed up by the incessant fire of a formidable artillery, success would probably have awaited bolder and braver men.

Meanwhile a portion of Pauloff's division had arrived by a shorter and more direct road, while the rest had circled round after Soimonoff. Some of these people of Pauloff's were at once attracted by the Sandbag Battery, and, soon taking it from the sergeants' guard that held it, made this hollow vantage-ground their own. A mass of men, three great columns, supported this attack, and Pennefather sent General Adams against them with the 41st Regiment. He went forward in extended order with a wide front of fire, and the Russians soon fell away; those in the battery evacuated it; the columns supporting broke and dropped piecemeal into the valley. In this splendid affair 500 men disposed of 4,000. Again, at the Barrier, which the rest of Pauloff's men approached with great determination, a small body, the wing of the 30th Regiment under Colonel Mauleverer, achieved an equal triumph—that of 200 over 2,000. Here it was the British bayonet that told, for the men's firelocks were soaking wet and the caps would not explode. But Mauleverer trusted to the cold steel. Officers leapt down daringly in among the Russians; men followed at the charge: the head of the leading column was struck with such impetus that it turned in hasty retreat, causing hopeless confusion in the columns behind, and all fled, a broken throng of fugitives, hundreds upon hundreds, chased by seven or eight score.

This ended the first Russian onslaught. Half Soimonoff's division was beaten out of sight: 6,000 men were lost to Pauloff. At least 15,000 out of 25,000 were "extirpated," as the Russians admit in their official accounts, and this by no superior generalship but by the dogged valour, the undismayed resistance, of just 3,500 Englishmen. It was a good omen for the issue of the day's fighting, but the end was not yet, and a further terrible stress was still to be imposed upon our overmatched troops. Supports, such as they were, had now begun to arrive. The alarm had spread across the upland rousing every soul, and in every camp near and far the assembly sounded, men rushed to arms, half-dressed, fasting, eager only to hurry into the fight. Some of the Light Division, as we have seen, had been already engaged. General Codrington with the rest was in battle array, holding the Victoria Ridge with scanty forces. The Guards brigade, 1,200 men, under the Duke of Cambridge, was approaching, 700 already close

to the Home Ridge; the 4th division under Sir George Cathcart, 2,000 strong, was also near at hand. These, with the field-batteries, raised the reinforcements to a total of 4,700 men. Two French battalions had been despatched to support Pennefather, although from some misunderstanding they were not utilised, and Bosquet, who had come up with them, returned to the Eastern Heights, where he was still menaced by Gortschakoff. It was not until much later in the day that General Bosquet realised that the Russians in front of him were only pretending to attack, and then he hurried with substantial forces to Mount Inkerman. But until then he allowed himself to be tied, ineffectively, to the wrong place, giving no assistance in the main fight and certain to be "rolled up" in his turn if that fight ended disastrously for the English.

General Dannenberg had now assumed the chief command, and, undaunted by the first failure, he set about organising a fresh attack. He had at his disposal 19,000 fresh and untouched troops: Soimonoff's reserves and Pauloff's regiments which had come round by the lower road. The latter, 10,000 strong, were sent against the English centre and right, their first task being the re-capture of the Sandbag Battery. General Adams was still here with his 700 men of the 41st Regiment, and he made a firm stand: 4,000 men attacked him again and again with far more courage and persistence than any Russian troops had yet shown; and at last, still fighting inch by inch Adams fell back, leaving the battery in the enemy's hands. Now the Guards came up under the Duke of Cambridge, and replacing Adams, went forward with a rush and recovered it, only to find it a useless possession. It was presently vacated by one lot, re-entered by the Russians, recaptured by another lot, and then again the Russians, imagining it to be an essential feature in our defence, concentrated their forces to again attack it. Once more they took it, once more the Guards returned, and with irresistible energy drove them out. Thus the tide of battle ebbed and flowed around this empty carcase, and to neither side did its possession mean loss or gain.

The 4th division, under Sir George Cathcart, had now arrived upon the ground. He had just 2,000 men, and of these four-fifths were speedily distributed in fragments to stiffen and support Pennefather's fighting line just where he thought they were most required. With the small residue, not 400 men, Cathcart was ready for any adventure. There was a gap in our line between Pennefather's right and the Guards struggling about the Sandbag Battery, and this opening Cathcart was desired to fill. The order came direct from Lord Raglan, who was now in the field; but Cathcart thought fit to act otherwise, believing that there was an opening for a decisive flank attack. He meant to strike at the left of the Russians, and leaving his vantage ground above he descended the steep slopes with his 400 men. The offensive movement was taken up by the troops nearest him—Guards, 20th, 95th. All our men gathered about the Sandbag Battery rushed headlong like a torrent down the hillside, and following up this fancied advantage, jeopardised the battle. For the gap which Cathcart had been ordered to occupy became filled by a heavy column of Russians, who took our people in reverse and cut them completely off. "I fear we are in a mess," said Cathcart, taking in the situation; and almost directly afterwards he was shot through the heart. Only by a desperate effort, a series of personal hand-to-hand combats fought by small units courageously led by junior officers, even by non-combatant doctors, did our men regain touch with their own people. They were aided, too, by the opportune advance of a French regiment, which took the interposing Russians in flank and drove them off. But if this mad adventure of Cathcart's escaped the most disastrous consequences, its effect, nevertheless, was to still further break up and disseminate our already weakened and half-spent forces.

All this time Dannenberg had been pressing hard upon our centre. Here his attacking column met first Mauleverer with his victorious army of the 30th, and forced them slowly and reluctantly back, but was itself repulsed by a fresh army of the Rifle Brigade and driven down into the Quarry. Thence it again emerged, reinforced, and moved by the right against the Home Ridge. It was in these advances that they penetrated the gap just mentioned and got upon the rear of Cathcart and the Guards. But the westernmost columns were charged by a portion of the 4th division, the 21st and 63rd regiments, overthrown and pursued; while the Russian attack on the right of the Home Ridge was met by General Goldie with the 20th and 57th, also of the 4th division. Both these regiments were notable fighters, with very glorious traditions: the "Minden yell" of the 20th had stricken fear into its enemies for more than a century, and the 57th "Die Hards" had gained that imperishable title of honour at Albuera.

"Fifty-seventh, remember Albuera!" was a battle-cry that sent them with terrible fury into the Russian ranks, and these two gallant regiments hunted their game right down into the Quarry.

Once more the most strenuous efforts of the enemy had failed, with what a cost of heroic lives history still proudly tells. Dannenberg, however, if disheartened was not yet hopeless. He knew that the allies were hard pressed; if he himself had suffered so had they, and more severely. He had still 10,000 men in hand; many of them, although once worsted, were still not disorganised or disheartened, and his reserves — 9,000 more — were still intact, while guns a hundred in number held the mastery from Shell Hill. Of the English forces, never more than 5,000 strong, half had been destroyed or annulled. True, the French had come upon the ground with two battalions, 1,600 men; but Bosquet, with the main part of his command, was still a long way behind. Dannenberg resolved to make another and more determined attack upon the centre of the English position, aiming for that Home Ridge, as it was called, which was the inner and last line of the allied defence.

MARSHAL CANROBERT.

The Russians came on with a strength of 6,000 assailants, formed, as before, in a dense column of attack. One led the van, the main trunk followed, flanked by others, and all coming up out of the now memorable Quarry Ravine. Pennefather had some 500 or 600 to hold the ridge, remnants of the 55th, 95th, and 77th regiments, and a French battalion of the 7th Léger, with a small detachment of Zouaves. These were very inadequate forces, and the Russians, pushing home with more heart than they had hitherto shown, crowned the crest and broke over the inner slopes of the ridge. The 7th Léger had not much stomach for the fight, but were rallied on by the Zouaves and the men of the 77th, still led by the intrepid Egerton. By this time the main trunk column of the enemy had swept over the Barrier at the head of the Quarry, and the small force of defenders retired sullenly behind the Home Ridge.

Now the position seemed in imminent danger, and this was, perhaps, the most critical period in the battle. But the advance of the Russians, although in overwhelming strength, was checked by another daring charge—that of a handful of the 55th (thirty, no more) under Colonel Danberry, who went headlong into the thick of one of the rearmost Russian battalions. This small body of heroes tore through the mass by sheer strength, as if it were a football scrooge, using their bayonets and their butt-ends, even their fists, fighting desperately till they "cleft a path through the battalion from flank to flank, and came out at last in open air on the east of the great trunk column." The noise of tumult in the rear and the vague sense of discomfiture and defeat shook the leading assailants, and the Russians first halted irresolute then turned and retired. At this time, too, one of the flanking columns, moving up on the Russian right, encountered the 21st and 63rd regiments, and was promptly charged and driven back by these regiments, which re-possessed themselves of the Barrier and held it. Then the Russian left column, worsted by our artillery and the French 7th Léger, also retired.

It was now but a little past 9 a.m., and as ye[t] the battle, although going against the Russians was still neither lost nor won. They still hel[d] the ascendant on Shell Hill, still had their re[-]serves. Lord Raglan, on the other hand, coul[d] not draw upon a single man, and Bosquet's mai[n] force was still a long way off. Now, too, th[e] French got into some difficulty upon our righ[t] above the Sandbag Battery, and were in im[-]minent danger of defeat. Moreover, the Russia[ns] made a fresh effort against the Barrier, comi[ng]

"THIS SMALL BODY OF HEROES TORE THROUGH THE MASS" (p. 260).

once again out of the Quarry. The Barrier as held by the 21st and 63rd, but the stress ut upon them was great, and Pennefather nt on such scanty support as he could spare fragments of the 49th, 77th, and Rifle rigade. Great slaughter ensued in this con- ct. General Goldie, who was now in com- So eager were our gunners that these two famous eighteen-pounders were dragged up to the front with "man harness," by some hundred and fifty artillerymen and a crowd of eager officers. The guns were placed in a command- ing position and worked splendidly under the very eyes and with the warm approval of Lord

"ONCE MORE THE GUARDS RETURNED, AND WITH IRRESISTIBLE ENERGY DROVE THEM OUT" (p. 259).

nd of the 4th division, was killed, and other luable officers.

The Russian artillery did deadly mischief, but w, by Lord Raglan's unerring foresight, it was be met and overmatched by our guns. At earlier hour of the morning he had sent back the Siege Park for a couple of eighteen- ounders, guns that in the enormous develop- ent of artillery science we should think thing of nowadays, but which at Inkerman ere far superior to the Russian field-batteries.

Raglan. They soon established a superiority of fire and spread such havoc and confusion among the Russian batteries on Shell Hill that the power of the latter began to wane. Victory, so long in the balance, was at last inclining to our side.

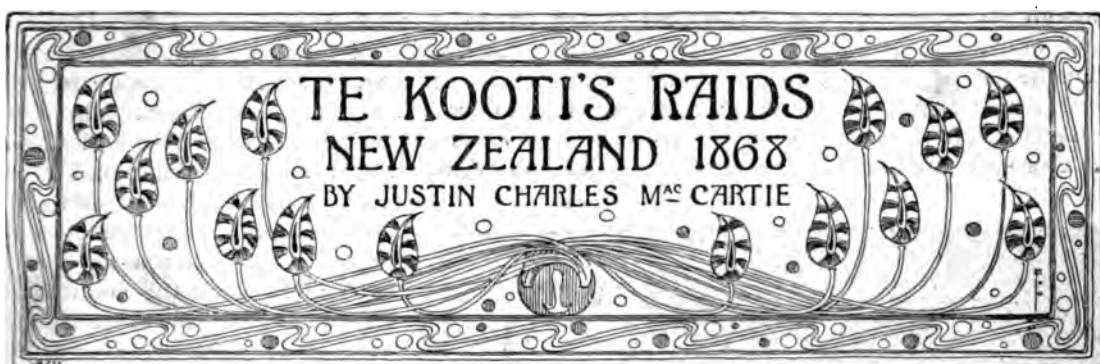
Still the battle was not won. If the Russians did not renew their attacks, they still held their ground; and Bosquet, coming up presently with his whole strength, made a false move which nearly jeopardised the issue. The French

general, having with him 3,000 infantry and 24 guns, "hankering after a flank attack," reached forward on the far right beyond the Sandbag Battery and the spurs adjoining. Here he fell among the enemy, found himself threatened to right and to left and in front, and, realising his peril, hastily withdrew. Happily, the Russians did not seize the undoubted advantage that mere accident had brought them by Bosquet's injudicious and hazardous advance. Had they gathered strength for a fresh and vigorous onslaught upon our right, they might perhaps have turned the scale against us. The French were clearly discomfited and out of heart for a time. Then as the Russians made no forward move, Bosquet regained confidence; he threw forward his Zouaves and Algerines, and these active troops came upon some Russians which were slowly climbing the slopes, and hurled them down again in great disorder. Our old friends the 6th and 7th French regiments, the earliest on the field, advanced along the post-road towards the Barrier, where they were covered by us. This, briefly told, was the sum total of the French performances at the battle of Inkerman.

It is well known to all who study war that, when the crisis of a battle comes, victory is for him who has the best disposable reserve in hand. Of the forces now engaged the French alone were in this happy situation; the English were all but exhausted. Lord Raglan, as has been said, had not a spare man. As for the Russians, Gortschakoff's supineness had robbed his comrades of the assistance of 20,000 men, and the general-in-chief, Mentschikoff, although close at hand on the field, did not see fit to bring up the reinforcements from the garrison of the town. But now Marshal Canrobert, never a daring leader, was moved to desist from the fight. When he learnt that the English were all but spent, he would do nothing more, although he had a very large force of all arms now up and well in hand. No arguments, no appeals of Lord Raglan's would move him. "What can I—what can I do?" he asked querulously; "the Russians are everywhere." Had it been left to the French, the field would have been abandoned to the Russians, who were still in possession of the greater part of Mount Inkerman, and the battle would have been practically drawn.

On the other hand, a vigorous onslaught by the still fresh and untouched French might have carried the Flagstaff bastion and led to the capture of Sebastopol itself. But Canrobert was not the man to take so great a risk or jeopardise so many lives. It was left to Haines, who still held the Barrier, to move up against Shell Hill. Lord West seconded him in this bold endeavour, a young lieutenant of the 77th, Acton by name, also went on with a mere handful, and Colonel Horsford came on in support with the remnant of the Rifle Brigade. All this time, too, Lord Raglan's 18-pounders were dealing death and destruction among the Russian batteries; and at last Dannenberg, under stress of this "murderous fire"—they are his own words—decided to limber up his guns and retire his whole force. This, in fact, was done, and about 1 p.m. the Russians threw up the sponge.

If in this grand contest the allies were greatly outnumbered by the Russians, the latter suffered the most, their losses being four times as great as those of the victors. They had 12,000 killed and wounded, a large proportion of them left dead upon the field, among them 256 officers. The English lost 597 killed, 39 of them officers and 3 general officers; 1,760 men and 91 officers wounded. The French lost 13 officers and 130 men killed and 36 officers and 750 men wounded. These figures show plainly on whom the brunt of the fighting fell, and the enormous losses of the Russians was mainly due to the density of their columns of attack and the superiority of our musketry and artillery fire. A very large part of the English infantry at Inkerman were armed with the new-fangled Minié rifle, and what powerful aid was afforded by the two 18-pounder guns has been already shown in the course of the narrative.



BECAUSE of his ruthless massacres of unarmed men and helpless women and children, the name of Te Kooti has been held in detestation throughout New Zealand since 1868; and in consequence it is not surprising to find but little disposition to dilate on his undoubted abilities amongst the Pakehas (white men) who have chronicled his doings, though the Maoris dwell fondly on his prowess.

A great leader of men this celebrated Maori undoubtedly was, and, more than that, an organiser of no mean ability, a first-rate military leader, and finally a man of such hardihood, steady courage, and resource, that his exploits would seem well-nigh incredible did they not form part of the well-authenticated history of New Zealand.

Himself *tangata tutua* (a common man) he yet acquired a mastery over the jealous and suspicious Maoris, who preferred to be led by a chieftain of undoubted birth, and managed to keep faithful to himself men of different tribes, whose hereditary disposition was to take opposite sides. Badly provided with arms and food, followed by only a few hundred men at most, and traversing a savage and inhospitable country, he yet managed to maintain a constant struggle against the Government of New Zealand, and many Maori chiefs friendly to the whites, for over three years, during the greater part of which period hundreds of armed men were in the field against him, and rewards ranging from £500 at first to £5,000 in the end, were offered for his apprehension.

Te Kooti Tu Ruki Te Riki-Rangi, to give him his full title, was of the Ngatikahungunu tribe of Maoris, which was settled on the East Coast of New Zealand, in the Hawke's Bay and Poverty Bay districts, and therefore was one that came early into contact with the whites, who spread down the east coast from Kororareka in the north—the nearest port to Sydney.

Europeans were first located in New Zealand in 1792, or four years after the establishment of New South Wales, from which colony New Zealand was first settled; and as Te Kooti was not born till about the year 1833, it will be readily understood that he was in no sense a "wild" Maori, as were most of the Uriweras, Waikatos, and other tribes, but, on the contrary, a man well acquainted with the ways of Europeans from his youth up. For some years he served as a sailor on a schooner trading between Poverty Bay and Auckland, and earned the reputation amongst the whites of being a turbulent and troublesome man. During the Maori war of 1866 a number of Hauhaus* were besieged by a mixed force of Europeans and "friendlies" in a pah at Waerenga-a-hika, near Poverty Bay, and amongst the besiegers was Te Kooti, who was then a stalwart and vigorous man of about thirty-three years of age. When the final assault had been made and the pah captured, a large number of prisoners were taken, and at this time a friendly Maori chief named Paora Parau was seen holding Te Kooti by the collar and presenting a pistol at his head. Asked his reason for thus treating a man who was an ally, he declared that Te Kooti had supplied ammunition to his (Te Kooti's) brother, who was one of the besieged, and was, therefore, a traitor to the cause he pretended to serve. Te Kooti indignantly denied this accusation, but it was apparently believed by the whites, for it was repeated by a settler, and Te Kooti was then placed amongst the Hauhau prisoners and taken to Napier, where he made three distinct appeals,

* Hauhaus were fanatical Maoris whose religion was a strange jumble of native and Biblical creeds. They continually ejaculated the word "Hau" in battle, believing that thereby they secured immunity from wounds.

through Mr. Hamlin, to the Government to be tried, or, at all events, told definitely of what crime he was accused; but all in vain, and finally he was, with about 150 of the most dangerous of the Hauhaus, shipped away from Auckland to the Chatham Islands, which lie some 400 miles

GROUP OF MAORIS.

to the eastward of New Zealand, in latitude 44° S.

Thus Te Kooti, an ally of the Europeans, found himself treated as an enemy, and sent without trial away from his native land. He repeatedly asked to be released, and it is said that a promise to release all the prisoners at the end of two years was made; but when that time came the Government steamer *St. Kilda* arrived at the Chatham Islands with seed potatoes, ploughs, and provisions for the prisoners, which looked to the latter very much as if their exile was to be continued for ever. Te Kooti lo[st] faith in Pakeha promises, and hatched a [plot] with the other prisoners to escape after [the] steamer had departed. A schooner, the *[Rifle]man*, belonging to, or chartered by, a Mr. F[...] was lying at anchor at the island, and it [was] determined to seize her and s[ail to] New Zealand. The guard over [the] prisoners had been reduced fro[m ...] to 9 men, under the comma[nd of] Captain Thomas, and these few [...] were easily overpowered and [their] arms taken from them. Ca[ptain] Thomas was marched into [the] court-house between a double g[uard] of Maoris, armed with carb[ines,] and made to open an iron [safe] containing about £500 in [...] which money was seized, and [to]gether with 40 or 50 stands of a[rms] and some provisions taken on b[oard] the *Rifleman*, the mate and crew [of] which were threatened with ins[tant] death if they attempted any re[sist]ance to the seizing of the ship. [...] the prisoners—163 men, 64 w[omen,] and 71 children—embarked, and [the] European mate and crew of [the] schooner (the captain was on sh[ore)] were ordered to navigate h[er to] New Zealand—or be shot.

The alternative was not a plea[sant] one, and seeing that Te K[ooti] meant exactly what he said, [they] hauled up the sails and steere[d out] of the bay. The escape had [been] managed with the loss of onl[y one] life, as Te Kooti had made his [...] promise to respect the lives o[f the] Europeans if they made n[o re]sistance. The man killed was o[ne of] the guards, who was tomaha[wked] by a Hauhau, named Tom[...] Tiki-Tiki, through some jealousy on ac[count] of the latter's wife, and therefore Te Koot[i was] in no way responsible for the deed. An[other] more cruel, must be laid to his door, how[ever,] for on a dead calm prevailing just when [they] had passed out of the bay, Te Kooti de[clared] that Tangaroa, the god of the ocean, [was] angry, and required a sacrifice, and th[is was] conveniently found in a relation of his ow[n, an] old man who had warned the Pakehas [of the] intended rising. Despite his cries, the old [man's] hands were tied together and he was th[rown]

overboard. Singularly enough, a breeze at once sprang up, and the Maoris sailed away, snapping their fingers at the outwitted Pakehas, who could not even pursue, as Te Kooti had, before embarking, cut the cable of the only other ship in port—the ketch *Florence*—and set her adrift, having previously forced her crew to land.

These events took place on July 4th, 1868, and six days later—namely, on July 10th—the *Rifleman* arrived at Whareongaonga, six miles south of Gisborne, on the New Zealand coast. During the voyage Te Kooti, fully armed, remained on deck almost the whole time; and a jealous watch was kept on the mate and crew, who were not even allowed to cook their own food, this office being performed for them by one of the escapees, a half-caste named Baker. Directly the anchor dropped, all the Maoris, save those told off to guard the crew, landed, and at once set about discharging the cargo of the schooner, which Te Kooti had no diffidence about annexing. Working all night, the cargo was landed by the next morning, and the crew were then released, and, setting sail on their ship, departed to Wellington, some 250 miles distant, instead of giving warning at the nearest settlements on the coast.

"TE KOOTI FELL ON THEIR CAMP AND CAPTURED ALL THEIR HORSES" (*p.* 266).

Consequently it was only by chance that Major Biggs, the resident magistrate at Poverty Bay, heard of the landing. He lost no time in taking action, however, and, on July 12th, set out with a force of eighty friendly Maoris and forty Europeans, and coming up with Te Kooti's band, found them strongly posted in a position which enabled them to guard their stolen goods.

To the demand to surrender Te Kooti gave a scornful reply, but stated his determination not to molest anyone if he were allowed to depart in peace. Major Biggs, on receiving this answer, gave the order to attack; but the friendly Maoris, who composed the greater part of his force, refused to move, giving as their reason that the enemy were too strongly posted; and the same evening Te Kooti avoided Major Biggs's force, and retreated inland over marvellously rough country, carrying all the loot taken from the schooner. When the escape was discovered,

Major Biggs despatched Mr. Skipwith with a few friendly Maoris to dog the rear of the escapees and watch all their movements.

Meanwhile the commander himself fell back and collected reinforcements, with which four days later he marched to Paparatu, where he hoped to intercept Te Kooti on his march inland. A camp was formed, and for four days the force waited, but there was no sign of the enemy, and, supplies running short, Major Biggs departed to hurry up the reliefs who were bringing provisions.

While he was away Mr. Skipwith arrived, and declared that Te Kooti was advancing, but slowly, as his followers were very heavily laden.

On the morning of the sixth day Captain Westrupp, who was commanding in the absence of Major Biggs, sent out three scouts, who were very soon seen returning at speed as if pursued. The force was now ordered to get under arms, and cheerfully obeyed, though the men had had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours except an old boar, which they consumed, skin and all, to the last morsel.

A picket had previously been posted in a strong position on a hill commanding the spur up which Te Kooti would have to advance, and to the support of this picket Captain Westrupp sent a strong force; but before they could arrive Te Kooti had captured the hill and driven the defenders down the slope, and there was now nothing to be done but endeavour to retake the position. Charging up the hill, the Europeans managed to secure possession of a small ridge, which was separated from the higher ridge occupied by the Hauhaus by a small gully, across which a continuous fire was exchanged.

When this had continued for some time, a European volunteer, to whom the name "Billy the Goose" had been given by his comrades, was shot dead, and another was severely wounded.

Te Kooti's men now managed to take their opponents in flank, and soon wounded two others. Encouraged by these successes, they made a number of feints as if they were about to charge with fixed bayonets, but the Europeans stood firm and were not to be intimidated. Ammunition began to run short, and anxious glances were cast in the direction from which Major Biggs with the reliefs was expected, and with joy the exhausted men at length saw figures on the distant track. Alas! for their hopes, however, the reliefs proved to be only nine friendly Maoris, "most of whom were excessively drunk," says the historian, they having broached a cask of rum which was am[...] provisions they carried. Te Kooti now[...] a flank movement which utterly route[...] for, marching round the force that [...] keeping him engaged, he fell on their [...] captured all their horses, saddles, bag[...] accoutrements to the value of £1,200, [...] them to hastily retreat, leaving two [...] on the field and carrying away [...] wounded out of a total force of fifty. [...] lost only two men, and his first encou[...] the Europeans was thus a marked su[...] him. He made himself comfortable [...] followers in the camp of the Pakehas [...] swords, horses, provisions, etc., made th[...] querors rich indeed—and when his n[...] rested sufficiently, he leisurely resumed hi[...]

Meanwhile weak, famished, and emb[...] by their wounded, two of whom ha[...] carried every step of the way, the E[...] retreated over a country of terrible n[...] to Tepatoho, where they were joined by [...] Whitmore with thirty Napier volunte[...] on the day following the meeting the [...] Te Kooti was taken up, but long befor[...] overtaken he had been intercepted by [...] force at Te Korraki, and had again de[...] enemies. This force was raised by Mr. [...] R.M., and Mr. Preece, Clerk to the [...] Wairoa, and was composed of Europ[...] friendly Maoris. After scouring the [...] various directions, this force, which [...] joined by Captains Wilson and Rich[...] length (on July 24th) came in sigh[...] enemy, who were seen descending a di[...] of the Ahimanu range.

Te Kooti's victory at Paparatu had [...] him fame amongst the Maoris, and he [...] fully 200 men under him; and his f[...] descended the hill with its long train o[...] children, and horses, looked formidab[...] to the few Europeans and their lukewa[...] supporters. The latter, indeed, thoug[...] formidable, and sixty of them under [...] Apatu incontinently bolted, leaving a [...] contingent indeed to oppose the con[...] Kooti, who assured his followers th[...] "an instrument in the hands of Provid[...] appointed to carry out its instructi[...] generally worked on their superstitions [...]

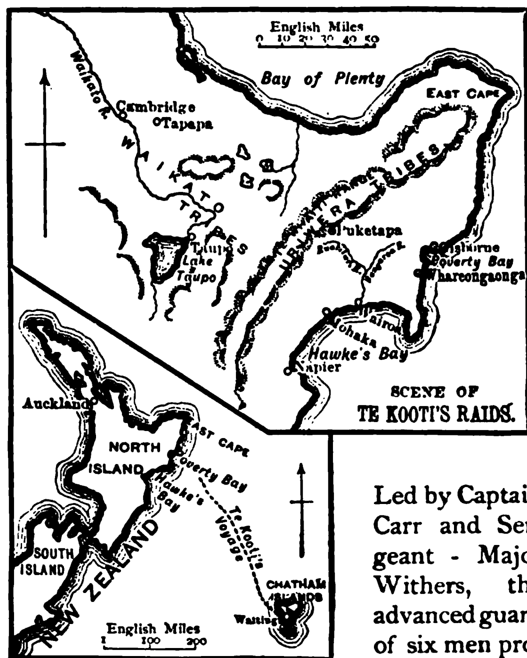
When Paora Te Apatu fled, the [...] were obliged to follow, but next day (J[...] the whole force advanced against [...] across the Hangaroa river, and a sm[...] followed; but in a very short time [...]

eft flank against the position Apatu, whereupon that re- *again* fled with fifty of his ne kept on running till he ı distance. Mr. Preece and n were then obliged to fall hill, which they held until ir ammunition gave out, and d by Rakiora and some of the chief moving off in the oti's force, Mr. Preece asked going. "To get a drink of ; but, says Mr. Gudgeon, the ;t have gone a long way, for years!"

and friendlies now retired to ; lost two men (Maori allies) wounded, and Te Kooti re- ı triumph.

began to cause great alarm overnment took action: the out, and Colonel Whitmore's ened. The Te Wairoa force hardson and Mr. Preece was ought up to a strength of 200 ssion of a body of friendly ka Whanga. On the 2nd of ed guard reconnoitred all the Reinga Falls, when it was dis- ooti had crossed the river and the direction of the Papuni. n had received orders not to in this direction; so he re- iroa, but had hardly reached derly arrived and instructed olonel Whitmore's march with ı and a store of ammunition. Wairoa force had been re- hing, and counter-marching, had been steadily following which pursuit he had taken atu fight as already stated.

ı the Napier and Poverty Bay ne friendly Maoris—in all 130 Fraser, with fifty armed con- owing another line of pursuit oa track. The division with ry rough work, as they were snowstorms on the Ahimanu ıt of provisions before they ıu Lakes, where Major Fraser nstabulary, and reported that led in the direction of the The colonel determined to spite the lack of provisions, but the Poverty Bay volunteers, who had something of a grudge against the commander, refused to go any further, and Colonel Whitmore was obliged to continue the pursuit with a greatly reduced force, consisting of fifty armed constabulary, a few volunteers, and about sixty friendly Maoris. Up the bed of the Ruakituri river the force marched, finding camp after camp of the Hauhaus; and at length, on the evening of August 8th, when the men were thoroughly exhausted, the enemy, some 250 strong, were found posted in the Ruakituri gorge.



SCENE OF TE KOOTI'S RAIDS.

Led by Captain Carr and Sergeant-Major Withers, the advanced guard of six men proceeded in single file up the narrow gorge, and on rounding a bend were suddenly received with a volley from the Hauhaus, who were posted only fifty yards away. No damage was done, and the advanced guard managed to get under cover; but the main force, which stood in a long line in the river bed, was more exposed to a raking fire from Te Kooti's men, who lined the base of the hill and river bend. Several men were killed, and Captain Tuke was severely wounded in an attempt to scale the banks and get the force out of the trap in which it was caught.

The advanced guard could not be supported, and being hotly pursued by the enemy, was forced to leave its shelter in the thick scrub and fall back on the main body, its leader, Captain Carr, and Mr. Canning, a volunteer, being killed in this retreat.

Having got rid of the advanced party, Te

Kooti quickly worked down on the main body through the scrub, and very nearly succeeded in cutting off its retreat. In this onslaught he was himself, however, shot in the foot, and this wound affected his health for the remainder of his life. The friendly natives under Henare Tomoana now beat a retreat, leaving the Pakehas to their fate; and seeing that they were greatly outnumbered, the latter also fell back, and after awaiting further attack at an island a mile and a half in the rear of the gorge, finally retreated to their camp at Te Reinga. Only a few of the strongest men reached the camp that night, however; the rest, utterly exhausted and almost starving, lay down in their tracks and passed a miserable night in the desolate bush—rain falling in torrents on their unsheltered and emaciated bodies.

The loss of the assailants was five killed and five wounded, while Te Kooti had eight men killed and three wounded—one of the latter being himself as stated above.

The indomitable Maori had now won his third fight, and disdaining to retreat any further, he formed a camp at Puketapa, near the scene of the fight, and occupied it from August 8th to October 28th, during which time he proclaimed himself saviour of the Maori people, and sent messengers all over the North Island urging the tribes to rise and join him.

Their defeat at the Ruakituri gorge was a fatal one for the Europeans, for it reduced their prestige amongst the Maoris, increased Te Kooti's *mana* (or fame), and caused that leader to give up his idea of retreating to some safe place where he could live in peace, and substitute for it a scheme of relentless war against the Pakehas, whom he evidently hoped to exterminate altogether. The dreadful massacres which followed, and which have made Te Kooti's name execrated in New Zealand, would probably never have taken place if the Ruakituri affair had inflicted a severe check on the daring Maori. That Te Kooti was a cruel and heartless man has already been shown by his treatment of his luckless old relative on the *Rifleman*, and here a later atrocity of his may be mentioned.

Shortly after Paparatu, Colonel Whitmore despatched an orderly, named Brown, to Wairoa; but unfortunately for himself the man was intercepted by the Hauhaus, and brought before Te Kooti, who ordered his instant execution. He was shot, and his body, with that of his dog, was thrown into a ditch, where some days later Colonel Whitmore's pursuing colum[n] remains.

Being left unmolested, Te K[ooti] himself in constructing a pah at [...] extending his influence amongst [...] and in securing recruits. In this [...] was very successful. Te Waru [...] chiefs of the upper Wairoa trib[e] secretly while pretending friends[hip] man, and Nama, with forty men [...] onarangi tribe, joined him open[ly] cipline was kept up in Puketapa [...] who would not even allow his [...] smoke except at stated times. "T[...] for all things," he said. His pu[nishment] disobedience was death, and such [...] had he acquired over his turbul[ent] that they dared not dispute his o[...] but being well-nigh starving, wou[ld] from the pah into the open, whe[re] shoot their horses for food. No b[...] Te Kooti's wonderful force of char[acter] found than the fact that he kept [...] Puketapa some hundreds of turb[ulent] under conditions of discomfort, a[...] tion, that when he finally broke cam[p] on his great raid, some of his men [...] their tracks and died from the sheer [...] starvation, their skeletons being fou[nd] wards by the Europeans. Te K[...] allow no interference with his a[...] Puketapa, and a Uriwera chief wh[...] his dictation found himself in a [...] danger and fled from the pah, only [...] sued, brought back, and slain by th[...] Te Kooti. After this none dared to q[...] authority, and he stood the acknowled[...] The position he held at Puketapa e[...] to descend with ease either on the [...] at Poverty Bay or those at Te Wairo[a] was known that he had vowed venge[ance] Pakehas, much anxiety was felt by t[...] Men were set to watch the tracks by [...] Hauhaus might come, but Major Bi[...] lulled into a state of false security, a[...] ment at Poverty Bay to erect a fort, [...] strength, to which the settlers cou[ld] the event of attack, fell through, an[d] met with no opposition when he arri[...]

By the end of October he had co[...] his arrangements, and his terribl[e] Poverty Bay commenced. Setting o[...] half-starved force from Puketapa, [...] with him many of the Uriwera trib[e] country he then was, he marched to P[...]

HOT OR BAYONETED THEM—MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN—AS THEY ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE' (*p.* 270).

where he was joined by the chiefs Nama and Te Waru and their men, and thence the united force swept down on the plains. Many of Te Kooti's half-starved men were very weak, so he left his main body at Pukepuke with the women and children, continuing his march with about 200 of the strongest men. The village of Patutahi was captured, and its people forced to join the Hauhaus, who next moved on to the white settlement at Matawhero.

At midnight on the 8th of November, 1868 (some say the 9th of November), the Hauhaus crossed the Patutahi ford and entered the settlement. The first house they reached was that of Mr. Wylie, and the owner was seen seated by a table writing; but Te Kooti felt so sure of this victim, whom he specially hated, that he determined to deal with the other settlers first and then return for Wylie. The Hauhaus now broke up into parties, and, going to house after house, roused the settlers, and then shot or bayoneted them—men, women, and children—as they attempted to escape. To give the details of the massacre would be impossible in the compass of a brief chapter, but what happened in the case of Major Biggs—the unfortunate victim of over-confidence—may be related as showing the *modus operandi* of the Hauhaus. When the latter reached Biggs's house, they knocked at the door as if they were peaceful visitors, and the owner asked them what they wanted. "We want to see you," they replied; and Biggs suspected that the long-dreaded raid had come. He opened the door, at the same time calling to his wife to escape by the back, but she refused to leave him. The Hauhaus fired, and the Major fell dead on his own verandah. They then rushed in, and tomahawked Mrs. Biggs, her baby, and the servant.

Captain Wilson's case may be quoted, for, though similar to Major Biggs's in most respects, it yet exhibits the treachery of the Hauhaus in a stronger light. Wilson defended his house with a revolver, and the assailants thereupon adopted the easy plan of burning him out. They set fire to the house at either end, and then offered to spare the lives of Wilson and his family if he would surrender without further opposition. He did not set much value on their promises, but, as the alternative was being burned alive, he accepted the offer, and, with his servant, a man named Moran, was led towards the river bank. Suddenly a Hauhau rushed at Moran and killed him with a blow from a hatchet, and at the same moment Captain Wilson was shot in the back. Mrs. Wilson and the ch[illegible] then bayoneted, but one little boy e[illegible] concealed in the scrub, was witness t[illegible] tragedy. Poor Mrs. Wilson was though she was repeatedly stabbed, with the butts of muskets; and, afte[illegible] derers had gone, she managed to c[illegible] barn, where her little boy fed her w[illegible] best he could, and kept her alive for till relief came. But her wounds wer[illegible] and the shock of the tragedy too g[illegible] covery to be possible, and she died s[illegible] wards at Napier.

The work of slaughtering and went on during the night and earl[illegible] and was continued throughout the intervals for two days until twenty[illegible] peans and thirty-two friendly natives slain, and the terrified survivors fled t[illegible] whence the women and children were Napier; and the men fortified the pl[illegible] expectation of attack, but none was Kooti, contenting himself with what [illegible] and with looting and burning the ho[illegible] settlers, finally retreated with gre[illegible] plunder heaped up on the carts take[illegible] unhappy settlers.

Here may be related what had h[illegible] the case of Mr. Wylie, whom Te fondly hoped to "make sure of" [illegible] night of the massacre. Alarmed by of firing, Wylie and some other managed to make good their escape the Hauhau leader returned for hi[illegible] vengeance, he found the house em[illegible] hoped-for victim flown. Raging, [illegible] the house, and, finding some prom[illegible] signed with Wylie's name, he proc[illegible] them, under the delusion that they [illegible] belonging to Wylie, whom he de[illegible] injure in *some* way if he could not ki[illegible] had hopes of a more satisfactory ver[illegible] however; and, flinging himself on h[illegible] followed by twenty mounted men, h[illegible] in the direction he believed the f[illegible] taken. Galloping up to the native vi[illegible] ford on the river, he ordered the [illegible] to point out the way the settlers ha[illegible] the brave old man refused to do so, the infuriated Te Kooti ordered him with his two children, which blood performed before the eyes of th[illegible] mother, who in turn was threatened if she did not give the informatio[illegible] She saved her life by pointing out t[illegible]

that he would cut little pieces off
ıe caught him, Te Kooti galloped
savage followers, all drunk with
ughter, and ripe for even more
ties than they had yet committed.
ad gone several miles, however,
that the woman had outwitted
them on the wrong track, and,
returned to the settlement, while
e other escapees made their way
efuge.

Poverty Bay massacre naturally
i the best-hated man in all New
Europeans and friendly Maoris
n that time on, for several years,
letermined pursuit of him over
vers, and lakes, through bush,
ıd fern, was maintained by whites
out though always outnumbered,
rounded, hungry, wounded, and
th ammunition, he escaped again
fighting ever, retreated from fast-
, and eluding his pursuers, swooped
ınt settlements, bringing murder
is train, till his name became a
r to the young colony, to whose
ns he was adding at the rate of
pounds a day. "One thousand
" was the cost of the Maori wars
ıd of this sum Te Kooti must have
le for fully one-half, if not more.
v days of the massacre, Lieutenant
lected a force of Europeans at
Gisborne), and was joined by
and his friendly Maoris, and a
y Major Westrupp and Captain
ne from Napier with 300 friendly

et out for Matawhero, where the
ity of burying the bodies of those
Hauhaus was performed, and then
hot pursuit of Te Kooti. On
t his rear-guard was overtaken at
two of them were shot. Quan-
which the Hauhaus had been un-
way were found here, and also the
of friendly Maoris shot by Te

ce more bodies were found, and
sledges of the murdered settlers.
v warm, and on the evening of
d the pursuers came up with the
the Hauhaus on the Te Karetu
ous fire was at once opened, but
were beaten back with a loss of
five killed and twelve wounded, amongst the former being Hamuera Teiroa and Karauria, two chiefs of the friendlies. Twenty Hauhaus were killed, but the enemy held the position, and the assailants were obliged to retire to a ridge twelve hundred yards from the Hauhaus, who were strongly entrenched.

Rifle-pits were pushed towards the entrenchments, and for a whole week heavy and continuous firing was kept up, and a number of men on both sides were killed and wounded. Te Kooti now executed one of his daring outflanking movements, and sixty of his men under Baker, the half-caste, captured the base of the attacking force's supplies at Patutahi, carried off eight kegs of ammunition and a quantity of provisions, and so alarmed the force at Te Karetu that the attack was on the point of being relinquished; but on December 1st powerful reinforcements arrived from Te Wairoa—namely, 370 friendly Maoris, under the renowned chief Ropata—and on the following morning a fierce attack was made on the Hauhau entrenchments. Forty Wairoa natives, under the command of Mr. Preece, commenced the assault, and being presently aided by the Ngatiporu, under Ropata, drove the Hauhaus out of two lines of entrenchments into their last line of rifle-pits on the creek. The toils had now closed about Te Kooti, and it seemed as if an early vengeance for the Poverty Bay massacre was to be taken. Three columns of attack were formed, the Wairoas on the left, Ngatiporu in the centre, and Napier tribes on the right, and a furious rush was made for the Hauhaus' last position. They stood for a moment, but the fury of the attack was too much for them, and they broke and fled across the river, under a terrible flanking fire from the left column, which killed thirty-four and wounded many more. This flanking fire, however, *saved* Te Kooti, for the Ngatiporu were unable to cross it in pursuit, and Te Kooti, weak, worn, and lame from the wound in his foot received at Ruakituri, was carried up the river bed on a woman's back! and got clear away, though hundreds thirsting for his blood were just behind. What would have happened to him had he been captured may be judged by what occurred in the case of Nama, his ally, who was wounded, but taken alive. His complicity in the Poverty Bay massacres and other atrocities had rendered him particularly objectionable to the Wairoa and Ngatiporu friendlies, and they settled all scores by roasting him over a slow fire, the Europeans "looking the other

way" apparently. Fourteen dead Hauhaus were found in a single pool in the river, and one of these was floating with his face out of the water in such a singular manner that Hami Tapeka, a Ngatiporu, was much surprised, and gently prodded the "corpse" with his bayonet. "It"

TE KOOTI.

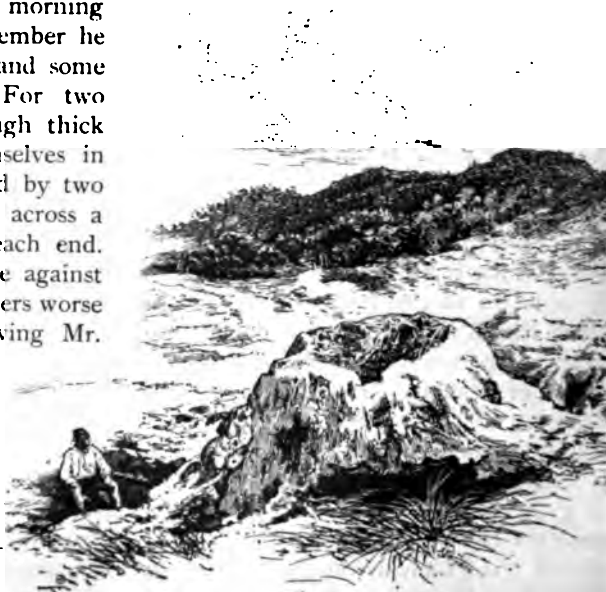
started up out of the water very much alive, and would have escaped but for the prompt action of Hami, who made certain of matters this time by an ounce ball from his musket.

In this action two Europeans were wounded, in addition to the casualties amongst the friendlies. After this severe defeat Te Kooti made good his escape to a pah which seems to have been previously prepared, on the highest point of the bush-clad mountain of Ngatapa.

This pah Ropata discovered on the morning after the fight, and on the 5th of December he proceeded to attack it with his tribe and some Wairoa natives under Mr. Preece. For two miles the force wound upwards through thick bush, and then suddenly found themselves in front of the pah, which was defended by two lines of strong earthworks extending across a small flat and resting on a cliff at each end. The position was, in fact, impregnable against such a small force; and to make matters worse many of Ropata's men retreated, leaving Mr. Preece and a few men to make the attack, which they gallantly did, and actually stormed the outer earthwork, but were ultimately forced to retreat. Ropata was in such a towering rage with the men who had deserted him that he refused to have anything more to do with them, and was retreating in dudgeon to the coast when he met Colonel Whitmore with 300 constabulary marchi his relief.

Even then he would not turn bac promised to return later with recrui Whitmore went on alone. His scouts b in news that Te Kooti was burning his (huts) on Ngatapa, and rashly concludi this was but a prelude to retreat, Whitmore drew off his forces to th whereupon the ever-vigilant Te Koo served by his spies, swooped down fr mountain on the settlements, where h young Mr. Wylie (son of his old enem Fergusson, and a friendly Maori, and pl various homes. Hearing of this raid, Whitmore endeavoured to cut off Te retreat; but the skilful Maori easily him, and retired again to his fortress on N which he strengthened, and then calml attack.

On December 24th Colonel Whitmo on Ngatapa, and on the 30th was Ropata with 370 friendlies. Te Kooti his position well. Ngatapa was a rising to a height of 2,000 feet from bush-clad hills, and was crowned by which was defended in front by thr earth and fern-tree parapets, with front in the European style. These abutted on steep scarped slopes at ei the outer line was about 250 yards seven feet high; the second line was s



THE CROW'S-NEST, TAUPO.
(From a photograph by Burton Brothers, Dunedin.)

the peak contracted; the third line was a huge work fourteen feet high, and dotted all over with loopholes formed with sandbags, through which loopholes the enemy could fire with but little risk of being injured themselves. Each line was joined to the next by protected passages, through which the defenders could retire. The rear of the work was situated on an almost perpendicular cliff, and altogether Ngatapa would have been a formidable position for the best-disciplined troops to attack, especially when held by such a bold and skilful leader as Te Kooti.

IN THE TAUPO COUNTRY.
(Photo, Warren.)

On January 1st, 1869, the assault was commenced with spirit, and in a very brief space the only supply of water available for the defenders was captured. Rifle pits were carried within 100 yards of the outer line of defence, and the artillery having brought up a mortar opened a hot fire with shells which had to be carried on men's backs for a distance of three miles over a country of extreme roughness. The siege was pressed vigorously, and a very heavy fire was kept up on both sides, Captain Brown of No. 7 constabulary division being shot dead on the 2nd, and Captain Capel being seriously wounded on the 3rd. On the 4th Ropata attacked the pah from the rear with fifty picked men, and in the teeth of the defenders this division commenced to scale the cliff, a heavy fire being kept up by the Hauhaus and replied to by a large force of European and Maori coverers. Finally, with a loss of eight men, Ropata's stormers climbed the cliff, broke into the trenches, and seized the first line of defence. Te Kooti was now apparently doomed, for he was surrounded on all sides save one—a nearly precipitous cliff—by a force greatly outnumbering his hungry and weakened band. He had very little food, and no water at all, for several days, and would have been obliged to surrender but for rain opportunely setting in and enabling the defenders to catch sufficient water in blankets and shirts to keep themselves alive.

A storming party, 200 strong, formed in the trench taken by Ropata, and sat down to wait for morning, but at 2 a.m. a Maori woman within the pah called out that *Te Kooti had gone!* And so he had, with all his men and women, except those wounded. In the morning it was found that the defenders had slipped away by means of the one unguarded and supposedly impassable side, and were now miles off in the

bush. The enraged Ropata at once set out in pursuit, and, as the Hauhaus from want of food were obliged to break up into small parties, he captured 120, all of whom he summarily shot; but Te Kooti and many of his men easily escaped and proceeded to visit the Uriwera tribe, with whom they remained unmolested for some time.

A number of his men returned to their homes, and the indignation of the settlers became extreme when they saw red-handed Poverty Bay murderers walking about unmolested in their midst; and a Mr. Benson, who had lost relatives in the massacre, openly shot a Maori whom he knew to have had a hand in the murders of his friends. Next day Benson was requested by a constable to sit as a juror in the inquest held on the Maori's body. "But I shot him," said Benson. "I have nothing to do with that," replied the guardian of the peace; "all I have to do is to find jurymen, and if you don't attend, I'll summon you!" Benson then proceeded with eleven other intelligent jurymen to try himself, and, having gone into the box and given evidence against himself, he, with the others, retired to consider the verdict, which was soon found, and ran as follows:—"*Shot by some person unknown, and serve him right!*"

The foregoing pages will give a fair idea of Te Kooti's fighting methods, wonderful skill, and great hardihood, and space will only permit of a hurried glance at the remainder of his stirring career.

In April, 1869, operations were recommenced against him and his allies, the Uriweras. After some desultory fighting, he was brought to bay at Tauaroa by Major Mair and 400 men; but again he escaped in the night with all his men, and early in May swooped down on Mohaka on the coast, and, taking the Huka pah by treachery and courage combined, killed there in cold blood seven Europeans and fifty-seven Maoris, and looted the whole settlement. He nearly lost his own life here, however, for Heta, one of the defenders of the pah, when he recognised the Hauhau's treachery, said, "If I die, you die too," and, raising his rifle, fired point-blank at Te Kooti, who was, however, saved by one of his men, who struck up the muzzle. Heta was at once shot, and a general massacre followed.

Te Kooti next besieged the pah Hiruharama, but this held out gallantly, though it was largely garrisoned by little Maori boys and girls, who had to stand on boxes or mounds of earth in order to fire over the parapet. Trooper Hill and a few Maoris managed to through Te Kooti's men and suppleme garrison of the pah. All night Hill, c armed with a double-barrelled gun, a rifl long spear, stood at a threatened angl pah, physically supported by two ful men, two little boys, and three girls, and supported by the Maori parson of the p "came round every hour and prayed success," says the historian. Provisio very short, and, having received in for hours (as a great favour) from his Maori a pannikin of tea, one apple, and a Sergeant Hill was not sorry when Te bugles sounded the retreat, and the si raised. For his conduct in defending t Hill received the New Zealand Cross.

Te Kooti's next murderous raid was on where, by treachery, he cut off from the and slew nine European troopers.

He then withdrew to Taupo, and was by the chief Te Heu-heu, and it was fear Tawhiao, the Maori king, would join hi the powerful Waikato tribes, so the G ment put a price of five hundred pounds Kooti's head, and offered five pounds for rebel Maori captured and one pound for Maori killed in fair fight, a policy politely cated by the British Minister for the Co Earl Granville, but defended by the Ne landers, who reproached Britain with de them in the hour of their greatest nee hinted at a determination to throw off all to that country and seek assistance fro United States of America. It must be rec that Te Kooti was dealt with without assistance, which had been freely accor the earlier Maori wars.

Te Kooti was pursued with the most lenting vigour, and to describe all his hair escapes would be impossible in a few page

On October 3rd, 1869, he was def Pourere by Colonel McDonnell, with a seventy men, and was himself severely w by a ball which struck him as he was t cap for his rifle from his waistcoat pocket bullet wounded the thumb and forefing the third finger clean off, and then passed t the fleshy part of his side. He retreat the King country, but was after a time f leave by the Waikatos, and was again surr but just when his capture seemed cert eluded his pursuers and made one of h on a native settlement on the Wanganui Hotly pursued by 600 men, he was next

the settlement of Cambridge in the
, and from this place he wrote to the
ent asking for peace; but there was
peace for him—just yet, at all events
olonel McDonnell, with a force of 600
nd Europeans, was soon on the trail.
ary 24th, 1870, McDonnell defeated
, who was posted in a strong position
a, and shortly afterwards surrounded
sed retreat with nearly 800 men, but
lays word was brought that Te Kooti
aruni, many miles away.

ough February the pursuit was kept up,
of provisions, worn and exhausted, Te
med in desperate case, but he managed
the Uriwera country in safety, and in
country the pursuit could not be con-
r lack of provisions, and once more the
laori gained a respite.

r long, however, for the Maori chiefs,
Te Kepa, and Topia, in the pay of the
ent, with their men, were close to him,
April, but before they could come up
he swooped down on the Opape settle-
d carried off 170 friendly Maoris and
guns, some ammunition and provisions,
he stood much in need. He then retired
at Maraetahi, but on April 24th this
ured by the pursuers, and Te Kooti lost
men killed, many who were taken
, and a great reserve store of ammuni-
ch he had "planted" near the pah.

reated to the wild bush country of Te
the borders of Uriwera, and thence
made a raid on Tolgoa Bay with forty
men. Here he killed several friendly
and was instantly pursued by a mixed
Europeans from Poverty Bay and friendly
Traced to Mauganahau, his camp was
ly surrounded, and some of the Euro-
t within thirty yards of it and plainly
Kooti—whom they well knew and hated.
uld easily have shot him, but it was
better to wait till morning and capture
camp.

end one of the friendly Maoris fired
et as if accidentally, but undoubtedly
intention of warning Te Kooti, for
most all the natives had a sneaking
nd in a moment the much-sought-for
vanished in the bush, though his wife
was captured

oti was now left in peace till January,
en Ropata once more set out in search
his forest lair in Te Wera, and on the
25th of that month the column reached the watershed between the two coasts. As an example of the difficulties encountered by those who pursued Te Kooti, the following extract from Mr. Gudgeon's work may be given:—

"Te Rakiora, late Hauhau and personal friend of Te Kooti, acted as guide, and although he was travelling in his own country, so dense was the forest that he lost his way continually, rendering frequent halts necessary that he might climb trees so as to get the general direction of their march. Nothing could be worse than the travelling through this country. Thick scrubby bush, interlaced with supplejacks, covered the hillsides, which were excessively steep, so that for days the column had to follow the narrow beds of mountain torrents, over slippery rocks, where a false step might be fatal, for each man carried nearly forty pounds of biscuits, besides blankets, ammunition, etc. None of these things could be replaced in a black birch forest, where a rat can barely live, and where the traveller will hardly ever hear bird or insect."

The truth of this description can be vouched for by those who, like the present writer, are familiar with the New Zealand bush.

After following Te Kooti's traces through this terrible country till the 2nd of March, Ropata's men, who had been living on hinau berries for some days, knocked up, and he had to relinquish the pursuit, but took it up only a week or two later. This time he found a cave, in which Te Kooti had hidden six rifles, two watches, and some money, but the owner was not seen, though defiant letters from him were found in one or two of his lairs. In June, 1871, four parties resumed the pursuit, the leader of one being a European—Captain Porter; but they were down to hinau berries again by the middle of July, and had to return.

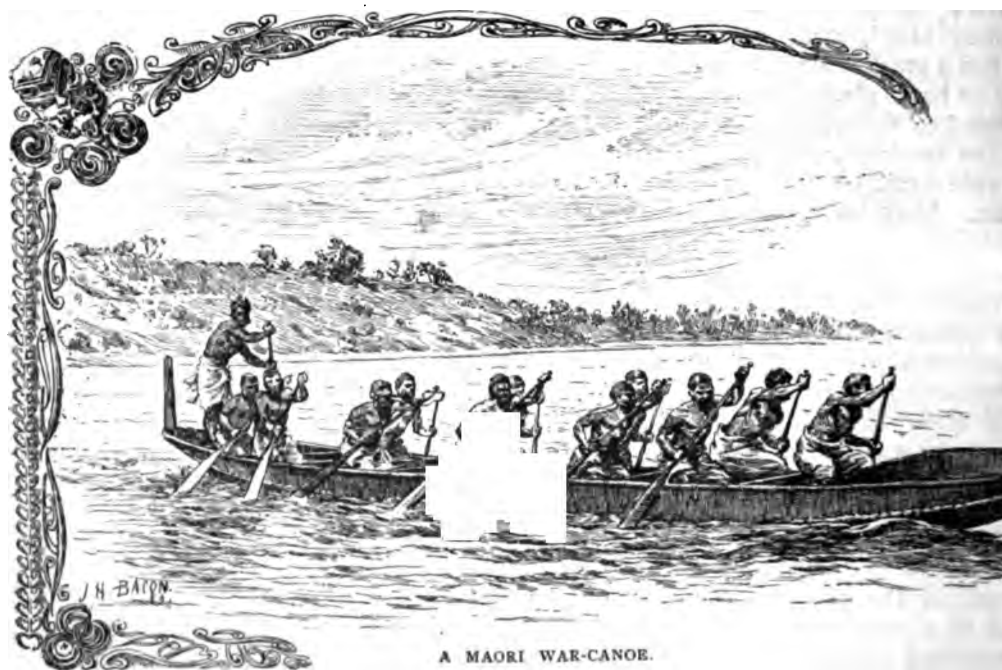
In August the pursuit was resumed in two columns, and this time Captain Porter and Henare Potae surrounded at night Te Kooti's camp, in the wildest part of the Uriwera country, and lay on their arms waiting for light. A dog scented the ambush and barked; a woman, who was recognised as Te Kooti's wife Olivia, chased it with a stick, and at the same time Te Kooti's voice was heard asking what had alarmed the dog. "Nothing," said someone, and again all was quiet. Surely they had him now!

No; the inevitable warning musket was fired, Te Kooti shouted "Ko Ngatiporu, tenei kia whai morehu" (It is the Ngatiporu, save yourselves), and hurling himself bodily through the back

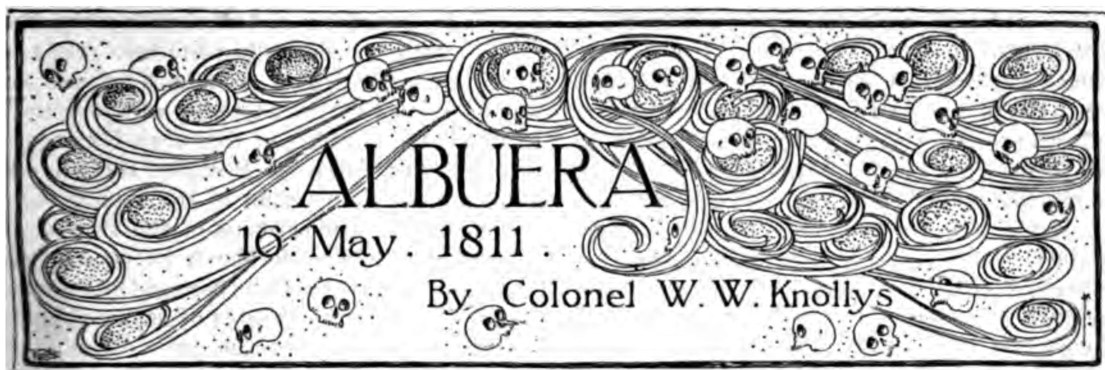
wall of his hut (he was far too wary to escape by the door, which he knew would be watched), he disappeared in the bush, and never again did European or friendly Maori have a chance of securing vengeance for all Te Kooti's bloody deeds and outrages. He escaped across the Taupo plains to the King country. His *mana* was now great, both as a fighting-man and a preacher, and the powerful Waikatos rallied round him in such numbers that it was hopeless for the Government to continue the pursuit, which would have involved them in a general war with the natives. At this time the reward for Te Kooti's apprehension was £5,000, and this remained in force till 1883, or for nearly twelve years after his escape, during which time he lived peaceably in the territories of Tawhiao, the Maori king. In 1883 he was pardoned by the Government, and from that time to his death lived quietly at his settlement—Otema, on the Waipa river—of which a writer in the *New Zealand Graphic* says :—

"Otema was, perhaps, without exception, the fairest sample of what discipline and good management will effect, even amongs The whares were well built and clean, t soil under careful and systematic cu the people observed very regular habit domestic duties . . . under Te Koot vision. At the settlement hospitality v to European visitors by Te Kooti hims

The old guerilla's health was complete down towards the end, as a result of th privations of his warlike years. He w down and prematurely aged, and wa with a harassing cough and constant How many men could have lived th experiences at all, though? He avoi Europeans who regarded him as an vulgar curiosity, but "his bent and ba figure, and his straggling white bear slouch hat on his head, were familiar colonists whose business brought them tact with him." He died at the age sixty, in April, 1893, at Ohima, on the e when "his once turbulent spirit passed the evening-tide"—the *tai po*, as the M The old Maoris liked to "go down with



A MAORI WAR-CANOE.
(From a photograph by Burton Brothers, Dunedin.)



THE battle of Albuera, because of its sanguinary nature, and the fact that Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, has enwreathed its memory with some of his most picturesque sentences, stands out as one of the prominent and popular episodes of war. If the eloquent Napier has described it so ably, it may be asked, why repeat a well-told tale? Napier, though anxious to be just and accurate, often allowed himself to be influenced by prejudices for or against corps and persons, and has not been free from this defect in his account of Albuera. Many think that he displayed prejudice, not to say virulence, towards Beresford; and, as a matter of fact, a violent and heated controversy between the commander and the historian followed the publication of the "Peninsular War."

Before we come to the battle and the events which led up to it, let us glance for a moment at the antecedents and personalities of the two opponents, Marshal Soult and Lord—then Sir William—Beresford.

Soult, universally recognised as one of the ablest of Napoleon's lieutenants, born in 1769, was the eldest son of a provincial notary. Fairly well brought up, he was destined for the law; but his father's death, when he was still only a boy, caused the idea to be abandoned. He is said by some to have been of Jewish origin; but we can find no confirmation of the statement. In 1785 he enlisted in the regiment of "Royal Infantry," and, thanks to his education, he became six years later a sergeant. The revolution gave him an opening, and, in 1791, he was appointed instructor to the 1st Battalion of the Volunteers of the Bas Rhin. He soon obtained the rank of adjutant-general, and in 1794, after the battle of Fleurus, he was made general of brigade. During the following four years he saw much service in Germany under Jourdan, Moreau, Kleber, and Lefebvre. In 1799, promoted to general of division, he distinguished himself in Massena's Swiss campaign, especially at the battle of Zürich. In the following year he was second in command to Massena when that general conducted his magnificent defence of Genoa. In 1802 he was appointed one of the four generals holding the position of colonel in the Consular Guard. Though one of Moreau's officers he was discreet, acute, and pliable enough to attach himself to his old chief's rival, Napoleon; and in 1803 was given by the latter the command of the camp of Boulogne. In 1804 he was one of the first marshals created, and in the following year mainly contributed to the victory of Austerlitz. He subsequently greatly distinguished himself in Germany and Spain; and when, in 1813, Wellington was about to invade France, he was sent to withstand him, and carried out an offensive-defensive campaign with remarkable energy and ability. At the first abdication of Napoleon, Marshal Soult—Duke of Dalmatia—declared himself a royalist, and was appointed Minister of War by Louis XVIII. On the emperor's return from Elba Soult joined him, and was major-general—or chief of the staff—during the Waterloo Campaign. On the second restoration of Louis XVIII. Soult was exiled, but was, after a short time, allowed to return to France, was re-created marshal in 1820, and again played the part of a fervent royalist. After 1830 he became a partisan of constitutional royalty; but in 1848 he again changed, and was once more a republican. This was his last tergiversation, for in 1851 he died. The Duke of Wellington had a great respect for his talents as a commander, and was doubly cautious when opposed to him.

Beresford, the illegitimate son of the first Marquis of Waterford, was born in 1768. Having spent a year at the military academy of Strasburg, he was in 1785 gazetted ensign to the

6th Foot, which regiment he joined in Nova Scotia. While out shooting in that colony, he met with an accident which caused the loss of his left eye. He took part in the defence of Toulon, and also served in Corsica, but it could not be said that during his first ten years of soldiering that he had gained much experience in the field. Ten years, however, from the date of his first commission, and at the early age of twenty-seven, he found himself lieutenant-colonel commanding the 88th Regiment. Money and interest had pushed him on. In 1800 he landed in Bombay, and, having become full colonel, was appointed brigadier in the force despatched to Egypt under Sir David Baird. When, however, after a long voyage and a terrible march across the desert Sir David arrived at Cairo, the struggle was over. In Sir David Baird's expedition to the Cape of Good Hope Beresford accompanied his old chief as brigadier, but in the conquest of the Dutch dependency he saw no fighting.

In the following year, however, Sir Home Popham, without any orders from Government, prevailed on Sir David to send a small force with him to effect the conquest of Buenos Ayres. Beresford obtained the command of the land forces, which were brought up by troops at St. Helena to 1,025 men, besides a naval brigade, 800 strong. Ascending the river Plate, he landed twelve miles from that city on June 26th, behaved with the audacity and courage of a Cortez, and was everywhere victorious. On the day of disembarkation he drove off an opposing force, capturing four guns, and on the morrow entered the city, expelling its garrison of Spanish militia. The Spaniards, however, rallied from the blow, and, collecting troops, compelled Beresford, after a short struggle in which he showed the personal courage for which he was always conspicuous, to capitulate. Arriving in England, he was fortunate enough to find that the enthusiasm at his original success had not been altogether extinguished by his subsequent ill-fortune. Promoted to the rank of major-general, he was sent to hold Madeira for Portugal. A year later he was ordered to Portugal and commanded a brigade in Sir John Moore's glorious but unfortunate campaign. In 1809 he was appointed to the command of the Portuguese army. It was not an unsuitable appointment. He was in the prime of life, was of commanding stature and fine presence, had seen, if not much actual fighting, a great deal of active service, was a good disciplinarian, and possessed some acquaintance with the Portuguese and their language. His success in organising and disciplining t
tuguese army is universally admitted. I
part in the campaign of 1809 in North
tugal, and in September, 1810, was pr
Busaco. In December of that year, Hil
gone home on sick leave, Beresford was
Wellington the command of the Angl
guese troops on the left bank of the Ta
the end of the following March he was
to relieve Campo Maior and besiege Oliv
Badajoz. His force consisted of 20,000
2,000 cavalry, and eighteen guns. Hi
prise opened well. It is true that Cam
had been captured by the French on Ma
but Beresford, thinking that he might
the captors, moved towards it on the 23
the 25th his advanced guard, consisting o
supported by some infantry under that
and capable man Colonel Colborne—aft
Lord Seaton—who commanded a brigad
second division, arrived unexpectedly in
the town.

Latour-Maubourg, learning that the
were close at hand, evacuated the place i
and confusion, his force consisting of sem
cavalry, three battalions, a few horse-
guns, and a battering-train of thirteen
The advanced guard followed in hot purs
borne being on the right at some distanc
the 13th Light Dragoons, under Colonel
supported by two squadrons of Portuguese
under Colonel Otway, took the shorte
The heavy cavalry, *i.e.* the 3rd Dragoons
Dragoon Guards, under Major-General t
Sir William Lumley, were mustered on
but at first close up. With the 13th
Dragoons, Colonel Head had only five tro
an aggregate of 203 of all ranks with h
troop being detached to skirmish. W
drew near, two bodies of French cav
peared from the rear of their infantry, o
charging the Portuguese under Otw
other the 13th. The former appear to ha
their own, but there is no record of th
formances. With respect to the 13th, th
their opponents charged with such fi
that they rode right through each other
men on both sides being dismounted
collision. Both French and English so
once to reform, but the British being
were among their adversaries before th
had got into order, and a severe hand-
fight ensued. One French squadron
inwards and fell on the flank of the 1
were driven off. Finally the French

largely superior in number to those im-
ly opposed to them, were, for all practical
s, disposed of. The French infantry
had with their fire taken part in the
but without any substantial effect.
rding this fire, the 13th, believing that
uld be supported by the heavy cavalry,
iemselves on the French artillery, cut-
ny of them down, and then galloped
in pursuit of the fugitives, partly of
vith a view to cutting off the whole
partly carried away by the excitement
success. Reaching the bridge of Badajoz,
re fired on by the guns of the fortress,
liged to fall back. On their return
icountered the flying French artillery.
many drivers, they captured both guns
ggage. Continuing their retreat, the
ind themselves in face of the unbroken
infantry and the remnants of the beaten
cavalry. Seeing no appearance of sup-
ing now few in number, and men and
ilike being exhausted, the gallant Light
ns abandoned all, save one, of the cap-
uns, and, making a detour, escaped.

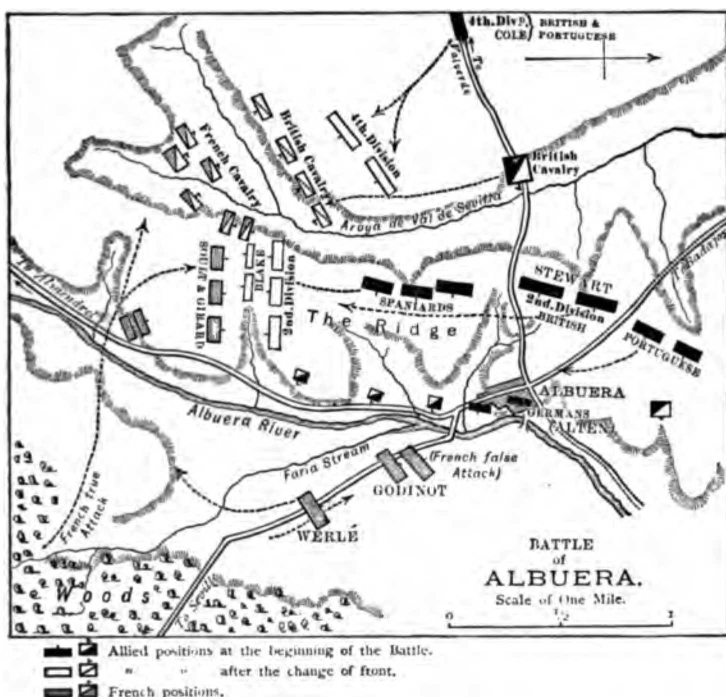
r loss in this brilliant scuffle was 12 men
nd 33 of all ranks wounded, and 20 of all
iissing, amounting to within a fraction of
cent. of their total strength. The loss of
nch on this occasion was 300 of all ranks
wounded, or prisoners. Among the killed
lonel Chamarin, of the 26th Dragoons,
as slain in single combat by Corporal
of the 13th. The corporal had killed
n of the French 26th Dragoons, which
ged the colonel that he dashed forward
ttacked him. Both adversaries were
ounted and good swordsmen, and seem
e been allowed to fight the matter
hout aid or interference by their com-
The deadly duel was short but sharp.
ly the hard hitting of the Englishman
much for the scientific swordsmanship
Frenchman, who, after the manner of his
men, preferred the point to the edge.
did the corporal cut the colonel across
, and on the second occasion the latter's
came off, leaving his head exposed. The
iman's opportunity had come, and with
ghty blow he nearly cleft the French-
skull asunder, the edge of the sword
through the brains as far as the nose.

s been held that Beresford on this occa-
glected to follow up this success. His
was that it was reported to him that the 13th had been cut off; he would not therefore risk further loss in his small force of cavalry by allowing the Heavy Dragoons to charge. The information was incorrect, and even had it been accurate surely the last chance of saving the regiment would have been to have at all events made a demonstration with the two heavy regiments.

Though the affair had not been so successful as it might have been owing to Beresford's moral timidity, it must nevertheless have exercised a depressing effect on the French. Instead, however, of profiting by that effect and following up his blow, he contented himself with blockading Elvas, alleging the want of supplies, shoes, and bridging material. There never yet was wanting a plausible excuse for doing little or nothing. Be in this case, however, the argument valid or not, the effect was that the French had time given them for placing Badajoz in a state of defence.

Beresford, ordered by Lord Wellington to cross the Guadiana at Jerumenha, encountered great difficulty from the want of materials for a bridge. However, his commanding engineer, Captain Squire, was a man of energy and resource. With timber obtained from the neighbouring villages he constructed a trestle pier on each bank, filling the interval with five Spanish boats. The bridge was completed on the 3rd April, and the troops were assembled with a view to crossing at daybreak on the 4th. Unfortunately, during the night there was a freshet, which swept away the trestles and rendered the neighbouring ford impassable. No more materials were to be found. Squire, however, did not recognise the word "impossible." With the boats, therefore, he constructed a flying bridge for the cavalry and artillery, while with the few pontoons in his possession and some casks found in the neighbouring villages, he made a light bridge for the infantry. Beresford's force commenced the passage late on the 5th April, and by the evening of the 6th all the troops were across the river. On the 7th, Latour-Maubourg, who had hitherto occupied himself mainly in collecting food, forage, and money contributions, took the alarm, and advanced to prevent Beresford from crossing the Guadiana, but found his adversary not only over the river but occupying a strong position on the eastern side of it. The French commander was therefore compelled to fall back. Beresford was at this time either joined or came practically into close communication with several fragments of

the Spanish armies, but he was cautious, and prudently was not thereby stimulated into undertaking a vigorous campaign, for the success of which he would have been dependent on the loyal co-operation of allies whom a bitter experience had proved to be unreliable. He therefore constructed entrenchments at the bridge head, and directed that the bridge itself should be solidly reconstructed. Having taken these precautions to secure his communications, he invested Olivenza with a portion of his army, while with the remainder he advanced to Albuera.



Allied positions at the beginning of the Battle.
" " after the change of front.
French positions.

On the 15th April Olivenza surrendered, on which Beresford advanced towards Zafra, his object being to drive Latour-Maubourg over the Sierra Morena and to cut off General Maransin, who, having defeated Ballasteros, was pursuing him towards Salvatierra. Receiving, however, information of the approach of the allies, Maransin managed to elude the columns which were threatening to prevent his retreat.

Whilst these movements were taking place, a smart cavalry action occurred on April 16th near Los Santos between two regiments of French cavalry, advancing from Llerena to collect contributions, and the British cavalry. The brigade consisted of the 4th Dragoon Guards, the 3rd Dragoons (now 3rd Hussars), and the 13th Light Dragoons, the brigadier being Colonel the Hon. G. de Grey. The acc this spirited cavalry action are very The numbers were about equal, but the were broken and hunted for six miles wi in prisoners alone of 200 men, every made to rally being baffled. The re records of the 13th Light Dragoons—w the way, claim all the merit for that reg says nothing about the casualties, but the of the 3rd Dragoons admit some loss that it was "very little." That the 13 Dragoons were, if not chiefly, at all even engaged is proved by that the French com whose gallantry exci admiration of his op was killed by Private Beard of the regiment

On the 18th April, Maubourg fell back to canal. About this ti army was joined by Alten with his brigade light infantry battalion King's German Legion the 21st Lord Wel himself arrived at El Beresford hastened to him. The commander-i drawing the infantry n Badajoz, demanded th Spanish troops shou operate in carrying covering the siege, and down that, if Soult a to the relief of the pl was to be fought at The Spaniards, in acc with their usual practice, were slow in c out an agreement. Lord Wellington th hurried northward again in order to wi Massena on the Agueda, leaving directio Beresford that he was not to underta siege until he was reinforced by him or o the co-operation of the Spaniards.

After his departure Beresford fixed hi quarters at Almendralejos, and, finding t French were sweeping the country betw two armies of forage, he sent Penne V with a brigade of Spanish cavalry, reinfo five squadrons, and Colonel Colborne brigade, to which had been added two guns and two squadrons, to put a stop t French parties. Colborne and Penne V not only accomplished this object, b

induced Latour-Maubourg himself to fall back. On the 5th May, the Spaniards having at length consented to perform their part in the siege of Badajoz, the investment of the town was begun, and, being completed on the 7th, batteries and trenches were constructed with energy. Owing to the want of proper siege materials and a sufficient number of trained sappers and miners, the operations were carried on at a disadvantage and at the cost of much loss of life.

"SABRING MANY DRIVERS, THEY CAPTURED BOTH GUNS AND BAGGAGE" (p. 279).

Soult, on the 10th May, started from Seville with the view of relieving the beleaguered fortress. He had with him 3,000 heavy dragoons, two regiments of light cavalry, a division of infantry, and a battalion of grenadiers. On the following day he was joined by Marasin, and on the 13th picked up Latour-Maubourg, who was at once appointed to the command of the heavy cavalry. On the 14th he was within thirty miles of Badajoz, and on the 15th arrived at Santa Marta. Beresford's information was good, for on the night of the 12th of May he received intelligence of Soult's approach. He at once suspended all operations against Badajoz, and on the following day, in spite of the remonstrances of his engineers, he raised the siege under cover of the 4th division and a body of Spaniards. On the same day, after a conference with Blake at Valverde, he finally decided on giving battle to Soult at Albuera, the Spanish commander promising to bring his army into line before noon on the 15th. On the morning of that day the British army occupied the left of the selected position, but there was no sign of the approach of Blake. About 3 p.m. on that day the whole of the allied cavalry came in hurriedly and in some confusion, closely followed by the French light cavalry. In plain English, the allied

cavalry were driven in, effecting their retreat in so unmilitary a fashion that they only sought to reach the main army, and abandoned the wooded heights in front of the position. Yet on two recent occasions the British cavalry brigade had displayed the most heroic valour, and the discredit of the manner in which Beresford's horsemen rejoined him may fairly be attributed to the incapacity of General Long, commanding the whole of the allied cavalry, who, feeling the responsibility too much for him, surrendered that day his command to General Lumley.

Beresford promptly formed a temporary right wing, and at once sent to hasten Blake and his own detached troops. Blake was so slow that his main body did not reach the ground till 11 p.m., and his rear-guard not till 3 a.m. on the 16th. Orders were at once sent to call in Cole and Madelen's Portuguese brigade. By some mischance the message did not reach Madelen at once, but Cole with his two brigades, the infantry of the 5th Spanish army, and two squadrons of Portuguese cavalry, arrived at 6 a.m. on the 16th. The Spanish infantry joined Blake's army, the Portuguese cavalry joined Otway's brigade of Portuguese cavalry in advance of the left, while Cole formed up in rear of the 2nd division. Colonel Kemmis's brigade of the 4th division marched to join Beresford *viâ* Jerumenha, and consequently did not arrive till the 17th.

The position occupied by the allies consisted of a ridge about 4½ miles long, having the Aroya de Val de Sevilla in rear and the Albuera river in front. In front of the right of the position of the allies was a wooded hill, lying in a fork formed by the junction of the Faria stream with the Albuera river. All these streams seem to have been easily passable above the village, but there was a bridge near Albuera in front of the left centre of the allies, where the road to Valverde crossed, and another where the same road crossed the Aroya de Val de Sevilla, commonly called in English descriptions Aroya. The position was first occupied as follows :— On the extreme left came General Hamilton's division of Portuguese with their left on the road, which at Albuera quits the Valverde road to go to Badajoz. On the right of the Portuguese came the 2nd division, under Major-General the Hon. W. Stewart, and consisting of the brigades of Colonel Colborne, Major-General Houghton, and Colonel the Hon. A. Abercrombie. On the extreme right, on the highest, broadest, steepest part of the position, were the Spaniards under Blake. The allied cavalry were drawn u main body across the Valverde road in rea Aroya and the 2nd division. The remain the cavalry were distributed along the A river from in front of the allies' right to beyond the Badajos road and below the of Albuera. Major-General Alten, wi brigade of Germans, held the village.

The numbers on both sides were approxi as follows : The allies at—Spaniards 12,00 tuguese 8,000, British 7,500, guns 30 ; F 20,000 infantry, 3,000 cavalry, and 40 gun

About 9 a.m. on the 16th a heavy f French light cavalry and Godinot's divi infantry were seen, accompanied by ar advancing to attack the bridge in front village of Albuera. This force was follov Werlé's division. The assailants were resisted by Alten's Light Brigade and th guns of D Troop Royal Horse Artillery guns had been left at Lisbon—under C Lefebure. It soon became evident, ho that the real attack was on the right, n left of the allies, for Werlé did not Godinot closely. Indeed, soon after 8 some French cavalry had issued from th wood, opposite the prolongation of the right, and crossed the Albuera. Beresford fore sent an order to Blake, as a measure c caution, to form all his second and part first line on the broad elevated plateau r at right angles to the general direction allies' position. He at the same time di Stewart with the 2nd division to take gro his right in order to support Blake. G Hamilton was ordered to move to his righ while sending one brigade forward to s Alten at the village and bridge, to hold the in readiness to carry assistance to any p the field where it might be needed. Th Portuguese regiments of light infantry Colonel Collins were attached to General I ton's division. The heavy cavalry, 3rd D Guards and 4th Dragoons, and D Battery Horse Artillery under the personal direct Major-General Hon. William Lumley, th gadier being Colonel the Hon. G. de Grey placed on a small plain in rear of the magr brook called the Aroya de Val de Sevilla. 4th division was drawn up in *échelon* cavalry about 100 yards to their left rear. 13th Light Dragoons were posted abo bridge to watch the enemy, while C cavalry were drawn up below the bridge extreme left watching the French.

:r says that the Albuera was fordable ove and below the bridge, but there are :atements to the effect that below the t was not fordable on that day. At all :ven if the French did not try and cross ıe bridge, Otway was well posted to fall flank should they pass at the bridge.

: these changes of position were taking ıe rain came down and helped to screen ınce of the French infantry through the ıd over the Albuera on the right ; but d was soon shown clearly what the in- of Soult were, for Werlé, leaving only ion of grenadiers and a few squadrons h Otway, rapidly countermarched and l to join the main body of the French vhile the light cavalry, galloping along k of the Albuera, crossed it and placed ves on the right of Latour-Maubourg's :avalry. Godinot, however, continued t at the bridge either with the view of ng the attention of the allies or watch- a chance to cross the river. Beresford, as he saw Werlé's countermarch, rode in : to Blake, who, vain and punctilious, used to obey the first order carried by Hardinge, whom he told with great ıt the real attack was at the village and He had similarly disregarded a second . and, when Beresford arrived in person, niards still occupied their original posi- lt this moment, however, the obstinate had it pointed out to him by a German ın his staff that heavy French columns pearing on his right. Yielding to the s of his eyesight, Blake proceeded to front, but, to quote Napier's words, "with lantic slowness, that Beresford, impatient lly, took the direction in person." Un- ely, the movement was too late, and, be- Spaniards could be drawn up in order on mit of the before-mentioned plateau, the were upon them. Whatever may have : conduct of the Spaniards later in the conceded that at this period of the battle haved gallantly, and fell back fighting fairly good order. Beresford strove to hem to recapture the plateau, but failed ; ed Stewart's division to pass through ıiards and drive away the French. Col- rigade was at the head of the division. cult to ascertain in what formation the advanced. We know that every regi- s in column of companies, but whether of contiguous columns or in mass, *i.e.* one regiment in rear of another, we cannot say. Colborne, a cool, skilful, and experienced soldier, wished to deploy before ascending the hill, but General Stewart, full of ardour, would not wait for this manœuvre, and the brigade advanced in column of companies, each regiment deploying in succession as it reached the summit. The Buffs on the right were first formed, and opened fire; the 48th on their left were the next to deploy, then the 66th. Somehow or another the 66th, while still in column, were rear rank in front. Though under a heavy artillery fire, they counter-marched on the move with the utmost precision, and then wheeled into line and opened fire on the enemy, who were in close column. The 66th were ordered to charge, but had not advanced far when the "halt," followed by the "retire," was sounded. Immediately afterwards the order was given to advance again. Probably the 48th likewise fired and advanced at the same time. We know that the Buffs did. Suddenly a fearful catastrophe occurred. It would seem that the Buffs were ordered to re-form column and with their right wing to cover the rear of the brigade. They were consequently faced about, when suddenly four regiments of Polish Lancers and light cavalry fell on the right flank of the brigade and swept along it. The authority for this statement is the late Colonel Clarke, who commanded a company of the 66th in the battle. He says that in his regiment the men formed groups of six or eight, the officers snatching up muskets and joining them. A fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued, the French infantry having taken advantage of the confusion to take part in the struggle. In a few minutes two-thirds of the brigade were killed, disabled, or captured, and six of our guns taken. Fortunately, the 31st was still in column at the moment, and was thus able to hold its ground. The French cavalry owed their success to the fact that, owing to the thickness of the atmosphere and the cloud of smoke, they had been able to approach unseen, and, even when perceived, were mistaken at first for Spanish cavalry. The conduct of the Polish Lancers—as afterwards at Waterloo—was most brutal. They gave no quarter, and even speared the disabled. One young officer, Ensign Hay of the 66th, was first pierced right through the body by a Polish lancer, who afterwards repeated the thrust ; this time, however, the point of the weapon was caught on the breast-bone. Another lancer attacked Beresford himself, but the latter, being a powerful man, avoided the thrust, and, seizing

his adversary by the throat, cast him from his saddle. According to the narrative of the Marquis of Londonderry in his history of the Peninsular War, another lancer, who attacked the Portuguese staff, was disposed of with more difficulty. To quote the exact words, "A very different fate attended the personal exertions of the Portuguese staff. They, too, were charged by a single lancer, who knocked down one with the butt of his pike, overset another man and horse, and gave ample employment to the entire headquarters before he was finally despatched. These heroes declared that the man seemed possessed by an evil spirit, and that, when he fell at last, he literally bit the ground."

The Buffs, being on the right of the brigade, were the first to suffer from the furious rush of the French cavalry, and an heroic defence was made of their colours. Ensign Thomas that day carried the regimental colour : called upon to surrender his precious charge, he replied sternly that he refused to do so, but, being thereupon mortally wounded, the colour was captured. Ensign Walsh carried the King's colour, and, when the regiment was broken, the sergeants of the colour party were slain valiantly defending it. Left alone and anxious to preserve his charge, he made an attempt to carry the colour to the rear. Pursued by several lancers, he was overtaken, surrounded, wounded, and taken prisoner. At that instant Lieutenant Latham, who had seen his peril, rushed up, and, before the French could carry off the colour, had seized it. A host of foes, emulous of the glory of capturing a standard, fell eagerly upon the gallant Latham, who was soon bleeding from several wounds, but who, defending himself valiantly with his sword, refused to yield. A French hussar grasped the colour staff with his left hand, and, rising in his stirrups, aimed a vigorous blow at his head. He failed to cut him down, but inflicted a grievous wound, severing one side of his face and nose. The indomitable Englishman, however, would not even then give in. The French horsemen, crowding round, strove to drag the colour from him, calling fiercely on him to yield the trophy. His reply was, "I will surrender it only with my life." His words were unintelligible, but his meaning was plain, and a hussar with a vigorous cut severed his left arm. Not vanquished yet, Latham dropped his sword, seized the colour with his right hand, and continued the struggle, which must have ended quickly and fatally for him, had it not been that his adversaries in their eagerness to secure the prize jostled and impeded each other. H
however, at length thrown down, trampl
by horses, and pierced by lances. A
critical moment a charge of British cavalr
place, and the French horsemen fled
having attained their object. Latham,
desperately wounded, exerted what little s
remained to him in tearing the silk fr
staff and concealing the former under hi
He then swooned. A little later in the d
7th Fusiliers passed over the spot where I
lay apparently dead, and Sergeant Goug
ing the colour, took it up and eventually
it to the Buffs. After a time Latham c
himself, and, crawling down to the bro
found striving to quench his thirst. R
to a neighbouring convent, his wound
dressed, and he ultimately recovered.
Walsh managed to escape and rejoin
ment, when he told the story of L
Latham's conduct. The officers of the
proud of the intrepidity of their com
scribed 100 guineas for a gold me
memorating Lieutenant Latham's exp
this medal he was allowed by the Hors
to wear. He was promoted for his her
company in another regiment, and brou
to the Buffs as a captain.

The Prince Regent granted him an i
when he arrived in London, and, w
graciousness of manner which distinguish
and that nobility of mind which he occa
displayed, induced Latham to undergo a
tion by an eminent surgeon for the dimin
the disfigurement caused by the wound i
face, his Royal Highness undertaking to pa
heavy fee. It is a singular fact that, though
men have ever been so seriously injured
survived, in the official returns of the b
of Albuera Latham was returned as "sl
wounded."

It is always difficult to follow the cours
battle and give the correct sequence of ev
The difficulty is particularly great with re
to Albuera. Napier's account is eloquent,
liant, and full of dramatic force, but it is
clear. Nor are other accounts more intellig
and there has been much controversy
regard to certain points. After consulting
books, we have come to the conclusion that
story is in the main as we are about to tell i

Colborne's brigade having been cut to p
alike by the musketry and grape from
front as by the charge of cavalry on their
and along their rear, the confusion was exce

"A FIERCE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT ENSUED" (p. 283).

So great, indeed, was the disorder that the Spanish persisted in firing straight to their front, though there were British soldiers between them and the enemy. Indeed, at one period of the action a Spanish battalion and a British battalion exchanged shots for some time under the belief that they were foes. Beresford did his utmost to induce the Spaniards to advance, but they would not move; and it is stated in all accounts of the battle that Beresford, having appealed to the officers in vain, at length seized a Spanish ensign and carried him with the colour he bore some distance to the front, but the fellow ran back as soon as released. To have actually carried him Beresford must have dismounted; so what probably really took place was that the marshal, while on horseback, seized the ensign by the collar and dragged him forward. Whilst this was going on, the French cavalry had pretty well surrounded the remains of Colborne's brigade, which, as we have mentioned above, it had broken up with the exception of the 31st on the extreme left. Among other damage Captain Cleeve's battery, having accompanied Colborne's brigade on its right, was ridden over and the six pieces captured; they were, however, all, except one howitzer, eventually recovered.

It was at this critical moment that General Lumley sent four squadrons of the heavy brigade, supported by the fire of Captain Lefebure's four horse artillery guns, to fall on the French cavalry. The latter apparently did not wait for the shock, but retreated. The next act in the drama was the advance of General Houghton's brigade, accompanied by General Stewart, who, warned by the catastrophe which had just occurred, deployed the regiments before they advanced, the 29th being on the right, the 48th on the left, and the 57th in the centre. The weather, which had been wet and misty, now cleared a little. Houghton's brigade established itself on the hill, and the 31st fought by its side. The fire was dreadful, musketry being fired at close, and grape at half, range. Stewart was twice wounded; Houghton, after having been several times wounded, at length, struck by three bullets, fell and died; Colonel Duckworth, of the 1st battalion of the 48th, was killed; Colonel White, of the 29th, was mortally wounded; Colonel Inglis, of the 57th, was severely wounded, and the 29th men fell in swathes. Two-thirds of each of the three regiments were on the ground; ammunition was beginning to run short. Werlé's division was coming up in support of the French. Lumley, powerfully aided by his four horse-artiller[y] made valiant efforts against the superior [n...] of the French cavalry, but could o[nly] manage to hold them in check. L[e...] battery was from time to time ridden [...] and one of its guns was for a short tim[e in] possession of the enemy; it was, howev[er,] recovered.

The battle, by all the rules of the game was lost, and Beresford himself was [...] opinion. From the vague and somewh[at con]flicting accounts it would seem that B[eresford,] having ridden to the bridge in front of [...] to ascertain why a brigade of General Ha[milton's] Portuguese division for which he had sent [had not] arrived, found that it had been moved fu[rther to] the east—the left of the line. He then [ordered] Colonel Collins to advance to the at[tack of] the hill.

We have the positive assurance of t[he late] Sir Alexander—then Major—Dickson, co[mmand]ing the Portuguese artillery, and who wa[s at the] bridge at the moment, that he was ord[ered to] retreat with his artillery towards Valver[de;] Baron Alten by order withdrew from the [village] for a moment. Fortunately, Colonel H[ardinge] (afterwards Lord Hardinge) was at his [side,] and, gathering from his manner and orde[rs what] his intentions were, he said, "I think [I] ought to tell you that you have a peerage [on] one hand and a court-martial on the othe[r."] Beresford, after a moment's reflection, s[aid, "I] will go for the peerage." Either on [...] instructions or on his own initiative, k[nowing] what the general wanted, he directed (Cole to attack with the 4th division, [...] soon as he saw his left brigade—the [...] brigade—approaching the left of Hou[ghton's] brigade, "I went to Abercrombie," comm[anding] Stewart's 3rd brigade, "and authorised [him to] deploy and move past Houghton's left. [As] Houghton's brigade held the hill, Mye[rs and] Abercrombie passed the flanks on the rig[ht and] left, and made a simultaneous attack [on the] enemy, who began to waver and then w[ent off] to the rear. Myers and Abercrombie, [in my] opinion, decided the fate of the day." [The] above is a literal extract from Lord Ha[rdinge's] own journal.

The Fusilier brigade was on the left o[f the] division, and Hervey's Portuguese bri[gade of] Cole's division on the right. We are to[ld that] Colonel Hawkshawe, with a battalion [of the] Lusitanian Legion, flanked the advanc[e. Cole] brought his division up somewhat ob

being thrown forward. What the
›f Captain Sympher's battery, belonging
ı division, was we are nowhere told, but
that, when Cleeve's battery was cap-
the French cavalry, three guns of a
attery were also captured. The only
ld-battery was Captain Hawker's. It
e been, then, three of his four guns,
l temporarily into the hands of the

eresting little book, called "Rough
Several Campaigns," by Sergeant S.
›f the 7th Royal Fusiliers, who was
Albuera, says that six nine-pounders
:he right of the division. Now, either
e only four guns, in which case they
d Captain Hawker's battery, or there
;uns, in which event they were Captain
'ortuguese battery of Hamilton's divi-
›lonel Collins's brigade was probably
e in this part of the field, for we know
imself was badly wounded.

's Portuguese brigade of Cole's division
with great gallantry, and repulsed a
the French cavalry; but the brunt of
ng was borne by the Fusilier brigade,
; of two battalions of the 7th, and one
of the 23rd Fusiliers had been pre-
ployed, and advanced steadily in line
heavy fire of musketry and artillery.
neared the hill, the French executed
on some Spanish cavalry in front of
de. A volley fired into the mass of
atants checked the French, and the
, galloping round the left flank of the
took no further part in the action.
ide, continuing its progress, gained the
f the hill, and then ensued a furious
e French guns vomited forth grape in
ous stream, while under cover of their
eavy French columns strove to deploy,
usketry of the brigade swept away the
their foes' formations, though not
uffering fearful loss themselves. Myers,
lier, fell stricken to death. Cole, the
er of the division, and Colonels Ellis,
, and Hawkshawe were all disabled, and
er officers, together with hundreds of
e killed or wounded.

igade, indeed, seemed on the point of
nquished by annihilation. To quote
loquent words, "The Fusilier battalions,
the iron tempest, reeled and staggered
ng ships. But, suddenly and sternly
, they closed on their terrible enemies,
and then was seen with what a strength and
majesty the British soldier fights." Firing and
advancing, the brigade pressed steadily but slowly
onward, leaving behind it a constantly expand-
ing field of dead and wounded men. In vain
did Soult encourage his splendid troops; in vain
did the latter fight with the historical gallantry
of their race; in vain did the reserve, pushing to
the front, strive to stem the ebbing tide. Our
men were not to be denied, the French reserve
was swept away by the fragments of the leading
combatants, and, again to quote Napier, "the
mighty mass gave way, and like a loosened
cliff went headlong down the steep. The river
flowed after in streams discoloured with blood,
and fifteen hundred unwounded men, the rem-
nant of six thousand unconquerable British
soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal field."
It is but common justice to record that the
conduct of Abercrombie's brigade at the crisis
was as gallant as that of the Fusiliers. Indeed,
all the British, Portuguese, and German troops
behaved splendidly. The battle began a little
before 9 a.m., and ended about 2 p.m., the fight-
ing during the remainder of the day being con-
fined to a desultory distant cannonade and an
occasional exchange of musket shots between
the advanced troops. Beresford, though he had
driven his adversary over the river, had suffered
too heavily to permit of following up the victory.
Indeed, he was in some apprehension of a re-
newed attack on the morrow.

The field of battle presented a dreadful sight.
Major Dickson, writing of the scene, said that
on the hill, where the battle chiefly ranged on
a space of 1,000 by 1,200 yards, "there were
certainly not less than 6,000 dead or wounded."
In Colborne's brigade the Buffs lost 4 officers and
212 men killed, 13 officers and 234 men wounded,
and 2 officers and 176 men missing. The 29th
had only 2 captains, a few subalterns, and 96 men
left. The 48th and the 66th also suffered heavily.
In Houghton's brigade, as we have seen, the
general was slain, as was also Colonel Duck-
worth; whilst Colonel White was mortally, and
Colonel Inglis and Major Wray were severely,
wounded. In fact, every field-officer of the
brigade was either killed or wounded, so that at
the close of the action the brigade was com-
manded by Captain Cemétière—strange to say,
of French origin—of the 48th Regiment. In
this brigade the 29th lost 7 officers and 77
men killed, 13 officers and 232 men wounded,
and 11 men missing. The 1st battalion 48th
Regiment also lost heavily. The 57th lost,

out of 30 officers and 570 men, 20 officers and 420 men, and was brought out of action by the adjutant, who in the morning had been fourteenth in seniority.

The last-named regiment received on this occasion the honourable name of the "Die Hards," which has survived till this day. At Inkerman, at a critical period of the battle, when a heavy Russian column threatened the weak remnants of the 57th, Captain Stanley, who commanded, called out, "Die Hards, remember Albuera!" and the men, responding, made a gallant and successful effort. The sobriquet was gained under the following circumstances:—The regiment, when on the top of the fatal hill, was losing officers and men every second. The regimental colour had twenty-one holes in it, the Queen's colour seventeen, the latter also having its staff broken. Ensign Jackson, who carried it, being hit in three places, went to the rear to have his wounds dressed. On his return he found Ensign Kitch, who had succeeded him, severely wounded but obstinate in refusal to give up his charge. Many companies had all their officers killed or wounded, and, owing to the heavy losses, the line presented the appearance of a chain of skirmishers. There is a tradition in the regiment that on the following morning after the battle the rations of No. 2 company were drawn by a drummer, who carried them away in his hat. Captain Ralph Fawcett, a young officer of only twenty-three years of age, although mortally wounded, caused himself to be placed on a small hillock, whence he continued to command his company, calling out from time to time to the men to fire low and not to waste their cartridges. Colonel Inglis, commanding the regiment, being struck by a grape-shot which penetrated his left breast and lodged in his back, refused to be carried to the rear, and remained where he had fallen in front of the colours, urging the men to keep up a steady fire and to "*die hard*."

Marshal Beresford, in his despatch, said that the dead, particularly those of the 57th, were to be seen "lying as they had fought in the ranks, and every wound in front."

General Stewart was twice hit, but would not quit the field. General Houghton, who had received several wounds without shrinking, at last fell dead, as we have mentioned, pierced by three bullets, whilst cheering on the men of his brigade. Early in the morning, hearing of the enemy's advance, he hurriedly turned out in a green frock-coat. Whilst on horseback in front of his brigade, his servant came the general's red coat. Without disn Houghton with the utmost coolness exchange of garments, though at the was under the fire of the French artille

In the Fusilier brigade the Royal went into action with 31 officers in ea lion. Of these the 1st battalion lost 4 died of their wounds and 10 wounde in the 2nd battalion there were 3 offic and 13 wounded, 1 sergeant and 63 n killed, and 14 sergeants and 263 m wounded. In the 2nd battalion, which action 435 non-commissioned officers strong, the losses were—killed, 1 sergea men; wounded, 16 sergeants, 1 drum 269 men. From the account of the late Cooper of this regiment, we learn th the Fusiliers had mounted the hill, th constant cries of "Close up!" "Cl "Fire away!" "Forward!" Sergean relates as an illustration of the grea which the army even then entertaine illustrious leader that, when he (Coo going into action, a comrade said "'Where's Arthur?' meaning Welli said, 'I don't know. I don't see him.' plied, 'Aw wish he were here.' So di

The 23rd Fusiliers lost 2 officers an killed, 12 officers—of whom 2 died sub of their wounds—and 245 men wou 6 men missing. At the end of the a company was commanded by a corpora

The gallant leader of the Fusilie Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William Mye was among the slain. Through the i his father, who was a lieutenant-gener granted a commission while still a chi 1800, when barely sixteen, joined the C Guards from half-pay. Wounded at th in Egypt in 1801, in the following ye came a lieutenant-colonel, and very spent the next two years at the seni ment of the Royal Military College. end of 1804, being only twenty years obtained the command of the 2nd Royal Fusiliers. The two battalions o ment being sent to Portugal in 1809, t with a battalion of the 23rd Fusilie into a brigade, the command of which to Sir William Myers, scarcely then t years of age. At Talavera the brigad young brigadier played a distinguished Sir William was recognised as one of rising officers in the army. Albuera cu

reer, and it is asserted that his a presentiment of his approaching ordered to advance, he turned to xclaiming with exultation, "It will day for the Fusiliers." His horse der him, he proceeded on foot till e was brought. He had scarcely

Houghton to be buried at Elvas. He thereupon expressed a wish to be buried where he died. He did not, however, expire till the next day, when he breathed his last at the age of twenty-six, and was buried close to Valverde.

It may here be mentioned that a company of the 5th battalion of the 60th Rifles was present

"FAWCETT, ALTHOUGH MORTALLY WOUNDED, CONTINUED TO COMMAND HIS COMPANY" (p. 288).

latter when he received a bullet him in the hip, passing obliquely ugh the intestines. He did not t on encouraging his men. At me necessary to take him from the was borne off the field by a party He wished a hut to be erected his servants, anxious to obtain for ort of a bed, carried him to Val-ice of ten miles. On the road he ule carrying the body of General

at the battle of Albuera, attached to the 4th division, and suffered some loss on the occasion.

The total casualties of the British and Portuguese was 984 of all ranks killed, 2,095 wounded, and 565 missing. The loss of the Spaniards was nearly 2,000 ; that of the French was about 9,000, including five generals.

During the night of the 18th, Soult retreated, much to Beresford's relief, for the circumstances of his victory had brought with them little exhilaration.

IN writing an account of a Red Indian campaign one finds considerable difficulty in conveying to the reader's imagination anything approaching any adequate idea of the severity of the fighting, or even a clear picture of the field. The great value of the Red Indian as a warrior lay in his level-headed recognition of facts. No plan of battle can be drawn to describe an Indian contest, unless, indeed, it be a map of a thousand or so square miles of territory. The red man never took up a position with the intention of holding it a moment longer than it afforded him ample protection from the white man's bullets; for his triumphs consisted in the main of masterly retreats, punctuated here and there by subtle ambush and lurid massacre.

A United States general, given the job of punishing the tribes of the West for outrage committed, had as disagreeable and dangerous a task on his hands as his worst enemy could wish him. Hard riding, a long series of unsatisfactory skirmishes lasting over many days and hundreds of miles of rugged, ragged country, all the while straining every nerve to bring about a definite battle which never would come; chasing, one may say, a most dangerous will-o'-the-wisp; and then, when all was over, little glory won, nothing to show but bad wounds, decimated ranks, and graves like links in a great chain running across the bad lands. In the end there were no prisoners to march to the forts, for the warriors once disheartened, faded from sight as completely as a rainbow when the shower is over. As a strategist no less than as a brave, prudent, fearless fighter, the red man is to be admired.

In a few of the more important Indian campaigns, however, the forces on occasion became so concentrated as to admit of the arrangement of soldiers and warriors. In the fight of the Little Big Horn, for instance, when General Custer and his 7th Cavalrymen were ann
the battlefield is known, as is also the
the frontier fight of which this is a
This is the account of a wonderfully
defence, during a siege which lasted
days, of a little island in the Arickaree
the Republican River, by Colonel (now
George A. Forsyth, of the United State
and fifty picked frontiersmen, besieged
"Roman Nose" and some 1,000 Sioux w

The long-settled East had just been li
the great West by the construction of th
Pacific Railway, and population, like a tid
surged over the broad prairies. It soon
apparent that white and red could not
gether in peace. It consequently was im
that the boundaries between the territor
occupied by the Indian and those for th
sian should be sharply defined.

The Sioux—in fact, all Western trib
nomads of the most pronounced type.
turies they had followed the buffalo
range over thousands of square miles of
their cities of wigwams were constantly
Abroad on the prairies all was freedom.
his shaggy pony the red man gallop
dawn into the rim of night, across un
plains, rich in grasses and flowers; aro
grazed countless buffalo and herds of wi
the prairie chicken flew from beneath hi
unshod hoofs, the prairie dog sat atop hi
and watched him pass, the prairie hawk
its dark shadow across his path. All
was space and fresh air, wildness and
So when the navvy marched into his
spinning from his store the long straigh
glittering steel, the Sioux saw their
hunting-ground invaded, and angry
preached war in every camp.

They who had never learned to exis
restricted limit were asked to give up th

hated pale-face. Without a moment's
; war-parties of painted braves descended
ıe little settlements, the outposts of civili-
and soon the nights were ablaze with the
' burning cabins and stake fires. War
l.

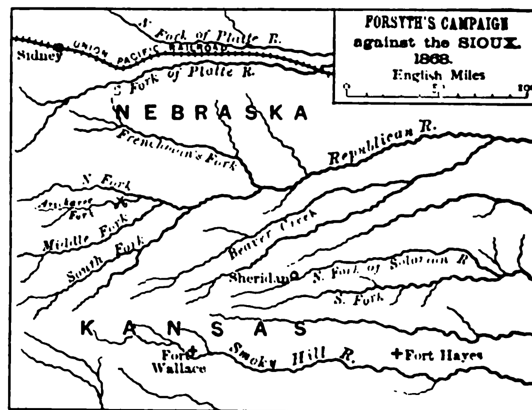
ı it became known that the United States
ras in for a serious campaign against the
, many officers serving in districts not
by the war, officers who were unlikely
lled upon for service, but who, neverthe-
re anxious to have a hand in the work,
to General Sheridan for a command.
these was Brevet-Colonel George A.
ı, a man whose account of the affair at
ee Fork shows him to be as gifted a
as he proved himself gallant soldier.
n must have had considerable confidence
yth, for one hour after the colonel made
lication for active service he was handed
owing letter :—

onel,—The general commanding directs
u, without delay, employ fifty (50) first-
ardy frontiersmen to be used as scouts
the hostile Indians, to be commanded by
f, with Lieutenant Beecher, 3rd Infantry,
subordinate. You can enter into such
of agreement with these men as will
obedience."

probable that the colonel in his most
ıe moments did not dream of so congenial
ertaking as this of recruiting frontiers-
the exciting and diversified business of
g against the savage Indian tribes of
st. However that may be, he lost not a
t in getting his men together. In two
Fort Harker he enrolled thirty grisly
and, marching to Fort Hayes, enrolled
more, thus completing his complement.

American frontiersman was a definite
most as unique a man as the Red Indian
, and, unfortunately, is as certain to dis-
as is the red man. Indeed, the latter
ong outlive the frontiersman. The one
short life of an individual, the other the
atively long life of a race. The frontiers-
ıs a strange blending of the virtues and
f the white and red, spending half his
the frontier villages and forts and half in
ds scouting, hunting, trapping, prospect-
travagantly exuberant in his drinks, care-
his own or another's life, yet cool-headed
ourceful in danger, and when he found
compelled to give up his life, selling it
ly as possible; a dead shot, a weather
prophet, a topographical expert, a pony connois-
seur, an Indian thought-and-sign reader. No
other nation has produced his like. He was a
compound of the virtues of courage, coolness,
and common-sense. To lead fifty such men was
to lead an army.

On August 29th, 1868, Colonel Forsyth got
his marching orders. They read : "I would sug-
gest that you move across the head-waters of
Solomon to Beaver Creek, thence down that
creek to Fort Wallace. On arriving at Wallace,
report to me by telegraph at this place." "This
place" was Fort Hayes in Kansas, and the order
was signed by Major-General P. H. Sheridan.
So away rode the little company of frontiersmen
and soldiers, no doubt expecting to meet with
some few adventures, but little dreaming of



taking part in such a stirring drama as Fate had
in store for them.

To be sure, all were mounted. Soldiers afoot
were of no practical use against the wily Sioux.
A force to be effective had to move rapidly, for
Indians were given to covering an incredible
distance in a short space of time. So each
trooper was equipped with "a blanket apiece,
saddle and bridle, a lariat and picket-pin, a
canteen, a haversack, butcher-knife, tin plate,
and tin cup. A Spencer repeating-rifle (carrying
six shots in the magazine besides the one in the
barrel), a Colt's revolver, army size, and 140
rounds of rifle and 30 rounds of revolver am-
munition per man—this carried on the person."
Besides these fighting materials, four mules were
loaded with camp kettles, 4,000 extra rounds
of ammunition, picks, shovels, medicine, and
rations. As it turned out the mules not only
carried the food on their backs, but themselves
were used up as such. . . . . .

Of the little company which set out on this

roving journey into the Indian country, Colonel Forsyth, as has been told, was leader, and his second in command was Lieutenant Fred H. Beecher, a nephew of the pulpit orator Henry Ward Beecher. J. H. Mooers, of the Medical Department, U.S.A., joined the party as surgeon. Abner T. Grover, a splendid Indian fighter, held the position of chief scout, and Sharp Grover acted as guide. The others were, of course, picked men—hunters, trappers, plainsmen; and the whole, although not soldiers in the accepted sense of the word, were organised into a company of cavalry. It is interesting to know that one of these, Martin Burke, had been a British soldier, and served in India. But with four exceptions only, Forsyth tells, all were Americans born.

At a rattling pace the little band set off across the prairie, and, when the fort sunk below the horizon, the soldiers found themselves quite out of touch with all things pertaining to civilisation. On every side were buffalo quietly grazing, wolves slunk through the long prairie grass, antelopes sprang nimbly out of the way to stand gazing with great eyes at the strange cavalcade. To the frontiersmen, however, these were sights familiar in the last degree, and no bullets were sent after the retreating game. The men rode on more serious business. For some days—indeed, until September 5th—the command scouted the country without learning much of the movements of the "hostiles," and ultimately reached

SIOUX SQUAW.

SIOUX INDIAN.

Fort Wallace without striking adventure here they found serious news awaiting The Governor of the State of Kansas teleg that the settlers in Bison Basin were urge need of protection. Following on the h this alarming news came word of a mass Sheridan, a small place some thirteen mil Fort Wallace. Colonel Forsyth, with hi band, made for the scene of the outrage w losing a moment.

The Indians had disappeared. The carefully examined the ground about the of the massacre, and came to the con that the bucks who had taken part in the numbered about twenty-five. A scouting merely, an offshoot from the general b warriors, no doubt somewhere in the vi To follow the trail was to come up wi main body. So, keeping a vigilant watch —and indeed on all sides, for the red m master of the art of surprise—Forsyth's mand struck the trail and pushed forward.

Following the tracks of this war party to be no easy matter. It soon became c the bucks had discovered that they were pursued, for at a point the scouts found t party had dispersed, the hoof-prints of ponies opening like a great fan, radiating a score of leads. This was unfortunat stead of a certainty the scouts had n depend on a shrewd guess. Towards t publican River seemed the most likely di

he warriors to head, and towards the Re-can River rode the scouts. For five days continued their march before happening a clue. This proved to be what Colonel th calls a "wickie-up"—young willows feet apart bent over and tied so as to afford rt for blanket or buffalo-skin, and forming er snug night's lodging for a buck on the ath. After this discovery the command Indian ponies and trailing behind, had scored deeply into the soil, and everything betokened a great gathering of warriors and squaws at no great distance ahead. Some of the scouts grew suspicious of the trail, and suggested to their leader that everything pointed to their meeting with more bucks than the fifty of them could well take care of in a fight; but Forsyth, while admitting the soundness of their reasonings,

"ASTRIDE HIS SHAGGY PONY THE RED MAN GALLOPED ACROSS UNDULATING PLAINS" (*p.* 290).

upon other important Indian "signs," and trail became so plainly marked as to be ed with ease.

the scouting party continued on the tracks e Indians, the trail became cleared, for at ent intervals it was noticeable that other of warriors had joined the first war party, least taken up the same trail; and after the blican River had been crossed and the aree Fork reached, the trail became a ble road, so many ponies, cattle, warriors, s, and dogs had tramped along it. Many -poles, strapped to the sides of the shaggy decided that as the Government had sent him out to fight he would offer battle, irrespective of the number of the enemy he might meet.

Early in the evening of September 16th Colonel Forsyth halted his command to spend the remaining daylight in putting all things in order for a dispute, which he felt sure would soon take place. The scouts all that day had followed the windings of the Arickaree, and had reached the middle of a valley rich in pasture. The waters of the Arickaree were low at this point, running not more than a foot deep, and in the centre of the stream rose a small island.

about seventy yards from either bank, but only some few inches above the shallow water, an island covered with long rank grasses. The scouts, now that they knew themselves to be in the immediate neighbourhood of Indians, were specially particular about everything pertaining to their efficiency and safety. Each man personally attended to the tethering of his horse, driving the pin deep into the ground, and giving the lariat an extra knot so that, should the Indians during the night try their old game of stampeding the horses, their attempts would fail. Not only this but the beasts were hobbled. Sentries were carefully posted, and men lay down beside their horses, each with his rifle in his arms.

That night Colonel Forsyth could not sleep, but time after time arose and made the rounds of the sentries posted among the bushes and along the bank of the quiet stream. The night was cold, and the line of the high ground was clearly marked against the sky. Many sounds were on the air, but not one of them brought to the minds of men used to all the cries of prairie and forest the suggestion that Indians were near at hand.

At length the eagerly-looked-for dawn flushed the eastern sky. The stars one by one faded into the pale light, the lines of the hills grew gradually more distinct against the sky, and from the bushes and the long sedge grasses birds and beasts stirred drowsily. Forsyth stood beside a sentry, neither speaking a word but both keeping an eagle eye for any sight of the foe and a sharp ear for sound. In Indian fighting the early dawn is quite the most dangerous time. Indians move little at night, but the morning is their favourite season for attack, on the chance of taking a sleepy camp by surprise. Of a sudden Forsyth and the sentry cocked their guns. Each had seen a moving object out in the darkness. The next instant the report of their rifles rang out on the morning air, the sleeping men sprang to their posts, and spilling over the hills came mounted Cheyenne, Ogallalah, and Brulé-Sioux, led by the great fighting chief, "Roman Nose." As the outposts of the scouts, firing their rifles, ran in to the main body, the Indians swept down the slope, yelling ferociously and beating drums to stampede the horses.

But the stampeding party met with a reception for which it was evidently not prepared. The scouts, first taking a turn of the lariats around the left arm so that there could be no breaking away of horses, levelled their ri
fired such a volley into the shrieking sav
to quite put a stop to a charge never in
to be a fight, but arranged only to ca
horses to break away and so leave the sc
the hands of their foes. Seeing their
frustrated and that the scouts were wid
and in fighting trim, the Indians care
out of range, and galloped back to a posi
the rising ground, appearing in the half-l
morning like uncanny blotches of black
shoulder of the sullen hill. The only spo
secured were two mules and two horses.

In the few minutes of confusion
enemy's ranks the scouts saddled and
their mounts. Although the first char
been successfully withstood, the outlook
from comforting to Forsyth and his lion-
men. As the light increased, it was se
the whole country—valley and hillsid
alive with warriors on horseback and
To charge the Indians meant annihilat
retreat was utterly out of the question,
scouts found themselves surrounded com
The only thing left was to take up a
and defend it to the last.

It turned out to be a lucky accident,
that the scouts had bivouacked on the p
spot chosen the evening before, and equ
tunate were they in that the Indians ha
to realise the strategical value of the lit
island out in mid-stream as a place for e
ment. Forsyth saw that he was in f
sperate siege. In a moment the idea
trenching his command on the island
to him. The water, being only a few
deep, in itself, of course, afforded him
tection, but the river bed was at le
from bushes, behind which the Indian
might take refuge and "pot-shot" at h
Besides this, the bucks must charge
considerable stretch of "clear country
they could come at the scouts, and dur
passage the latter would undoubtedly ma
practice. There was no time to lose.
gave the order promptly, and promptl
obeyed. A few of the best shots clappe
in the long grass to cover the retreat,
remainder, leading their horses, made o
as they could run for the island. On
the animals were tied in a circle, and t
throwing themselves at full length, ope
across the stretch of rippling waters, wh
companions, who had gallantly held b
savages, ran in.

instant the movement was successfully lished the Indians discovered the mistake d made in overlooking the island, and avage yell the circle of bucks narrowed warriors dismounting and running for-wards the banks shooting with deadly y at the little force on the island. One ready lay dead, and a number more were ounded, while the poor horses, tethered n the island, presented a fair target to ges, and were being riddled with bullets plunged and screamed at the lariats in d madness. Mean- the scouts kept fully cool heads ir shoulders, and ot oftener than were reasonably make the bullets the dark-skinned . It did not take ans long to realise e scouts' position ot be carried all at so they fell back at longer range ch time as their ould decide on a plan of action. cessation in the ng allowed the smen to breathe. the interval of tive inaction the using their knives ans and hands, little pits in the bout two feet deep and long enough n to lie in at full length. The sand so d was thrown up into tiny breastworks, an making his own miniature fort. Forsyth, bolt upright in all the fire, ended the placing of every man under ge. At length all were in their proper nd the leader, whose every action had el-headed in the last degree, decided not se himself any longer now that the for doing so had passed, but instead to tection in one of the pits.

ge to tell, the very moment he had d himself at full length, a bullet struck the right thigh, giving him a ragged and tingly painful wound. For a time he ing and unable to speak. The bullet for ent shattered his nerves. Nor did the gallant colonel's misfortunes end here. No sooner had he got control of himself after the staggering blow than, in giving an order, he was under the necessity of exposing his left leg. By luck or by splendid shooting no one can say which, a redskin's bullet crashed through the bone between the ankle and knee. This was indeed the hardest of hard luck. As he quaintly puts it in his account of the battle, "In my present condition, with my left leg broken and a bullet in my right thigh, I was for the nonce, save for the fact that I still retained command, something of a spectator." Scarcely a comfortable condition in which to begin a defence which Fate destined to last for nine long days!

CHEYENNE INDIAN.

All this happened before eight o'clock in the morning. So far the Indians had got much the worst of the fight, for the scouts were unequalled shots. But the latter had no great cause to rejoice, for their position was dangerous in the extreme.

The next definite point in the dispute was the cracking of the colonel's skull by a bullet, his thick felt hat perhaps saving his life. By this time the scouts must have begun to think that their leader was in for all the wounds and misfortunes. But a far worse catastrophe followed. Dr. Mooers, who from the moment the trouble began had conducted himself with the greatest bravery, shooting with unerring skill, and working at the temporary fortifications as hard as any man of the whole company, was struck by a bullet squarely in the forehead. He fell across his little sandbank. The poor fellow lingered unconscious for three days, then died a soldier's death. This was a terrible blow to all, but more particularly to the wounded.

The sun rose in the heavens, and shortly after eight o'clock an ominous silence fell upon the battlefield. The mounted warriors had for some time been making off over the brow of the hill, and the bucks, lying behind the bushes and banks, only fired desultorily. The scouts at once suspected that a grand charge was brewing

The Indians, confident in their numbers, had made up their minds to ride over the American command and annihilate it at one decisive blow.

During the short space of comparative quietness Colonel Forsyth—who, although desperately wounded, still retained command and fought on with Anglo-Saxon pluck—ordered his men to make ready to resist a charge. Nor was the order given a moment too soon. From behind the rising ground there appeared a host of mounted warriors, fantastically caparisoned in feathers and beads and flaming colours, and at their head rode the grand chief, "Roman Nose." He and his warriors rode barebacked, their feet twisted in the horsehair lariats that encircled their horses, their left hands grasped bridle-rein and mane, and in their right they carried their rifles.

"His face was hideously painted in alternate lines of red and black," writes Colonel Forsyth of "Roman Nose," "and his head crowned with a magnificent war-bonnet, from which, just above his temples and curving slightly forward, stood up two short black buffalo horns, while its ample length of eagles' feathers and herons' plumes trailed wildly on the wind behind him; and as he came swiftly on at the head of his charging warriors in all his barbaric strength and grandeur, he proudly rode that day the most perfect type

INDIAN WIGWAMS.

of a savage warrior it has been my lot to
After clustering them on the brow of the
and seeing that all were in position, this
(a man of six feet three in height and nake
for a sash around his waist) led on his
hundred bucks down the slope and straigh
the scouts' stronghold, while the women, chi
and unmounted warriors crowded the adj
heights and added their shrill cries to th
made by clattering hoofs and the war-who
the charging men.

At the word of command the scouts s
from their sandpits, lined up, and prepar
receive the furious host that was rapidl
proaching. To be ridden over meant i
destruction. Old plainsmen, trappers, and
as they were, they were quite alive to the
danger. At the instant the galloping c
came shouting, screaming, within range
scouts, now reduced to forty, taking cool
fired a volley into the ranks. The only a
to this was a wild hoarse shout of war-wh
but, although some horses sprang into t
and some warriors disappeared into the s
still the charge came on. The next volley
the frontiersmen played greater havoc wit
rapidly approaching savages; the third
proved murderously effective, and horse

men fell in a row, but still the rearward savages urged on their snorting ponies. At the fourth volley the chargers were staggered ; their medicine-man with a death cry drops from his horse into the water; at the fifth, "Roman Nose," great war-chief, flings his arms into the air, and with

"AT THE FIFTH VOLLEY, 'ROMAN NOSE' FLINGS HIS ARMS INTO THE AIR AND FALLS DEAD."

his splendid steed falls dead ; the sixth volley, and the charge is stopped ; at the seventh and last the infuriated braves turn tail completely shattered, and make off helter-skelter, defeated, maddened, and leaderless, leaving the stream strewn with their dead. The splendid steadiness of the scouts had saved the position.

A few minutes after this grand charge had been repulsed, Lieutenant Beecher, second in command of the scouts, lay down, placed his head on his arm, and, murmuring "My poor mother!" died. Poor fellow! he had survived the slaughter-pens of Gettysburg only to die of a shot wound in his side away west on the plains.

Before night fell a second, but somewhat half-hearted, charge was defeated, and the first day's doings concluded. Lieutenant Beecher, Surgeon Mooers, and three scouts were dead, two more scouts fatally stricken, and sixteen wounded, mostly severe wounds, and the commander with a bullet in his thigh, a leg broken, and his skull cracked. The outlook must have been far from cheerful.

All the night the Indians were busy removing their slain from the stream, and the shrill wailing cries of the squaws and children, mourning for the dead, sounded on the night air. During

the hours of darkness the dead horses were cut up for food, and portions buried in the sand to keep the meat sound as long as possible; their saddles were used to build breastworks, the wounds of the men were dressed, and Pierre Truedeau, an old trapper, and Jack Stillwell, a nineteen-year-old youth, undertook to steal through the Indian lines and make away for assistance. Those who could of the men then ate some raw horseflesh, and made the best of an anxious night.

The second day of the siege found the scouts much better able to hold the island on account of the fortifications erected during the night. But the day proved warm and close, and the wounded suffered severely, while the smell from the dead horses soon grew obnoxious. There was great wailing in the Indian camp continuously, the women loudly bemoaning the death of so many braves. The Indians, while using no exceptional means to carry the island, kept up a harassing fire all day long. That night two more men were despatched for assistance. It was seen that the warriors had received such a bitter check on the first day that they desired to try no more charges, and had determined on starving the scouts out.

On the third day of the siege the Indians made an attempt to find out the condition of the Americans by advancing under the protection of a flag of truce, but the scouts were up to all the red men's strategy, and drove them away. When darkness came down, two scouts again started off for assistance.

The fourth day turned out to be broiling hot. Wounds, only attended to in an amateurish way became well-nigh unbearable, the horse-meat turned putrid, and many of the men grew delirious. Colonel Forsyth took his razor out of his saddle-bag, and himself cut deep into his thigh, and at last managed to extract the buried bullet with his fingers. None of his men would do the job as the bullet lay so near to an artery, but as the pain was maddening he took all risks by attending to the matter himself. The Indians, fortunately, were getting very tired of the task, and although they still fired on the island, they did so from a respectful distance, so that the scouts were able to move about more freely. They boiled the putrid horse- and mule-flesh, and by "peppering" it well with gunpowder managed to swallow enough to keep life in their bodies. A tiny coyote, too, unwarily approached within the range of a scout, with the result that a bullet put an end to its miserable existence, and its bones boiled and boiled and boil every particle of nourishment was ex The fifth and sixth day passed quiet Indians having pretty well withdrawn, on ing enough warriors to prevent the c from quitting the island. Two mor feverishly hot, and of intense suffering wounded, who bore their hurts as stoutly could. Indeed, these frontiersmen were l the last degree, although, truly, their cc was abjectly pitiable. For instance, one eye shot out, the bullet lodging in his h he only ceased firing long enough to handkerchief around his brow. There w frontiersmen named Farley in the cc father and son. The father at the begin the fight received a mortal wound, but al quite unable to stand, he lay on his si fought through the entire first day. H about the same time that his father recei death-blow, was shot through the should said nothing about the desperate woun the day's fighting was done. And, a marvellous accident happened to a man Harrington. He received a flint arro fairly in his frontal bone—so firmly into him, indeed, that it seemed altoget of the question that anyone but a surgeo remove it. However, some time later cut across his brow, struck the arrow-he both bullet and flint fell at his feet. bound a handkerchief around his brow, a tinued to fight with the best of them.

The ninth morning of the siege Well and wounded were alike in great Starved and overwrought, ragged, ner strung, footsore, cramped, and many deli is easy to understand what a wild shout arose from the long sedge grass of th island when over the brow of a neighl hill came galloping a troop of cavalry, an ing and rattling across the rough ground of ambulances, the drivers flogging the into a furious run. Colonel Forsyth adm he could not trust himself to watch the of succour, but curled himself up in his and pretended to read a novel he happ have in his kit. A few minutes after sighted, Colonel Carpenter and his troop 10th Cavalry came splashing across the river and swung to the ground to gr hand of the gallant Forsyth, while t and frontiersmen alike sent up a great A surgeon was soon busy among the w and, these attended to, the loaded amb

off for Fort Wallace, more than a hundred away.

he fight at Arickaree Fork of the Re- in River the Indians lost close upon one ed of their finest warriors, including the f all, "Roman Nose." Of the frontiersmen and scouts more than one-half were killed and wounded. Had they not been a picked body of men, trained to Indian warfare, alert, well led, and dead shots, there is no doubt the whole command would have been, like Custer's, wiped out.

INDIAN TOMAHAWK PIPE.

IN a previous article on "The Desert Fights—Abu-Klea and Abu-Kru," it was set forth how, in the autumn of 1884, the Gladstone Government resolved on despatching a military expedition, under Lord Wolseley, to relieve and rescue General Charles Gordon—the Bayard of the nineteenth century—and the Egyptian garrison of Khartoum, which was besieged by the Mahdi, or False Prophet of the Soudan, with 20,000 of his fiercest warriors.

It was shown how, after incredible exertions in ascending the Nile and struggling with the difficulties and dangers of the "cataracts," this expedition at last attained to Korti about the end of the year, where intelligence reached it of the pressing peril of the gallant Gordon and his garrison; how then the expedition was divided into two forces—one, under General Earle, called the River Column, which was detached to occupy Berber, and on the way inflict condign punishment upon the Monassir tribe for the treacherous murder of Colonel Stewart and his companions, whom Gordon had previously sent down to Dongola; and the other, known as the Desert Column, under Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart, to make a bold and rapid dash across the Bayuda waste of sand and scrub with intent to establish a foothold at Metamneh, on the Nile, whence, with the aid of Gordon's steamers from Khartoum, it would then ascend the river and relieve the beleaguered garrison.

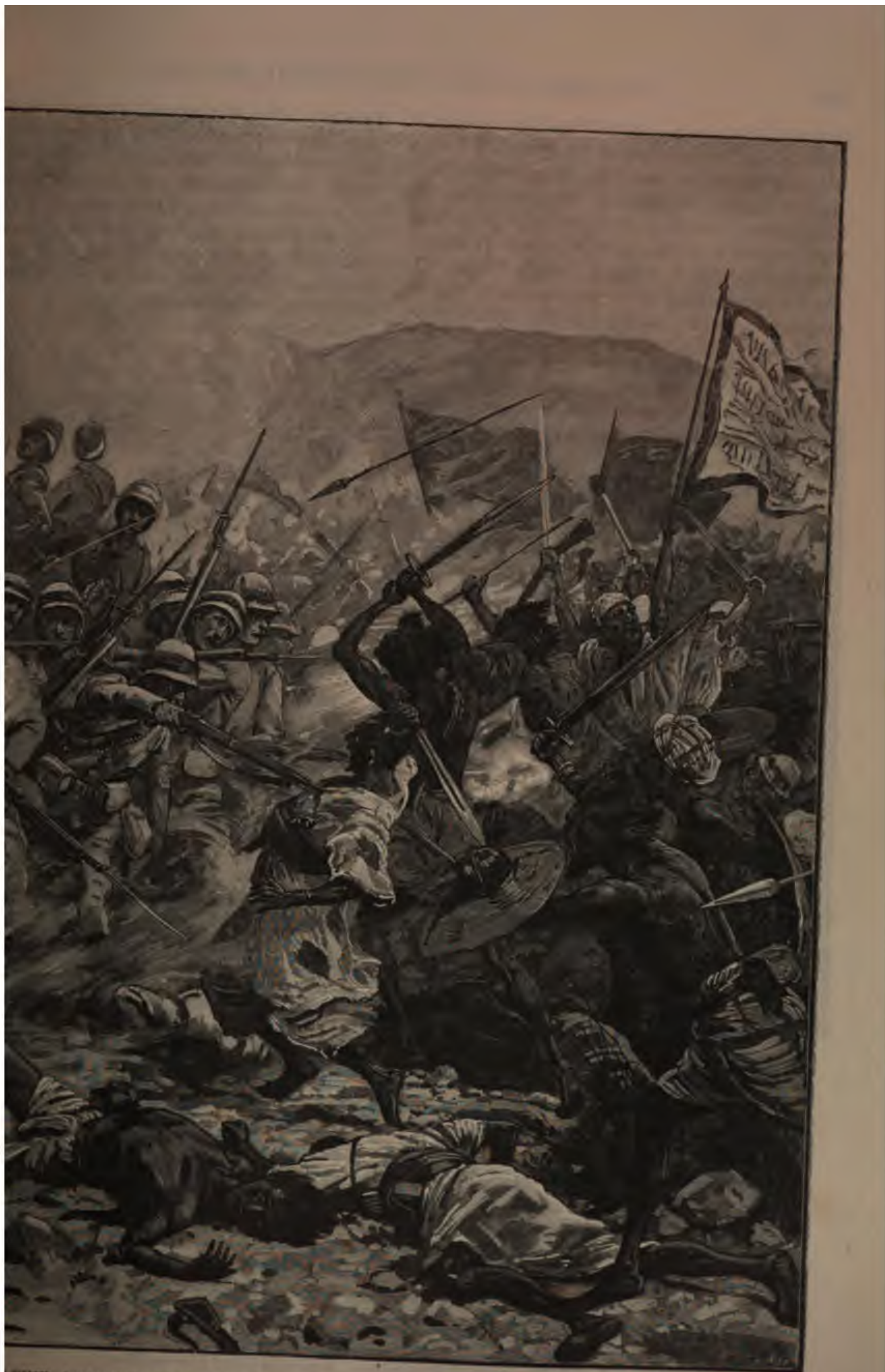
It was also shown how this Desert Column, composed of picked men from all the *élite* regiments of the British army, with a superb detachment of Bluejackets, yet aggregating less than 2,000 combatants—how this eager and audacious column, mounted on camels, pushed across the parched Bayuda Desert, and covered itself with glory by vanquishing all its foes: hunger, thirst, sleeplessness, and, worse than all, the fanatical spearmen of the Mahdi; how at Abu-Klea (17th January), when marching in square 1,500 strong, it was suddenly set upon, as a lighthouse rock is assailed by raging seas, by a roaring flood of more than 5,000 death-despising savages; and how, after only about five minutes' desperate and bloody hand-to-hand fighting, in the course of which it lost the heroic Colonel Fred Burnaby and 168 officers and men killed and wounded—being all but submerged in this human deluge of the desert—it at last raised a rousing cheer in token of victory.

The further difficulties of the march were then narrated: the incidents of the zeriba, or extemporised fortalice, near Abu-Kru, including the death of two war-correspondents and the fatal wounding of the commander of the column; the final march of the fighting square for the river; the scattering of a second onset of Mahdist warriors with a few well-directed volleys; and the final arrival of the square on the banks of the river, the sight of whose blessed waters was hailed by them with as much enthusiasm as had been the distant Euxine by the home-returning soldiers of Xenophon after their perilous and toilsome march through the mountains of Armenia.

That night (Monday, 19th January, 1885) the flying column bivouacked as best it could on the bank of the river, sleeping as it had never slept before—all but the surgeons, who, though tired to death, were heroically unremitting in their attentions to the wounded.

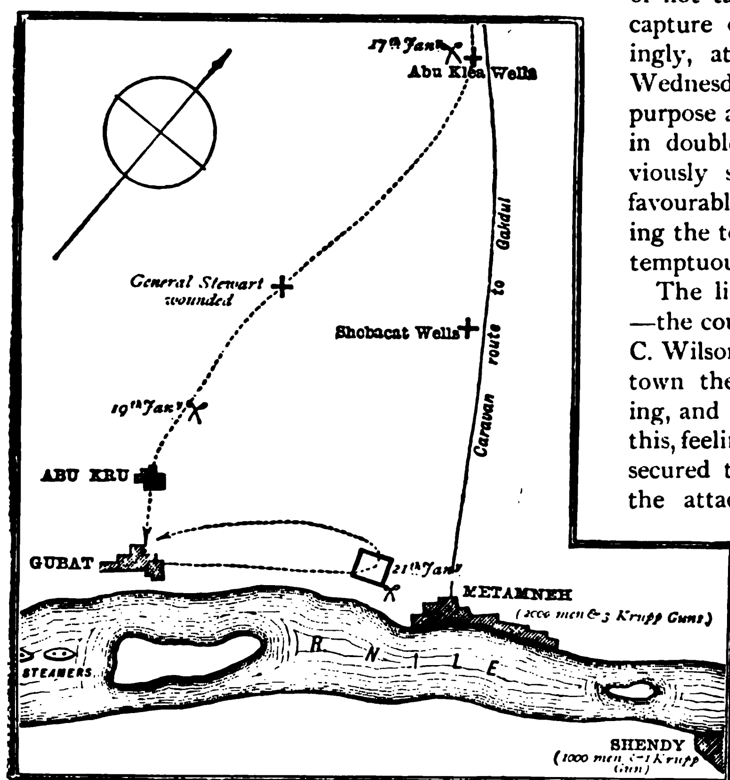
Early next morning the men were again paraded to return to the zeriba. On the way the village of Gubat was burned, and at about eight o'clock, the enemy offering but little resistance, the entrenched position was reached once more.

While the square was on the march the day before there had been considerable fighting at the zeriba, but ultimately the Arabs had been



"FIVE MINUTES' DESPERATE AND BLOODY HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING" (p. 300).

compelled to give way before the fierce and well-directed fire from rifles and guns alike. Breakfast was just ready when the flying column was seen returning, Colonel Talbot, commanding the Life Guards, walking as composedly in advance through the scrub as though he were returning from a field-day in Queen Anne's Walk. On the column coming up it was received with befitting cheers, for it had done its work well, or "tastefully," as was remarked by an Irishman of the Royal Sussex.



An hour later the whole force moved away in columns of regiments from the zeriba, taking as much of the stores as possible, and leaving behind a guard of fifty men. Five-and-twenty wounded soldiers had to be carried on hand-stretchers, for hundreds of camels had been lost. The enemy dared not again to attack the force, which reached the river village of Abu-Kru by nightfall. The wounded were placed under cover in the huts, and the outlying houses were loopholed for defence, whilst the troops settled down for the night on the ground outside.

Sir Charles Wilson had been ordered to occupy Metamneh as a basis of operations, and thence ascend the Nile without delay to the relief of Gordon. But Metamneh he occupied n and his ascent of the Nile he only com after the lapse of four precious days. I this? What were the circumstances wh thus compelled the commander of tl column to play the apparent part of a Cunctator, and imperil the achievemen object for which this column had alrea such heroic efforts and sacrifices?

As for Metamneh, Sir Charles Wil come to the conclusion that the politi of not taking it would be so great capture ought to be essayed; and ingly, at the first glimmer of d Wednesday, the 21st, he paraded purpose a force of 1,000 men, which a in double column. Sir Charles h viously sent a summons of surre favourable conditions to the Emir co ing the town, but this was treated wi temptuous silence.

The line of advance was from west —the course of the Nile at this part— C. Wilson had heard that on the north town there was a large Governmen ing, and he determined if possible to this, feeling convinced that if it were o secured the place would be his. Acco the attacking columns under his co were given a direction should bring them, by a over against the north in the west front of the tov what was his astonishm looking back from a p which he had ridden for confer with Barrow and connoitring hussars, at ing his advancing column ing due south instead o by east! Boscawen, the second in co sent to explain that he had seen a dervishes moving on the south side tamneh in the direction of the camp, a deemed it advisable to strike awa to intercept them. Sir Charles himse discern no dervishes in the directio cated, and doubtless concluded—just a did in the case of Publius Considi scouting-master in the war with Dumn Æduan—that Boscawen "had seen wh matter of fact, he had not seen" (*rem pro viso quod non vidisset*).

Nevertheless, thinking that the dervish possibly be lurking among some cotto

plain between the town and the river on
ıth side, he acquiesced in the new direc-
hich had been given to his troops of
who now began to skirt the town on the
ide. Hitherto the Arabs had given no
ıt now their fire was drawn by the daring
nnett Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegraph*,
d ridden on towards a point where, with
e instinct of the war-correspondent, he
pected a possible source of interest. The
now advanced in square in case of a
rush of spearmen, and the enemy opened
fire from loopholed walls. Occasionally
are halted, and the men lay down whilst
hers were sent out to reply to the fire of
emy; while Sir Charles tried his guns,
they produced no effect on the mud
he shells going as clean through them as
r bullets through a target of cardboard.
ntly, however, Barrow sent to say that
ld see some large flags in the rear, and
was certain they were on steamers, and
iquitous Burleigh rode off to meet them.
Wilson also sent Stuart-Wortley to com-
te with them, and, to the exceeding joy
hey turned out to be four vessels which
had sent down from Khartoum to co-
with his relievers.

e steamers," wrote Mr. Burleigh, "were a
sight. Three of them were about the
large river-steamers, and the fourth was
naller than a Thames penny-boat. The
all four were of iron; the sides and the
were boarded up like a London street
rding. In place of their pine-boards,
r, there were heavy sunt-wood timbers,
three inches thick, and as impervious to
llets as steel plates. In the forward part
vessel a raised wooden fort had been
ie inside plated with old boiler iron. Pro-
through a port-hole, closed against bullets
iron plate when necessary, was a short
fled gun four inches in bore, such as are
the Egyptian army. On the main deck
gun was placed. Gordon must have
l hours and days of hard labour to get
terial together for making these four
s into iron- or wooden-clads so strong that
uld safely run the gauntlet of the rebel
and rifle fire."

while Sir C. Wilson had withdrawn his
a village fronting the west side of
ıeh—first north, then south, then west;
ooner had he begun this retiring move-
ıan the enemy opened on him from
an advanced battery with blind shell, though
luckily only one came into the square. "I heard
the rush of the shot through the air," he said,
"and then a heavy thud behind me. I thought
at first it had gone into the field-hospital, but
on looking round found it had carried away the
lower jaw of one of the artillery camels, and
then buried itself in the ground. The poor
brute walked on as if nothing had happened,
and carried its load to the end of the day."

The sudden appearance of the steamers had pro-
duced quite a stage effect; and the black troops
on board, hastening to disembark and eager for
the fray, were lustily cheered by Tommy Atkins,
who was not in a particularly pleasant frame of
mind at having thus been made to pass the
morning hours in imitation of the storied king
of France and his thirty thousand men. The
swarthy Soudanese, who behaved like perfect
children in their joy at the prospect of their
being able to show a thing or two to Tommy
Atkins, came on as keen as possible, and ran
four guns into action at once. "Being sent to
their guns with orders," said Lieutenant Douglas
Dawson, of the Coldstreams, "I stayed with
them for half an hour, while they made some
first-rate practice on the town, and though the
gun-fire drew down the bullets pretty thick,
they didn't appear to mind a bit. It seemed ex-
traordinary what good troops the master mind
of Gordon had made out of such rough material.
Never have I seen men so pleased as they were
at meeting us. Gordon's name mentioned was
like that of a god whom they worshipped. It
was even difficult for these enthusiastic allies to
retire, as we explained to them that we did not
intend for the present to attack the town."

For, alas! that was the conclusion to which
Sir C. Wilson had now been forced by a calm
survey of all the circumstances of the situation.
Lord Cochrane, of the 2nd Life Guards, pleaded
very hard for leave to storm the town, and, under
cover of the smoke from the windward side
drive the Arabs into the river, but Sir Charles
did not think the result would justify the risk.
Boscawen managed the withdrawal cleverly and
well, without confusion or hurry, and always
giving the enemy a chance to attack if they
wished. Shortly before the withdrawal began,
Poë, of the Marines, received a dreadful wound
in the thigh, necessitating amputation very high
up. Ever since leaving Korti he had worn a red
coat, almost the only one in the force, and this
had made him too conspicuous to the marksmen
of the enemy. He was shot while standing up

in the open talking to his men, who were lying down.

By the time the force had returned to Abu-Kru its involuted line of march resembled as nearly as possible the figure eight. The intended attack of Sir C. Wilson on Metamneh had resolved itself into a mere reconnaissance in force; and he himself admitted that the moral effect of this was bad, giving the enemy fresh heart. But he was not without his substantial reasons for what he had done. By death and wounds the effective force at his disposal had already been decimated, and he could therefore ill afford to risk the further diminution of his combative strength, the less so as he now had reason to fear that bodies of the Arabs were advancing against him from Khartoum as well as Shendy—north and south. Besides, even if he had taken Metamneh, he estimated that the force at his disposal, after deduction of the loss in storming, would be insufficient to hold it against all comers. For these and other reasons he decided not to press the attack. But, after all, he had established himself on the Nile with Gordon's steamers at his service, and *that* was the main thing.

These steamers had brought down with them Gordon's diaries up to the 14th Decembe was now the 21st January), together with a in the beleaguered hero's own handwri dated 29th December: "Khartoum—all ri can hold out for years." Where, then, wa hurry? Ah, but there was another letter Gordon to a private friend, Watson, dated December (the date of the last entry in his d in which he said he expected a crisis w the next ten days, or about Christmas And now it was nearly a month after Christ

ARAB HORSEMEN OUTSIDE METAMNEH.

Gracious heavens! was this not enough to fi relieving force with the keenest apprehe and rouse to the very utmost all the en of its commander? Gordon's "Khartoum right" note was evidently a blind: the real of his position was conveyed in his p letters; and thus, rightly discerning the situ Sir C. Wilson resolved "to carry out the or programme and go up to Khartoum."

At once? No, various circumstances se to render this impossible, and, indeed, cessary. To begin with, a rumour had re Sir C. Wilson that a hostile force was appr ing from the south, and it therefore be him—so he thought—to descend the Ni

one of Gordon's steamers and inquire into the truth of this report, as "I would not leave the small force in its position on the Nile without ascertaining whether it was likely to be attacked." Moreover, in spite of Gordon's gloomy forebodings, Sir C. Wilson knew that, although Omdurman—on the left bank of the White Nile over against Khartoum—had fallen, Khartoum itself was still holding out; while he also calculated that the besieging pressure on the town would be relieved by the large number of men detached by the Mahdi to meet the English, and that news of their victories would be sure to have penetrated into Khartoum and given fresh heart to Gordon and his garrison.

In Wilson's opinion there was nothing to show—and he questioned the commanders of the steamers carefully—that the crisis at Khartoum, which had been deferred from the 25th December to the 19th January (it was now the 21st), would be hurried on, "or that a delay of a couple of days would make much difference." Besides, Lord Wolseley had ordered that Lord Charles Beresford was to man Gordon's steamers with his Naval Brigade, and take Wilson with a few red-coats up to Khartoum. But the officers of the Naval Brigade, like the heroic fellows that they were, had all been killed or wounded, save Beresford; and Beresford was so ill that he could not walk.

KHARTOUM.
(*Photo, R. Buchta.*)

MAJOR-GENERAL GORDON, C.B., R.E.

Not, therefore, to the immediate relief of Gordon at Khartoum in the south, but to the carrying out of an aquatic reconnaissance towards Shendy in the north, did the commander of the Desert Column now address himself. He was accompanied by Lord Charles Beresford, who had to be helped on board and placed on a seat in the cabin, and by two companies of mounted infantry under Major Phipps. The result of the reconnaissance, which was not without its lively risks and incidents, went to show that the English had nothing to fear from any force advancing southwards towards Metamneh, for several days at least; and as a token of their gratitude for

the valuable information which they had thus gleaned, the three steamers, before returning, hauled off into mid-stream and threw sixty shell screaming and crashing into mud-built Shendy. The bolder spirits of the party had pleaded hard with Wilson for leave to land and storm the place outright; but again, as at Metamneh, the combative impulses of these fiery Hotspurs were repressed by the just and cautious reasonings of their sagacious commander.

Thus, then, passed Thursday, the 22nd. Before leaving the steamer by which he had gone down to Shendy, Wilson ordered preparations to be made for a start to Khartoum next day—the 23rd. But, alas! unexpected difficulties again cropped up, rendering it impossible for the two selected steamers to be got under weigh. For it was found that the engines had to be overhauled, wood had to be collected as fuel, rations drawn for the crews, pilots selected for the cataracts; and, above all things, those crews had to be assorted in conformity with the express instruction of General Gordon, who insisted strongly on our taking actual command of the steamers, and removing from them all Pashas, Beys, and men of Turkish or Egyptian origin, whom he describes as "hens." "So the hours slipped by," said Sir C. Wilson, "and we failed to make a start" (on the 23rd).

Nor was it till eight o'clock on the following morning (Saturday, the 24th) that the two steamers at last began to churn the waters of the Nile and head for Khartoum, amid the parting cheers of the lads they left behind them. These vessels were the *Bordein* and the *Telahawiyeh*. On board the former were Sir C. Wilson, accompanied by Khashm-el-Mus, Captain Gascoigne, ten men of the Royal Sussex, one petty officer, one artificer R.N., and 110 Soudanese troops, the "hens" having all been weeded out. The *Telahawiyeh* carried Abd-el-Hamid, Captain Trafford, and ten men of the Royal Sussex, including a signaller, Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley, one artificer R.N., and eighty Soudanese troops; but she also had in tow a nugger laden with dhura (grain) for the famished garrison of Khartoum, and fifty additional Soudanese soldiers.

It had been originally intended to send fifty men of the Royal Sussex up to Khartoum, but Sir C. Wilson did not feel justified in taking with him an escort of more than twenty. Happy fellows, to be thus chosen for such an honourable and risky enterprise, and greatly envied by the war-correspondents, who, for all their hard pleading, were not allowed to share their peril. Lord Wolseley had particularly wished the enter Khartoum in red coats, and these sent to the front. But somehow or o had been lost or looted; so a call l made for scarlet tunics, and a sufficien were raised from the Guards or the though these hung rather loosely on massive frames of the men of Sussex.

"Now, what was it we were going wrote Wilson. "We were going to way up the river and into Khartoun steamers of the size of penny-boat Thames, which a single well-directed sh send to the bottom; with crews and absolutely without discipline, with twe lish soldiers, with no surgeon—not even —and with only one interpreter, Mu Ibrahim, still suffering from a flesh wou side."

The filth in the steamers was somet describable, the stench which rose up holds overpowering, and the rats coun ubiquitous, no place or person being t for them. With such a motley crew, n the noise on board was sometimes deafe King Kurbash had frequently to assert The top of the deck-house or saloon boat was assigned to the ten Sussex m their arms and ammunition, kits and f were thus in a kind of citadel which co mand the whole ship in case of a m anything going wrong.

All kinds of botheration occurred to the progress of the steamers. For th heavily loaded and the water was low, could only move by day. They had to quently to take in more firewood (villag having to be pulled down for this pur parley with friendlies, or to clear the foes, and more than once they ran agro was a novel sensation, said Wilson, g sleep on a steamer hanging on a sunk with water running like a mill-race a her. On such occasions the disastered had practically to be emptied, hauled re-loaded, causing a most exasperating time.

In this manner three days were spent the evening of the 26th two Shagiyeh came on board the *Bordein*, who repor for the last fortnight there had been ha ing round Khartoum—Gordon always vi that the advance of the English wa dreaded; and that the Shagiyeh tribe w waiting for the turn of the tide to

Alas! by this time, if they had only
it, all was over, and Gordon had already
once the hero's and the martyr's crown.

cataracts, sand-shoals, mountain-gorges
nlike the "Iron gates" of the Danube—
es to take in wood, trepidations, *tra-*
s of all kinds, dropping shots from the
.nks, counter-fusillade from the slowly-
steamers—until, on the afternoon of the
native on the left bank hailed the
:, shouting out that a camel-man had
sed down with the news that Khartoum
ıst taken, and Gordon killed. Incredible!
:h so, that "we dined together in high
t the prospect of running the blockade
y and at last meeting General Gordon
; famous siege"—a siege which had lasted
days, or only nine days less than that of
pol.*

ing at 6 a.m. on the 28th, the steamers
vanced to a point whence the towers of
ım could at last be descried in the far
:—Wortley and his signaller with the
ıph now getting ready to try and attract
's attention!—when another Shagiyeh
l out from the bank that Khartoum had
ıken, and Gordon had been killed two
fore.

afterwards a heavy fire was opened on
mers from four guns and many rifles at
o to 700 yards. The bullets began to fly
hickly, rattling on the ships' sides like
es, whilst the shells went screeching over-
r threw up jets of water in the stream
"Our men replied cheerily, and the gun
turret was capitally served by the black
, who had nothing on but a cloth round
aists, looking more like demons than
ı the thick smoke; and one huge giant
e very incarnation of savagery drunk
ır."

was at Halifiyeh, and, after the gauntlet
fire had here been run, the large Govern-
ouse at Khartoum could be seen plainly
he trees. But where was the Egyptian
flag which Gordon, for nearly a year, had ever
kept flying upon his topmost roof? Not a trace
of it now visible; nevertheless, Wilson would
not yet believe in the worst, and pressed on up
stream with his boilers strained almost to the
bursting-point, and further threatened by the
guns of another battery which, with a heavy
riflė fire, now opened upon him from the right
bank above Shamba, and blazed away at his
vessels until they were within range of the guns
of Omdurman.

And what is that fire from a range of rifle-
trenches on Tuti Island, fronting Khartoum
at the confluence of the Blue and the White
Niles? Wilson, always in the optimist vein,
thought that the island might still be in the
hands of Gordon's men, who had thus begun
to co-operate with the steamers. But, alas! no.
Drawing near to address them and ask for news,
Wilson was driven back into his turret by a
shower of hostile bullets. Mahdist riflemen
those, and no mistake.

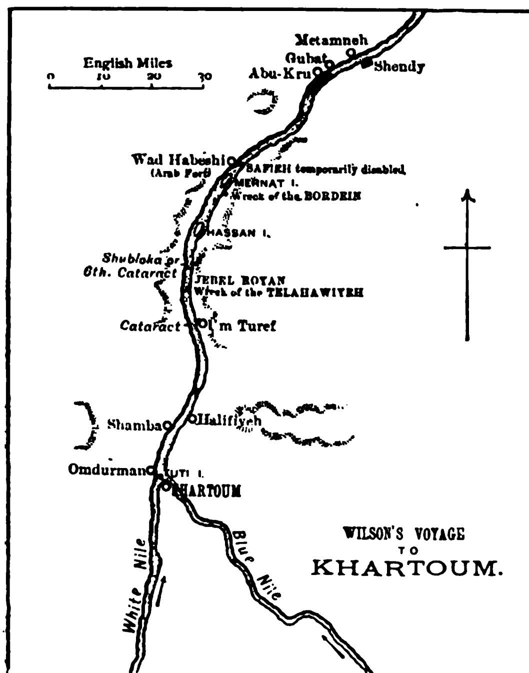
But might not Khartoum itself still be holding
out? Forward again, and let us see! But "no
sooner did we start upwards than we got into
such a fire as I hope never to pass through again
in a penny-steamer"—nothing to greet the score
of English red-coats but the roar of hostile guns,
the continuous roll of musketry from either
bank, the loud-rushing noise of Krupp shells,
the grunting of a Nordenfeldt or a mitrailleuse
—such a devils' concert and carnival of welcome
as English red-coats had not got for many a day.
No flag flying in Khartoum, and not a shot
fired on shore in aid of the steamers. Could
the most eager and optimistic of Wilsons fail at
last to read the true significance of all that?

Certainly not; seeing was now believing. "I
at once," wrote Wilson, "gave the order to turn
and run full speed down the river. It was hope-
less to attempt a landing or to communicate with
the shore under such a fire. The sight at this
moment was very grand: the masses of the
enemy with their fluttering banners near Khar-
toum; the long rows of riflemen in the shelter-
trenches at Omdurman; the numerous groups of
men on Tuti; the bursting shells, and the water
torn up by hundreds of bullets and occasional
heavier shot—made an impression never to be
forgotten. Looking out over the stormy scene,
it seemed almost impossible that we should
escape."

The Sussex red-coats had been very steady
under all this *feu d'enfer*, and done much execu-
tion among the ranks of the enemy. All on

* the 9th December Gordon had written in his
We are only short of the duration of the siege
stopol 57 days, and we had *no respite*, like the
had during the winter of 1854-55. . . . Of
will be looked upon as very absurd to compare
blockades, those of Sebastopol and Khartoum;
roperly weighed, one was just as good as the
he Russians had money—we had none; they had
icers—we had none; they had no civil population
l forty thousand; they had their route open and
—we had neither."

board had very narrow escapes from bullets and bursting of shells—Wilson's field-glass, for



example, being shattered in his hand; but, fortunately, the enemy's gunners were bad shots. Some of the Soudanese soldiers did things which, if they had been English, would have entitled them to the Victoria Cross, and the Sussex drummer picked up and threw overboard the burning fuse of a shell which had burst overhead.

When the steamers got clear of the last guns, after having been under fire more or less for four hours, it was past 4 o'clock; and then it was, the tension of the fight being over, that all on board realised to the full the terrible nature of the situation.

As for the Soudanese, they were all in the depths of despair at the thought of the ruin in which the fall of Khartoum must have involved their families; and Khashm-el-Mus, their chief, collapsed entirely.

So would Wilson, too, he said, had it not been for the thought of how he was to get his steamers down the cataracts again—a much more dangerous business than that of bringing them up—down to Abu-Kru with the awful news that Khartoum had fallen, and that Gordon was undoubtedly dead. Sir Charles had been acting as chief of the Intelligence Department before the command of the Desert Column devolved upon him by the wounding o Stewart, and now here he was racing Nile on his battered penny-steamer, t of these terrible tidings.

The steamers continued their dov course until dark—the *Telahawiyeh* had but soon got free and followed her conso they made fast to an island south Royan. From this place messenger Mahdi's uniform, were sent to ascertai of Gordon, and on their return they st the town had fallen on the morning of the 26th, through the treachery of Fara that Gordon himself had been killed, town given over to a three days Faragh Pasha had originally been a bl whom Gordon freed and entrusted command of the Soudanese troops. grateful scoundrel, it was said, had op gates and let in the roaring flood of murderers.

In what particular manner Gordon had met his doom is still subject to so doubt. All the best evidence tended that he was killed at or near the palac his body was subsequently seen by sev nesses. The only account by a person to be an eye-witness relates: "On hea noise I got my master's donkey and w him to the palace. We met Gordon

SIR CHARLES WILSON.

the outer door. Mohamed Bey Must my master, Ibrahim Bey Rushdi, an

twenty cavasses, then went with Gordon towards the house of the Austrian Consul Hansel, near the church, when we met some rebels in an open place near the outer gate of the palace. Gordon Pasha was walking in front leading the party. The rebels fired a volley, and Gordon was killed at once; nine of the cavasses, Ibrahim Bey Rushdi, and Mohamed Bey Mustafa were killed; the rest ran away."

The massacre in the town lasted some six hours, and about 4,000 persons at least were killed. Major Kitchener, of the Intelligence Department, who made very careful inquiries into the circumstances of the fall of Khartoum, came to the conclusion that the accusations of treachery were the outcome of mere supposition. In his deliberate opinion the city fell, not through the opening of the gates by Faragh Pasha, but from sudden assault when the garrison were too exhausted by privations to make proper resistance. If such were the case, the fact disposes completely of the reasoning of those who argued that, even if Sir Charles Wilson had been able to start at

"BERESFORD ANCHORED HIS WING-CLIPT LITTLE VESSEL AND LAY STERN ON TO THE ENEMY" (*p.* 311).

once from Metamneh instead of after a delay of four days, he would not have been in time to save Gordon by stiffening the courage of his garrison with the presence of his red-coats, who were but the *avant-couriers* of more to come.

But "Too late! Too late! by only a couple of days!"—such were the cruel, the crushing words which ever rang in the ears of Wilson and his companions as they did their downhearted best, amid their disaffected and almost mutinous crews, to steer their steamers down through

cataracts, sunken rocks, and sandbanks far more treacherous than Faragh Pasha, back to Abu-Kru with the woeful burden of their tidings. Danger after danger were overcome, and the hearts of all had just begun to beat more blithesomely when shock, crash, wrench—the *Telahawiyeh* struck heavily on a sunken rock opposite Jebel Royan and commenced to sink.

The rock lay in mid-stream in front of a sandbank, and the catastrophe was caused by a dispute between the captain and the *reis* (pilot) as to which side of the shoal they should take the steamer. The captain held up his hand one way the *reis* the other, and the helmsman, puzzled what to do, kept straight on, thus hitting the rock.

The *Bordein* at once lay to, and, by the cool exertions of the English officers, most of the stores were saved from the *Telahawiyeh*, and no lives lost—nothing but most of the ammunition.

That same night a messenger from the Mahdi, riding on a white camel, under a flag of truce, overtook and boarded the *Bordein* with a missive from his master confirming the fall of Khartoum and the killing of Gordon, and summoning all to surrender and embrace the faith of the Prophet. "Do not," he said, "be deceived and put confidence in your steamers" (alas! only one now) "and other things, and delay deciding until you rue it; but rather hasten to your benefit and profit before your wings are cut."

The answer returned to this masterful summons was of an evasive kind; but the colloquy between the messenger and the crews had a very bad effect, and the natives now began to desert.

This mutinous movement, indeed, was only checked by an opportune, if unfounded, rumour that the English had now taken Metamneh, and that their reinforcements were already swarming across the desert.

Countless dangers of navigation were now surmounted, and by 10 a.m. on the morning of the 31st January the descent of the last rapid was accomplished, leaving a clear stretch of unbroken water all the way to Metamneh. The one difficulty still ahead was the running the gauntlet at Wad Habeshi, where it was known that Feki Mustapha—bad luck to him!—had a large force and a battery. All was going on well and the worst of dangers were thought to be over, when, at 3.30 p.m., while steaming along in smooth water, the *Bordein*, in descending the channel to the west of Mernat Island, struck heavily on a sunken rock and at once began to fill. Everyone, Wilson included, thought that the long-deferred end had now come. Had native treachery been at work here, too?

The sinking steamer was laid alongside a sand-spit running out from an island, situated about fifty yards from the larger one of Mernat. Guns, ammunition, and stores were landed with all alacrity, and Captain Gascoigne was sent to select a suitable place for a zereba on Mernat Island, commanding the smaller one, against which the *Bordein* was beached. Finding the position wholly unsuitable for defence, Wilson at first thought of making a forced march down the right bank of the river to opposite Abu-Kru, while sending on Stuart-Wortley in a boat to report upon the situation and beg for a steamer to be sent up to protect their flank. But it was impossible to do anything with the native troops, and so he had to content himself with securing his position on the island as best he could, and despatching Wortley down stream to beg for succour from the Desert Column.

At 6.45 p.m. Wortley started in the ship's boat, having with him four English soldiers, including the signaller, and eight natives. His start was timed to enable him to pass Feki Mustapha's fort at Wad Habeshi in the interval of darkness between sunset and moonrise. He rowed on to within about half-a-mile of the fort, and then, shipping his oars, ordered the crew to lie down in the bottom of the boat, which, floating down stream, gradually neared the enemy's position. So near did it drift to the shore that the men's faces could easily be distinguished as they sat over their camp fires, and they were even heard discussing whether the black object which they saw upon the stream was a boat or not.

Suddenly their doubts were dispelled by the rising of the moon on the eastern horizon in a straight line behind the boat, which was thus at once rendered plainly visible. The shout which followed this discovery soon warned the crew that further concealment was useless, and springing to their places they pulled away with a will amidst a rain of bullets which ploughed up the water on every side, but did no harm. A few hundred yards brought them to another island, by following the right side of which they were enabled to continue their journey under cover for a considerable distance, and on again emerging into the main channel, they found that they were only followed by a few camelmen, apparently with rifles. At 3 a.m. on the 1st February the party reached the camp of the Desert Column.

member of our small force," wrote Lieut. s Dawson, "will ever forget this morning. dawn I was waked by someone outside calling for Boscawen. I jumped up and it to see who it was, and then made out, surprise, Stuart-Wortley, whom we all t at Khartoum. I looked towards the xpecting in the faint light to see the s; then, seeing nothing, and observing face that there was something wrong, I Why, good heavens! where are the s? What is the news?' He said, 'The orst.' Then it all came out."

* * * *

. there! A Beresford to the rescue! i Gordon had started to relieve Khar- English Wilson had followed to relieve ; and now in turn it was necessary for eresford to rush to the rescue of Wilson. gh not yet quite recovered from his the gallant Lord Charles—"fighting " Napier's successor by name and nature Navy—at once offered to embark upon st perilous enterprise which the cam- ad yet entailed; and by two o'clock on on which Stuart-Wortley had reached ip of the Desert Column with his doleful ressing news, Beresford was steaming up e as fast as ever the boilers of the *Safieh* irry him and his combatant companions, ng of a portion of the Naval Brigade Lieut. Van Koughnet, twenty picked ien of the Royal Rifles, with two Gard- d two 4-pounders. And now let Feki ha and his gunners at the Wad Habeshi which intervened between the *Safieh* scene of the *Bordein* wreck—let Feki swarthy gunners have a care of their ads.

iscent of the *Safieh* was marked by no ar incident till the third morning, when ab earthworks at Wad Habeshi were and beyond them in the distance the of the disastered *Bordein*. When within rds of the fort, Lord Charles opened fire bow-gun, which was at once replied to Arabs; and then, full-steam ahead, he ed to run the blockade of the battery, at the bombardment of Alexandria he ried his little *Condor* close under Arabi's d battered them out of action. Owing hallowness of the water, it was necessary *Safieh* to pass within eighty yards of the nk redoubt; but into the embrasures of oubt Beresford's gunners and riflemen rained such insufferable showers of shells and bullets that the Arabs were totally unable to fire their pieces fronting towards the river.

No sooner, however, had the *Safieh* passed up —200 yards or so—to a point whence it was impossible for it to concentrate such a hail of missiles on the fort, than the Arabs wheeled one of their guns to an up-stream embrasure and sent a well-directed shot clean through the steamer's stern and into one of its boilers—of all places in the boat. A cloud of dense steam at once poured out, scalding severely all those in the stokehole; and the column of vapour was perceived afar off by Wilson and his party, who, concluding that the vessel was in dire extremity of some kind, made haste to descend the right bank and co-operate with it against the Feki Mustapha gentry on the opposite shore.

In the paddle-wheels of the *Safieh* there was still revolving power enough left after the bursting of her boiler for her to be moved a wee bit further up stream, and then, heading towards the right bank, Beresford anchored his wing-clipt little vessel and lay stern-on to the enemy at about 500 yards' range.

Here was a nice predicament for a penny Nile-steamer to be in! But, then, there was a "fighting Charlie" on board, and that made all the difference in the world. On the bursting of the boiler the Feki Mustapha clanjamfrie had raised a yell of triumph that might have been heard at Cairo, but this was shouting before they were out of the wood. Nevertheless, what mattered all their shouting, when their shooting, which was the main thing, was made impossible? From eight o'clock in the morning till sunset, so heavy and continuous a fire was kept up from the crippled *Safieh* that the Arabs were never once able to bring a gun to bear upon her, while their rifle practice during all these twelve long and anxious hours was of a kind that would certainly have disqualified them for competition at Bisley.

As, however, under cover of the night the Arabs might haul their guns up stream to a position that would prove fatal to the *Safieh* with the break of day, Lord Charles saw that his boiler must somehow be repaired by morning light, and that meanwhile he must delude the enemy into the belief that he meant to desert his ship, so as to make them think it not worth their while to shift the position of their guns.

The morning dawned, and lo! by this time the damaged boiler had been repaired by the

heroic efforts of Mr. Henry Benbow, chief engineer, who, working almost alone upon it, and under fire—which killed a petty officer and wounded Lieut. Van Koughnet—had again succeeded in supplying the little vessel as with wings of steam. At this discovery the Arabs at the redoubt raised another deafening yell, accompanied by a hail of bullets; but presently they were to be made to yell for a totally different reason.

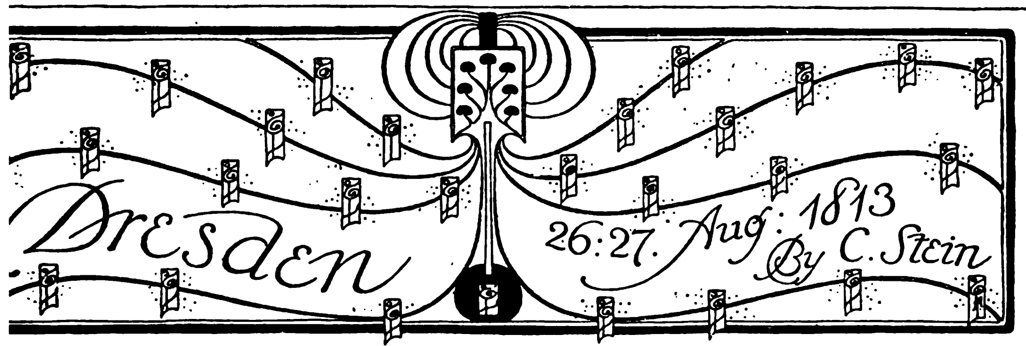
For, sending the revivified *Safieh* about 200 yards up stream so as to have ample turning room, Lord Charles put about and darted down again past the redoubt, raining such a storm of various projectiles into its front embrasures as precluded the bare possibility of its guns being laid and fired on the passing vessel. A few hundred yards further on the *Safieh* came upon the nugger of the *Bordein* full of sick and wounded, under Captain Gascoigne, hard and fast upon a rock, on to which it had drifted in its nocturnal passage down stream. Under a sharp fire from the enemy the nugger was lightened and taken in tow, and a little further down Beresford was able to embark Sir Charles Wilson and his
who had descended the right bank and f
a zeriba.

At a quarter to six o'clock on the even
the 6th February the *Safieh* safely reache
camp of the Desert Column, Lord Charles
ford being received with great cheerin
account of his dashing exploit, "which
look on," said Lieut. Dawson, "as the
brilliant business of the expedition."

On the following evening Sir C. Wils
out for Corti to communicate in detail to
Wolseley the tragic story of his attempt to
Khartoum; but by this time the new
reached England, and divided the hearts
people between sorrow for the fate of the g
Gordon and admiration of the heroism
had been so vainly displayed by the soldi
the expedition to save him.

How the other half of that expedition,
General Earle, comported itself at the ba
Kirbekan, and how the Desert and the
Columns again united at Corti, must for
subject-matter of a separate story.

BRINGING THE NEWS OF GORDON'S DEATH TO METAMNEH.



FTER the battle of Lützen, on the left bank of the Elbe, in the beginning of May, 1813, the allied Russo-Prussian forces, retiring before Napoleon, were to recross that river, to evacuate ı, and to fall back into Silesia. They ;ain defeated with heavy loss at Bautzen urschen on the 20th and 21st May, ing the line of the Oder. In one month ıng and hastily-organised French army ;n victorious in three great battles, several minor engagements of advanced At the same time Marshal Davout had Hamburg and Lübeck, and on the 29th e French eagles were seen everywhere ant from Hamburg to Breslau. The and prestige of French arms, which had so grievously in the Russian campaign, mpletely re-established, and the coalition pean Powers which menaced the French , was paralysed, the monarchs in flight, mies in disorder. But the legions of n were themselves worn out with con- fort, and required repose to give them ain to consolidate. The position of the Prince of Sweden, Bernadotte, the rene- ench marshal, was threatening in Pome- he death of his old and trusted comrade, ad saddened the emperor; and at the of Austria, till then neutral, Napoleon to an armistice, which was signed on

policy of Austria was opposed to Confident in her strong armaments position on the French right flank, that, if she cast her sword into the e must be the arbiter of future events. sso-Prussian coalition had failed because been surprised, before its complete de- nt, by Napoleon's inconceivable rapidity ı. Even now the number of combatants which it could put into the field was nearly equal to that of the French armies. With the additional forces that could be raised during an armistice and with 130,000 men which Austria could dispose of, the numerical odds against the French Emperor would be almost overwhelming. Fully alive to these facts, the diplomatists of Austria, in arranging an armistice and in providing that during its continuance a congress should be assembled at Prague to consider conditions of peace, resolved to insist upon such cessions by Napoleon as would bring the sway of France within normal limits and restore to other European nations the influence of which they had so long been deprived. Austria, in fact, let it be known that her neutrality was at an end, that it was for her to decide on the future of Europe, and that she would make common cause with Russia and Prussia unless the terms formulated by the congress at Prague were accepted by the French Emperor. Hard these terms were, including demands for the cession of Illyria and the greater part of Italy, the return of the Pope to Rome, the yielding up of Poland to Russia, the evacuation of Spain, Holland, and Belgium and the re-establishment of the Confederation of the Rhine; but it is certain that even the proud spirit of Napoleon hesitated for a time whether he should not accept them. On one hand he had an immense army with his own unequalled genius to direct it; on the other he saw the advantages and indeed the necessity of peace to France worn out by long years of war. One of his ministers, whose name is unknown, struck the note which gave a key to his final decision, saying, "Ah, sire, and your glory!" How could he, who had distributed so many sceptres, descend to the level of the crowd of kings, conquered or created by himself? The die was cast. The 10th August, the day when the armistice expired, passed without his acceptance

of the proposals made to him, and Austria, with Russia and Prussia, forthwith declared war.

In the presence of enemies so formidable, whose united forces numbered nearly 500,000, Napoleon found it necessary to remain on the defensive. His own army, including the Imperial Guard as a reserve, did not much exceed 300,000 combatants, and was distributed from the frontier of Bohemia, following the course of the Katzbach, to the Oder. The time of the armistice had been employed on both sides in preparing for war, in completing, organising, and instructing the troops, and both the French and their allied enemies were fresh and ready to enter on a new campaign.

The army of Austria was the factor of the future which Napoleon had principally to consider. If it marched on Dresden, it would temporarily be checked by the 1st and 14th Corps under Vandamme and Gouvion St. Cyr until the emperor could rush to their assistance. If it moved into Silesia, the whole French army would be gathered to meet it at Goerlitz or Buntzlau. In any case, Dresden was the base of Napoleon's system, as the bridges at Meissen and at Königstein enabled the French to manœuvre on both sides of the Elbe. The town was therefore put into a defensible condition, and made secure against a *coup-de-main*. The old fortifications were repaired, the faubourgs were fortified and covered by advanced works, field fortifications were constructed between the Hopfgarten, the public park, and the Elbe, and the park itself was made available for the occupation of several battalions.

Shortly before this time the French army had suffered a severe loss, which not only deprived it of the services of a singularly able and experienced officer, but also shook its *moral* as showing that entire confidence could no longer be placed in soldiers of foreign extraction, even though they wore the uniform of a French general. General Jomini, a Swiss by birth, the chief of Marshal Ney's staff, deserted to the allies, taking with him the field states of the French army and complete notes of the intended plan of campaign. Jomini owed everything to Marshal Ney, who had raised him from a very humble employment to the high position which he occupied. Basely did this man betray the trust reposed in him, and it was to the astonishment of every one that the Emperor Alexander of Russia rewarded his treason by making him his aide-de-camp. Even the Emperor of Austria was so shocked by seeing Jomini present at a dinner given by Alexander that he exclaimed, "I know that sovereigns are sometimes obliged to make use of deserters, but I cannot conceive how such a one can be received into their personal staff or found at their table."

Having thus transferred his services, and, as said before, bringing with him Napoleon's orders for the movement of his several army corps, Jomini urged the allied sovereigns to commence hostilities two days earlier than had been their intention, so that time should not be given to the French Emperor to alter his plans. He is also credited with having given them the sage advice always to fall upon the French armies wherever their great commander was not. With what fatal effect that advice was followed in the ensuing campaign history may tell. It no doubt inspired the allied movements in the campaign's commencement, though for that time these movements were not crowned with success.

The first blow was struck by the impatient and fiery Blucher, who hurled himself upon the French army under Marshal Macdonald in Silesia. His intention was to draw Napoleon himself to that part of his line of defence and to retreat before him, while the main Austro-Russian-Prussian army of 200,000 men, under Prince Schwartzenberg, which had been concentrated at Prague, would then be able to attack Dresden opposed only by the great warrior's lieutenants.

The plan was only partially successful. The emperor, indeed, met Blucher and drove him back, but he had divined the intended movement of Prince Schwartzenberg upon Dresden and prepared to return to the defence of that town by forced marches, at the head of the 2nd and 6th corps of infantry and the whole of his guard, together with the 1st corps of cavalry and the Polish cavalry. Vandamme was also directed to march with the first corps of infantry upon Königstein, and, restoring the bridge there, to threaten the enemy's flank.

The great allied army crossed the chain of the Erz Gebirge on the 22nd August, and debouched by Gottleuba, Altenberg, Sayda, and Marienberg. The only French troops then in front of them were the 14th corps, 20,000 strong, commanded by Marshal St. Cyr, which occupied the environs of Pirna, about eighteen miles from Dresden. Weak as this force was, it was in the hands of one of the most able captains who had been produced by the many previous years of war. Gouvion St. Cyr, of tall and dignified figure, sparing of speech, but when he spoke clear,

:, and trenchant, had a calm and method-
nd. War was for him an art to be loved,
nstantly studying it, he aimed to carry it
ely by rule. He calculated military issues
ly by the place, the circumstances, and
mbers engaged, but by the character of
emy opposed to him and that of the chiefs
ldiers whom he commanded. He knew
how to gain the confidence of his subor-
, to mould them to his purpose, to inspire
ith pride in themselves, and, in the midst
greatest perils and privations, to raise
ourage to the level of his own. He sought
but it must be gained by following prin-
otherwise for him it lost its value. He
ed to succeed by prudently-calculated and
combined manœuvres, leaving as little as
e to chance; and he was often known, by
rategy, to turn a stubborn and prolonged
ive into an offensive, unforeseen and vic-
. This great soldier had the fault that
not show all his value except in a position
rate command. Independent by elevation
racter as well as by pride in his own
s, he ill brooked an equal and still less a
r. Caring not to share his glory with any-
e but coldly seconded his chiefs, and gave
equals the smallest measure of support.

as he was, no better man could have
ound to carry out the task which now fell
. He knew that the emperor would
to secure Dresden, but that time was
all things necessary. With a weak corps
oo men he had to check the overwhelm-
asses of the allies till an adequate force
e present to give them battle. No finer
display could be possible than his gradual
awal to the defences of Dresden, inflicting
loss on his enemy during three days of
g, and then placing his troops behind the
which had been already prepared. Ad-
e as his dispositions were, however, and
t as was his leadership, he owed much of
cess to the delays of Prince Schwartzen-
ho, proverbially slow and cautious in the
ould not risk, even against a feeble enemy,
attack on Dresden till the corps of General
had come into line. If the Austrian
nder-in-chief had nerved himself to use
e crushing forces already under his hand,
ht have cut the French line of communi-
and secured the passage of the Elbe
Napoleon appeared on the scene with
n drawn from Silesia.

he morning of the 26th August the situation was this—Marshal St. Cyr with his corps was holding the field-works which protected Dresden, while the great allied army, still hesitating to make a determined attack, occupied in strength the heights of Zschernitz and Strehlen to the south of the town, while at the same time spreading themselves out towards both flanks.

Napoleon was hastening towards the threatened town at the head of the troops which were to secure its defence. Even then an attack in force by the allies would have been successful, and in the race for the possession of the important position they might have outstripped the succours which were toiling breathlessly to the critical point. But still Schwartzenberg delayed to grasp the prey which was really in his power; still the columns of his army stood inactive. The opportunity slipped away, not again to return. At nine in the morning the French Emperor arrived on the outskirts of Dresden. He paused for a moment to inspect the battery which had been placed on the right bank of the Elbe to flank the left of the French position, and ordered that it was to be strengthened by the first pieces of artillery which should arrive. Then he pressed on to the front of St. Cyr's line, and by twelve o'clock he had mastered all the details of the situation. His presence produced a magical effect upon the sorely harassed 14th corps, and everywhere shouts of "Vive l'Empereur" gave voice to the renewed confidence of the soldiers, who felt that they were no longer called upon to struggle against hopeless odds.

An hour or two after mid-day Prince Schwartzenberg at last resolved that he would no longer wait for the arrival of General Klenau's corps, but would move forward to the attack. Three cannon shots gave the signal, and at once six columns, each covered by the fire of fifty guns, threw themselves against the entrenchments of Dresden. The combined discharge from such a formidable artillery was crushing in its effect, and, making the outworks untenable, gave for a time an easy success to the infantry columns. General Colloredo carried the main redoubt in the centre of the French line; General Kleist obliged the troops who had occupied the park to fall back upon the faubourg; and the corps of General Wittgenstein debouched near the Elbe, threatening to turn the left of the French position. The whole of the reserves of the 14th corps were now engaged, and the shot and shell of the attack were falling in the streets of Dresden. A few short hours earlier such an assault so delivered must have driven St. Cyr into hopeless

retreat, but now it was too late. Even while the allied armies were making their effort, unknown to them masses of French soldiers were entering the town and forming for battle. The Old and Young Guard were both there, the infantry division of General Teste, the cavalry of Latour-Maubourg had moved to the extreme right, and a numerous artillery was ready to come into action. Napoleon, who had been watching the progress of events, judged that the time had come to show the hidden strength upon which the allies had unwittingly closed. The French centre was secured by the old fortifications of the town, so he was at liberty to disregard that point and operate against the flanks of the enemy. Two divisions of the Guard, under Marshal Ney, were sent to the right, while two others, under Marshal Mortier, were directed to the left, where also were Teste's division and Latour-Maubourg's cavalry. The allies were surging up to the old walls, driving the 14th corps, still sternly fighting, before them. No thought had they but to sweep victorious over the frail battlements into Dresden, and, shouting "To Paris!" as their war-cry, their order was relaxed in the expectation that no further resistance would be met. Suddenly the gates opened and the stately battalions of the Guard appeared in battle array. It was like the apparition of Medusa's head. Startled into sudden discomfiture, the allies fell back before the charge

DRESDEN.

of the sorties, which now issued from every g
of the city. They were driven out of the
doubts which they had taken earlier in the d
and in their retreat to the heights which th
had occupied on the past night they suffe
heavy loss from the charging squadrons
Latour-Maubourg. In the fighting of that
day Prince Schwartzenberg, while gaining
foot of ground, had lost 5,000 men killed
wounded, and nearly 3,000 prisoners. T
ended a glorious day for France, but one wh
glory for a time hung only on a thread, fo
has been seen, Marshal St. Cyr and his corps
made their last effort and fired their last c
tridge before the Imperial Guard came to th
assistance.

During the night the light infantry of Gene
Metsko, forming the advanced guard of Klena
corps, joined Schwartzenberg, and prolonged
the left the vast semi-circle occupied by
army. His right rested on the Elbe ab
Dresden, and he intended Klenau's corps to
the gap between his left and the Elbe below
town. But Klenau's march was still delayed
the state of the roads; the position which
should have occupied was insufficiently held
Metzko, and the left of the allies was pra
cally *en l'air*. The French also received a gr
accession of strength, for the corps of Marsh
Marmont and Victor, with Nansouty's caval
had followed the Imperial Guard, and were

t Napoleon's disposition. The night of the oth was most trying to both armies. The rain ell in torrents, and both French and allies ivouacked in mud and water. A portion of he former were certainly able to find some helter in the city, but the greater part of them ad no such resource. How often has it hap-

"BOTH FRENCH AND ALLIES BIVOUACKED IN MUD AND WATER."

ened that, on the eve of a great conflict, the ldiers who are to take part in it, and whose en-durance and courage are to be tried to the utter-most, have been exposed to every hardship which can reduce their stamina and depress their pirits! In studying the great deeds recorded in istory, how much our admiration of the heroes who performed them is increased by the know-edge of the surrounding conditions, to whose vil influence they rose superior!

The morning of the 27th broke dull and overcast. No single gleam of sunshine cheered or warmed the chilled and famished soldiery who rose from their flooded resting-places. The allied army occupied a strong position on the heights surrounding Dresden, while the French occupied the plain immediately outside the town. So completely were the troops of Napoleon exposed to view, that Schwartzenberg could not fail to know how great was the advantage in numbers which the allies still possessed. Thus were the French marshalled: on the extreme left were two divisions of the Young Guard under Mortier, supported by Nansouty's cavalry; next to them was the 14th corps under St. Cyr; in the centre was the emperor with the infantry and cavalry of the Old Guard, two divisions of the Young Guard under Ney, and the 6th corps under Marmont; towards the right was Victor

with the 2nd corps ; and on the open ground on the extreme right was massed all the remaining cavalry under Murat, the King of Naples. Murat had only joined the army on the 17th August. For some months after he had suddenly given up the command of the shattered Grand Army during the retreat from Russia, he had been in disgrace with his great brother-in-law, and had even gone so far as to enter into negotiations with the English with the view of saving his crown of Naples if Napoleon's star had for ever set in the Russian snows. When the new French army was, however, organised and about to take the field, Napoleon sent Murat a message of forgiveness and a pressing invitation again to serve as a soldier of France. Whether the emperor did this in order to withdraw the King of Naples from the intrigues into which he had so unfortunately entered, or in order to give to his cavalry a chief worthy to lead them in battle, can never be known. Probably both motives influenced the invitation, which Murat accepted, again to prove himself the leading paladin of French chivalry, the most formidable cavalry officer who ever sat in a saddle.

The allied army was deployed, as we have seen, in a great semi-circle, having its centre on the heights of Zschernitz and Strehlen, with its right under Wittgenstein resting on the Elbe. Its left was, however, not complete, and only a part of General Ginlay's corps, with the divisions of Lichtenstein and Metsko, was pushed across the deep ravine formed by the river Weisseritz. If Klenau's corps had arrived, the left would have rested on the Elbe, and there would have been no want of natural strength in any part of the position. In the general arrangement the Russo-Prussian armies were on the right and the Austrians on the left.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 27th, Napoleon was himself at the outposts of his army reconnoitring the dispositions of Schwartzenberg. His keen glance soon detected the weakness of his enemy's left, and, anxious that the Austrian general should not have time to repair the fault which had been committed, he gave the order for the skirmishers and the artillery to commence the action all along the line. He resolved that he would seize the advantage of being the attacker—an advantage which, besides being so congenial to the spirit of a French army, gave him the initiative in selecting the scenes of bitterest combat. As on the previous day his most important movements were against the allied flanks. Marshal Mortier, with his divisions of the Young Gua directed against Wittgenstein, while Mu his cavalry, with the assistance of Victor's corps, were to fall upon and roll Austrians on their weakly-held left. H self, in the centre, intended to maintain fire from his artillery and light troops s engage the enemy's attention and cause t anticipate other attacks from new directic

One of the first shots fired in the m inflicted a serious loss on the allies, sha both legs of General Moreau, who was near the Emperor Alexander of Russia. M who had been one of the most illu generals of France, had been in exile fo years, having fled from his native land, sus of complicity in schemes against Nap power. Within the last few days he had service with the enemies of his country, a now aiding them with his great military t It is yet uncertain how far Moreau was des an exile, but there can be no doubt th victor of Hohenlinden threw a dark clou the end of his life, whose beginning had b glorious, by appearing in arms against and advising her foes how best they migh quer her sons. He was removed from th in a litter, and both his legs were amp Four days later he died in the house of a curé, cursing himself for his conduct and "To think that I—I, Moreau—should the midst of the enemies of France, struc by a shot from a French cannon!" A story, told of the manner in which the d this celebrated man became known to Nap army, may be mentioned here. On the e of the 27th a French hussar found, aft battle, a magnificent Danish hound seemed to be searching for a lost maste the hound's neck was a collar with t scription "I belong to General Moreau." led to inquiries being made, when it wa tained from people who had seen the eve Moreau had indeed been mortally wound stone now marks the place, bearing the "*Hier fiel der held Moreau*" (Here f hero Moreau).

To return to the battle, it was never in by Napoleon that the combat in which engaged should have more importanc attached to the object of keeping the employed and uneasy. That marshal th did no more than take one village and, the early part of the day, dispute the pos of another with the Russians. The rea

"THE CUIRASSIERS REAPED MOST OF THE DAY'S HONOURS" (*p.* [illegible]).

made on the French right by Murat
or, who were to crush the allied left
ssible, cut off Schwartzenberg's line of
y the Freyberg road, throwing him
he almost impassable mountain tracks
ad to Töplitz by Dippoldiswalde and
g. This manœuvre would be seconded
mme with the 1st corps, who, having
days previously ordered to pass the
Königstein, was now pushing before
eral Ostermann, the guardian of the

and Victor, unlike some of the great
aders on other occasions, acted without
of each other, and gave that mutual
which doubles the tactical value of
infantry and cavalry. While Murat,
ur-Maubourg's horsemen, made a long
gain the flank of the Austrians, Victor
rect attack on their front and secured
eritz ravine, thus cutting them off from
body of their army. Then were the
squares victims to the brilliant cavalry
Iurat led the charges which he com-
ith all the impetuosity and determina-
n had marked him in so many battles
y lands. Never had he directed more
his "whirlwinds of cavalry." The
s, familiarly known in the French army
ros frères," reaped most of the day's
and scattered the most solid formations
path. Lichtenstein's division was
ck into the ravine by the squadrons
soulle; the Austrian cavalry, which
strove to support Metsko's division,
hrown by the dragoons of Doumerc,
t himself, charging Metsko's division,
to lay down its arms. All these
ts lasted from ten in the morning
Rarely has cavalry ever produced such
on a battlefield. Rarely have cavalry
ntry worked together with greater
a common end. As Murat said in his
the emperor, "the cavalry covered
h glory, rending sword in hand the
troops opposed to it, in spite of a most
resistance. The infantry charged the
th the bayonet, and the generals well
in these difficult attacks the inex-
bravery of their young troops." In
y hours of the day Murat took 6,000
and thirty pieces of artillery, besides in-
the enemy a loss of 4,000 or 5,000
l wounded. There was one circum-
ich undoubtedly gave a considerable
advantage to cavalry in the battle of Dresden. At that period all soldiers were armed with flint-lock muskets, which it was almost impossible to discharge if the powder in the pan became at all damp. As we have seen, there had been a continuous downpour of rain on the night previous to the battle, and, on the 27th August itself, the driving storm never ceased. The firearms of the Austrian infantry were, therefore, nearly useless, and the cavalry had nothing to fear from them in charging up to their formation. With reference to this an incident of the day is recorded. A body of Cuirassiers, commanded by General Bourdesoulle, found itself in front of a brigade of Austrian infantry formed in square, and summoned them to surrender. The enemy's general having scornfully refused, Bourdesoulle rode to the front, and called out that he knew that none of the muskets could be fired. The Austrian replied that his men would defend themselves with the bayonet and that with the greater advantage because the French cavalry, whose horses were struggling up to their hocks in mud, could not possibly deliver a charge with sufficient pace to make it effective.

"I will destroy your square with my artillery."

"But you have not any, for it is stuck in the mud."

"Well, if I show you the guns, now in rear of my leading squadrons, will you surrender?"

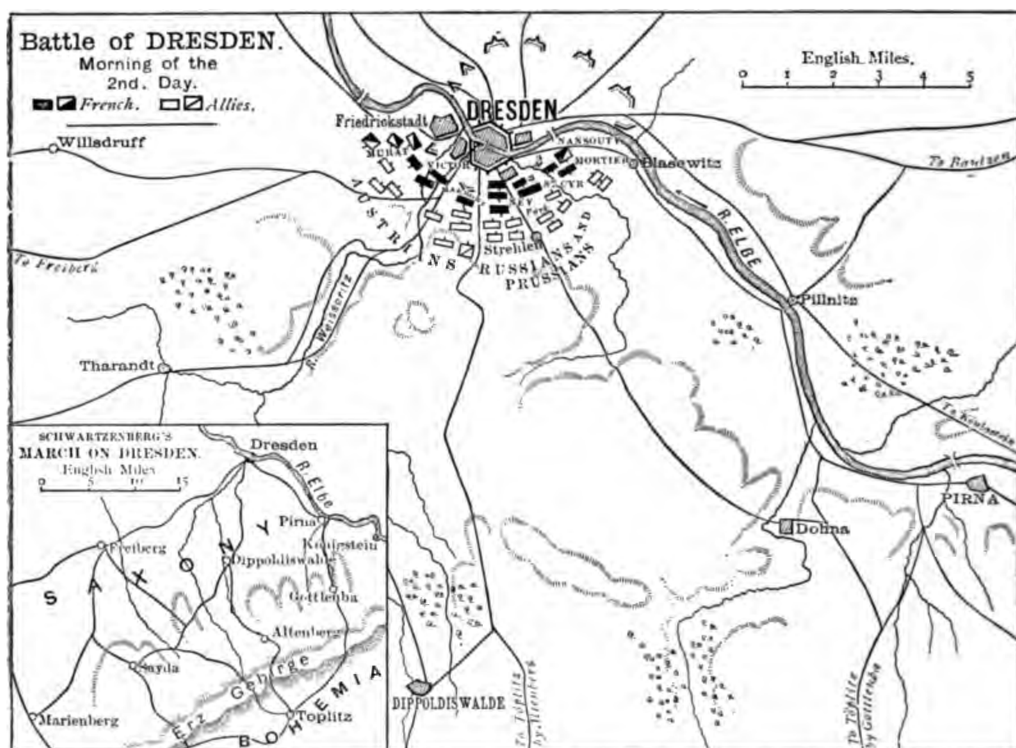
"Of course I must, for I will then have no means of defence left to me."

Bourdesoulle ordered the advance of a battery of six guns to a distance of thirty paces from the square. When the Austrian general saw the guns each with an artilleryman standing by it, portfire in hand, ready for action, he, perforce, surrendered at discretion.

Artillery, indeed, took a principal *rôle* on both sides during the whole of the 27th, and more markedly the French batteries, which were at all times able to accompany the other troops and to come into position wherever required. The foresight of Napoleon had specially provided for the difficulty to be expected in crossing ground soaked and heavy with wet, by doubling all the gun-teams, and for this purpose he had made use of the horses belonging to the transport waggons, which were for the time in safety within the walls of Dresden.

Learning the complete success of Murat's action on his right and that Mortier was surely, if slowly, thrusting back Wittgenstein on his left, Napoleon began to press the centre of the allies. Columns of attack were formed by the

14th corps, the cavalry of the Guard were pushed forward in threatening manœuvre, and the heavy cannonade from every available gun was redoubled. Ney, with the whole of the Guard, strengthened Mortier's forward movement. Above all, the emperor threw himself with his Guard into the battle, exciting every soldier by his personal presence and stimulating their valour by the electric vigour of his purpose. Superior as the allies still were in numbers to the French army, they were everywhere worsted. from his first blows, and now the whole French army was directed to complete its victory, of which the first results were the enemy's loss of 20,000 killed and wounded, 10,000 prisoners with 200 pieces of artillery, and caissons and several standards. Schwartzenberg was retiring on Töplitz by all the tracks and footpaths through the Bohemian mountains, and thither the defeated army was to be followed, there the last annihilating blow was to be struck. Vandamme, from his position near Pirna, was now to lead



Schwartzenberg saw his left crushed, his centre demoralised and barely holding its ground, his right rapidly giving way. Murat had cut his line of retreat by the Freiberg road, and Vandamme, with the 1st corps, was on the route by Pirna. Napoleon's strategy had been completely successful, and there were no roads open to the allied army but those through the mountains towards Töplitz. At four in the afternoon the Austrian general began his retiring movement, and soon Napoleon saw the great host which had threatened so much, melting away before him defeated and disheartened.

After his successes before two o'clock, Murat, still supported by Victor, had followed them up by pressing in pursuit of those who had escaped the pursuit. Ney, Mortier, the whole of the Guard were, on the morning of the 28th, marching to support him, while St. Cyr and Marmont were to join him by other routes. The fortune of the campaign, even the final event of the war, the empire of Europe, were to be decided at Töplitz. Nothing was wanting but to press forward and, having united the various corps, to strike one last blow. At mid-day on the 28th all were in movement. Immediately afterwards there was a general halt. Vandamme alone, who was acting independently, continued his march, alas! now unsupported. At this decisive moment, when all depended on his personal supervision and impulse, the health of the emperor broke down. Whether it was the long

o rain and storm, the anxieties of the ys of the armistice, or the strain of at last took effect, cannot be known; n it is that the cord snapped, the nd mental powers of Napoleon al- ave way, the great strategy which he d have directed collapsed, and the novements of his army ceased. Van- rched on unsupported to be defeated prisoner at Kulm, the first of the of misfortunes which now fell upon the French armies, leading to the invasion of France and the abdication of her ruler at Fontainebleau. The battle of Dresden was the last of Napoleon's great victories. Some transient gleams of success did afterwards from time to time fall upon his arms, but never again did he appear as an invincible conqueror. Never did French soldiers gain by their conduct more glory than on the 26th and 27th August. Never were such great deeds followed by sequel more disastrous.

MARSHAL GOUVION ST. CYR.
(From the Picture by Vernet.)

IN the spring of 1865, after four years of bitter and bloody civil war, the Great Rebellion was approaching its end. With the simultaneous defeats of Gettysburg and the surrender of Vicksburg on the 4th of July, 1863, the Confederacy had lost its chance of independence; yet, such was the stubbornness of the rebels, nearly two years more of battle, murder, and sudden death were to elapse before the closing scene at Appomattox Court-house. During the memorable "campaign of the Wilderness" from the beginning of May, 1864, to the beginning of the investment of Petersburg in the third week of June of the same year, Grant's losses had exceeded 40,000 men, and there is little doubt that the almost continuous slaughter of that awfully bloody period had told on the nerves of his soldiers of the Army of the Potomac. But for the resultant deficiency of ardour and an unfortunate miscarriage of orders, it is all but certain that Petersburg could have been carried with no delay and without serious loss. But the opportunity passed away. The defences of Petersburg were continually being strengthened, and for ten months the Armies of the Potomac and the James lay about Petersburg without gaining that city and the lines which were the complement of the defences of Petersburg and of Richmond. The delay was tedious, but the troops of the investment during the rigours of winter were comfortably hutted, fully supplied with warm clothing, and fed with unexampled profusion and punctuality. Lee's army, on the other hand, was gradually wasting away under unsupportable privations. His gallant men were in rags, worn with constant duty, attenuated by poor and scanty food, suffering from scurvy and other maladies, their spirit weakened by the certainty of ultimate inevitable defeat. The discrepancy of strength between the two armies was immense. Grant's effective at the beginnin campaign in the end of March, 18 to close on 125,000 men with 3 February 20th, the date of the last strength of Lee's army, his total 55,000 men, but between that abandonment of Petersburg and the evening of April 2nd the re been undergoing much demoralisati ing depletion by wholesale desertior to the Confederate estimate, Lee's strength from Petersburg did not men.

As the spring of 1865 opened it more apparent that the catastrophe and that a forced evacuation of th cities was near at hand. To this da be traced the vast circuit of the for counter-fortifications round Peter ing from the James River at Cit distance to the south-west of more thirty miles. Grant was strong en immense force fully to man ever triple and, in many places, quadı entrenchments, and still have troop the active offensive. But it was with Lee's scanty troops, who ha entrenchment with entrenchment, weak to hold continuous lines, had almost without cessation from or point to another, one poor, brave, r wretch called on to do the duty of well-fed men.

Grant, in the campaign of th had suffered an experience so b hands of Lee, that before Pet withstanding his overwhelming s strength, he preferred the tediou passiveness of a long siege to adv doubtful issue of a strenuous and r in force. Lee, he realised, was sca

surrender as the result of a blockade. either fight to keep open his routes of or quit Petersburg and Richmond and break out into the open. In the ırch there remained open to the Conrmy but two avenues of supply, the and the Dansville railroads. Those : so important to Lee's very existence emained in Richmond and Petersburg, ch vital importance to him even in treat, that naturally he would make uous efforts to defend the possession But if he were to detach a portion of force on that errand, there was the in protecting his extended right he aken his centre, on which point an the part of the Federal force would most certain to be successful; and, as f fact, Grant had assigned his several make that assault when the proper d arrive.

ch 29th Grant moved out with all the ırmy after leaving sufficient force to nes about Petersburg. Sheridan, with ficent corps of cavalry, 9,000 strong, ched to Dinwiddie Court-house away ıth-west, with instructions to move place by the road leading north-west rks, thus menacing the right of Lee's nt reinforced Sheridan with Macvalry division and the 5th Corps, comr General Warren. The latter officer r in his movements on the afternoon 1st that the ardent and impetuous elieved him from duty and gave the of the 5th Corps to General Griffin. On the Confederate General Pickett, with o infantry and 2,000 cavalry, lay enong the White Oak road, looking southout a mile on either side of Five Forks, his centre and where his artillery was. : middle of the afternoon Sheridan ıp to the point whence to make his assault on Pickett's position. The ıck he assigned to his own second-in-General Merritt; he himself led the to the attack on the left flank of the e position. A momentary panic oc- Ayres's division during its advance he thick woodland. Sheridan rallied ıg troops, encouraging Ayres's officers by his fiery enthusiasm, his reckless f danger, and his evident entire belief He brought order out of confusion ıgnetic example, turned about the panic-stricken regiments, and brought their faces to the foe again. Then, when the line was steadied and was moving forward to the attack, he took his standard in his hand, and where the fighting was hottest led on the line, his famous black charger "Rienzi" plunging wildly under him—mad with the excitement of the roaring musketry, the hissing of the leaden shower, and the crashing of the troops through the woods. Balls riddled the flag, and the sergeant who had been carrying it was killed; but Sheridan seemed to have a charmed life. His dismounted cavalry and the 5th Corps went over the Confederate parapet almost simultaneously. At Pickett's centre, while the Confederate guns were emitting fierce blasts of canister, the Federals were swarming in like bees. Pickett afterwards told how, while he was trying to hold his own in the battery, a Yankee cavalryman, astride of a mule, jumped over the works and ordered him to surrender and be damned to him, and how he (Pickett) was almost surrounded before he could gallop away. With him rushed off the remnants of his force, followed at full speed for several miles by the fiery Crawford and the bloodthirsty Custer to the further side of the Southside railroad.

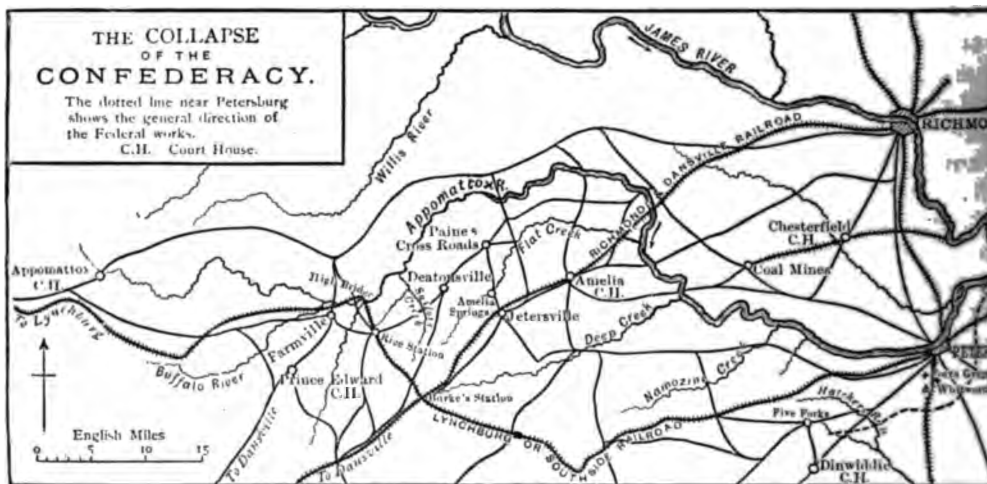
The Confederate troops at Five Forks consisted of Lee's two best divisions, and they fought stoutly; but nearly 6,000 of them were captured, and their losses on the field were heavy. They lost all their artillery, train, and ambulances, and the fugitives, losing their *moral*, threw away their arms. Grant's object was to break up and wreck this isolated moiety of Lee's army, and to drive away to the westward such portion of it as had escaped; and that this was accomplished so thoroughly was owing to Sheridan's skill and zeal. Untrammelled by orders, he recognised a great opportunity, planned and fought a great battle with intelligence, energy, and gallantry, and won a victory which had no equal in the war for completeness and productiveness of momentous events.

About 9 p.m. Sheridan desisted from further pursuit. He left his cavalry west of Five Forks, but the 5th Corps he brought back to the southwest of Petersburg and facing toward the town. On learning the result of Five Forks, Grant ordered the assault of Petersburg by the 6th and 9th Corps to be made at 4 a.m. of the 2nd. Then Wright and Parke advanced under heavy fire, cleared the parapets, and threw themselves inside the enemy's line. Parke could advance no further, but Wright swept everything before him up to the inner defences immediately sur-

rounding the city. On reaching Hatcher's Run, the 6th Corps faced about and moved towards Petersburg. The Southside railroad had come into the possession of the Federals, and the broken Confederate troops who had been in that vicinity fell back towards Petersburg, followed by the commands of Generals Wright and Ord. They had to pause in front of some advanced works closing upon the Appomattox river west of Petersburg. The most important of those were Forts Gregg and Whitworth. Both were exceptionally strong. Fort Gregg was enclosed at the rear with a ditch, ten feet deep and as many wide, and the parapet was of corresponding height and thickness. Fort Whitworth was of similar dimensions, but open at the gorge.

The President and the members of t Government left Richmond by train i afternoon on their way for Dansville.

Lee's headquarters having been att: hostile infantry, were removed within terior lines of defence, where he wa. with shouts of welcome by his ragged daunted soldiers. Orders were given the position, if possible, until night. . Lee gave the final orders for a retre: began at 8 o'clock. Grant had not his attack, and time was thus given for t federate troops to complete their pre for departure. The artillery preceded fantry, the waggon trains using the r which no troops were marching. Al



THE COLLAPSE OF THE CONFEDERACY.
The dotted line near Petersburg shows the general direction of the Federal works.
C.H. Court House.

The 200 infantrymen in Fort Gregg made a desperate resistance, and although assailed by a whole division, it was not until Gibbon's men had succeeded in climbing upon the parapet under a murderous fire that the place was finally taken at the point of the bayonet. Fifty-five brave dead Confederate soldiers were found inside the fort, while the Federal loss in carrying it amounted to ten officers and 112 men killed and twenty-seven officers and 565 men wounded.

On the morning of April 2nd General Lee sent to the Government authorities in Richmond, informing them of the disastrous situation of affairs and of the necessity of his evacuating Petersburg that same night. President Davis was in church when he received Lee's message, which was immediately read by the officiating clergyman, and the service was interrupted, the congregation being dismissed with the intimation that there would be no evening service.

north bank of the Appomattox m columns through the gloom of the n the various roads leading to the genera vous at Amelia Court-house. By midi evacuation was completed, and then a (silence reigned behind the breastwor for nine months had been "clothed in and which had so long kept at bay threefold strength.

As the troops moved noiselessly onw: darkness that preceded the dawn, light like a broad flash of lightning the heavens for an instant ; then foll roar of a tremendous explosion. "T zine at Fort Drewry is blown up," ran in through the ranks, and again silence Once more the sky was overspread b light, not so fleeting as before. It was conflagration of Richmond that lig night-march of the soldiers of the Co

and many a stout heart was wrung with anguish for the fate of the city and its defenceless inhabitants. The columns from Petersburg and its vicinity reached Chesterfield Court-house soon after daylight of the 3rd. After a brief halt for rest and refreshment, the retreat was resumed with renewed strength. A sense of relief pervaded the ranks at their release from the lines behind which they had stood so staunchly for many weary months. Once more in the open field, they were invigorated with hope, and felt their ability to cope with the adversary. It was not until the morning of the 5th that all the troops reached Amelia Court-house, where a bitter disappointment awaited them. Through an unfortunate misapprehension of orders the provision train from Dansville destined for Amelia Court-house had been carried on to Richmond without unloading its stores, with the result that not a single ration awaited the hungry troops. A reaction from hope to despair fell upon the spent soldiers, and on Lee's noble countenance came a deeper shadow than it had yet borne. Grant was pursuing him with all haste. The only chance remaining to the Army of Northern Virginia was to reach the hill-country without delay, but a distance of fifty miles lay between it and adequate supplies. Yet no murmur came from the lips of the men to the ear of their beloved commander, and on the evening of that unfortunate day they resumed their weary march in silence and

RICHMOND FROM HOLLYWOOD.

composure. A handful of parched corn was now a feast to the worn veterans as they trudged on through the April night. On the morning of the 3rd the Mayor of Richmond had surrendered the city of Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, to the Federal commander in its vicinity, who at once proceeded to enforce order and to arrest the conflagration, while with great humanity he endeavoured to relieve the distressed citizens.

On the evening of the 2nd, Grant had given orders for the assault of the Petersburg and Richmond lines early on the morning of the 3rd, but when the troops were mustering it was discovered that the Confederates had abandoned all their entrenchments. Grant then issued his directions for the interception of Lee's retreat by whatever route he might take. General Sheridan, with his cavalry and the 5th Corps, was to hasten in a westerly direction, south of and near to the Appomattox River, and to strike the Dansville railroad between the bridge over that river and its crossing by the Lynchburg or Southside railroad at Burke's Station. General Meade, with the 2nd and 6th Corps, was to follow Sheridan. General Ord, with the 9th and 24th Corps and Mackenzie's cavalry, was to move along the Southside railroad to Burke's Station. The general pursuit began on the morning of the 3rd, but on the previous evening General Merritt, Sheridan's second-in-command, had been pursuing a detachment of rebel cavalry along the Namozine road towards Scott's Corners, north-west of Sutherland Station. Although Lee's main army was marching westward to the north of the Appomattox River, Anderson's corps had been directed to follow the road south of the river towards Amelia Court-house, on the way to which he was joined by the remnant of Pickett's force and the troops of the late General Hill, now under General Cooke. Anderson's flank and rear were covered by the cavalry of FitzLee.

On the morning of the 3rd, as Sheridan was riding to join Merritt at Scott's Corners, the evidences were very patent of the demoralisation of the enemy. Scouting parties of cavalry were constantly bringing in scores of prisoners from the woods on either side—gaunt, ragged, hungry fellows who would throw down their arms and express their gratitude for being captured. Arms, ammunition, knapsacks, and ragged clothing littered the line of march. Merritt was out beyond Scott's Corners skirmishing, but it was not until he reached Deep Creek several miles further on that he encountered a strong hostile infantry, which he attacked w and success, driving it from the ford suing it vigorously as it fell back tow Dansville railroad to join General Le army approaching Amelia Court-hous 5th Corps followed Merritt all day, but engaged; and in rear of Sheridan's colu General Crook with his cavalry divis retreat of the enemy having relieved h guard duty about Petersburg. During ride on every hand were visible signs of tl of the Confederacy. The negroes were grinning vast grimaces of delight. "W the rebs?" asked Sheridan of a grey-hai traband, who was doing uncouth hom flourishing wonderful salaams with a tatte "Siftin' souf, sah—siftin' souf," answered man with an extra wide grin and quaint

At daylight on 4th April Sheridan's c was again on the march, separating n three columns for the covering of a wid tory. Merritt and Mackenzie struck of right in pursuit of the enemy which treated before them on the previous Crook heading for the Dansville railr point midway between Jetersville and Station, thence to advance along the northward towards Jetersville, a stati miles from Amelia Court-house; and Corps moving out direct for Jetersv Tabernacle Church Merritt had a sh with a body of rebel infantry and cavalry, which he found it impossible to force a but he was able to seize a number waggons before they could hurry forwa to protect them. The advance of the 5 after a march of sixteen miles, reache ville late in the afternoon.

While Sheridan was at West Creek 5th Corps, a few miles short of Jete scout brought him the intelligence th army was at Amelia Court-house, moving thence down the railroad towar ville. A despatch just written by Gene Chief Commissary, ordering 200,000 r be sent up from Dansville, was capture Jetersville telegraph-office by Sheridan's Sheridan had it sent on in hopes that t ville Commissary should forward the into the Federal lines, but despatches fr sources had reached Dansville to the e Federal troops had gained possession of and therefore no supplies were sent forw

On the evening of the 4th, when at J

Sheridan realised that his ardour had brought him into a critical situation. He had with him only Crook's cavalry division and the leading division of the 5th Corps. Lee's army was at Amelia Court-house, only eight miles north-east of Jetersville, and the fact that the Confederate cavalry pushed a reconnaissance down upon Jetersville that same evening, although it was driven back by Crook, forcibly suggested to Sheridan that it might be followed by the mass of Lee's force. In effect at this juncture that commander had now his only opportunity for escape in the direction of Dansville. Across his path there stood at Jetersville, as has been said, a single cavalry division and the head of one corps of infantry, with no other force within supporting distance. Sheridan was prepared for a resolute stand in his Jetersville position, but he was conscious of his inferiority of force, and realised that Lee, with his whole army at his back, could sweep Sheridan's command out of his path. That accomplished, the road to Burkesville would lie open to Lee, and thence by way of Dansville he could effect a junction with Johnston's army in North Carolina.

Lee's opportunity was fleeting. The whole of the 5th Corps reached Jetersville during the night of the 4th. Sheridan's galloper rode straight and fast back to Deep Creek, and gave his message to General Meade. That commander had the 2nd Corps in march on Jetersville at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, the 6th Corps followed promptly, and both corps reached Jetersville on the afternoon of that day. Merritt's cavalry had arrived earlier, and so, on the afternoon of the 5th, all Sheridan's cavalry and three infantry corps were assembled at Jetersville—a strength far superior to that of the whole Confederate army, so that Sheridan no longer felt anxious as to the possibility of Lee's breaking through his lines.

On the morning of the 5th, since the enemy still made no demonstration, it occurred to Sheridan that Lee, having shunned a combat at Jetersville, was intending to pursue his retreat in a north-westerly direction. This speculation was so far correct that, on the 5th, Lee sent forward his spare artillery and trains by roads on the outward flank of the route his troops would take later on the march towards the Lynchburg objective. Sheridan sent out Davies's cavalry brigade towards Paine's Cross-roads, about eight miles north of Jetersville. There Davies found a waggon-train moving westward, escorted by a cavalry force; he attacked it, drove off the escort, burned the waggons, and captured five guns. The papers of General Lee's headquarters were burnt in the destruction of this train. Davies brought away 1,000 prisoners and several battle-flags, but he presently found himself hard pressed in flank and rear by a strong hostile force, which had moved out from Amelia Court-house to intercept him ; and it was found necessary to hurry reinforcements in support of him, when some sharp fighting ensued.

There came in with Davies a negro bearing a pathetic little note, which a Confederate officer had entrusted to his care for delivery. It was dated Amelia Court-house, April 5th, and read thus : " Our army is ruined, I fear. We are all safe as yet. Theodore left us sick. John Taylor is well ; saw him yesterday. We are in line of battle this afternoon. General Lee is in the field near us. My trust is still in the justice of our cause. General Hill is killed. I saw Murray a few moments since ; Bernard Perry, he said, was taken prisoner. Love to all.—Your devoted son, W. B. TAYLOR, Colonel."

At sunset of the 5th, Longstreet's corps, the head of Lee's column, had crossed Flat Creek by the bridge at Amelia Springs. Lee still hoped, by a well-conducted night march westward, to get so far ahead that by passing through Deatonsville, Rice's Station, and Farmville he might reach Lynchburg. The march of the Confederate army was continued during the night, the head of Longstreet's column arriving at Rice's Station on the Lynchburg railroad about sunrise of the 6th, where it was joined by General Lee in the course of the morning. There Longstreet was to await the coming up of the rest of the army. Delays occurred, and Ewell was still at Amelia Springs at eight o'clock on the morning of the 6th. Gordon formed the Confederate rear-guard. The trains, which were long, kept to the roads on the outer flank of the troops, and were to cross Sailor's Creek near its confluence with the Appomattox, the troops crossing about two miles higher up on the road to Rice's Station. The bridges over Flat Creek, by which Lee's troops and train had crossed, were destroyed.

On the morning of the 6th, Sheridan's cavalry were out early, Crook heading for Deatonsville, Merritt following him, both moving in parallel line with the enemy's trains, and watching for an opportunity to break in upon his line. Definite information was obtained that Lee's main body had moved westward during the night, and two of his columns were visible on the march in

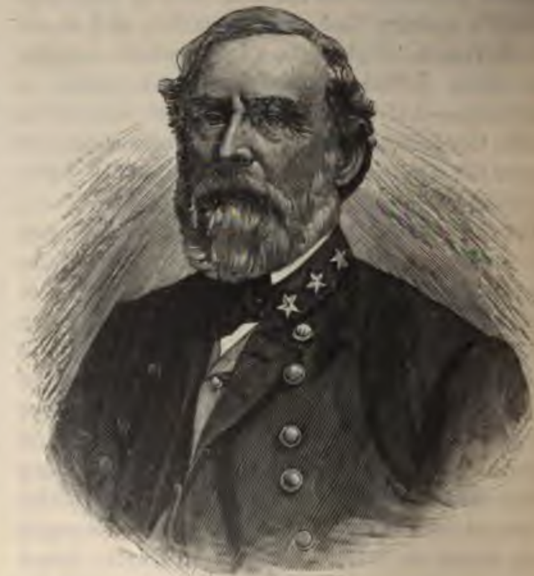
LIEUT.-GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN.
(*Photo, C. D. Mosher.*)

a north-west direction. Meade directed the 2nd Corps on Deatonsville, the 5th Corps on Painesville on the right of the 2nd, and the 6th to take position on the left of the 2nd. Bridges were rapidly built on Flat Creek, but some of the troops waded across with the water up to their armpits. The skirmishers of the 2nd Corps pushed forward eagerly, maintaining a sharp running fight with the Confederate rear-guard, which was continued over a distance of about fourteen miles during which several partially-entrenched positions were carried. The country was broken, consisting of woods with dense undergrowth and swamps, alternating with open fields, through and over which the lines of battle followed closely in the skirmish line with singular rapidity and good order. Artillery moved in the skirmish line.

The Confederate general Anderson halted in the morning of the 6th about three miles west of Deatonsville, at a point where the road forks, one branch turning sharp to the right down Sailor's Creek at about a mile's distance from it; the other branch is the road to Rice's Station and does not change its direction. At the forks Anderson thwarted Crook's effort to cut off the enemy's trains, and repulsed a second attempt on the part of Merritt. Pickett had crossed Sailor's Creek, and when the head of Gordon's corps, which was the rear-guard, began to arrive at the forks, Anderson crossed the creek and with Pickett formed across the road to Rice's Station, where they threw up some temporary breastworks. Ewell followed Anderson across the creek, halting upon it.

Merritt and Crook harassed the enemy's left flank, crossing the creek alongside of it. Custer found a weak point and broke in, destroying a number of waggons and several guns. Stagg's cavalry brigade remained near the forks, and later joined the 6th Corps in its attack on Ewell. Gordon, after the passage of the main trains of Lee's army, took the right-hand fork, covering them; and Humphreys, at the head of the 2nd Corps, pursued him closely. The running contest lasted for three miles longer, the track strewn with tents, camp equipage, baggage, and waggons. Gordon's last attempted stand was near the mouth of Sailor's Creek, where, just before dark, after a short sharp fight, the 2nd Corps possessed itself of thirteen battle-flags, four guns, 1,700 prisoners, and a mass of Confederate trains huddled in utter confusion, the whole of which were burned.

Beyond the creek on high ground General Crook found Anderson behind breastworks on the Rice's Station road, and presently Sheridan saw detachments of his cavalry making for Anderson's rear and flanks. In another moment a huge column of smoke shot up into the air, which told him that his troopers had fired the massed waggon trains which Anderson had been covering. For Sheridan's further information there came across the creek to him a galloping young cavalryman, who had just been charging



GENERAL LEE

r beyond the crest, and had ridden e enemy's line to tell of the doings of

ime the 6th Corps was ready to take e in earnest, and Sheridan gave the ack Ewell's position on the further lor's Creek. Seymour on horseback, g the right division, gallantly started nd, carried it through the stream orm of bullets, and in the teeth of a

GENERAL GRANT READING THE TERMS OF SURRENDER (p. 331).

led his men up the slope. Ewell's ls dashed down on him at a run, and ith Seymour's men in the open; moment of desperate fighting, and ederal division was borne back and the creek. A brigade of Confederate lowed the retreating Union troops *n* that never was surpassed: their arer led them on dauntlessly till he flag-staff on the water's edge, where waved the stars and bars. But as was cleared of broken Yankees, ns opened a fire which mowed down rate soldiers in sections. The Union infantry rallied in their front; in their rear swept down the irrepressible cavalry of Merritt and Crook like a hurricane, Custer blazing in the van; and all was over for Ewell and his gallant unfortunates. For one bewildering moment they fought on every hand; but then they saw how hopeless was further fighting, and they threw down their arms and surrendered.

It was a great capture. Ewell himself was a prisoner; the whole of his command were reported either killed, wounded, or captured, except 250 men of Kershaw's division. Kershaw himself, Custis Lee, Semmes, Corse, and other general officers of the Confederacy were among the captives, with inferior officers by hundreds and enlisted men by thousands. The number captured was never ascertained, nor the loss in battle: Humphreys, the historian of the campaign, himself a participant in the day's fighting, estimates the total Confederate loss at 8,000 men with fourteen guns and a great number of waggons. Ewell frankly admitted to Sheridan that there remained now no more hope for the Confederacy, and he begged Sheridan to send

Generai Lee a flag of truce and a demand for his surrender in order to save any further sacrifice, a suggestion which Sheridan naturally ignored.

At dark on the 6th, Longstreet, with three divisions, marched westward to Farmville on the Appomattox, where rations were distributed to Lee's army, 80,000 having been forwarded thither to await its arrival. He then crossed to the north bank of the river, and on the morning of the 7th moved out on the road leading by way of Appomattox Court-house to Lynchburg, leaving some force on the river to delay the crossing of the Union forces. On the same day General FitzLee, with all his cavalry, followed Longstreet acting as his cover. Gordon's command and Mahone's division crossed the same morning by the High Bridge to the north side of the river, and followed Longstreet's route. The general movement on the part of the Federals was now in the direction of Farmville. On the morning of the 7th, General Ord followed Longstreet to that place, whither also Sheridan sent Crook. General Meade directed Generals Humphreys and Wright with the 2nd and 6th Corps to continue the direct pursuit of Lee's army as long as it promised success. The 2nd Corps, in the early morning of the 7th, crossed by the High Bridge east of Farmville in face of Mahone's Confederate division, and soon after noon came in contact with the enemy on the Lynchburg road. It having been ascertained that Lee's whole army, estimated at about 18,000 infantry, was in a strong entrenched position with artillery in place, General Gibbon with the 24th Corps, and General Wright with the 6th Corps, were ordered to cross the river at Farmville and attack Lee jointly with the 2nd Corps. But since no bridge at Farmville could be available by the evening, Humphreys attacked alone, only to be repulsed with considerable loss. By halting to fight on the 7th instead of pressing his retreat, Lee sacrificed his last chance. The purposeless detention had wasted invaluable time which he could not make up by night-marching, lost him the supplies awaiting him at Appomattox Station, and gave Sheridan and Ord time to post themselves across his path at Appomattox Court house. It was on the evening of the 7th that there was sent from Grant to Lee the first letter of a memorable correspondence, the tone of which reflects on both the writers higher and truer honour than the most glorious victory either ever achieved. *Grant's* share in the correspondence is the finer. His spontaneous chivalry is very grand, e as manifested in his final letter.

Pending the arrangements for a me the two high commanders, the retreat pursuit were actively prosecuted on the of the 8th. Humphreys and Wright close on the heels of Lee's rear-guard, c Lee's requests that they should not pr him while negotiations were going c surrender. About eleven o'clock the 6th Corps had come up with Lee's a trenched in the vicinity of Appomatto house. They were being formed fo when General Meade arrived, who sen to General Lee suggesting a temporary view of the negotiations for a surren halted for the night of the 8th in the v Appomattox Court-house.

On the 7th, Sheridan with his caval through Prince Edward's Court-hous Crook to make a reconnaissance to I and, crossing the Dansville road and t River, bivouacked near the Lynchburg Next morning he started due west, fo General Griffin with the 5th Corps an Ord with the 24th Corps, and movi toward Appomattox Station. On t scout met him with the intelligence were four trains of railway waggor station waiting Lee's arrival. An h sundown Custer, who was in advanc sight of the freight cars and the smo locomotives. He promptly ordered l regiments to make a circuit to the le the woods and regain the railroad in t the trains; while he with the rest of h rode straight down the road and ma master of the long lines of waggo were being moved off towards Farm Sheridan came up, to be greeted by a fire opened on him from the woods or Custer captured most of the guns, before him towards Appomattox C the surprised and demoralised Confede who were the advance of Lee's arm far from their thoughts.

Early on the morning of the 9t cavalry division of Sheridan's corps v the front, holding his ground stubborn heavy odds. But he was gradually be back; and, ordering Crook to ret Sheridan sent word to Ord and Griffi forward. Seeing the Federal troopers r so apparently opening a way of retrea federate troops yelled, quickened thei

fire. But their yell died away
lines of Federal infantry presently
the woods in the Confederate front.
fell back in utter surprise as the
f Union troops reached the open
ıvalry massed on either flank. The
there came out from Appomattox
now plainly visible, a horseman
; of truce, to ask for time to con-
surrender. Sheridan consulted
› was his superior officer, and the
rode towards the Court-house
groups of broken Confederates.
ıet on the neutral ground by the
enerals Gordon and Wilcox, who
ıspension of hostilities, and added
.ee was prepared to surrender his
treet joined the group with a letter
Grant, with which Sheridan im-
patched a staff-officer to find the
ander-in-chief. In no long time
ıp to where, at the end of the
street of the village, Generals Ord,
others were waiting to greet him.
l Lee up there?" asked Grant.
ied Sheridan.
ı, we'll go up," was Grant's terse
ever wasted words.
ıt-hand side of the street was Mr.
ıse, and to it General Grant was
› meet General Lee. Ord and
h with three or four staff-officers,
him to the fence of the lawn, where
l. Grant, with one or two officers
ıal staff, entered the house. The
sat down in the piazza and waited.
in appearance between General
:ral Grant was marked. The Con-
was a man of noble presence, of a
figure, with a full grey beard. He
in full uniform of the rebel grey,
grey felt hat with gold cord, long
ıntlets, high riding-boots, and a
d. Grant was in rough garb, which
with mud. He wore a soldier's
he shoulder-straps of a lieutenant-
carried no sword. The two men
ersation about old army times in
conversation grew so pleasant that
forgot the object of the meeting,
to recall his attention to the busi-
. suggesting that the terms of the
ould be committed to writing.
en in hand and wrote swiftly. He voluntarily conceded everything to the broken soldiers of the Confederacy. Officers and men were to be paroled. The Confederate arms and public property were to be given over, with the exception of the officers' side-arms and their private horses and baggage. This done, officers and men were to be permitted to return to their homes. When Grant read the terms regarding the side-arms, horses, and private property of the officers, Lee remarked with some feeling that this favour would have a happy effect on his army. He then remarked that in his army the cavalrymen and artillerists owned their own horses. Grant replied that he would take it upon himself to instruct his parole officers to allow every man of the Confederate army who claimed a horse or mule to take the animal to his home; and Lee acknowledged with gratitude the humanity of the concession.

Lee in a sentence accepted the proffered terms, and in effect the great rebellion was now at an end. At Lee's request, and on his statement that for several days his men had been living exclusively on parched corn, Grant undertook to supply rations for 25,000 men, the remnant existing of the Confederate army. Then the two commanders saluted cordially and parted. As Lee stood in the porch while his horse was being bridled up, looking over into the valley towards his army, he smote his hands together several times in an absent manner, apparently unconscious of the Federal officers, who had risen respectfully as he came out, and seeming to see nothing until he was recalled to himself by his horse being brought up.

When definite intelligence of the surrender reached the Union lines, the firing of a salute of 100 guns in honour of the great event was begun, but Grant immediately ordered that it should be stopped. In his own words—words that honour him—he wrote: "The Confederates were now our prisoners, and we did not want to exult over their downfall."

As Lee rode slowly along his lines, his devoted veterans pressed around their chief, trying to take his hand, touch his person, or even lay a hand on his horse. The general, then, with head bare and tears streaming down his face, bade adieu to the army. In a few words he told the brave men who had been so true in arms to return to their homes and become worthy citizens.

Thus closed the career of the "rebel" Army of Northern Virginia.

"OH, you may bully us, but go and take Bhurtpore!" was, in the early decades of the century, a common saying among the petty chiefs and rajahs of Hindustan, when they were coerced by British rule. This powerful Jat fortress had, in 1805, been attacked by the great Lord Lake, but there that brilliant commander's career of victory was checked by the strong, well-armed works, staunchly held by numerous defenders, and he was obliged to withdraw his army after suffering heavy losses. Bhurtpore had thus, among the natives of India, acquired the character of being impregnable, and was considered to mark the limit of British conquest, to be the point from which the menacing tide of British sway must always recede.

In the later years of the life of Runjeet Singh,* the rajah who had successfully defended his stronghold against Lord Lake, that ruler had maintained pacific relations with the British Government, probably influenced by the strong measures for the settlement of Central India which had at that time been so effectually carried out. On his death, however, internal dissensions arose in the Bhurtpore state. He was succeeded by his son, Buldeo Singh, who, apprehensive of the ambitious designs of his younger brother, Doorjun Sal, applied to Sir David Ochterlony, British agent at Delhi, to recognise, in the name of the British Government, the heirship of his son, Bulwunt Singh.

After some consideration, Sir David Ochterlony, one of the wisest and ablest among the many wise and able men who have made our Indian Empire, consented to give the young prince, Bulwunt Singh, the desired recognition, invested him with a dress of honour, and acknowledged him as the heir-apparent musund. Soon afterwards Buldeo Sin not without suspicion of poisoning, troubles which had been apprehended b in the fashion so common in Easter Doorjun Sal grasped the rule of Bl The citadel was seized, the young rajah, Singh, was thrown into confinement, an influence was defied. On this, Sir Davi lony, with the spirit and energy which ever shown in his long military and ci issued a proclamation to the people pore, urging them not to desert their sovereign, who, he promised, would be by the authority of the British Gov backed by a strong military force w even now being assembled.

Ochterlony's words were no empty and he was on the point of marching o pore to put down the usurper when h ment was arrested by peremptory ord the Supreme Government. It is imp know why Lord Amherst, the then C General, inflicted so great a slight, such censure, upon a most distinguished p vant, who had only acted in the spirit which he had received and in pursu policy whose first steps had met with It is to be feared that some inimical was brought to bear against Sir Da terlony. In any case the end of his distinguished career was clouded by t disgrace inflicted on him, and the hig old general died within the year of heart.

In 1825 the Indian Government was on a war with Burmah. Its military o in that country had not always been s and exaggerated stories of failure had the chiefs and peoples of India. Sp

* He must not be confounded with the Sikh Runjeet Singh, "the Lion of the Punjab."

ere afloat as to the possible impending l of the Company's raj, and it was only e urgent advice of Sir Charles Metcalfe, cessor of Ochterlony at Delhi, that the al serious business of crushing Doorjun Bhurtpore was at length decided upon. the purpose required, and orders were issued for the preparation of a very powerful army to be at the disposal of Sir Charles Metcalfe, in whose hands were placed the issues of peace or war. The safety of India was practically staked upon the action of this great civilian. It was his to

A GROUP OF JATS.

usurper's defiant attitude had not met ndign punishment, general commotion have been stirred up in the whole of ndia, and the prestige of English power have been most gravely compromised. h Sir David Ochterlony had previously l a strong force, it was considered that, at Doorjun Sal had had time to con- his power, this force was insufficient for restore Bulwunt Singh, by diplomacy and persuasion if possible, or, if these failed, to use the army at his disposal with promptitude and vigour. Never was confidence better placed, and in all the many onerous positions which Sir Charles (afterwards Lord) Metcalfe filled both before and after the Bhurtpore war, never did he acquit himself more ably.

The commander-in-chief in India at that time

was an old officer, in infirm health and unfit to take the field, who had long wished to resign. The intelligence of the probable necessity of war with Bhurtpore had reached the Court of Directors in England, and, in the appointment of a new commander-in-chief, it was above all things necessary to select a soldier of high reputation, who could be trusted with the conduct of great operations. The choice fell upon Lord Combermere, who, as Sir Stapleton Cotton, had been the able and daring leader of the British cavalry in the Peninsula, who had served in India in the last war with Tippoo Sultaun, including the taking of Seringapatam, and who in his early youth had gained experience and rapid promotion in the Flanders campaign of 1794. With regard to Lord Combermere's present selection, it is said that a deputation of East India Company's directors sought the Duke of Wellington, in order that he might indicate to them a commander likely to accomplish what even the victorious Lake had been unable to effect. In answer to their inquiries as to whom the great duke considered the most fitting person, he replied, "You can't do better than have Lord Combermere. He's the man to take Bhurtpore." It was well known that the duke's opinion of his cavalry general's capacity, despite his great services, was not high. When he named Lord Combermere, therefore, the astonished deputation could not help remarking, "But we thought that your Grace did not think very highly of Lord Combermere, and did not consider him a man of great genius."

"I don't care a d——n about his genius. I tell you he's the man to take Bhurtpore," exclaimed the duke. After this emphatic recommendation there could be no further doubt about the appointment, and in June, 1825, Lord Combermere sailed for India.

Bhurtpore is situated about thirty miles west of Agra, and is surrounded by a wide, sun-baked plain, whose surface is broken by a few insignificant eminences and some low rocky ridges. In 1825 the town was about eight miles in circumference, enclosed by an enceinte of thirty-five semicircular bastions connected by curtains. These fortifications were built of clay, mixed with straw and cow-dung, and, as this composition had been put together in layers, each of which was allowed to harden in the sun's rays before another was added, while the whole was strengthened by rows of tree-trunks buried upright, it was considered almost impossible with the artillery of the time to establish a practicable breach in the city walls. I construction of the bastions enfilade very difficult in many cases. On son bastions there were cavaliers, and the the place was completely command citadel of very great strength, rising t of one hundred and fourteen feet above of the ground. Since the attack by L many additions had been made to the The enceinte had been strengthened, new bastion, the Futteh Boorj, the Victory, was said to have been built u skulls and bones of the thousands of t "gora log" (white men) who had Lord Lake's attempt to storm the Ja Outside the enceinte was a strongl dry ditch a hundred and fifty feet broad nine feet deep, and this could be filled by cutting the bund, or embankme separated it from the Moti Jheel (the l situated a short distance from the pl garrison numbered 25,000 men, bel some of the most warlike races of Indi in position, armament, resources, and, in the proud remembrance and prestig victory, truly Bhurtpore stood a antagonist, challenging the full migh land's Eastern dominions.

The army of which Lord Combe about to take command had been as Agra and Muttra. It was composed 30,000 men of all arms, including siege-train, and was drawn from the the European and native armies. Maj Reynell commanded the right wing and Major-General Nicholls the left Everything that skill, prudence, an could devise as necessary for the op view was carefully prepared, and the was animated by the most confident highest hopes that it would honourab plish its great task.

On the 5th December Lord C arrived at Muttra. There he was joi Charles Metcalfe, who, having exh peaceful means to induce Doorjun S followers to give way, now used the vested in him to set the army in m placed the further conduct of affa hands of the commander-in-chief. I remained with the army as a spect operations. The movement from Muttra commenced on the 8th and 9 ber, General Nicholls being directed a position on the west of Bhurtp

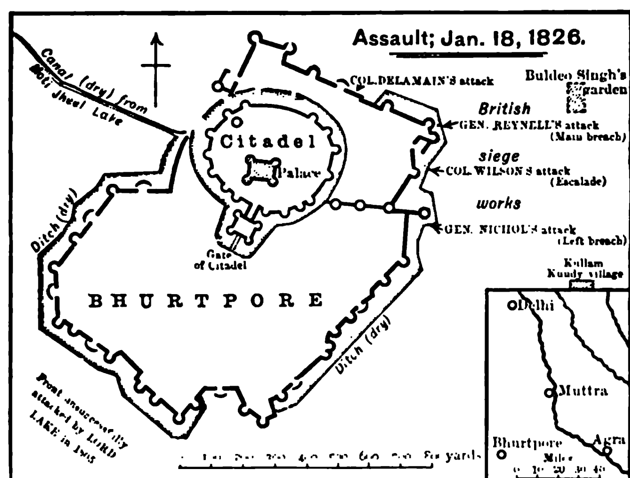
nell, with whom was Lord Comber-
on, was to establish himself opposite
st angle, and it was expected that
s of the army would communicate
by the bund to the north of the

bject to be secured was the safety
d. It was known that the enemy
e cut it, as soon as Bhurtpore was
atened, so as to let the waters of
el pour into the ditch. To frustrate
mpt, the success of which would
normously to the difficulties of the
ral Nicholls sent forward an ad-
l of the 16th Lancers and Skinner's
rted by the 14th Regiment. This
arrived in the very nick of time.
is found strongly held by the enemy,
begun to make an opening, through
aters of the Jheel were beginning
e minutes later it would have been
stop the rapidly-increasing current.
rse was at the head of the advanced
ithout hesitation charged the Jats,
y surprise, resisted obstinately, but
back to the town. They were fol-
e by the irregular cavalry and the
s that the enemy shut the gates
wn men, for fear that their pursuers
their way in with the crowd of
leanwhile, by great exertions, the
naged to close the gap which had
n the bund, and General Reynell
its future security by stockading it
it a strong military position. This
f the besieging army was afterwards
he fulfilment of a prediction made
astrologers. These learned men
Bhurtpore could only be taken by
which should drink up the water of
rounding the town. The Sanscrit
gator is *Kombeer*, which in the eyes
s was sufficiently near to the name
who, if he did not drink up the
ditch, at least prevented the ditch
filled by the Moti Jheel. When
ttacked Bhurtpore, he had erred in
t the defences could be carried at
force, and Lord Combermere, with
of the past before him, resolved not
nd until a most careful examination
de of the obstacles to be overcome.
estment was completed on the 11th
herefore, the following nine days
ed by him and the engineer officers under his command in reconnoitring every part of the fortress and its surroundings. The prolonged reconnaissances in different directions had besides the useful effect of diverting the enemy's attention from the point of attack eventually selected, and were profitably employed by the troops in making the many thousands of gabions and fascines which would be required in the siege works. On the 20th the examination of the scene of action was complete, the siege train and engineer park were all present, wanting in nothing, and Lord Combermere decided that the north-east angle of Bhurtpore's defences should be the point of attack. It was true that here the defenders would be able to concentrate the fire of the largest number of their guns, but this fire would only be effective while the besiegers were at a certain distance from the ditch. As they approached closer, however, the guns on the fortifications could not be depressed sufficiently to reach them, and they could only be fired at by matchlocks in the hands of men themselves exposed to the concentrated discharge of artillery and musketry from the parallels of approach. The great points in favour of selecting the north-east angle were that here the defences were totally unflanked, the ditch was more shallow than at other parts, and there was a ravine falling into the ditch, which gave cover to any parties who might have to descend into it.

The point of attack having been determined, it became necessary to seize two positions, hitherto held by the enemy, about eight hundred yards from the place and the same distance from each other—the village of Kullum Kundy and the pleasure-garden of Buldeo Singh. This was done with little loss, and both positions were strongly fortified and stockaded to serve as flanking supports for the line to be occupied by the engineer working parties. The line of investment was drawn closer round Bhurtpore, and, on the 23rd December, the first parallel was traced about six hundred yards from the ditch. It was about this time that one of those difficulties arose from the caste prejudices of the pampered Bengal sepoys which so frequently neutralised the value of their good service, which on more than one occasion produced grave disaffection, and which long years later culminated in the terrible catastrophe of 1857. The native infantry working parties detailed for the trenches objected to parading in camp with pickaxe and shovel and marching with their tools to the scene of their labours, on the score that this made them look

like low-caste coolies. They were, in fact, on the point of refusing to work at all. Fortunately, by a mixture of conciliation and firmness, Lord Combermere was able to overcome the difficulty before ill-feeling had time to spread. If it had come to a serious head, the siege must inevitably have been raised.

Heavy gun and mortar batteries were now constructed, and, from the morning of the 24th, a rain of shot and shell was poured on the defences and into the town of Bhurtpore. Offers had been made to Doorjun Sal of permission for all women and children to quit the doomed town under safe conduct, but it was not till the 25th that the rebel chief allowed all the women, not belonging to the royal family, to depart,



and these were suffered to pass through the besiegers' lines unscathed and unsearched. It was afterwards discovered that the fugitives had carried off immense treasures secreted about their persons. Nor were they the only persons who made good their escape. A large body of the enemy's cavalry made a vigorous sally at a weak point in the line of investment, and succeeded in cutting their way through to the open country.

On the 25th happened also a circumstance, fortunately almost unknown in the English army. A bombardier of artillery, named Herbert, deserted to the enemy. For his crime no possible motive could ever be discovered. He was a man of very good character, wore a Waterloo medal, and must have known the fate that awaited him when the city fell, as fall it certainly would. Not only did he desert, but he was afterwards seen laying the guns on the

ramparts, laying them too with such g
that Lord Combermere himself narrowl
death from a shot aimed by the
Needless to say that at the close of
when he fell into the hands of his for
rades, he was tried by court-martial an

As had been foreseen, it was possible
on the siege works without the men e
the trenches suffering much from the
artillery fire. The guns of the defence
be sufficiently depressed, and were n
effective when they were laid on the a
and on the reserves of *matériel.* A lo
brass gun in the citadel constantly p
shot into the camps with such prec
damaging results that the tents had to
beyond its range. An am
tumbril in rear of the trenc
exploded by a chance shot,
result that a large quantity o
blew up and some storehou
their contents were burned.
beginning of the siege too tl
for the trenches used to mar
4 p.m. The passage of such lar
of men raised great clouds of du
the trees and vegetation of
skirts, at which the enemy, w
the ground and distances perfec
in the habit of firing with fat
On one occasion the 35th Native
lost fifteen men by one sho
struck the third section of the
company and ploughed its dea
through the column. The hou
reliefs was immediately changed to du
no tell-tale signs betrayed their movem

From the 25th till the 31st the sie
were steadily and rapidly carried forw
parallels and batteries crept nearer an
to the great ditch, till at last the cou
was crowned, and the last breaching
contemplated by the engineers were est
The operations were daily covered b
shooters, principally taken from the
Sirmoor battalion, whose fire was so
and accurate that scarcely a single enem
to raise his head over the parapet of t
ramparts, and the musketry fire of th
was thus almost completely subdue
results of the unremitting discharge of
artillery were, however, not encourag
strong was the construction of the fort
that but little effect was produced upon t
the prospects of taking the town by

THE NIAGARA FALLS.

brilliant victory, but that they did not win is quite evident from a recital of the undisputed facts of the fight. Admittedly the Americans captured the British guns—the key of the whole position—and admittedly they drove the British back and secured for a time possession of the position, and it looked as if all was over for the army of Drummond. But the British and Canadians charged again, regained the guns—this was all done in the dead of the night; and when the morning's sun rose the British army was in exactly the same place as it had been when the battle began, and the American army had retired to Chippewa. But subsequent events placed beyond all question where victory really rested. The next morning after the battle the British moved *forward* and the American army *fell back*, General Drummond finally cooping the Americans securely in Port Erie. The fact of the matter seems to be that the battle of Lundy's Lane was, as a fight, a duplicate on a grand scale of the battle of Chippewa, which immediately preceded it. At Chippewa the British attempted to carry a position, found the task an impossible one, and retreated to Lundy's Lane. At Lundy's Lane the Americans attempted to carry a position, found the task an impossible one, and retreated to Chippewa. No British writer claims Chippewa as a victory, and no American writer has any substantial grounds for looking upon such a reversal as the American army received at Lundy's Lane as a victory.

Lundy's Lane was fought on July 25th, the evening and the night of that date, 1814. Three summers had this cruel war dragged its course, and the little army of Canada, sorely battered on many an occasion, losing its ablest generals, and, moreover, far more of the rank and file than it could well afford, still fought grimly against the invading Americans, who swarmed to the borders to overrun the British possessions and to add another star to their flag by annexing Canada to the Union. The war had dragged horribly. The people of Canada, a country then of only some 300,000 souls, were suffering intensely. Every man, young or old, who could bear arms and could be spared, had been drafted to the defence of his country, and women found that it fell to their lot to do the work that formerly had been done by husband or son, now stationed at the various forts along the American frontier. Up to the year of the battle of Lundy's Lane Canada expected and, indeed, received but little assistance from the Mother Country, for Waterloo had not yet been fought, and all eyes were turned to the great danger that threatened from the Continent. So it came abo war with such a powerful nation as t States pressed gallingly upon the Co all the suffering was not confined The people of the Republic, too, ha Taxes grew to enormous proportions, tl trade completely died out, their sh and rotted in the harbours, and their suffered blow after blow, for their arm fighters had been kept in check and defeated by small numbers of B Canadians, the latter fighting fiercel homes. Nor does this convey anyt complete idea of the difficulties Ame herself in. Many of the New Engl totally disbelieved in the war, and thr withdraw from the Union if an ar with Great Britain was long delay American generals who first had pow their hands almost without exception t to be incapable, and the soldiers, alth fighters, when they came to battle we in discipline, and on more than on their insubordination and grumbling ca leaders to rush in when prudence crie During the summers of 1812-13 there much fighting and little progress, and winter of the latter year closed down c and put a stop to hostilities, each si heart on doing something decisive t summer of 1814 passed over.

All the winter there were great goi the harbours around the lakes. B Americans each strained every nerve fleet that should sweep the other from and the war-cry sounded from village and floated into many a quiet farmh many a rude log cabin in the woods volunteers to the cause. Even in the of the red men the martial note was s many a warrior sat over the fire of a col night polishing his flintlock, whetting ing knife, and hefting his tomahawk, squaw, muffled in blankets, sat as s heathen idol, her black eyes fixed upon ing coal. Tecumseh was slain, but ot had led out their bands to thirl the search of scalps. Canada had been fo her Indians. She had Tecumseh, Bran and many other steadfast fighters. B was no longer to have it her own w respect.

Sa-go-ye-wat-ha, or to give him th which he is known to the white

one of the most famous Indian orators of great chief and sachem of the Senecas, ı wooed and won to the American cause, orations addressed to his tribesmen were g in setting the hot blood coursing the veins of the Iroquois. His ringing addressed in the proper tone and rich in r and legend, thrilled the minds of the nd soon the Six Nations—the most fear- ers that ever trod the American forests, ar-whoops had rung on the air at many rn contest between British and French ıp the hatchet and threw in their lot e "Long Knives," as they called the n soldiers.

g the summer of 1814, at Chippewa, Lane, Fort Erie, and many other bitter he tomahawks of Seneca, Mohawk, Cayuga, Onondaga, and Tuscarora through the air at the heads of their old- es the British. Red Jacket, although in ience a feeble-hearted warrior, still was pply the torch of oratory to the brands ready for the fire in every Indian's The fever for the fight ran from wig- wigwam like fire through autumn leaves, en the campaign of 1814 opened, the painted their cheeks with ghastly danced the war-dance before the great l set their faces to the north to confront edskin brothers who fought under the ack.

ımpaign of 1814 opened early. Indeed, had not relinquished its hold on the t when the American troops were set in or their various points of concentration Canadian border. March is proverb- harsh month in that part of North through which the border line runs; ugh the frost and snow the Americans on their way. Four thousand troops— lly large number for the small forces da to hold in check—under General on, were the first to commence action place known as Lacolle Mills. To reach e the Americans had to cross Lake in on the ice. This rather startling e ended in disaster to the Americans, eral Wilkinson's military career closed. his troops were forwarded to Buffalo, to ler General Brown, on whose shoulders ed the responsibility of making yet ıttempt to conquer Canada.

wo years of fighting it was only natural e officers who held command but lacked the necessary ability to conduct a campaign should be found out, and officers of the true metal placed in their stead. The Americans at first were wretchedly officered. But now Dearborn and Van Renssalaer, who had opened the war, were in retirement—there is reason to believe that they were men of real capacity but were hampered by public opinion and the unmilitary independence of their picturesque troops; Hull and Hampton had left the service in disgrace; Winder, Winchester, and Chandler were prisoners in the hands of the British; and now Wilkinson was relieved of command. So it came about that the troops concentrated at Buffalo were placed under the charge of General Jacob Brown, who led them against the British at Lundy's Lane.

Brown was then a man of about forty. He had been a county judge in New York State, and in 1809 was made colonel of militia, advanced to brigadier-general in 1810, and in 1812, at the declaration of war against Great Britain, was given command of the frontier from Oswego to Lake St. Francis, a strip of country some two hundred miles in length. So satisfactory to his Government were all his doings, that in January, 1814, he was placed in charge of the army of Niagara, with rank as major-general. Rapid promotion this, but Brown seems to have merited all the good things that fell into his lap. He proved to be a man of considerable executive ability and decision, and earned the confidence and respect of his officers and his men.

Under him he had a sound officer in Brigadier-General Winfield Scott, who, with untiring perseverance, spent the winter in drilling the troops, so that when they took the field no higher disciplined soldiers ever marched on the American continent. The very first battle these troops took part in proved their efficiency—their cool and soldier-like behaviour at the battle of Chippewa surprised their own leader quite as much as it did the British.

And now for the third year in succession, Canada was to be invaded. On the previous occasions the Americans, officers and men alike, had set out with a light heart, looking upon the task of overrunning the country as a simple one. But events had shown that there was to be no walk over.

Early in July Brown set his army in motion. Brigadier-Generals Scott and Ripley marched their men to the Niagara River at a point where it receives the waters of the upper lakes to

tumble them over the great falls, and successfully landed on the opposite shore, their feet once more upon the threshold of Canada. Without opposition, there being no sufficient force to offer any, the Americans took possession of Fort Erie.

The news of this movement spread like the wind through Canada: horsemen galloped the well-worn roads, canoes rippled the waters of many a forest stream, and the couriers ran through the woods to apprise the people of their danger, and to speed fencibles, militia, and all to the front. That this invading army was an extremely dangerous one all very well knew.

General Riall commanded the British forces on the Niagara frontier. He, too, was an officer of

Operations on the NIAGARA RIVER, 1814.

great parts, and when the news reached him that General Brown had taken the initial step he energetically prepared to fight. His force in comparison with Brown's was ridiculously small. But during this war small armies well led had done wonders, and Riall made up his mind to fight without losing a moment. There can be no doubt that he under-estimated the Americans somewhat as regards their numbers and woefully as regards their discipline, and he suffered a severe repulse as a consequence of these mistakes. On Independence Day, July 4th, Brown quitted Fort Erie and marched his army down the Niagara to Chippewa. The troops held close to the river, while the Iroquois crept by their side, dodging behind the bushes and trees, and completely scouring the country. On July 5th the Americans reached Chippewa. This was as far as Riall had any intention they should proceed before he offered them battle.

Riall's force consisted of 1,500 reg militia, and 300 Indians. Brown had trained Americans occupying a stron But up to this time the Canadians h many fights against well-nigh ove numbers that Riall determined to stril waiting for reinforcements. The Brit charged in splendid order, and with a that was characteristic of this war. Kentucky riflemen stood firm as a Iroquois, too, fought with all their bravery, and Riall found he was but his head against a stone wall. Con after a vicious little battle lasting an h drew off defeated in his attempt to Americans' position. But he retired in perfect order without losi or a prisoner. He retreated t Mile Creek, where, meeting inforcements, he ceased his march and returned to take tion at Lundy's Lane, the all this time remaining in Chippewa. Chippewa was a repulse rather than a defeat a distinction be allowed.

Riall was not destined to British at Lundy's Lane. in command was yet to a George Gordon Drummo tenant-general and second mand in Canada to Sir Georg heard of the invasion of the when he was at Kingston once set out for Niagara.

Drummond, like most of the Britis who commanded in Canada, had studie of war on many a hard-fought field. Canadian by birth, and entered the ensign in the Royal Scots in 1789, jc regiment in Jamaica. Rapid promoti him in charge as lieutenant-colonel o or King's Liverpool regiment, a regim which he was closely connected all the of his life. With it he served in the N in 1795-6, he was with Sir Ralph Ab in the West Indies, and, promoted to th ship, he fought in Minorca and Egyp distinguishing himself at Cairo and A To Jamaica again, and in 1808 tran the staff in Canada, he was made li general in 1811. His life had been a one, and the generals he fought under brilliant teachers of an apt pupil. Dr when he heard of Brown's across-river m

not a moment, but made all speed to dy's Lane.

is arrival at Niagara, as a matter of fact, ight about the battle of Lundy's Lane. wn and his army still lay at Chippewa, satis- apparently that a serious rebuff had been

"RIALL'S ESCORT CLOSED AROUND HIM AND HURRIED HIM TO THE REAR" (p. 359).

en to the defenders of the country and look- forward to a campaign of little difficulty. all lay at Lundy's Lane, and only a few miles broken country, wooded in places, stretched tween the opposing forces. It seems not to ve been the intention of either side to strike the other, at least not for some time. But hen Drummond reached Niagara, and before knew the exact state of affairs, he sent olonel Tucker with a small force along the American bank of the river to take possession of Lewiston, a town then held by a few Republican soldiers. Couriers rode in hot haste to General Brown, and told him that the British army was marching upon Lewiston. When the American general heard this, he jumped to the conclusion that his supply depôt, Schlasser, was to be sub- jected to an attack. Nothing could save his stores, he felt sure, if it was really the purpose of the British to make a general movement against them. To call back the British by attack- ing the forts at the mouth of the river was the best plan that presented itself to Brown. With this object in view he ordered Scott to at once move his brigade down the river and to set about the forts in good earnest. How badly

Brown must have been served by his scouts is shown when it is told that drawn up right across Scott's proposed route of march were the full available British forces prepared for battle. Scott had pushed on his troops not more than a mile or so when he got a great surprise. Instead of on the opposite bank of the river, there on the top of a slight eminence, drawn up in splendid strategical position were the regulars, militia, and Indians—the British army—under Drummond. Scott seems to have been within musket-shot of the British before he made the discovery. He had gone too far to turn back.

The Queenston road skirts the Niagara river on the Canadian side. It was along this road Scott marched his brigade. From the road and at right angles to it, and but a short distance down the river from the great Falls, shoots out Lundy's Lane, a narrow highway making from the Falls to the shore of Lake Ontario. Near to where Lundy's Lane joins the wider Queenston road it runs over a small hill, rather a bit of slightly rising ground. This elevation is about 200 yards from the river. On the top of this knoll Drummond had instructed Riall to station his little army—there were only 1,600 in position when the battle began—so as to form a shallow crescent. On the brow of the knoll were planted seven small guns. Behind these as a support lay the Royal Scots, the 89th Regiment, and the light companies of the 41st. The left wing, resting on the Queenston road, consisted of a detachment of the 3rd Buffs; the right wing was formed of the Glengarry Light Infantry. In the rear lay a squadron of the 19th Light Infantry. The position taken up was as strong a one as could be found in the neighbourhood, but the force at the disposal of Drummond was altogether inadequate for the occasion. Reinforcements to the number of 1,200 were in the immediate vicinity, and these arrived before the battle had ended. At best General Drummond had less than 3,000 troops to fight Lundy's Lane. The American army numbered close upon 5,000 soldiers.

Scott halted his brigade—he had 1,800 in his personal command—when he found himself confronted by the British. He rapidly summed up the situation. Although he had not been looking for a fight at the moment, he saw that retreat would probably demoralise his soldiers. To stand there was equally out of the question. There was nothing for it but to "pile in." Hastily despatching a messenger to inform his commanding general of the true state of affairs, he without loss of time began the battle fire on the slender line of British and soldiers who stood so grimly still and sil the crest of the knoll.

The fierce July sun had now sunk far west, splashing the heavens with cri glorious gold; not a zephyr stirred the grass, lazy clouds scarcely moving in th hung in the blue; the birds that all the sat in the deep shades of the bushes the blistering heat, now hopped to the twig and sang farewell to the light, an time the floods from Superior, Michiga and Erie poured over the stubborn ridg and fell to the level of Ontario with sullen roar as of distant thunders.

It was a sultry evening. Nature herse to pant for breath. Even before the bat the perspiration stood on the brows of th men who confronted each other. Se the only cool beings were the red m already were snaking their way through grass on the alert for an unexpected da their foe.

In his swift glance round General Sco that the strip between the Queenston river was unoccupied by British tro occurred to him that if a force could occupy this territory and unexpectedly the Buffs, the British left might be turn hurried orders to Major Jesup, comm the 25th Regiment, ordering him to cre the shelter of the bushes, occupy the and wait his opportunity. This Jesup successfully.

The battle began. Both sides opene the same moment; a steady fire it was all line, Scott moving his men forward ca carefully, and all the time keeping a sha for any opening likely to lead to a s storming of the knoll, the British re stationary in the position which, by its enabled them to oppose a much larger f prospects of withstanding the onslaught in the engagement it was clearly seen little battery which hung on the bro slope was destined to play a large pa fight. From the mouths of the half-d one guns fire shot wickedly out, and gra down the slope and into the ranks of th cans, with results altogether disastrou assailants. Suddenly General Scott cal his men to charge, and helter skelter th from their semi-cover and, with a shout, forward for the height. But it proved a c

The Royal Scots, the Buffs, the Glen- nen, regulars, fencibles, and Indians, each ery one stood grim and immovable, and olley after volley into the ranks of the icans. Before the foot of the slope had ined, the Americans' charge was checked, e soldiers rapidly fell back to a more able distance. This proved to be the first ies of desperate charges, which resulted in nts on both sides being shot to pieces.

ng the hot fight in front Jesup's flanking nt had not been idle. The Americans of th Regiment had been steadily making ay around to the rear, and one company, ; on much further than the others, fell in stroke of great good fortune. This was ; less than the capture of General Riall, in command of the British, and his escort. about curiously enough. Riall, at the itset of the fight, received a bad wound. ort closed around him and hurried him the British lines to the rear. Suddenly les with the wounded general in their came upon a company of soldiers, which ook to be Canadian reinforcements, and Riall's attendants shouted, "Make room nen, for General Riall." Now this request, rned out, was addressed to the adventur- npany of the 25th, who with the greatest "made room" as requested, and cap- he whole party. Delighted with their ick, the American captain called upon his nd, with General Riall in their midst, they l unexpectedly right through the British d rejoined their command. Riall was into the presence of General Scott, who him with every consideration.

sundown to close upon nine o'clock the raged. Scott, furious at being checked, l time after time, only pausing long after each repulse to form for a fresh ht. Already the slope was thickly strewn e dead and dying. But over all the ky riflemen and the New England ers made their way, firing as they ran, in attempt to capture the guns. On a of occasions the leaders got so close as to t the artillerymen as they served the field- but, struggle as they might, they were own the slope by the red-dripping bayonets egulars and volunteers who fought under s of the Red Cross of St. George.

upon nine o'clock a hush fell upon the General Brown had just arrived from ra, bringing with him Ripley, Porter, and their men, and, strangely enough, at exactly the same moment Colonels Gordon and Scott, with their commands, consisting of parts of the 103rd and 104th Regiments, and the Royal Scots, in all about 1,200 men, reached the battlefield to the reinforcement of the sorely-pressed defenders of Lundy's Lane.

After the clamour of battle the stillness was appalling. Once again the hollow sound as of the beating of gigantic wings came rolling across from the Falls; and from the slope, from the top of the knoll, and from the level plain arose the piteous appeal of the stricken for help and for water. Only a few yards distant water enough to quench the thirst of the world growled over the precipice, but not one drop of it fell on the parched tongues of the poor fellows who lay on the ground through that sultry July night.

Brown's first order was that Ripley's men should relieve Scott's. The latter had fought a fatiguing fight, and the weary men fell back while the fresh men from Chippewa stepped into their places. Drummond's men were not so fortunate. The British general's force was too small to admit of any being spared from the front. With the new-comers Drummond strengthened his line.

The short calm was truly in this instance to be followed by a furious storm. Brown determined to force the position and to sweep back the British without a moment's delay. On top of the knoll the little army lay prostrate from fatigue. Men dropped to the ground where they had stood panting and putting their cheeks to the cool earth. The gunners leaned against their guns, matches alight, but muscles relaxed. The night was black, and for the most part it was impossible for foe to see foe. General Brown called Colonel Miller to him, and ordered the colonel to take his regiment, the 21st, and capture the guns.

Colonel Miller first spoke to his men, ordering that complete silence be observed in the ranks and discovering to them his plans. At the order every man of them dropped to earth, and began an exciting crouching crawl for the slope. Close to the ground the blackness was intense. Over the dead and among the wounded the 21st made its way, noiseless as serpents, steadily on. Half-way up the slope the Americans caught a sight of the guns looking like blotches of black against the sky, and by them, as silent as ghosts stood the artillerymen, weary, but alert for the slightest sound, their matches glowing in the murk like fireflies.

Miller halted his men. Before him zigzagged a rail fence. Across this the riflemen lay their guns, aimed with cool deliberation, and at a signal a sheet of flame cut the night air. It is told that every gunner leaped into the air and fell below his gun.

The next instant Miller and his men were among the guns. Ripley's whole battalion, too, sprang forward up the slope, and down upon the Americans came the Royal Scots, the Glengarry men—every man indeed in the British ranks. Guns were clubbed, bayonet thrust, war-whoop and cheer rang together. Officers, realising that no order could be heard, sprang into the mass and slashed with sword and sabre, all joining in one savage *mêlée*, fighting for the position on the hill.

Half the British force that fought that night across Lundy's Lane were Canadian volunteers, and when the news of the battle spread, from the knobs of many a door, town-house, and log-cabin fluttered the long strip of crape that told of death.

The Royal Scots and the 89th lost more than half their men in the frightful scramble on top of the hill, American regiments were cut to tatters on the slope, General Drummond had his horse shot under him, and, while fighting on foot, was shot in the neck and dangerously wounded. Colonel Morrison of the 89th had to be carried from the field. Gene[illegible] Porter and Scott were also badly stricken, [illegible] General Brown himself so severely wou[illegible] that he had to relinquish his command and l[illegible] Ripley to look after the American interest.

The last hour was an indescribable jumble[illegible] tussle hand to hand round the guns. T[illegible] could be no definite formation in the dark[illegible] and every man fought for himself. At le[illegible] the Americans began to waver. Ripley saw [illegible] and, finding the task of holding possessi[illegible] guns and field an impossible one, gradually [illegible] in order withdrew his men from the fight, ta[illegible] with him as a souvenir of the hardest-fo[illegible] battle of the War of 1812 one six-pounder.

The Americans retreated to Chippewa [illegible] night, and the British slept under the sta[illegible] the hard-held field.

On the field lay so many dead that Dr[illegible] mond's little force was unable to bury them, [illegible] word had to be sent to the Americans to c[illegible] and assist in the work. For some reason [illegible] Americans did not do this, and the British w[illegible] obliged to burn a large number of bodies of [illegible] slain. July's fierce sun admitted of no delay[illegible]

The official report of the losses were g[illegible] as follows:—American losses: 171 killed, [illegible] wounded, 117 missing; total, 858. Gen[illegible] Drummond's report: 84 killed, 559 woun[illegible] 193 missing, 42 prisoners; total, 878.

OLD FORT ERIE.

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL
PART 1: Oct: 1854–March 1855. By Major Arthur Griffiths

HE story of Sebastopol, that protracted year-long siege, so prodigal of effort, so rich in achievement, so costly in human life, must be viewed by all hmen with a pride not unmixed with ch. The pride is in the heroic endurance troops, the reproach in the maladminis- that left them the helpless victims of bered ills.

stopol is scarcely glorious for its triumph- ts of arms, although these were not wanting. gh we English failed in the final attack, it m causes that carried with them no dis- We gained no such great success as in en field, but our soldiers earned a perhaps fame by their dogged indomitable pluck ng the accumulated horrors of the ever- able winter of '54. The tenacity with we held on to the siege not only against ous odds but in the teeth of the most hardships, prolonged for months and s through sickness, starvation, want, ex- , must command universal admiration. nd thus firm, a mere remnant, continually ed and always suffering, implies a higher de than that of animal courage. It is this sheds lustre on that hard-pressed handful er on duty, always ill-fed, worse-clothed, ing knee-deep in mud, decimated by and the unceasing fire, which was yet turned from its purpose. In the glory great record we can afford to forget glect and mismanagement that sent the of the British army into an arduous aking inadequately prepared for war.

severe stress laid upon the Crimean army e sufferings of our soldiers form, indeed, ient features of the first half of the siege. days after Inkerman, when the troops have been securely housed against the winter, foreknown to be always rigorous upon that dreary upland, a terrible gale swept away in one disastrous morning the greater part of their resources. Tents were blown clean into the sea, depôts of food and forage at the front were destroyed, communication with the base was stopped. Out in the open sea the storm worked wild havoc among the crowds of shipping. It was a lee shore; numbers of transports with precious cargoes were wrecked, and went down with all on board. One of these, *The Prince*, a large steamer, carried everything that was most wanted—warlike stores, warm clothing, guern-seys, great-coats, long boots, medicines, surgical instruments. The chief ammunition ship was also lost; so was another carrying hay to last for twenty days.

After that the troubles commenced. The winds and the rain which fell in torrents converted the soft soil into a quagmire, and the road to Balaclava, really no road at all, became nearly impassable for men or beasts; as the latter were far too few and only imperfectly fed, the soldiers had mostly to do their own carrying. After nearly incessant trench duty five nights out of six, constantly exposed to the enemy's shot, knee-deep in water, and soaked to the skin, they were obliged to spend their well-earned rest in drawing rations six miles distant, and, in the absence of fuel, to eat them raw unless they could dig up some chance roots around the camp ground. They had never a warm drink; the coffee was issued in the green bean, and to roast it was impossible. Their clothing—summer clothing, remember, and that in which they had landed months before—was in rags: lucky the man who could find straw or hay-bands to swathe his naked legs; many were barefoot, or, fearing that if they drew off their wet boots they might not get them on again, wore them so continuously that circulation was impeded; frostbites supervened, followed too often by gangrene or inevitable amputation.

With their rags, their dirt, their unkempt hair, they lost all the outer semblance of soldiers; only the spirit, pure and unquenchable, burnt brightly within. Officers were in nearly as bad a plight as their men. A general order in the depths of the winter implored them to wear their swords: "there was nothing else to distinguish them." They must shelter themselves as best they could from the elements. A picture of the period which would be grotesque if not so infinitely pitiable is that of "an infantry major in red morocco long boots—lawful loot from a dead off to Constantinople to suffer fresh tortures on the voyage and then fill the great empty barn-like hospital at Scutari to overflowing, where, in the general dearth of all necessary comforts and appliances, a frightful mortality ensued. By the end of January there were barely 11,000 men left at the front capable of bearing arms. At this time even the French, with their immensely superior force, could not send more than 400 men by day and 200 by night to the trenches; while there were occasions on which the whole of the English guarding their siege works were

"NUMBERS OF TRANSPORTS WITH PRECIOUS CARGOES WERE WRECKED" (*p.* 361).

Russian—a fur cap made from the bearskin cover of his holster pipes, clad in a Tartar peasant's sheepskin coat with an embroidered back, stalking through the mud to capture a pot of marmalade." Of this date was the grim joke that appeared in *Punch*, where one starving and nearly naked guardsman, standing in a snow-drift near dead horses tormented by swooping vultures, tells his comrade the good news that they are to have a Crimean medal. "Very kind," replies the other; "may be one of these days we'll have a coat to stick it on."

But there was no joke in the terrible reality. The army was simply wasting away. By the end of November there were 8,000 men in hospital; after weeks of anguish, untended, on the muddy ground, the sick that survived the jolting on mule-back to Balaclava were shipped as few as 350, and on the 20th January the total was only 290, "being," as one of the historians writes, "about one-twentieth of the number of the part of the garrison opposed to them, and which might have attacked them—probably an entirely unprecedented situation in war." Yet through all this time of deep anxiety and danger no man despaired. "There was, no doubt, no despondency," says Dr. (now Sir William) Howard Russell, the first of modern war-correspondents, "no one for a moment felt diffident of ultimate success . . . If high courage, unflinching bravery, if steady charge, the bayonet thrust in the breach, the strong arm in the fight, if calm confidence, contempt of death, had won Sebastopol, it had long been ours." Russell was fearless, outspoken, at times, it may be, injudicious in his remarks, but

he did no more than justice to the troops whose perils he in a measure shared. "It was right," he said, "that England should know what her soldiers were doing; that they were not merely fighting a stubborn enemy, but were struggling with still mightier, still more terrible foes; but England might be certain that as they had already vanquished the one, so they would triumph over the other in the end." These foes were the two gaunt spectres Generals January and February, upon whom the Czar so confidently relied, little reckoning that one of these months would turn on him and bring him his own death-blow.

Others besides the *Times* correspondent did full justice to the steadfast courage of our troops under this heavy burthen of woe. The Commissioners despatched from England to investigate the causes of the Crimean collapse declared it was doubtful whether the whole range of military history had furnished the example of an army exhibiting such high qualities throughout a long campaign. "The army never descended rrom its acknowledged pre-eminence. . . . Both men and officers were so reduced that they were hardly fit for the lighter duties of the camp, yet they scorned to be excused the severe and perilous work of the trenches lest they should throw extra duty upon their comrades. They maintained every foot of ground against all the efforts of the enemy, and with numbers so small that perhaps no other troops would have made the attempt." There is no exaggeration in this language; all the high encomiums passed were richly deserved.

In order to better understand what the siege of Sebastopol really was, let us go back to the beginning and see why it was undertaken, and what the enterprise meant for the allies. This great fortress, whose exact strength was but imperfectly known and therefore magnified, was deemed the most important and yet the most vulnerable spot of the Czar's dominions. Its vast harbour was a secure haven for a powerful Russian fleet—fifteen sail-of-the-line; it was a dockyard and arsenal filled with great guns and valuable war material. The capture of this formidable place of arms would be a severe blow, and would probably end the war. Sebastopol became, then, what scientific soldiers call the "principal objective," the great aim and object of a campaign. "There was no prospect of a safe and honourable peace," said the English war-minister at that time, "until the fortress is reduced and the Russian fleet taken or destroyed."

Yet the operation was entered upon lightly and with no sufficient knowledge of the difficulty of the task. It was thought that the Russian Crimean army would be inferior to that of the allies; that after the invasion a battle or two would end the business; that the fortress would fall to a sharp assault without the trouble of a protracted siege. The earliest operations were so completely successful that this hope was fairly justified. The allied armies landed without opposition, the Alma was won triumphantly, the road lay open as it seemed, and Sebastopol was surely an easy prey. Whether or not it could have been taken by a bold stroke at the very outset was much debated at the time. The French and English, advancing after the first victory, were actually within sight of the northern fortifications, and Todleben, the famous Russian engineer, who was afterwards the life and soul of the defence, always believed that we might

THE CEMETERY AT SCUTARI.

have captured it with ease. It is known now that no such result was to be counted upon. The northern forts were of solid granite mounting innumerable guns, the garrison was equal in number to their possible assailants, and the Russian fleet moored within the harbour would have lent overwhelming aid to the defence.

But the allies had made up their minds to

operate against the south, not the north side. Here, again, an immediate attack was feasible; so hostile critics have always contended. Some of the more adventurous spirits with Lord Raglan, the English commander-in-chief, were strongly in favour of it: Sir George Cathcart was one, although he afterwards changed his opinion; so was Admiral Lyons, the second in command of the fleet, a sailor whose advice in military affairs was hardly worth much. The chief engineer officer, Sir John Burgoyne, was clearly against it, and the views of this grand old Peninsular veteran, who had won his first laurels at Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo and who, although advanced in years, was still of commanding intellect, full of sound judgment ripened by unrivalled experience, carried the day. He was entirely opposed, and no doubt rightly, to any assault without a preliminary bombardment. Even at this early stage, when still incompletely defended, Sebastopol on its south side seemed all but impregnable. It was already encircled with earthworks sufficiently strong, although still far short of their subsequent dimensions, and armed with hundreds of heavy guns. The

assailants could not have sent forward superior to that of the defenders, and th have crossed 2,000 yards of open grounc from end to end by the enemy's fire. To the latter we had nothing but light field-b of artillery; had we carried the Russian f of works their warships in the harbour have driven us out with their broadsides. a man would have reached the fortification Neither the finest resolution nor the most courage will avail against shell and roun All idea of a *coup de main* was th abandoned, and the allies prepared t down" before the place, to bring up their trains, open trenches, arm batteries, a deavour to overmaster the enemy's fire. when breaches had been made in the works, the attacking columns were to and win.

Some brief account must be given o the Russian defences. These included for works to the northward, fronts on the sea stone walls loopholed, and earthen batteri circling the southern side. It will be v compare the following details with the n

as to understand the ground and the fortifications which sooner or later covered it.

The fortress lay on both sides, north and south of a wide roadstead or harbour, running nearly due east and west, and with deep water quite up to the shore. At the mouth of this harbour stood two principal stone forts, Constantine and the Quarantine fort; further in on the south side were the Artillery fort and forts Nicholas and Paul, the latter guarding the inner or man-of-war harbour, an inlet at right angles to the main harbour and separating the city of Sebastopol from its Karabelnaia suburbs. On the north side was the great star-fort already mentioned with the outer ring of earthworks, and there were other smaller earthworks at the water's edge. On the south side, that which was now to be besieged, there was as yet little more than the outline of the many works soon to become famous, although some were partly executed, it is true, and the whole circle of the city was completely enclosed with a loopholed stone wall.

These, beginning with the Quarantine bastion near the sea front, were the Central and Flagstaff bastions, and the soon-to-be-added Garden battery. Beyond the great ravine which here ran down and ended in the inner harbour, several works had been planned to defend the Karabelnaia suburb—viz. the Redan, the Malakoff Tower, the Little Redan, and Bastion No. 1, the last ending the defences at the edge of the main harbour.

Such was the great fortress as it stood when Menschikoff, with his broken army, came streaming back into it after the defeat of the Alma. The allies were at his heels; Sebastopol was in danger—less danger than he feared—but he at once summoned a council of war to concert measures for its defence. As a first step the greater part of the Russian fleet was sacrificed, and several warships were at once sunk across the mouth of the harbour as an impassable barrier to the enemy. This was not done without protest from the Russian Admiral Korniloff, who wished to sally forth and fight whatever he met in the open sea. Had the Russian and allied fleets engaged there would have been the biggest naval battle on record till Lissa came, with its contest of ironclads, or the Japanese fell foul of the Chinese last year in the far East. But the sinking of the ships was the most prudent

IN THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.

course, and its value was soon appreciated. Menschikoff did not tarry now in the town. He had the sense to see that he must keep open his communications, his road northward to Russia whence must come the supplies, ever of vital importance to the defence of the fortress ; so he sallied forth at once with his reorganised field-army in the direction of Bakshishari, a central point in the Crimea. In this movement, strange to say, he passed on the very fringe of the allies advancing by the so-called "flank march" to occupy the plateau or "upland" on the south side. They were within a stone's-throw of each other, these two armies ; yet neither was aware of it, so little were the niceties and precautions of ordinary warfare observed by them.

Sebastopol was thus left to make what head it could against attack. Its total garrison now was barely 36,000 men, made up mostly of marines and sailors from the fleet, with 2,700 gunners from the coast batteries, 5,000 military workmen, and a few militia battalions. But this great Russian arsenal of the Black Sea was exceedingly rich in war material: at the commencement of the siege there were 172 pieces of ordnance, many very heavy guns already mounted upon the works, and almost countless stores of artillery in reserve. Even with all the wear-and-tear of a twelvemonth's siege, when Sebastopol fell into our hands, there were hundreds and hundreds of guns found still unused in the artillery park—a fact patent to all England nowadays, for hardly a town of any importance is without its Russian "trophy" gun paraded in public gardens or in front of its town-hall. Inexhaustible supplies of ammunition, or powder and projectiles, were ensured so long as the place was not completely invested, and Menschikoff's field-army, as has been stated, continually prevented that.

Nor was it only in its *personnel* (its garrison), or its *matériel* (its warlike stores) that Sebastopol was strong. Chief among its defences must be counted the intrepid spirit of the great Russian engineer who was their life and soul. Colonel Todleben's name is imperishably allied with the splendid resistance of the fortress, which, in a measure, was created by his own hands. In the very prime of life, with a highly-trained intelligence and full of dauntless energy, he joined as chief engineer just before Sebastopol was threatened, and at once proceeded to strengthen the place. Under his animating control enormous numbers of men laboured continuously day and night upon the works. The bastions and batteries already detailed now took s armament ; the fortress daily grew more formidable ; within a week of t of the allied armies the Central and bastions were heightened and thicken battery was placed between them, othe were established to command the gre Now the Redan was reinforced by the tion of the great Barrack battery behi the Malakoff Tower was surrounded works containing powerful batteries, tinuous entrenchments ran on to t Redan, Bastion No. 1, and the wate harbour. Of a truth Sebastopol bega justify old Sir John Burgoyne's war "the more the allies looked at it the would like it." It said as plainly as i lines of works and its many murderou could speak, "Come and take me if you

No doubt the allies were wise in not an immediate attack. But still they reconciled to the slow processes of a p siege, nor did they look for a prolong ance. Every effort was now bent upon up the siege-guns from the ships and est them near enough to reduce the ene preparatory to an open assault. Thi was so far forward on the 9th Octobe that date the allies "broke ground," as i or began their first parallels or trench proach. It had been arranged that th should take from the sea to the great r whole of the left front of attack ; and base of supply, the bay of Kamiesch, behind their left, they experienced difficulty in feeding their army or se stores. In taking this, the "left atta had also the advantage of better g which to dig their trenches, and th approach the fortress within 1,000 yar on the other hand, having to deal w soil sloping down towards the enem were obliged to build our parapets hig more pains, and at a much greater dista nearest battery was between 1,300 a yards from the Redan, while that know Victoria or Lancaster battery was as 2,000 yards. Happily, our siege-guns w powerful than those of the French. O front of attack was a very extensive lin cluded Chapman's battery, Gordon's bat those already named.

A fruitful source of trouble not yet ap the British force before Sebastopol was t ing good fortune which surrendered t

" attack and the small port of Balaclava base. Hitherto the French had taken the f the line, we the left ; but out of courtesy knowledging that we had the first claim clava as its first occupiers, General Can- accepted the change of position. With iour of holding the right we gained the disadvantage of greatly drawn-out com- tions. It was six full miles to Balaclava, metalled road but the Woronzoff, which rtly to fall into the enemy's hands. Then loss of a good highway was superadded onvenience and danger of a flank con- threatened in its most vital point, the f life," that by which we drew up our sent back our sick, and generally held he sea. This entailed very serious con- ces, as we shall find.

however, promised well on the morning 17th October, when the allied batteries, rmed and admirably served, began their mbardment. By this time 126 siege-guns position, 72 of ours, 53 of the French, ple stores of ammunition were at hand trench magazines. To these 126 the s directly opposed 118, but 220 more ady to fire upon the columns that might ly be expected to move out for the The bombardment, which the Russians rmed a "*feu d'enfer*," and which at that s unparalleled in modern warfare, began a.m., and lasted without intermission for urs. Very visible impression had been the Malakoff Tower was ruined, other vere seriously damaged, and all promised Then came the first of a series of *contre-* hat signalised this memorable siege. An m occurred in the French lines : a shell wn up the principal magazine, making avoc and forcing the French presently to re. In fact, just as the critical moment rived for delivering a general attack, the were discomfited and put out of action. s it was just the reverse : our fire had ly silenced that of the Russians, and early fternoon we had blown up the magazine Redan, opening therein a yawning breach immediate assault. The defence, as en bears witness, was paralysed on this the Russian troops massed behind the to resist attack were quite demoralised, taken to flight.

we could not go in alone. It was to have joint and combined attack, which the disaster now rendered impossible. At the same time the bombardment executed by the allied fleets had failed of effect : their broad- sides had fallen harmless against the casemated granite forts, and all the warships had drawn off, bearing more injuries than they had inflicted. Fortunately, the allied losses had not been very severe : 100 French had been killed or wounded, 47 English, while the Russian casualties had reached 1,100. There seemed no reason why, if the French recovered sufficiently to reopen fire, the attack should not be made the following day

Next day all such hopes vanished into thin air. A few hours were enough for the inde- fatigable and indomitable Todleben. During the short space of darkness the great engineer gave us the first touch of his quality, and built up his ruined fortress anew. Sebastopol arose from its ashes reconstructed—built, like Aladdin's palace, in a single night. "Works reduced to shapeless heaps, ruined batteries, and disabled guns" were replaced before morning by fresh parapets, the batteries were repaired, new guns from the in- exhaustible supplies of the ships and the arsenal had occupied the embrasures. The work of the siege and bombardment was all to do over again. It was now made perfectly evident that we had entered upon a prodigious undertaking; our opponent was full of recuperative power, possessing seemingly boundless resources directed by a scientific soldier of great knowledge and inflexible spirit. The situation was, moreover, complicated by the existence of an enterprising field-army daily recruited by new arrivals, so that the relative strength of allies and Russians was fast growing disproportionate and greatly in favour of the latter. This led to many other efforts calculated to greatly impede, if not to actually "raise" or terminate the siege.

Nothing daunted by their first failure, the allies had set about to prepare for a second bombardment on a still more extensive and de- structive scale, when their very existence upon the plateau was threatened, and the two famous battles of Balaclava and Inkerman were fought in the open field. In one the British cavalry was destroyed, and our line of supply dangerously narrowed ; in the other, won against tremendous odds, we yet suffered so severely that it was im- possible for us to prosecute the siege with our former vigour. Now, too, came the great storm and the increasing horrors of the dread winter, so that the siege-works were still further im- peded. But, as has been said already, however colossal our troubles, however remote loomed ultimate success, the actual ascendancy of the

allies was never more in doubt after the great victories gained. The Russians never again ventured to attack us in any strength, and then not until quite desperate in the closing scenes. Not even in the very height of the winter troubles, when suffering and sickness had so decimated our ranks that the guards of the trenches were reduced to mere skeletons in numbers and physique, did the Russian garrison use their immense superiority against the weakened force. So we ever felt that, although the siege might be prolonged wearisomely, almost indefinitely, yet with patience we must win in the long run. The Russian commanders might continually revictual and replenish the fortress; the allies, based on the sea and able to draw across it unlimited supplies from home, could also play the waiting game and with a still stronger hand. We may admire the heroic resistance, but we must take a deeper pride in the unyielding pluck and perseverance that never despaired in the darkest hour.

SEBASTOPOL FROM THE "RIGHT" ATTACK.

Not the least memorable part of that dread episode was the spirit it evoked at home. Admiration for the constancy displayed by our countrymen was mingled with an eager desire to relieve them at all costs. All England was aroused from end to end; fierce indignation at the maladministration which left brave men to perish stirred up private effort, and vast sums were subscribed, vast enterprises undertaken, to supplement the shortcomings of the Government. While the public voice loudly demanded the punishment of those to blame, private people banded themselves together to create hospital services, provide huts and food and warm clothing. It was then that lines like the following found an echo in every British heart:—

* * * * *

"That starving army haunts us night and day.
By our warm hearths: no fire have they.
Snow falls; 'tis falling there!

Rotting in their own filth like mangy hounds,
Cramped, frost and hunger bitten to the bones,
Wrestling with death 'mid smells and sights and sounds

That turn kind hearts to stones.
To die for very lack of clothes and food, of shelter, bedding, medicine, and fire,
While six miles off lay piled up many a rood, all they did so require!"

alone seemed to become more and more remote. Efforts were redoubled, new and more powerful batteries were brought to bear, and for four more days the crushing storm of shot smote bastion and curtain so heavily that a great gap was at last formed, which, as it was seen from the counterscarp, appeared to offer a way for a storming party. So practicable did it seem that Lord Combermere, under the advice of the engineers, ordered an assault to be made on the 7th January. Among the troops detailed were 600 dismounted men from the different cavalry regiments with the army, eighty from the 11th Light Dragoons, the same number from the 16th Lancers, 200 from Skinner's Horse, and forty from each regiment of native cavalry. A touching story is told of the valour and faithfulness of the men of Skinner's Horse, one of the earliest formed of the many distinguished native irregular cavalry corps which have fought for England. They had served their gallant colonel for many long years in frequent wars, and obeyed and loved him, more as tribesmen do a chief than as paid soldiers follow an officer. The party for the assault was told off according to roster for duty, for the whole regiment had volunteered for the dangerous service. Skinner placed at their head Shadull Khan, one of his oldest, most faithful and trustworthy native officers, and then addressed them: "This is the first time of your going into danger when I cannot accompany you; but such is my affection for you all that I cannot allow you to part from me without carrying with you something dear to me." Then, taking his son by the hand, who had only lately entered the corps, he continued—"See, here is my son! Take him and gain for him such honour as you have won for his father." On this old Shadull Khan stepped forward, and, taking young Skinner by the arm, called out in reply: "Farewell, our own commander. Trust in God, who never deserts those faithful servants who do their duty, and who, please God, will now do their utmost to maintain the honour of the corps."

But the assault was not delivered on the 6th, and the cavalry were not, after all, called upon to ascend the breach. Curiously enough, it was not to the professional engineers that was due the countermanding of an attempt, which, even if successful, must have been attended with a tremendous sacrifice of life, but to Colonel Skinner, the grey-haired veteran of Indian war, who had twenty years before been present with Lord Lake at this very spot and whose sword had seldom been sheathed in th time. He was attending Lord Con reconnaissance, and was by him ask of the breach. Skinner diffident though not an engineer, he did no be practicable, and that, from his Indian sieges, he thought that th assaulting force would sink up to in the loose rubbish. An engin the staff maintained that it was p said that he would soon ascertain gallantly rushing forward, cross under the enemy's fire, examined and found it as Skinner had said. fortunately unscathed, and pattin the back, said, "Old boy, you are am wrong."

The result of this and other re was the determination no longer chief reliance on the breaching ba make mines the principal feat operations. Some mining work on had already been done, and an atte made to spring a mine under th bastion. Owing to the smallness however, very slight effect had be but in the attempt a jemadar of r gave an example of brilliant gallantry. It had been his bus the mine. The port-fire was, damp and ineffective, so the jemad results to himself in the performan applied the match to the hose itse in consequence, was the explosi unfortunate man had not time himself from the influence of the r fearfully burned and injured. He back to camp, where he lingered several days; but his last hours w by immediate promotion, carryi for his family, bestowed by Lord His native comrades were much to act of the commander-in-chief, an was good to serve a general who of pice than of brave acts."

Lieutenant Forbes, of the Engi to have the credit of devising the g system of mines which was now principal part of the future operati and heavily charged mine was to b the angle of the bastion, a subsidi to be placed under the right breac as to improve the ascent and destro countermines, while a third mine w the counterscarp and facilitate the

h. It should be here mentioned that
:aches were now in process of formation,
ı breach in the next bastion to the south
naller breach in the adjacent curtain.
Reynell's division was encamped in
he first, while General Nicholls's division
: remaining two.

istory of the siege after the 7th January
rd of continuous battery and bombard-
ıd of constant and persevering effort in
and countermining. There was oppor-
r many gallant deeds, and many gallant
:re done. Did the enemy construct a
ı the scarp which gave them easy access
tch, at once Captain Taylor and Sub-
r Richardson of the Engineers, with
ers, volunteered for the perilous duty
ying it, and succeeded in their object,
by the good fortune which ever favours
Did the general desire to know what
ıs the enemy were carrying on near
ch, forthwith a havildar with twelve
s crossed the ditch and gained the
information in the teeth of determined
:. Over and over again we find the
Captain Irvine and Captain Taylor of
ineers mentioned for acts of cool and
: daring which, in our more fortunate
uld have gained a Victoria Cross, but
:re then held to be sufficiently acknow-
y a mere letter of thanks from the
general. And whenever there was
ice requiring the utmost audacity and
prowess, the soldiers to whom it was
n confided were the Goorkhas, then a
dition to our native army, who, equally
le with the British musket as with their
eapon—the short, heavy, keen-edged
-never failed in any task, however
Well have these little mountaineers
ed on many subsequent battlefields the
n which they began to build up at
e, of being the bravest, the most loyal,
best disciplined of the many native
ich furnish soldiers for the service of

ploit performed by Captain Carmichael
th Regiment deserves more than passing
ı account of the soldierly spirit which
it and the brilliant completeness of its
ı. A report had been brought by spies
camp that the Bhurtporeans had cut
across the breach opposite to General
s division, and had otherwise so fortified
make it impregnable to the headlong onset of a storming party. General Nicholls was anxious to obtain exact information as to the truth of the report, but this could only be gained by personal inspection, in broad daylight and under the observation of the numerous defenders, whose muskets and spearpoints could be seen glinting on the ramparts. Captain Carmichael's intrepid spirit prompted him to volunteer to lead the small party which would undertake to clear up the well-guarded secrets of the defence. It was the highnoon of the sultry Indian day, the hour when it is the native custom to yield for a time to sleep and when the extreme vigilance of the enemy might be expected to be somewhat relaxed, that he chose for his heroic enterprise. The Grenadiers of his own regiment, the 59th, and a detachment of Goorkhas were on duty in the advanced trenches. No need to call upon such men for volunteers to follow him and share his adventure. All sprang forward eager to be chosen, and the only difficulty was to keep the numbers employed within the desired limits. The total number taken was only twelve, half of whom were 59th Grenadiers and half Goorkhas. Captain Davidson of the Bengal Engineers also joined the little party, which, headed by Carmichael, stole quietly out of the trenches. With breathless anxiety their rapid rush across the ditch to the foot of the breach was watched by their comrades left behind. At every pace it was feared that a hail of bullets would pour from the ramparts and sweep them away. But no, either drowsy or careless, the Jats gave no heed. Carmichael and his men cleared the wide ditch unnoticed and found themselves at the foot of the pile of stones and dried mud where the strong wall of the fortress had been shattered. They commenced the steep ascent and, scrambling on hands and knees, in a few moments stood within the fortification which they had so long watched from a distance. Startled into wakefulness by the sudden appearance of their foe so close to them, whom they doubtless took to be the head of a storming party, the Jats seized their arms and gathered for resistance. Carmichael's followers took full advantage of the surprise and deliberately fired a volley into the dense cluster of men in front of them. Then, as the smoke cleared away, they carefully surveyed the interior of the fort and noted all its features, having even the audacity, moreover, to pelt their enemy with the lumps of mud and stones which were to hand. The Jats realised at last how feeble was the party that insulted them, and rushed forward to punish their temerity. Carmichael's object

had been gained, however, and he plunged down the breach in retreat. There was a rush, in pursuit, of the exasperated enemy to the top of the breach, and the little reconnoitring band was in deadly danger from the many weapons about to be pointed at them. But the muskets in the English trenches were ready and aimed. Fingers were now on the triggers, and the first crowd of the enemy was swept away by the calculated discharge before they could use their matchlocks. The places of the first that fell were quickly supplied, but ever the heavy and well-aimed fire from the trenches flamed forth with crushing effect,

VISCOUNT COMBERMERE.
(Photo, Mayall.)

and, covered by the friendly storm which hurtled over their heads, Captain Carmichael and his men regained the shelter of their lines almost unscathed. The sole casualty was one grenadier, struck dead and falling into the advanced English trench, so nearly had he achieved safety. The result of the daring adventure was the knowledge that the breach, though a formidable obstacle, was not impregnable, a knowledge which was soon to be of inestimable value.

On the 17th January the engineers reported to Lord Combermere that the mines on which the issue of the siege depended would be ready that night. They were, as before noted, three in number : one under the angle of the north-east bastion, loaded with 10,000 lb. of powder connected by a train 300 feet long leading under the ditch ; another, less heavily loaded, destined to improve and extend the breach ; third, still smaller, was to blow in the scarp. The hour of final and decisiv was at hand and the orders were g the assault on the following day. Two were formed for the service, place Generals Reynell and Nicholls respecti these again were divided into smaller the purposes of support and mutual a The direction of the principal attack w to General Reynell and was to be thu out :—The main breach was to be sto two brigades acting under General personal command. The leading Brigadier McCombe's, was to be headed Grenadiers of the 14th Regiment, follow spiking party of artillerymen. The brig to consist of four companies of the 1 58th Native Infantry, and 100 N Goorkhas. Brigadier Patton's brigad sisting of four companies of the 14th, Native Infantry and five companies of G was to support Brigadier McCombe in t rush. After the top of the breach sh gained, the leading brigade was ordered to the right along the ramparts ; th brigade to the left. This main attack wa supported on its right by a column under Colonel Delamain, composed of two co of the 1st European Regiment, the 58th Infantry, and 100 Goorkhas, which storm a small breach near the Juggeenah

General Nicholls's main attack was to b on the left breach by Brigadier Edwards head of seven companies of the 59th Re the 31st Native Infantry, and 100 S Goorkhas. This, again, was to be flan a strong escalading attack under Colonel Wilson, which was to ascend t by ladders at a re-entering angle near th breach. Other smaller subsidiary at parties were detailed, but every column storming party, received the most min structions, and no contingency was left vided for. Sappers with tools for b through walls of houses, men carrying rop nooses to be slipped over the beams rampart and thus to form hand ropes, a men to spike the guns—all were ord be present, ready to follow the first st Brigadier Fagan, with the 21st, 35th, a Native Infantry, was ordered to support t Nicholls's attack, and a reserve column Brigadier Adams was to be formed trenches to cover a retreat in case of failu

At half-past four on the morning of the 18th e troops silently entered the trenches, where ey were to remain hidden till the signal for sault was given. The most advanced parallels

"THE JATS, MAKING A FRANTIC LEAP FOR SAFETY, WERE BURIED IN ITS DEPTHS" (*p.* 343).

ere not occupied, as it was feared that the *ébris* of the exploding mines would cause many injuries to people within their influence. The commander-in-chief himself inspected each olumn, made sure that his orders had been rried out and that every precaution had been taken to keep the assemblage of soldiers hidden from the enemy with whom they were so soon to grapple hand to hand. Not a head was raised, not a bayonet was to be seen over the trenches, not a sound was to be heard in the still morning but the low hum rising from a mass of men quivering with excitement and with difficulty restraining their pent-up feelings. A little after eight o'clock an engineer officer reported to Lord Combermere that the mines were ready,

and the order was given that they should at once be fired. Every eye was turned to the points of the expected explosions, and followed with keenest suspense the lightly curling smoke, which showed the gradual ignition of the trains. At last with a mighty roar the two lesser mines exploded, doing all the work that had been expected from them. Alarmed by the sudden and mighty shocks and fearing an immediate assault, the garrison crowded to the angle of the bastion, the sunlight gleaming on their white garments, their armour, and waving weapons. Little did they think that death was even now leaping towards them, and that their time on earth was to be counted by seconds. Even as they gathered and shouted defiance, there was the convulsion of the great mine's explosion. The whole bastion heaved and rent. An ear-splitting crash like loudest thunder shook the air, and where the bastion had been, a dense cloud of dust and smoke arose, mingled with the bodies and limbs of the ill-fated wretches, with stones, timbers, masses of earth, and indefinable *débris*. To the authors of that terrible destruction the spectacle was appalling; among the sufferers by this gruesome expedient of cruel war were scattered broadcast confusion, dismay, and death in its most horrible forms.

Nor were the effects of the great explosion confined to the defenders of Bhurtpore alone. Even more far-reaching than was anticipated spread the shadow of death. Scattered fragments of the upheaval were hurled into the English trenches, where the stormers were lying ready for action and Lord Combermere himself was present in command. Two sepoys standing close by the commander-in-chief were killed. Brigadier McCombe was struck down, and Brigadier Patton, with Captain Irvine, Lieutenant Daly of the 14th, and nearly twenty men of the 14th, were either killed or wounded. When the echoes of the mighty crash had ceased, the whole scene was still hidden by the thick cloud of smoke and dust which hung like a veil over rampart, ditch, and trenches. As it slowly cleared away, the Grenadiers of the 14th and 59th were seen charging impetuously up the steep faces of the breaches. Staggered as the enemy had been by the mine, they yet gathered bravely in defence, and poured a heavy fire of grape and musketry on the attackers. Major Everard, who led the 14th, made good his ascent, and in a few moments the colours of the regiment were seen floating on the summit. The 59th were equally successful. Their band played the stirring strains of the "British Gr as they left the trenches. The b steeper, the fire to be encountered hea at the main attack, but, unchecked by c undismayed by the fierce resistance, th stubbornly on till they also stood tr within the enemy's works. The ren the columns directed by Generals Re Nicholls followed where the 14th and led the way. There was a moment of in one native infantry corps, but whe Reynell himself, standing on the tc ruined bastion exposed to the heavy the citadel, called out to them to fo they answered to the appeal and plun confidence into the fight.

As had been directed in orders, th General Reynell's column turned to th clear the ramparts as soon as the br been crowned, while the native infant trated into the town and moved th parallel to the storming party. The c of Bhurtpore rallied gallantly and, facing and his Grenadiers in hand-to-hand disputed every inch of ground. There time for the actual combatants to load The *melée* was between tulwar on one bayonet and musket-butt on the other. lock fire from the adjacent houses told on the English, but still the 14th foug way on, driving their enemy before the of that enemy many brave men died wh stood rather than step one backward pa Jat gunners in particular would not fo pieces which they had served so well the close of the fight, were almost tc found lying dead, sword in hand, rou loved artillery.

It will be remembered that Lieut. Delamain had been detailed to lead a c the attack of a breach near the Juggeen on the right of General Reynell's main He also had won his way into the town, with heavy loss, as a mine had been fire enemy beneath the feet of his stormers a up many. His success was complete, and, clearing his path to his left al fortifications he met Major Everard, coming in the opposite direction. And of the most terrible catastrophes of happened to the defeated but still des fighting Jats. Between Colonel Delam Major Everard there yawned a steep and gorge, about sixty feet deep, and the tw of English troops arrived at the opposite

orge, simultaneously pressing their foes them. From both sides the Jats were backwards at the point of the bayonet ls the abyss and, either victims of shot or ır making a frantic leap for safety, were in its depths. In a few minutes several ɜds lay piled at the bottom of the gorge, a ıs, groaning mass. To add to the horror r condition many of them wore armour of l cotton, impervious to sword cut and even ket ball. This armour had in many cases ɜt on fire by the close discharge of musket ol, and the wretched wearers were slowly l till death came as relief to their incone torture. A noble attempt was made to some of them and a few were extricated, me and means were not available for ork of mercy, and, a few hours later, g was left but "a confused mass of burned rning bodies."

ɜs been said how the 59th Grenadiers, at ad of General Nicholls's column of assault, l the left breach. They were followed and ıpported by the remainder of the column, ere, soon after entering the town, joined rigadier Patton's brigade of General ll's division. Colonel Wilson, who had letailed to lead an escalading party, had ıpposition to encounter, and, though he f and about thirty men mounted the wall lers, the greater part of his command found r to enter the town by the breach.

he storming parties were now in Bhurtnd while some of them cleared the circle parts of their defenders, the remainder ɜd the town in every direction, driving emy from their positions in the streets t of the houses, from which a desultory s being kept up. Brigadier Fagan, who nded General Nicholls's second brigade, ıg in support of Brigadier Edwards, found work for his force in quenching the bers of resistance in the great city, and er Adams, who commanded the general , when the success of the day was assured l by the Agra gate to bring fresh and en troops for the duty of keeping order. ghting, which continued from house to and from street to street, took a heavy loss from Lord Combermere's army before quiet, and, amongst others, Brigadier ls received his death wound while bravely his men.

commander-in-chief had himself shared full the toils and dangers of his army, and that he was not the first to mount the breach was less due to his own prudence and caution than to the more than verbal dissuasion and influence of his staff. The blood of the old Peninsular *sabreur* boiled at the sight of the stormers' charge, and, casting his dignity to the winds, he yearned to join personally in the first shock of conflict. He was induced, however, to wait and follow the leading sections, though even thus the enemy's bullets pattered on the ground as he passed over it. He made his way to the glacis of the citadel and summoned it to surrender. As no reply was given, he sent for a couple of twelve-pounders to blow open its gates, while some field-guns which had been dragged up the breach opened on it a heavy and well-directed fire. By three o'clock in the afternoon the twelve-pounders had arrived, and everything was prepared for blowing in the gate when a deputation came out with an offer of unconditional surrender. The 37th Native Infantry was sent for to take possession, and after brief delay they entered and the king's colour of the regiment was hoisted on the battlements of the citadel—a sight of joyous triumph, for it told the completion of the day's stern work.

Shortly afterwards the news was brought in that Doorjun Sal had been captured by the cavalry, which hemmed in every outlet from the town. When he saw the fortune of the day going against him, he had collected a vast amount of treasure, and with his wives and children, at the head of a picked body of horsemen, he had thought to cut his way to escape. But the toils were set too close, and he had to yield to Lieutenant Barbor of the 8th Light Cavalry. Every horseman of his escort had from 1,200 to 2,000 gold mohurs, equal to from £1,920 to £3,200, sewn in the lining of his saddle.

The loss of the garrison of Bhurtpore is estimated at about 13,000 killed and wounded during the siege, of whom 4,000 were slain in the assault. Most of the remainder were taken prisoners, the cavalry alone having captured 6,000 or 7,000 after the town was stormed. The British casualties during the siege and in the assault amounted to 1,050 killed, wounded, and missing, including seven officers killed and forty-one wounded.

Thus was captured the great fortress, a feat of arms which, though now almost forgotten, yields in brilliancy to few of our country's military achievements, and had an influence on the fate of England's rule in India that can hardly be exaggerated.

THE scene was an improvised garden in North Africa, just across the frontier line between Algeria and Morocco, on the banks of the river Isly. The time —night: a cool breeze had succeeded the torrid heat of day, and the French camp was alive with gaiety, brilliantly illuminated by many coloured lanterns which blazed upon the pink blossoms of the oleanders and the tamarisks.

A military "punch," as it is called by the French army, was in progress—a kind of festive entertainment given by the officers to some newly-arrived comrades.

The only thing wanting to complete success was the presence of the commander-in-chief.

Marshal Bugeaud —*le père* Bugeaud, as he was styled affectionately by his soldiers—had retired to his tent, and was already asleep on his truckle bed. He was worn out with fatigue. A momentous battle was imminent. The marshal had been busily engaged all day in preparing written instructions for all commanders of corps under his orders. Who would dare awaken him?

The only one bold enough for the task was a civilian—M. Léon Roche, the principal interpreter of the army and long the marshal's close associate and intimate friend. Even he was sharply received when performing this unpleasant duty. But when the old man heard the reason he got up; dressed, still grumbling, and started for the centre of the camp. Here he found himself surrounded by an animated concourse.

All the officers of rank crowded round him and welcomed him warmly. Then it was that he delivered himself of a famous little speech, which is said to have had no insignificant effect upon the fighting of next day.

"It will be a great day, you may depend," he said with much animation. "We shall be terribly outnumbered. Our army has only 6,500 bayonets and 1,500 horse; the Moors, so I am told, are at least 60,000 strong—all horsemen. ' there were three or four times as m more numerous they are the great their disorder, the worse the disaster w are attacked.

"You see, ours is an army; the M only a mob, and this is what, I t happen. I shall form my men in the s boar's head. The right tusk will be Lamoricière, the left Bedeau, the muzz Pelissier, and I shall be behind the ea shall stop our penetrating force? My we shall split the Moorish army up knife cuts into butter. I have only and that is that the enemy will not wai

This spirited speech evoked the wi thusiasm. A report of it, and of the w old marshal had used, rapidly spread thr camp; it was repeated from mouth to mo fired the troops with their leader's desp self-confident courage. All, like him, afraid the Moors would escape out of the

The battle of Isly, then imminent, called the final stroke for supremacy in Although not actually fought on Alge nor against the Algerian Arabs, it yet out their opposition by utterly destro power of Abd-el-Kadr, the great Arab c alone had successfully resisted the Frenc long. These two men, Marshal Buge Abd-el-Kadr, the one a Frenchman, t an Arab, are really the most prominent ages in the history of the Algerian c both earned great distinction—the c soldier, the other as a patriot. Before with the last great episode in this strugg had extended over fifteen years and is finitely ended even now—for to this d submission cannot be called complete, surrection is always possible—some should be given of the two remarkable

ly connected with it. Isly may be firmly established the fame of the l, and to have practically closed the career of Abd-el-Kadr, the other.

ugeaud was a product of the Napo- e, one of the last of the great ed out by the Grande Armée. Born ut recently ennobled, he liked to man of the people : he always said der of his grandfather, the black- ad founded the family fortunes, than , the aristocrat, who had dissipated ud was but badly educated, and at the y, when a big, burly, stalwart youth, s a private soldier in the Imperial d literally in his knapsack the field- on which, the proverb declares, every cript carries there. He won his couple of years later at Pultusk, in he took active part in many of Napo- igns ; but his promotion was not e was only a colonel at Waterloo. ter's fall he shared the emperor's dis- tired into private life, only to return and gain the rank of general after on of 1830. He took then to and as an outspoken deputy with the courage of his opinions he had to fight several duels in defence of them. In 1836 he entered once more upon his natural sphere, and was sent to Algeria as a general of brigade.

At this time Thomas Bugeaud was a hale man of fifty, tall, muscular, and broadly built, every inch a soldier, with the imperious manner and decided air of one practised to command ; he had an iron constitution, was "greedy of fatigue and inaccessible to the infirmities of age." Bugeaud was the idol of his men : his first and last thought was for them ; their comfort, well-being, and instruction were his most constant and unremitting care. A dozen stories are preserved of him proving this. He was known to dismount from his horse to help a muleteer to replace the bundles which had fallen from a pack saddle. "I have seen him," reports an eye-witness, "take the trouble to shift the sentries' posts after nightfall so as to deceive the keen-sighted Arabs and keep his men out of fire." He would fall back to the rear-guard to admonish and encourage his soldiers, talking to them one by one in the kindest and most friendly way. Sometimes he would halt a column on the march and order the men to undress. Woe then to the commanding officer if any soldier was

ALGIERS.

found to be without the regulation flannel belt! The best story told is, perhaps, that which earned him the sobriquet of the Père Casquette (Father Flat-cap). On one occasion his camp was surprised: through the carelessness of the outposts the Arabs broke in and opened a heavy fire. All was dire confusion at first, but the marshal rushed out of his tent and restored order: indeed, with his own strong hands he struck down two of the assailants. But when all was over and the Arabs driven back, the marshal, as he stood in the strong light of the camp fires, saw that all eyes were directed to his headgear, and that every one was laughing. Putting his hand to his head, he found that it was still covered with his night-cap; so he called someone to bring him his *képi* or *casquette*, and the cry was set by some soldier-composer to music that very night. Next morning, when the bugles sounded the rouse, a battalion of Zouaves accompanied the music with a chorus about the cap—

As-tu vu
La Casquette,
La Casquette?
As-tu vu
La Casquette
Du Père Bugeaud?

The impromptu air pleased the old marshal mightily. Ever afterwards the first bugle-call at dawn was called the "casquette," and the marshal himself was often heard telling a bugler to sound the *casquette*. Sometimes, when the troops were wearied and footsore, he would order the favourite tune to be played; the men, taking heart, would strike up the chorus, in which the general himself would join.

What especially endeared Bugeaud to his soldiers was his unfailing readiness to share their privations. Nothing annoyed him more than to see infantry officers riding saddle-horses. He issued a peremptory order once on the subject: "This abuse must be immediately stopped. Infantry officers must not lose sight of the fact that the surest method of obtaining from their soldiers the self-denial and energy required to endure toilsome marches under a burning sun is to set the example of going on foot as the men do." Upon one occasion the marshal was roaming through his camp alone and unobserved when he heard a dispute between an old and a young Zouave. The latter was bemoaning his fate: for three days he had been wet to the skin, and not a chance of drying himself; not a bit of bread nor a glass of brandy was to be bought at the canteen. "Conscript," cried the him sharply to task, "if you had at the Père Casquette's tent as I you would give up grumbling. and a marshal of France, but h at a bit of biscuit like the rest of ing a mug of water." There was applause from all around, and the he afterwards told the story, said felt so proud in his life before.

A leader of this sort was cert shipped by his men, but old Buge humane and considerate to the record that when governor-gene vince he looked out of the windo as he was shaving, and saw a an Arab brutally. Without a se the marshal ran out in his shirt he was, with the soapsuds on h out his guard, and had the Malte given in charge of the police.

When Bugeaud first reached very much dissatisfied with the the war had been waged: he w the Arabs would be best tackled able columns unencumbered wi artillery. In spite of the marked his lieutenants he persisted in ca system. At this time Abd-el-Kad formidable antagonist the French and it was with him that Bug to try conclusions. He did so the battle of the Sickack, when a all but broke up and dispersed forces. But the Arab chief was and Bugeaud was desired, if pos him to terms. The moment was for Clausel had just failed in the stantine, and the French hold growing precarious. It was said was to renew the war against Ab could not induce him to make pe he presently succeeded, and the cel of Tafna was the result. By th recognised the emir as an ind over the western part of Algeria tainous interior, in return for whi acknowledged the sovereignty of Arabs on each side were to be fre go, and those within the French have full religious toleration.

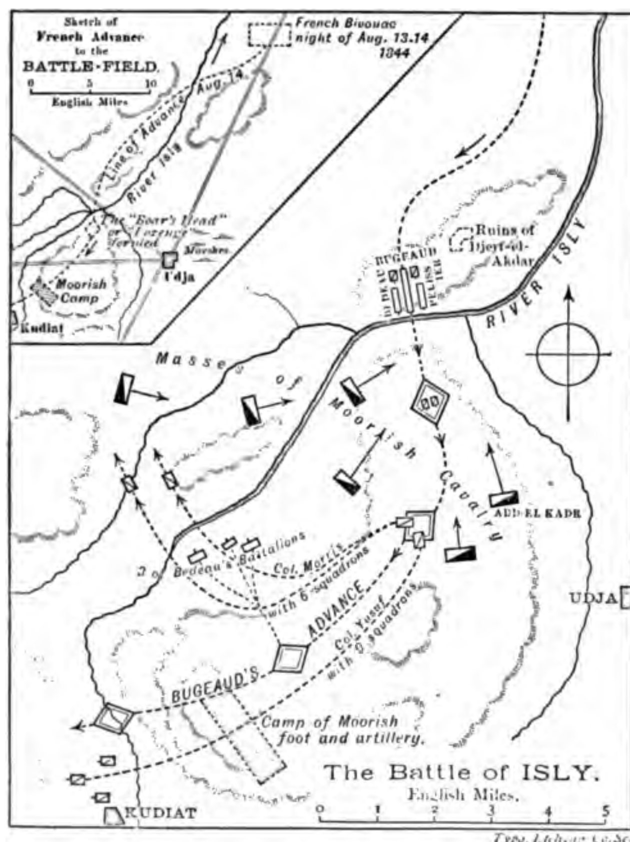
It was hoped that this treaty first step to a pacific settlement as soon as it was signed the hi parties met to make each other's

ɟeaud (he was not yet a marshal) was
o meet the Arab chieftain who had
d the power of France. It was now
since Abd-el-Kadr had set himself
ition to the French by heading the
lemcen in a holy war against the
ler. When the French first in-
a he was a remarkable youth, barely
nty, the son of a marabout, or priest,
ctity whom the tribes had invited
lead. This marabout, by name Ma-
ed, but passed on the offer to his son.
s had been prophesied of Abd-el-
d accompanied his father to Mecca,
d been hailed by a holy fakir as a
of the Arabs; and he undoubtedly
most remarkable man who had ap-
ng the western Mohammedans for
a century. Towards the end of his
43, Marshal Soult classed him among
e men then alive—all Mussulmans
ld legitimately be called great."
Schamyl the Circassian, Mehemet
ptian Pasha, and Abd-el-Kadr.
Mahiddin, as he was called, first
ns against the French in 1833 by
an. Although repulsed, he gradually
his power by his indomitable energy
onal influence he exercised over the
Thousands of them flocked to his
d for four years he proved a most
antagonist. The person of Abd-el-
time when Bugeaud met him was
g, and gave outward proof of his
rkable character. A prisoner who
time in his camp describes him as
n stature, with a long deadly pale
ge black languishing eyes, an aqui-
small delicate mouth, thin dark
rd, and slight moustache. He had
rmed hands and feet, which he was
washing and trimming with a small
ess he studied the utmost simplicity,
white linen without a vestige of gold
ry. Bugeaud thought his appear-
at of a devotee, but he was skilled
exercises, was a fine horseman, and
ifully mounted in the field.
ast between the stalwart old French-
htly-formed Arab must have been
Both were anxious to maintain
; neither at first would give way.
ud dismounted, Abd-el-Kadr hesi-
length did the same; they sat side by
grass and talked for forty minutes.
Then Bugeaud rose to go, but Abd-el-Kadr did not move from his seat. This might have been intentional disrespect, and was not to be borne, so old Bugeaud protested. "I fancied," as he afterwards told the French Chamber, "I saw in it a certain claim to superiority, and so I made my interpreter tell him 'when a French general rises, you should also rise.' While my interpreter was translating the words, I took Abd-el-Kadr by the hands and lifted him up. He was not very heavy."

A special interest attaches to the meeting of these two men, for they were again to be pitted against each other in the coming years. The Treaty of Tafna was only a truce. Abd-el-Kadr accepted the terms in order to get time for fresh preparations and to consolidate his power. He was now at the zenith, holding authority over a large territory, feared and obeyed by thousands of adherents. In France the treaty was viewed with extreme disfavour, and after the fall of Constantine it was clear that a fresh appeal to arms would be gladly entertained at home. When Abd-el-Kadr protested against a demonstration made by Marshal Vallée into the mountain country through the celebrated Iron Gates or *portes de fer*, the French Government decided to resume offensive operations. They were, however, forestalled by Abd-el-Kadr, who again raised the standard of a holy war, and much fighting with many massacres followed. Desultory operations, by no means favourable to the French, dragged on for three years, during which they lost hold on the interior and were more and more restricted to the ports and strong places on the coast. At last General Bugeaud, who was once more in France actively engaged in politics, was offered the supreme command in Algeria, and went back as governor-general to the scene of his old successes.

Bugeaud was a soldier of broad views and abounding common-sense. He saw that he had now to deal not with an army, but with a nation in arms. He knew that it was useless to operate with large bodies of troops against wild tribes constantly on the move; that he must catch them on the run, defeat them wherever he found them, compel them to lay down arms, then overawe them into peaceful submission. It was the further development of the lesson he had learnt in 1836. He organised his forces in small compact columns,—a few battalions of infantry, a couple of squadrons of cavalry, two mountain-howitzers, a small transport train on mule- and camel-back; as speed was the first consideration,

he employed only picked men, those inured to the climate and to fatigue. They moved in the lightest marching order, carrying only muskets, ammunition, and a little food. A strip of canvas served as haversack, but was unsewn ; three of these could be joined together, and thus form a shelter for three men. This was the origin of the famous *tente d'abri*, the only form of encampment for a large portion of the French army in the Crimea.



The Battle of ISLY.

The command of those movable columns was entrusted to the smartest of the young officers Bugeaud found around him. He had no lack of choice. The campaign in Algeria had now lingered on for many years, and had served as an admirable military school, in which some of the most eminent soldiers, men to be hereafter more widely known, won early distinction. Among these were Changarnier, Cavaignac, Lamoricière, Bedeau, St. Arnaud, Canrobert, Pelissier, and the king's son, the Duc d'Aumale. The chief, ever active and enterprising, could count upon lieutenants eager to vie with him and give full effect to his views. Bugeaud set them a fine example. The old general was indefatigable, rea at a moment's notice to any poin threatened, to take the lead in any operation. When he was at Algiers, lay in the bay with steam up prepared t anywhere along the coast. He slept and when he woke at any hour he secretaries and kept them busy wit for hours. Throughout it all he gaiety and wit ; he delighted in lecturing his staff, and tellir stories. Yet nothing was to his attention ; he never mi glected an opportunity.

A couple of years saw a ve change in the position of the Algeria. Marshal Bugeaud's warfare was entirely succe won combat after combat, dri el-Kadr further and furthe hills. One by one he took chieftain's strongholds. Th citadel of Tackdempt, which el-Kadr's chief arsenal and was captured and destroye second fortress among the hi French hands ; after that B Thaza were taken from Al and he was driven back int Mountains, while his power shaken throughout the pr Oran. But he was not ye and while the French wer against the mountain tribe Kadr made a descent upon near Cherchell, which spre alarm through the colony. was driven back and continu by several corps, which, c sought to enclose him betw One of these, commanded by d'Aumale, captured by a bold stroke Ab *smalah*, the great collection of tents v family, followers, and possessions, whi in the habit of moving about with hir he went. Afterwards, when a prisoner hands, the emir declared that there w people in his *smalah* when attacked l d'Aumale. This multitude consisted men of all kinds, armourers, saddle smiths ; an immense market was hel weekly ; all Abd-el-Kadr's treasure his wives, his horses, all he owned.

The Duc d'Aumale, with a small come upon the *smalah* after a long p

a fatiguing march of thirty hours; his men had hardly slept, they had eaten with their bridles over their arms, and only chocolate or biscuit, for they were afraid to betray their presence by lighting fires. The great numerical strength of the enemy suggested prudence, but the duke

"CAPTURED BY A BOLD STROKE ABD-EL-KADR'S SMALAH" (p. 348).

was for immediate attack. "My ancestors never retreated," he said. "Gentlemen, I will not be the first to do so." With a few brief words to charge both flanks and centre at once, he dashed on overbearing all resistance. Almost at a blow four thousand prisoners were captured, including the emir's wife and mother, much treasure, all the tents, standards, and stores. The rest fled. It was an instance where conspicuous daring tells—where six hundred intrepid men defeated five thousand. "To attack such a superior force in this way," wrote a military critic afterwards, "a leader must be five-and-twenty, like the Duc d'Aumale; he must hardly know what danger is, or have the very devil in him." The French horsemen had covered ninety miles in thirty-six hours, and the supporting infantry were still eighteen miles to the rear. "Yet the duke attacked without hesitation: it was good; it was brave; it was brilliant!" This was the verdict of General (afterwards Marshal) St. Arnaud.

The effect of this victory was disastrous to Abd-el-Kadr's cause. His adherents began to fall away from him; he was driven into the western corner of Algeria, and at last, despairing of other help, he crossed the Moorish frontier

and threw himself upon the mercy of the Emperor of Morocco. This monarch, Abderrhaman by name, at that time the most powerful ruler in Northern Africa, a descendant of the Prophet, and a most devout Mussulman, at once promised his help. War against Abd-el-Kadr's new ally became inevitable, although the French Government were not disposed to enter upon it lightly. They first remonstrated with the emperor, insisting that he should neither receive nor succour the enemy of France. As the answer was a haughty negative, Marshal Bugeaud did not wait for definite instructions from home (it was long before the days of the electric telegraph), but proceeded with all promptitude to take the initiative. Hostilities had already commenced on the frontier. There was sharp skirmishing at the outposts, but it was not till the middle of June that all hopes of an amicable settlement were at an end. By that date Marshal Bugeaud had embarked at Algiers with reinforcements, and proceeded to the mouth of the Tafna. There he disembarked, and advanced to Lalla Maghrina in the direction of the Isly river and some fifty miles south-west of Tlemcen. He was backed up in this by another son of the French king, at that time commanding a French fleet off the coast of Morocco—the Prince de Joinville, who joined the marshal heartily in his desire for vigorous action. The prince without hesitation at once bombarded Tangier, and sent the news to the marshal, whose answer was characteristic. The message reached him the 12th of August; the reply ran as follows: "Prince, you have drawn a bill upon me; I engage to honour it. To-morrow I shall execute a manœuvre that will bring me within touch of the emperor's army before he is aware of it; the day after, I shall defeat it."

This bold prediction was fully verified. On the 14th of August the battle of Isly was fought and won.

Abderrhaman's son commanded the Moorish army, which was mainly composed of cavalry, estimated afterwards by Marshal Bugeaud at not less than 45,000 strong. It was posted on the western or further bank of the little river in a series of camps, seven in number, "occupying," said an eye-witness, "a greater space than the circumference of Paris." The French had reconnoitred the enemy's position with their foraging parties sent out daily some distance to the front to cut barley and grass for the cavalry and transport animals. As a good plan to deceive the Moors, the foragers were despatched as usual on the 13th, with orders not to
nightfall, when they would be rein
their forward position by the whole Fre
By this stratagem the entire force
within easy reach of the enemy ur
Express orders were issued forbidding
to light fires or even to smoke their pi

At daylight Marshal Bugeaud made
stration across the river, but encou
enemy. His advanced line, howeve
the position of the Moorish camp; a
he prepared to cross with his main
Moorish cavalry came down to di
passage of the river, but were driven
fire of the French skirmishers. Th
attack was to be directed upon the hig
of the hills opposite where the Moor
had his headquarters surmounted by his
and his parasol. The advance was ma
formation devised by the marshal
called it a boar's head. The right and
were represented by infantry in colu
instantly to form square when threa
the Moorish horsemen. These now
down in immense numbers and with d
courage upon the flanks or "tusks,"
received by the squares "prepared t
cavalry," while the skirmishers ran i
down for shelter under the bristling
The mounted men could not face the
now opened by the French infantry, a
to waver. Their charges were made i
of great depth; the first line, being
threw the second into disorder, and
back upon the third, causing great
The Moors, although good marksmen,
return an effective fire, and their bu
too high. Now the French artillery,
than four light field-pieces, did great
and the enemy's onslaught had obviou

Marshal Bugeaud saw that the critica
had arrived, and proceeded to use
cavalry with great promptitude and
was in two portions, commanded respe
Colonels Tartas and Morris. The first
total of nineteen squadrons was, with
pivoted on the river, to circle round t
and charge the camp; the second, und
Morris, was to repel a threatened att
the French right flank by charging th
left. The first of these movements, l
Yusuf—an Italian by birth, who had
an Arab slave, but who had joined th
on their first arrival and entered the Sp
entirely successful: his six squadrons

by three of Chasseurs, carried all m, and, in spite of a well-sustained ·e, entered the camp and captured it. g—guns, tents, the shops of the ll stores, ammunition, and food—fell ctor's hands.

ime a body of still unbeaten cavalry ugeaud's right flank, and was met by orris with six squadrons of Chasseurs. tered a stubborn resistance, but was upported by Bedeau's infantry, when gave way. Morris now pursued, but y faced round d, rallying his med inclined to take the camp. re some twenty of them, and they led to a fresh ide by the three e artillery went on the western infantry under e guns, the whole lry followed, and were completely 1. The enemy ted in hot haste, ursued for several ere was one epi- iis last phase of hich might have sastrous to the French. Colonel ventured too far with his horsemen, himself surrounded and in danger ut off. But he succeeded in holding id horsemen at bay with his five hun- eurs until assistance could reach him. ory, gained at but small expenditure yet decisive. From twelve to fifteen loors were killed or taken prisoners ; a thousand tents, many guns, a large f small arms, and vast stores of war ere captured. At noon the French tered the Moorish prince's tent, and magnificent shelter was regaled upon l cakes prepared in the morning for tunate youth. He himself had fled many miles to Thaza, and orders were already issued to continue the pursuit, when the emperor sent two chieftains into the French camp with proposals for peace. The terms eventually agreed upon were a substantial war indemnity, a rectification of the frontier between Algeria and Morocco, and finally the expulsion of Abd-el-Kadr from Moorish territory with an undertaking that he was never again to receive support or assistance.

MARSHAL BUGEAUD.
(After an old print.)

But Abd-el-Kadr was still at large. He appears to have taken no part in the battle of Isly, although he must have been in the immediate vicinity. The day after, he was reported to be only a day's march distant, and a bold attempt was made by General Yusuf to seize him. The chief of the Spahis disguised a hundred of his troopers in Moorish dresses taken from the spoils of victory, the pointed headgear, long gun, and black burnouse, and after a forced march of fifteen miles he came unexpectedly upon an outpost which he charged and captured. There was no Abd-el-Kadr, but his secretary was made prisoner, carrying the official seal and with papers on him indicating his chief's movements. To know where the emir was going did not mean his capture. For three years longer he ranged the mountains or the desert of the interior, a proscribed fugitive without a vestige of his former power. At length in 1847 he came in voluntarily, and surrendered to the Duc d'Aumale, who was then governor-general of Algeria, and the conquest of the province was complete.

Abd-el-Kadr was sent to France and kept there in a sort of open captivity for a number of years. Eventually he was permitted to withdraw to Damascus, where he lived as a French pensioner until his death in 1853.

> "The purple haze of legend blends
> The dawning and the afterday.
> Thro' thy dream-past his sinuous way
> In the dim shade the Red Man wends,
> Strides down Time's weird mysterious glen
> And leaps into the world of ken."
>
> *To Canada.*

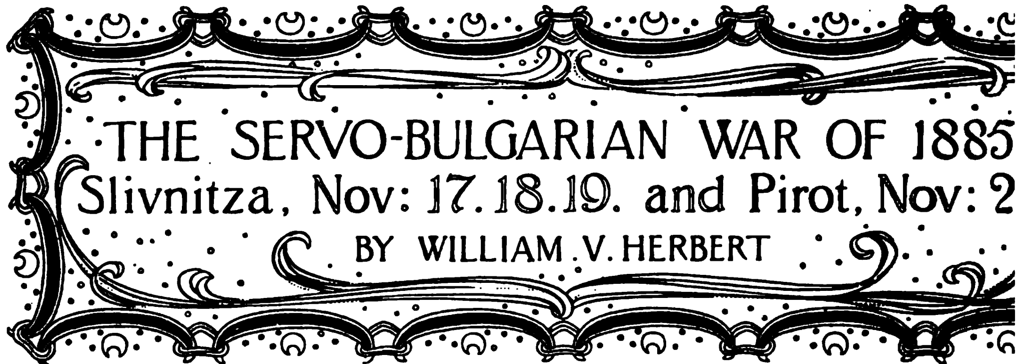
LUNDY'S LANE! Strange, savage struggle; struggle in which Briton, Canadian, American, Iroquois, and Huron all met in chaotic deadly grapple on the bank of the great river, and by the side of the thundering falls whose veil of white spray hung from heaven like a winding-sheet. Lundy's Lane! where the red man's war-whoop mingled with the frenzied shout of the white, where the sharp crack of the musket cut the sullen roar of the cataract as lightning slashes the black cloud; fight of the early evening, of the long gloaming, of the night, dark before the moon hung in the sky. And when her pale face looked down between the slowly-drifting clouds, although her light fell upon many a blanched face, she saw crowds of maddened men still slashing with sabre, thrusting with bayonet, swinging their clubbed muskets around their heads as they battered a path, this way and that, for the possession of the field. It was the battle of battles in the War of 1812, Lundy's Lane. The sides that fought were blood-brothers. Their officers cried their orders in the same tongue, the men cheered the same cheer; the same courage, the same determination, the same unconquerable spirit animated all who fought the fierce fight across the narrow highway, Lundy's Lane, that led into pastoral Ontario.

Besides its being famous as a fight, Lundy's Lane has some peculiarities. Looked at from a purely military standpoint, the battle was in a way lacking in brilliant points and movements, being in fact a fair and square stand-up slogging on both sides, the British hol position and the American general, by edly hurling his full force against the re attempting to carry the position. The liarities to which I now refer lay outs actual fight.

In the first place, the battle can be ca any one of three names. The Canadiai named it Lundy's Lane, the Americans water, and some few Canadians and Briti a good many American writers, refer to i Battle of Niagara Falls. Seeing that tl took place on Canadian soil and across l Lane, it may be as well to accept the na Canadians have given it. Certainly they know best. They had everything to l the battle gone against the Union Jac one point appeared not at all improbable, ground over which the fight raged is t sacred ground. Another strange featur battle is that each side claimed a decisive Search the histories of Canada and the States and victory is credited to Bri American according as the history is wri an Englishman or an American. Now, can scarcely be won by both sides con One may be drawn, but that actual vict never be won by both the opposing is certain; and with all due respect Americans, and the evidence their write forward to support their contention, an i student of the battle will find great diffi discovering much logic in their clain American army came very near to wi

Slowly but surely ample and effective aid arrived. Matters began to mend as the dread winter gradually spent its force. Great gangs of "navvies" constructed a railroad between Balaclava and "the front" by which the much-needed supplies were sent forward; the uncompromising energy of Colonel McNundo, who came out armed with full powers, created a land transport service with thousands of animals, for whom at last sufficient fodder was found; Miss Nightingale and her lady nurses arrived, and with unstinting devotion revolutionised the pest-houses, wrongly called hospitals. At "the front" our arduous share in the siege operations was lightened by the friendly intervention of our allies; although the French had also suffered severely, their army had been so constantly reinforced that by this time it was nearly four times as numerous as ours. Then Lord Raglan suggested that they should relieve us in our trench duty one night in every three. General Canrobert preferred, however, to take charge of our extreme right attack, that which faced the Malakoff and embraced the battle-ground of Inkerman. This timely assistance had the effect of setting free some fifteen hundred British troops, and concentrated the efforts of the whole upon a more limited area. From that time forward matters began gradually to improve. With the spring new hope revived, and, although the fortress was still intact, the business now before us was to fight men, not the season.

COLONEL TODLEBEN.



ON the 18th September, 1885, there occurred in Philippopolis, the capital of the then Turkish (though semi-autonomous) province of East Roumelia, one of the most remarkable revolutions known to modern history: the Bulgarian populace of that city rebelled against the Ottoman Government, sent the Turkish officials about their business, and proclaimed the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia—a union which already the treaty of S. Stefano had practically acknowledged in 1878, but which that "old women's tea-party" (to quote an irate German writer of the period), the Berlin Congress, had subsequently cancelled.

Originally instigated by Russia, the rebellion took a course directly opposed to that nation's wishes and intentions, a course which the Czar's politicians had not dreamt of or provided for. The aim which Muscovite statecraft had had in view was to cause rupture and bloodshed between Turkey and East Roumelia, in which case Russia would have appeared on the scene in her time-honoured *rôle* of pretended Liberator and would have brought a fine province under her thumb—a task which she had vainly essayed already in 1877 and 1878.

But the unexpected always happens. Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, treating Russian schemes and intrigues, hints and commands, with the contempt they deserved, identified himself with the revolutionary movement, proclaimed on the 10th September in Tirnova—the ancient Czar-city of the great mediæval Bulgar-empire—the union of the "Two Bulgarias," and arrived on the 20th in Philippopolis to assume the reins of government. The autonomous principality of United Bulgaria was an accomplished fact, and Russia was nonplussed.

From this moment there was an incurable rupture and a deadly hatred between the two Alexanders, which not only lasted wl lived, but survived even beyond the their successors. The Czar, in order claim his dissatisfaction with the c events, recalled the numerous Russia serving in the Bulgarian army, and tl places were filled by the young li and captains of the newly-establishe militia.

The unique feature of the Philippop lion lies in the fact that the liberation and populous province from the sup an empire which could place a milli men in the field was accomplished wi loss of human life.

Acting upon the earnest remonst Austria, Germany, and England, T stained from military operations, for it made manifest to her that the sendi battalion across the East Roumelian would set the world aflame by bringin European war of unequalled dimen horrors.

United Bulgaria, nevertheless, made exertions to meet the oncoming storm. cloud burst in an unexpected quarter. remained inert in the East, whilst armies, at Russia's secret mandate, cr western frontiers on the 14th Novem A pretended (and most probably no boundary transgression on the part Bulgarian gendarmes furnished Servi pretext for the declaration of hostilities

Grandly United Bulgaria rose to the Differences of creed and race were wrongs condoned, grievances laid by n revived, and with masterly strategy prince hurled every available man ag ruthless invader.

In the beginning Servia had it all way, for Bulgaria, prepared only t

frontier, had bared the western. that Turkey was pacific, Prince by train and road, by express and ies, sent his troops westward to meet

7th November the Servians stood ulgarian position at Slivnitza, which ntrenched and fortified; and here he battle which was to spread the young Bulgar army and its brave over the whole of the newspaper-d.

is an unattractive Bulgarian village a thousand inhabitants, situated surroundings on the high road a, the capital of Bulgaria, and Nish t is about fifteen miles south-east of utlet of the Dragoman Pass, which across the range of mountains that t of the Servo-Bulgarian frontier e of the walls of the plain of Sofia. ity lies about twenty miles to the f Slivnitza, and Zaribrod, on the a, the Bulgarian frontier-townlet, me distance to the north-west. At he Turco-Bulgarian railway ter-ellova, and the Servian system in anja.

o miles west of the village the tachment—consisting on the 16th nine battalions of regular infantry olunteers, thirty-two guns, and no t a handful of mounted irregulars, out ten thousand men) commanded tscheff—had utilised a little ridge of their encampment, and had very efficiently fortified the same. The abominable: snow and frost at nd thaw by daylight, with the icy peculiar to the Bulgarian winters. o habitation within the position, ption of a pigstye which served as to the gallant major and his staff, s grandiloquently styled the "Guts-" and a little improvised shed for graph. The soldiers slept in the s.

ns had occupied Zaribrod on the he Dragoman Pass on the 15th oth after some sharp fighting with advanced guard, and on the early descended into the plain of Sofia. of Slivnitza became thus marked round which the decision would be it lay midway between the invader and the capital. Prince Alexander left Sofia in the forenoon of the 16th, and arrived in Slivnitza in the evening.

It was known among the Bulgarian troops in Slivnitza that the hostile army numbered twenty thousand or thirty thousand men, and had therefore, at the lowest estimates, double the strength of the defending force; it was also perfectly well known that no Bulgarian reinforcements could arrive from the extreme east of East Roumelia—where the army had been concentrated with a view to possible hostilities with Turkey—before the evening of the 17th at the earliest.

These considerations, added to the exposure to the horrible weather, might have struck dismay into the stoutest hearts, but Major Gutscheff and his gallant little host quaked not. They were persuaded of the righteousness of their cause, and that is one of the mightiest factors in warfare. The arrival of their beloved prince was made by them the occasion for the display of much enthusiasm, and every man looked with confidence towards the morrow and victory.

The entrenched position of Slivnitza deserves a brief description. It lay astride the Sofia-Pirot high-road, had a straight front about three miles long which faced almost due west, and was covered to rearward by the long straggling village, the only—and exceedingly dirty—khan of which served as quarters to the prince and his staff. The high-road cut the position in twain: about a third lay to the north, filling up the little plain from which the southern spurs of the Balkans rise precipitously, in a chaotic jungle of rock, cliff, and abyss; the bulk lay to the south, with the southern end turned eastwards *en potence*, so as to protect the left flank. The whole front of the position showed a quadruple line of trenches for rifle fire, one above the other on the gently-rising ground. Behind them there were to the north of the road one, and to the south three, battery epaulments, each for eight guns, and finally, at the extreme left flank, behind the trenches turned *en potence*, a powerful redoubt, which, for want of men and guns, was unoccupied at the commencement of the battle and garrisoned only on the evening of the first day.

The Servian forces had been divided into two armies: one (the Timok army) was to take Widdin and invade northern Bulgaria; the other (the Nishava army, commanded by King Milan in person) was to make straight for Sofia. This

is the one with which we shall have to deal. It consisted of four divisions and an unattached cavalry brigade, and was powerfully equipped with train, pontoons, engineers, sanitary detachments, field post and telegraph, and all modern devices of offence and defence, of support and maintenance. In this respect the Servians were undoubtedly by far in advance of their foes.

Of this army there fought on the first day of battle two divisions (Danube and Drina) and the cavalry brigade, a total of eighteen battalions, nine squadrons, and nine batteries, or about twenty-two thousand men and fifty-four guns.

It is not only just and generous but always pleasant to record something in favour of an enemy. The writer—whom circumstances had placed in the position of a foe to that amiable though ill-governed people — is glad to be able to bear testimony to the excellent behaviour of the Servian soldiery on hostile soil. Not a single sheep or fowl was stolen from a single Bulgarian peasant ; not a twist of tobacco was taken from a village-store, or a glass of brandy drunk in an alehouse without being paid for. Let the much-vaunted civilisation of England, France, and Germany take an example from that far less advanced nation! Unfortunately, the Bulgarians did not reciprocate, and in the flush of victory they forgot the sacred rights of humanity, as the woeful appearance of Pirot after the battle abundantly testified. But this by the way.

The Bulgarian position was very strong—in fact, impregnable in front, but weak on both sides, though from two entirely different causes: the north flank because the mountain slopes lying beyond it would have afforded the enemy a capital place for planting batteries, which, from that elevation, could have annihilated the Bulgarians without the need of a single rifle-shot or the use of a single bayonet, and the Bulgarians were not strong enough numerically to occupy each prominence ; the left flank because the redoubts and the trenches there were well-nigh deserted for want of men and guns. And yet a redistribution of the troops at the expense of the front was totally impracticable. Had such a one been attempted the prince would have been much in the position of a man who takes infinite pains to bar and bolt his back and side doors but leaves the front entrance open for the enterprising burglar. In fact, of the four rifle-trenches in front of the line only the foremost was occupied.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA.

The left flank was the most vulnerable point, and Prince Alexander's plan was to draw the attention of the enemy away from it towards the right flank by an offensive movement in that quarter, which would also serve the purpose of occupying the most prominent of the slopes, summits, and plateaux. That this bold project succeeded completely bears testimony to the Battenberger's perspicuity ; and that the Servians never even suspected the existence of what was virtually an open door to the hostile position is not to the credit of their military far-sight. On the second day this chance was lost, for the Bulgarians received reinforcements sufficient to man each phase of the position.

The 17th November opened into a perfectly abominable day : snow, sleet, rain, dirt, an icy blast, and a thick fog withal. The battle of this day was fought by both sides against an invisible foe, for the mist lasted all day long.

The attack of the Servians was perfectly frontal ; there was not the faintest attempt at circumvention. That it failed completely was in the nature of things. The artillery combat commenced at an hour before noon, and towards two o'clock it became most intense and deafening. The Servian artillery, despite its numerical superiority, had decidedly the worst of it, for the

ıd a fine modern Krupp ordnance, mostly obsolete guns, partly the pieces of the Russian army, pre- m by their former allies. So furious that on repeated occasions Prince ıd to enjoin economy in the use of fact, two of the Bulgarian batteries mselves out by dusk, and had not arrived from Sofia in the evening ns would have fared badly the next ervian infantry approached thrice ee hundred yards of the Bulgarian t had to turn tail each time in face der's quick and accurate rifle-fire. ırge did not take place on this day, eady stated, on the extreme right nk. And here a little battle of its ght, with the utmost dash and fero- eserves a paragraph of its own.

nanded, on the Bulgarian side, the avalry Bendereff, who disposed of

against an enemy of quadruple strength; but Prince Alexander gave the gallant captain permission to utilise the general reserve of two battalions for a more decided forward movement. Leaving only a few companies to man the trenches, Bendereff led his five battalions against the enemy, and on the bare and precipitous Balkan slopes a bayonet charge, executed with the utmost *élan*, drove the Servians completely away. In the flush of victory the Bulgarian troops actually "bolted" forward, and it was only in the village of Malo Malkovo that Alexander's messengers brought them to a standstill. Here Bendereff fortified himself hurriedly and roughly, and prepared everything for the continuance of the combat on the morrow. At five the first field day was over, resulting so far in a Bulgarian victory. The casualties were six hundred Bulgarians and twelve hundred Servians, dead or wounded.

During the hours of darkness both sides re-

SOFIA.

ons and a battery of eight pieces. he plan conceived by Prince Alex- ereff did not wait to be attacked, two of his battalions against the proaching enemy almost as soon as le had commenced. The Bulgarian not successful, for it was directed

ceived reinforcements, and the Servians actually increased their already considerable numerical superiority. Alexander obtained five battalions and two batteries from Sofia; Milan added to his attacking force several regiments and batteries from the other divisions of the Nishava army. As the Bulgarians had to send out, in

the course of the second day, three battalions (under Captain Popoff) to the south-west to protect the town of Bresnik (threatened by another division of the Nishava army), the discrepancy became more pronounced: the Servians had (in round figures) twenty-eight thousand men and eighty pieces, the Bulgarians twelve thousand men and fifty guns, toward the close of the second day of battle.

One of those five Bulgarian battalions had been so completely exhausted on its arrival in Sofia by the long march from Bellova, that this original mode of conveyance was adopted: the horses of a regiment of cavalry stationed in Sofia were borrowed, and the men rode to Slivnitza, two on each animal!

At 8.30 a.m. on the 18th November the Servians commenced the attack, this time almost exclusively against the left flank. But where yesterday there had been trenches, redoubts, and epaulments almost devoid of human beings, there was now a solid array of five thousand men, all fresh troops. The first Servian assault failed completely; then a whole division of ten thousand men was brought to the attack, with the like result. At noon the Servian leaders recognised the futility of further fighting, and withdrew their troops from this quarter, after having incurred a loss of over six hundred men. Some Bulgarian battalions, starting hastily in pursuit of the routed foe, were with difficulty called back, for Prince Alexander recognised that the time for a general offensive moment had not yet arrived.

About an hour after noon the Servians committed an almost incredible blunder: they attacked the front of the position with totally inadequate numbers. Where yesterday whole brigades had failed, to-day a few companies were expected to succeed! Needless to say, the assailants were wiped off the face of the earth, and Prince Alexander, unable to endure any longer the sight of such useless slaughter, turned aside and said to an officer: "I cannot bear to look at it! It is a shame to compel me to shoot those poor fellows down, and why? For the sake of a stupid and infamous policy."

What was the result of that senseless attack? The Bulgarians fired a few hundred gun-shots (for the enemy never came within rifle range), and the Servians lost some hundreds of good men. *Voilà tout.*

In the left flank and in the front the battle was over before dusk, the result being, like that of its predecessor, a total repulse of the Servians.

The rest of the day belonged to the ri
And here one of the most extraordi
comical occurrences ever known to h
pened on "the field of blood and m
place. Bendereff's three thousand me
about Malo Malkovo, the victors of the
day, had totally disappeared—as if t
—when the morning of the 18th
Bendereff sent a disconsolate message
effect to his sovereign, and so incredible
these tidings that they thought at hea
the poor fellow had taken leave of hi
Beaten and captured the missing men c
have been, for there were no Servians
radius of several miles, and not a shot l
fired during the night. However, tow
the mystery was cleared up: the men
in batches, having committed no wo
than a little victualling and foraging on
account, and lost their way afterwards
to the absence of any experienced gui
the Bulgarian officers were all mere yo
no steps had been taken to keep a
troops in the village, and positively no
man had been left behind.

Bendereff sent a joyful message to t
and said to himself, "I must do som
wipe out the disgrace of this morni
something he did, and did uncomm
he bared the whole country of the
almost as far as the village Dragoman
the map, reader, and you will find th
masterpiece of audacity Bendereff ha
got right in the rear of the enemy a
line of retreat. About a couple of mi
Dragoman he bivouacked for the n
prepared to attack the enemy next c
rear. Alas! he received not the prin
tion, and perhaps we cannot blame the
leaders for not giving their consent
piece of unequalled foolhardiness. I, p
have not the faintest doubt that Bende
a free hand and taking into account
moral of the Servian troops after a
defeat, would have inflicted upon th
rout so crushing that the subsequen
Pirot would have been avoided.

The second day of Slivnitza cost th
about one thousand, the Bulgarians a
same number, in killed and wounded.

During the night to the 19th Nov
Bulgarians received reinforcements su
make up their casualties and the los
from the absence of Popoff's three
The strength of the Servians was not

ıs the figures were fifteen thousand
ight thousand.
ing of the 19th opened, to the
of all, into an autumn day of sur-
iness. Vanished, as if by magic,
in, fog, frost, and icy north blast,
stead there reigned blue sky, radiant
a mild, invigorating south-easterly
l to this that stores of food and
l arrived in camp, and you will
ficulty in understanding that the
ian defenders breathed more freely,
eir limbs, and rejoiced with an ex-
at Heaven's manifest favour. But
er light without shadow, and the
leep and black on the hero prince's
nance as he came from the filth of
nto the air that blew, keen and
t the heights of the camp. "What
d?" asked all, in consternation.
the Servians had beaten Popoff,
k, and were on the road to Sofia—
s said. What a world of calamity
ed into that single sentence will be
st to the intelligent reader by a
map. The capital threatened and
army taken in the rear—that was
ospect. Under these circumstances
ınder consummated an act of true
left the pride, pomp, and circum-
e battlefield, exchanging, for the
le of the warrior for the less con-
in such a case infinitely more useful
ser. In a word, he hastened *ventre-*
e capital, to prepare it for defence.
heff was left in command of the
ıy, and the brilliant victory of the
ber stands to the credit of that

here was an ugly panic, for the
nnibal ad portas" had struck fear
test hearts. For a long time after-
a *bon mot* in the capital that on the
ber there had been only one man
Sofian populace, and that was
pretty young wife of Karaveloff,
rger's principal adviser. She alone
l hopeful.
xander worked like the proverbial
ences and earthworks were planned
ced, ambulances were established
ded coming in cartloads from Sliv-
vere got in from the neighbourhood;
securities of the National Bank, the
ıe town, the documents and records of the Government offices were despatched post-haste to Plevna. Many thousands of inhabitants commenced to migrate to less threatened regions, and those who were unable to leave clamoured and lamented noisily. And all the time the growl of the cannon came incessantly from Slivnitza, and the people listened to it spell-bound, in awe and wonder. Two other men, besides the prince, worked strenuously, though in another direction and for a different purpose: Tsankoff, the principal Russian agitator and spy in Sofia, and Koyander, the Russian consul. They went about, openly advising the people to send the prince away and make peace with Servia, in which case they, Tsankoff and Koyander, would kindly and unselfishly condescend to assume the reins of government under Russia's guidance and tutelage. "Next to a violation of the laws of God, there is no crime so terrible on this earth as to offend Holy Russia—and that is what that beggarly foreign bastard, your so-called prince, has done"—thus Tsankoff and Company.

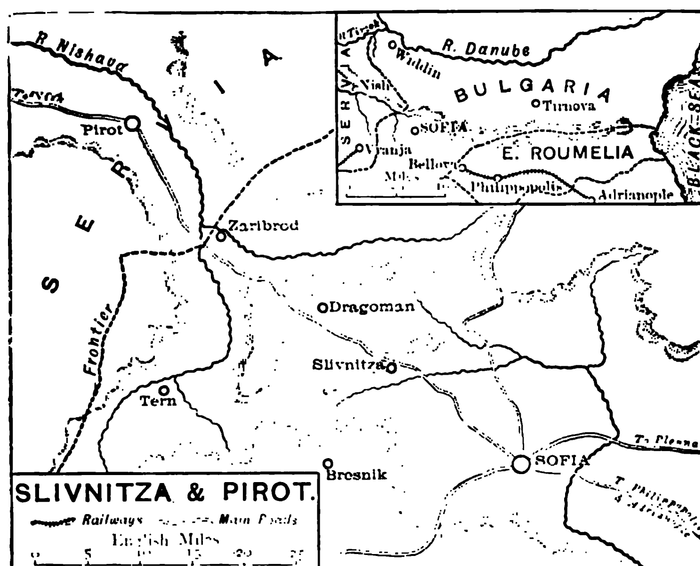
But once more the unexpected happened. It was at three in the afternoon that the minister of war, Tsanoff (the reader should not confound this zealous, capable, and honest patriot with the vile agitator afore-mentioned: the names are much alike), was seen descending hurriedly the stairs of the princely palace, the most exultant joy and the most feverish excitement depicted on his features and in his manner. "Bresnik has been retaken, the Servians are thoroughly beaten, Popoff is marching on Tern," he shouted to the crowd assembled outside, and like wildfire the glorious tidings spread through the town. More good news came in rapidly successive waves. At Slivnitza the Servians had been routed, and Gutscheff was starting in pursuit; the unattached brigade of volunteers and adventurers of Major Panitza—nicknamed the robber-brigade—had actually entered Servian territory north of Zaribrod, and the Timok army had failed completely in its operations against Widdin. Prince Alexander, accompanied by Stambuloff and Tsanoff, returned immediately to Slivnitza, the populace rejoiced with a joy complete and tumultuous, and Tsankoff and Company hid themselves in fear and ignominy. Verily, there never was a quicker or more perfect transformation.

It speaks well for the temper of the Sofian rabble that the only harm which came to the Muscovite agitators was that Tsankoff's effigy was strung up in front of the Russian consulate,

and pelted with garbage, dead cats, and other missiles dear to the street-arab.

It is now the narrator's pleasant duty to give a brief account of the third field-day at Slivnitza, than which there never was more glorious or more honourable victory.

Bendereff had had a hard task before him, for during the hours of darkness the Servians had occupied all the hills and mountains in the neighbourhood of Dragoman. But these were taken by storm, one by one, with the bayonet alone. It was a fight of the most bitter and ferocious description, but the steepest precipices, the most inaccessible summits presented neither terrors nor obstacles to the brave lads of the Balkans and the Rhodopé. Every one of that long train of charges succeeded; in the end the whole district was cleared of the Servians, and the Bulgarians had firmly lodged themselves in and around Dragoman.



SLIVNITZA & PIROT.

A remarkable feature of the storming of those heights is that Bendereff employed the music in a manner never attempted before by any officer in the field, and not likely ever to be tried again. Not only was each storming party accompanied by a band playing the "Djumi Maritza," the national song, but in most cases the bands actually preceded the charging battalions. In this wise the percentage of casualties among the musicians was often greater than that in the front line of attack.

In the meantime the bulk of the Servian army, before Slivnitza, had made a last and desperate effort. At 2.30 almost the w two divisions was hurled against the le garian flank, only to be hurled back with loss. And now Gutscheff recognised tl psychological moment had come. "The line is to advance," was the comma was blazed forth by the bugles, and the victors started in a pursuit of the foe, to which only the darkness put a When Prince Alexander arrived in S camp in the evening, he found it dese all but dead and dying, dogs and doct his victorious troops were already mile The third field-day had cost the Servia hundred, the Bulgarians half that number, in kil wounded.

Along the whole line S retreated and the Bu pursued. On the night 22nd to the 23rd the Milan slept, for the last Bulgarian soil, in the Zaribrod, and the next ni victorious Alexander, clo his heels, occupied the s bed. What an irony And in the cellar of thi its owner, a mining engin stored—without any evi tions—enough dynamite all the thrones of the gl eternity; but then rul monarchs proverbially on volcanoes"! On the ing day the Bulgarian began to cross the frontier, and the inv Servia commenced.

The three days' battle of Slivnitza the victors about two thousand, the about three thousand, in killed and w The former had also some hundreds of p The effect of this battle on the campa momentous and stupendous: it transform one blow that which had bidden fair walk-over into utter rout; it changed conquest of Bulgaria into the invasion o by Bulgaria. Verily, contrast cannot marked! Unhappily, the war in its remained without result to Bulgaria, th the fussy and wicked interference of tl culous old woman, European diplomac if the material gain was *nil* to the v moral result of the gravest and farthe ing nature ensued, for there was born

"THE PRINCE AND HIS COMPANIONS RODE TO THE BACK OF THE SLIVNITZA POSITION" (p. 378).

blood-stained field of Slivnitza the idea of Bulgarian nationality. The thunder of cannon, the clatter of company fire, the clash of steel had roused Bulgaria to those most noble virtues, national pride and love of the land.

I cannot pass over in silence a scene which took place on the afternoon of November 20th, the day after the battle, in the then deserted Slivnitza camp, a scene of such inexpressible grandeur that it will live for ever in the memory of those who had the honour and the good fortune to witness it. Prince Alexander, accompanied by his personal staff, the members of his cabinet, the foreign journalists, and the diplomatic agents, was inspecting the improvised ambulances and speaking words of comfort to the poor maimed fellows, when a young officer came up breathless, and uttered these words:—"If it please your Royal Highness, the Bulgarian army has arrived." For a moment the prince could not exactly comprehend the meaning of this laconic and mystical message; but then it suddenly dawned upon him that the troops which had been concentrated on the Turkish frontier soon after the Philippopolis rebellion, and had been ordered post-haste to the west on Servia's aggression, had at last arrived; that now all danger was past, and that United Bulgaria was strong enough for half-a-dozen Servias. And such was the case. The prince and his companions rode to the back of the Slivnitza position, and there stood, in the little plain just east of it, faintly illuminated by the dying light of day, but perfectly visible by the glamour of endless files of rifles, of dense bristling forests of bayonets—there stood, not a scratch division as Gutscheff's, which had fought and suffered and won at Slivnitza; not a gallant little host of youthful enthusiasts like Bendereff's audacious following; not a ridiculed flying column like Panitza's famous "robber brigade"; not a handful of men sent out on an apparently hopeless errand, and seemingly to certain destruction, like Popoff's three battalions: there stood the United Bulgarian East Roumelian army, battalion by battalion, battery by battery, all in faultless order. And as the men caught sight of the prince's noble form, looking like a veritable Lohengrin, a great shout went up into the dim heavens, where the very stars began to sparkle with joy, and the *nation* of Bulgaria was an accomplished fact. What had been conceived in the streets of Philippopolis was consummated on the plain of Slivnitza.

In giant's marches they had come, through the snow and the slush and the rain, now deep in the mire, now on solid ice, across t mountain ranges and vast forest solitudes, thirty and forty miles a day. One regim covered sixty-three miles in thirty-two losing only sixty men out of four thousa hundred. This is of a surety the most stu performance of its kind ever accomplish leaves far behind even Osman Pasha's march from Widdin to Plevna in July, which the writer had the honour to take

The Bulgarian central or Slivnitz numbered now fifty thousand men, and four guns, and with every available gun Prince Alexander crossed the fronti gross on 26th November—to invade South of Zaribrod, Popoff, with his small ment of five thousand men, made an a movement on his own account across th and north of Zaribrod Panitza was alrea lodged on Servian territory.

The Timok army continued to waste gies and resources in futile attempts upon bravely defended by a small garrison which some battalions of Turkish volunt not the least conspicuous. The Nish after having made a feeble show of defe frontier on the 23rd, 24th, and 25th N concentrated itself in Pirot, and here days' battle of that name constituted last stand against the successful invasion.

Pirot.

The Servian forces at Pirot consisted the whole of the Nishava army; tha divisions and the cavalry brigade, a approximately—after the losses inc Slivnitza, Bresnik, and Tern, and d constant fighting on the retreat— thousand men and one hundred an guns (to be exact, thirty-eight battalion batteries, eleven squadrons), the nomi mander being King Milan, the actu General Tapolovitch. The Bulgari operating against Pirot (inclusive of and Panitza's detachments, which forn were, the left and right wings) count forty-five thousand men, and eighty gu exact, forty-three battalions, twelve thirteen squadrons), the leader bein Alexander, the second Colonel Nikol Chief-of-staff Captain Petroff (twenty- old!). But of these, five thousand (G detachment) did not take part in the whilst the whole of the Servian army

orces were thus as nearly as possible

25th November King Milan left his
ek the comparative safety of his
Servian leader responsible for the
irot is therefore Tapolovitch. The
ordance with telegraphic instructions
m the diplomatic representatives of
at Belgrade, offered Prince Alexander
e, which was, needless to say, per-
efused. The Bulgarian response to
f impudence was the crossing of the
the bulk of the Bulgarian forces on
g of the 26th.

beautifully clear winter day. The
y, the mysterious grey-green of the
the mountain-slopes, the brilliant
snow on the summits, the pleasant
-fronts of picturesque and peaceful
waters of the Nishava sparkling in
t, all combined to make the scene
l the aggressors as they approached
picture of surpassing loveliness. It
l day for physical exercise—sunshine,
keen but not cold wind.

the Nishava, a pretty but dirty town
usand inhabitants, is situated on the
Belgrade high-road, twelve miles west
ier and thirty-six miles east of Nish,
r was in 1885—next to Belgrade—the
ation of the Servian railway. The
the centre of a little plain surrounded
l precipitous mountains.

Bulgarian army, in three parallel
dvanced upon Pirot, the Servian
ed before it—in faultless order, it is
mid a slow but continuous fire from
ry and infantry, but without seriously
single point. The Servian frontier-
Sukova bridge, the large and im-
ages of Krupatch and Sukova, the
the other south of the high road—
each and all abandoned. The Servian
eatedly challenged by the Bulgarian,
oided combat, although the dead level
Pirot plain offered an ideal battle-
ge masses of horsemen. This singular
ion went on all day, only a thousand
ating the *tête* of the Bulgarian van-
the hindmost ranks of the Servian
until at 3 p.m.—that is, when the
was nearly spent—the Servians made
e but futile stand in Rzané, a village
miles south-east of Pirot. In the
he Bulgarian advance-guard actually
took possession of the town, in which the Servians made but a poor show (doing really nothing but blowing up the fort and the magazine, which terrific explosion killed forty of the retiring Servians and only two of the advancing Bulgarians), and as the combat at Rzané continued after darkness had set in, the singular thing happened that the Servians defended the village when the town behind it was already in the enemy's hands. The fighting lasted in a desultory manner throughout the night.

The early dawn of the 27th November brought a surprise: the Servians made a descent upon Pirot and recovered it. Their plan of battle is difficult to understand. If Pirot was to be defended, why had it been abandoned the day before? If Pirot was not to be defended, but the stand was to be made at Ak Palankah (which would have been, strategically as well as tactically, the correct thing), why was it retaken?

The second field-day, 27th November, was of the most sanguinary character. If on the first the battle had languished, on the second it was fierce, hot, and tumultuous.

Popoff's detachment, coming from Tern and vicinity, attacked the Servian position south of Pirot in the rear, while the gross of the Bulgarian column made a dashing assault upon the town. The latter was carried at about noon, and at the same time the Bulgarians occupied the marshy plains south of Pirot, called the Keltash. It was here that the most blood was spilt. But the Servians deployed—still in perfect order—on the hills west and south-west of the town, and for a long time their artillery did considerable execution among the Bulgarians. The heights to the north of Pirot were not occupied by the Servians, since it was known to them that Gutscheff's detachment (which had effected a junction with Panitza's "robber" brigade) was approaching by the Kniajevatz high-road. As Gutscheff had hard fighting to do during the whole of the journey, he did not arrive in time to take part in the battle, but the knowledge of his whereabouts acted upon the Servians quite as effectively as if he had participated in the combat. By dusk the fighting was over, and the Servians bivouacked within a few miles west of Pirot. Everything pointed to a resumption of hostilities on the morrow, for the Servians, though beaten, were not routed or in disorder. Prince Alexander, if left alone, would undoubtedly have attempted a repetition on a minor scale of Sedan, for which purpose his right and left flanks were already thrust forward

—that is, westward—north and south of Pirot respectively. But the most astonishing thing in this war of many surprises occurred in the early morning of the 28th November. Count Khevenhüller, an Austrian statesman, arrived in Prince Alexander's quarters, and an hour later an armistice had been concluded.

The casualties in the two days' battle of Pirot amounted to two thousand five hundred Bulgarians and two thousand Servians, dead and disabled, of which number quite three-fourths fell upon the second day.

During the night of the 27th to the 28th November Pirot was badly sacked, the culprits being almost exclusively the Macedonian volunteers, who had crossed the Turkish boundary by the thousand to help their co-religionists, and had been formed into nine battalions. The Bulgarians proper confined their attentions to the tobacconists' shops, and the next morning not an ounce of tobacco or a single cigarette could be obtained for love or money. The peaceful inhabitants were, happily, not ill-treated, and outrage or murder, the sequence and the curse of many a goodly fight and many a glorious victory, cannot be laid to the charge of Prince Alexander's troops. It was Panitza's much-abused brigade which, arriving during the night, restored order. Thus it is due to these ill-named "robbers" that no damage was done beyond the sacking of the stores, shops, and warehouses.

Notwithstanding the kindly offices of Panitza's men, Pirot looked gruesome on the morning of the 28th. Shells had struck the town and molished many a house ; there had been sev street-fights during the Servian retaking the Bulgarian recovery of the place, and shops were in many instances mere gaping b of empty space. Such is the penalty of King Milan's declaration of hostilities on B garia counts among the most ruthless rascally challenges of modern times, and luckless subjects paid the price.

BULGARIAN TYPES.

A comic incident after the battle de mention. Early on the morning of the deputation of the inhabitants of Pirot upon Prince Alexander—whose quarters w a village a few miles away—in order to i him to protect their lives and their pr The first person whom they happened counter was the prince's valet, a Monte giant, dressed in the rich and fantastic c of his country, and formidably armed knives and pistols galore. Mistaking hi the ruler of "Both Bulgarias," they knelt him and addressed him thus :—"Art th sir, the Chief of the Terrible ?" The ra who, in spite of his ogre-like appearanc one of the most inoffensive and mildest l imaginable—glared at them, as well he r stroked his military moustache fiercely. personated the prince in so satisfactory convincing a manner, that the trembling dealers of Pirot went home in awe and w but quite reassured as to the kindly inte of the Chief of the Terrible. As a matter

r shot was fired and not another theft trated, and the Bulgarian soldiers with the Pirot citizens in the wine-sing with much volubility and hearty he infamous policy which had brought spilling of blood among brethren in eed.

e battle of Pirot the war was virtually , except that General Leshjanin, the r of the Timok army, made, on the mber, a third assault upon Widdin, s its predecessors. Some say that he gnorance of the truce; others lay to a glaring violation not only of inter-w, but also of all precepts of equity nity.

ad caused the Bulgarian Prince, who nly no *fainéant*, to interrupt so

GROSS OF THE BULGARIAN COLUMN MADE A DASHING ASSAULT UPON THE TOWN" (*p.* 379).

and incomprehensibly the onward is victorious army? Simply that the Ambassador had intimated to him that ops made another step forward on rritory Austria would consider herself state of hostility towards Bulgaria. atter was robbed of all the benefits of es, for a conference of the representa-he Powers vetoed even the payment of an indemnity. Things remained simply *in statu quo ante*: the frontier line was not altered to the extent of an inch, and not a single coin changed hands—surely a piece of gross injustice to the provoked party, and an unnecessary clemency towards that petted and worthless darling of European diplomacy King Milan of Servia.

To provide for all emergencies, Prince Alexander brought his Pirot army up to eighty-five thousand men just after the battle, and the garrison of Widdin was increased (by river) to twenty thousand. These must be considered fine performances for a third-rate and sparsely populated principality, which had practically been established but two months ago. Against these forces Milan could have placed in the field—had the war been continued, and without Austria's help—no more than thirty-five thousand at Pirot and ten thousand at Widdin. (It is needless to remind the reader that Austria can mobilise a million men within a month.) But the truce was not broken, and the outposts fraternised so cordially that perhaps half of Milan's troops would have refused point blank to resume hostilities against their near kinsmen.

The total cost of this war, which had lasted exactly a fortnight, was about twenty-five thousand men, dead and wounded.

The negotiations occupied the better part of a month. On the 28th December the Timok army retired from the neighbourhood of Widdin across the frontier, and two days later the Bulgarians evacuated Servian territory. Peace was signed in Bucharest on the 1st March, 1886.

The war had one result of which no ill-natured interference could rob the victors: the unity and independence of Bulgaria was an accompl fact. And Servia had received a lesson. echo of the thunder of Slivnitza will sou her ears for many a year to come, and it is hoped that the campaign of 1885 will be third and last of her wicked wars of aggressi

The name Slivnitza is to-day to the garians what Sedan is to the Germans, Wat to the English, Plevna to the Turks: the sy of national heroism and supreme sacrifice pride of the past, a warning in the present a hope for the future.

BULGARIAN BEGGARS.

RAVELOTTE—or, as the French call it, St. Privat—was the decisive battle of the Franco-German War. When night put an end to the fighting ars-la-Tour and Rezonville on Tuesday, 6th, everyone expected that the conflict renewed with the first light of the dawn. But on the Wednesday morn-ermans, who were expecting reinforce-nowed no disposition to immediately e attack, and Marshal Bazaine ordered corps d'armée to withdraw from the they had held on the previous evening, ll back upon a line of heights that n front of the western forts of Metz, Moselle to the villages of Amanvilliers rivat. These orders dispirited men and ike. They had met and withstood the et of the day before; when night fell was still unbroken. Could it be that, the terrible battle of the 16th had been e defeat, seeing that they were thus n abandon their positions to the enemy? gh the blazing heat of the summer long columns plodded back towards rossard's Corps, on the left of the line, shortest march to make, and was soon on the hills behind the deep ravine, which the Mance Brook flows down to lle. But Canrobert with the 6th Corps, extreme right, did not occupy all his till evening, for his was the outermost est march in this gigantic wheel of a my 140,000 strong. The roads were red with retiring convoys and long ambulance waggons full of wounded ill more of these victims of the strife in the farms and villages along the rear attlefield. There was hardly a group ngs on which the Geneva flag was not oughly improvised, in most cases, by sewing two pieces of red stuff crosswise on a napkin. Gangs of farm labourers were at work burying the dead. In the village church of Doncourt two coffins of rough deal boards lay before the altar. Scrawled in chalk on the lids were the names of "General Legrand" and "General Brayer." Legrand had led the cavalry of the 4th Corps into action the day before, and Brayer had fallen at the head of its first infantry brigade. In the evening a farmer's cart, followed only by a priest and the *maire* of Doncourt, conveyed the coffins to the village cemetery.

As the troops reached the positions assigned to them, the little shelter-tents were pitched, fires were lighted, and cooking began. The baggage-waggons were unloaded, and sent off towards Metz for a further supply of provisions and forage. The ammunition columns of the artillery distributed cartridges. Then came orders that the position was to be entrenched, and working parties were soon busy with pick and spade, under the guidance of engineer officers, along the French left. But on the right, where the work was most needed, little or nothing was done, for Canrobert's Corps reached the ground late, and there was a deficiency of tools, the waggons of his engineer park having, for the most part, got no nearer the frontier than the great camp at Châlons.

In the late hours of the afternoon, strong patrols of the enemy showed themselves along the edges of the woods opposite the French left, and there was some desultory firing, the mitrailleuse batteries of Frossard's Corps being particularly active. Their rattling fire broke out whenever a spiked helmet was seen among the trees, but this long-range shooting did very little damage, and the Germans seldom took the trouble to answer it. So the long summer day went by; and when night fell, the French lay down beside their thousand bivouac fires,

fully assured that next day would witness a great battle.

Bazaine slept in the village of Plappeville, with the regiments of the Imperial Guard camped close by in the hollow, between the two fort-crowned heights of Plappeville and St. Quentin. Curiously enough, the marshal told his staff that he did not anticipate a battle. He would give his men a day's rest, and then resume his march to the north-westward and rejoin MacMahon.

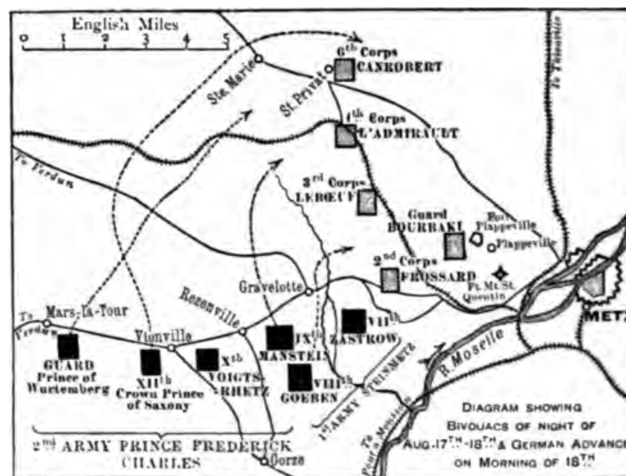
"THE ROADS WERE ENCUMBERED WITH RELIEVING CONVOYS AND LONG TRAINS OF AMBULANCE WAGGONS" (p. 383).

And what were the Germans doing all this time? After the war, there grew up a kind of legend about the way in which the victors had conducted their operations. According to this story they were always doing something, and it was always the right thing to do. They had a plan of campaign which worked out with the precision of an approved chess-opening, and made victory a certainty. Their cavalry was always in touch with the enemy. The Uhlans were everywhere, watching every move of the French, and when their reports reached head-quarters, they were made the basis of orders that directed overwhelming masses with the certainty of fate against the weak points of the French positions. There is something of this legendary view of the war to be traced even in the German official account of the campaign; but since the staff history was published, a whole literature of the war has come from the printing-presses of both France and Germany, and the evidence thus made available has done much to discredit the traditional view of what happened on many important occasions. It is now tolerably clear that on the 17th the Germans were acting in a way that was hardly worthy of such past-masters in the art of war. On the right the outposts of the First Army, under the command of General von Steinmetz, were in sight of the French left on the hills beyond the Mance Brook, and were, indeed, occasionally exchanging fire with them; but no attempt had been made to keep in touch with the retiring corps on the French right, though there was a strong force of cavalry available for this purpose. On the extreme left of the Germans, the Crown Prince (now the King) of Saxony, one of the best leaders in the invading army, pushed forward some of his cavalry to Pasondrupt, on the Metz-Verdun road, and ascertained that there were no French

that direction. But nothing was done 'sure that the greater part of Bazaine's s not in retreat across the Orne river, Metz-Briey route. Nor were the hills :he corps of the French right and centre tred, so that next day a very serious loss ind of life resulted from a mistake as to ie French right really lay. The orders movement which resulted in the battle :lotte were, indeed, drawn up before n the 17th, on the basis of insufficient ion. It was only through the superiority vers of the Germans, and the general ss of their position compared with that French, that these orders worked out so t day.

night fell the two armies, :, were in bivouac in the same . which they fought on the ; but, instead of facing each he two lines formed a right ie French left and the German ing in touch near the Moselle, e other extremities of the lines out nine miles apart. Next day man armies were to be flung he French position by a great the eastward, across the same that had been traversed by nch on the morning of the he annexed sketch map shows, early than any description, the of the two armies on the efore the great battle, and vements of the morning of the 18th. ight was clear, and starlit overhead. It m, and the men hardly needed their fires. In the French lines there were ms during the hours of darkness. The about 2 a.m., when the cry "To arms!" somewhere in the middle of the outpost id ran like lightning all through the . The men sprang up, and seized their nany of the batteries hooked in their eady to gallop up their guns to the front. a few minutes the word was passed that nothing. There was another alarm a er, and after this in many of the bivouacs 1 sat chatting and smoking round the t four o'clock the sky was already whiten- the dawn, and then bugle and trumpet o sound the *réveille* along the plateau ozerieulles to St. Privat; and after the roll-call the men got their breakfasts, e sun rose brightly in the clear sky.

The Germans were already in movement. Some of the corps marched off at four o'clock, others had not to start till six; but some of the divisions had been marching all night. The Pomeranians of the 2nd corps had left their bivouac near Pont-à-Mousson soon after midnight, and had been tramping northward by starlight ever since, the guns and cavalry on the high road, the infantry moving by tracks among the vineyards on the slopes above it. Towards morning they had cheered the old King of Prussia as he passed their columns on the road in his carriage, driving from Pont-à-Moussen, where he had had a short sleep, to Flavigny, where he was in the saddle with



Moltke and the head-quarters staff by six o'clock.

Prince Frederick Charles, who commanded the Second Army, forming the German left, had slept at Mars-la-Tour. At half-past five he was in the saddle, directing the march of his corps to the northward. The Saxons were the first to move off at six o'clock, but such is the space occupied by an army corps, that it was not till nine that the last of their battalions was clear of Mars-la-Tour and the Guards began their march. The corps under Steinmetz on the right had not so far to go. Their business for the present was to close up and watch the French, and to issue from the woods to attack them as soon as the sound of cannon from the northward told that Frederick Charles was in touch with the enemy.

So the great wheel, first to the northward and then to the eastward, went on through the summer morning, 220,000 Germans, with 800 guns, pushing on to the line of heights that runs

from Habonville by Gravelotte to the ravines above Gorze, facing the corresponding line held by Bazaine. It was the first great battle in which troops from every part of Germany were to fight side by side. Here flew the black and white flag of Prussia; there the black, white, and red colours of the North German Confederation, or the white and green banner of Saxony; and the white and red pennons of Hessian contingents; and the flags of Mecklenburg, Brunswick, and Oldenburg; and the historic colours of the Hanseatic League.

At ten the cavalry in front of the German left reported that the enemy had not retired to the northward. French tents were standing along the hills about Amanvilliers, and there was an advanced detachment holding the village of Ste. Marie aux Chênes. At first it was supposed that the French line of battle extended no further than Amanvilliers village. Later it was ascertained that there were also troops in St. Privat; but where precisely the French right lay was not clearly known until the attack had made some progress. Reports sent to the royal head-quarters at Flavigny brought back orders for the German left to march eastwards against the French positions. But even before these orders reached him Prince Frederick Charles was directing his columns toward Amanvilliers and St. Privat, the Saxons and the Guards moving on his extreme left, expecting to find nothing but weak detachments in their immediate front, and to turn the French right without much fighting.

Marshal Bazaine spent the morning with his chief of the staff, General Jarras, in a house at Plappeville, busy with preparing a list of promotions to replace the officers killed and wounded in the battles of the 14th and 16th. At half-past nine an officer of Marshal Lebœuf's staff arrived with a report that masses of the enemy were moving in his front, and asking for orders. The commander-in-chief of the French army sent word to Lebœuf that in the position he held he ought to be quite safe if he was attacked, and that meanwhile he had better push on the work at the shelter-trenches and other field-works planned and begun the day before. When the staff officer went away Bazaine told Jarras that he doubted if the enemy would venture on a serious attack, for the ground held by the Imperial army was so strong as to leave few chances of success to such an enterprise. To messages from other corps commanders he sent much the same reply he had given to Lebœuf. So the morning was spent in mere routine dutie[s] French head-quarters. A better soldie[r] Bazaine would have been early in the seeing for himself what was the state o[f] along his line of defence. But he had app deluded himself into the idea that all t[h] necessary had been done when he had pl[aced] five corps in position along the plateau of [Aman]villiers. Even when, about noon, the s[ound of] cannon came echoing along the hills fr[om the] westward he remained at his desk, and not till two o'clock that he mounted a[nd rode] up the hill of St. Quentin, taking only his officers with him, and again tellin[g them] that he was sure the affair would not be

But by two o'clock the battle had bee[n some] time in progress over miles of country first shots were fired a few minutes aft[er noon] by the 9th German Corps—Schleswig-Hol[steiners] and Hessians—commanded by Von M[anstein]. As his vanguard reached the farm of Cha[ntrenne] just before twelve o'clock, a French ca[mp could] be seen on the opposite slope of the vall[ey. He] thought it was going to be another sur[prise like] Wissemburg on a grand scale—so he g[ave the] word, and promptly a couple of batte[ries gal]loped up, unlimbered, and sent a shower bursting among the French tents. M[anstein] was acting against orders in thus prec[ipitating] the attack, for Moltke had intended t[hat the] French should be assailed simultaneousl[y on] left and right, as soon as Prince F[rederick] Charles had begun to seriously develop [his] movement north of Amanvilliers, but then. But now, as on more than one occasion, the eagerness of the subordin[ate com]manders hurried on the battle. Manste[in could] not resist the temptation of suddenly fire on the camp in front of him. [The] French were not surprised. The infantr[y ran] to their shelter-trenches. The artillery p[romptly] replied to the German guns from the ground beyond.

Moltke, sitting on his horse beside t[he king] on the hill near Flavigny, heard the Manstein's guns. He knew the Guard [and the] Saxons could not yet be in a positio[n to co]operate in the attack, and he did what [he could] to prevent Steinmetz from flinging the t[roops of] the right prematurely against the Fre[nch]. He hurriedly wrote and sent him an orde[r telling] him that the action which he could hea[r begin]ning near Verneville was an isolated af[fair, that] there was no need yet of showing his tr[oops, and if] he must act, let it be only by using his

ude to the attack which would come
But Steinmetz, on the heights beyond
:e, had heard Manstein's guns before
galloper reached him, and had not only
his batteries into action, but had begun
n his infantry through the woods in his
o it was that about noon the great
gan, as it were, by an accident.
words as to the character of the battle-
he high ground to the west of Metz is
of three nearly parallel ranges of hills,
north and south, those nearest the city
e highest. The valleys between them
1½ to 2 miles wide from crest to crest,
lopes are gentlest towards the northern
e heights, where also the valleys are
llow, all the forms of the ground being
the southern part of the region. In
ws there are extensive woods—those
velotte village, the Bois de Vaux and
de Genivaux, being at the time of the
full of thick undergrowth that they
y be traversed by following the paths
w narrow glades. The hills are suffi-
evated above the valleys to enable one
laces to see across from ridge to ridge
:rees. The central line of heights was
l by the French. The Germans ad-
) the attack across the western ridge.
right, at Gravelotte village, the Verdun-
l drops into the valley, passing through
ith steep rocks on either side, traversing
belt of wood by a clearing, and ascend-
pposite slope, having on one side a mass
es that made a ready shelter for the
nd on the other the farm-house and
St. Hubert, which the French had
as well as the quarries and the belts of
w. But all these were only the ad-
sts of their left. About 250 yards east-
St. Hubert their shelter-trenches ran
upper slope of the hill ; and in places,
was steepest, they were arranged in
d triple tiers. A wall at the bend of
was lined with rifles. The farms of
nd Point du Jour had been prepared
e, and just above them at the crest of
ere were three groups of cannon and
ses. These were pointed at the op-
lge beyond Gravelotte, while the rifles
fantry could sweep all the slopes down
lge of the woods. Frossard with the
held this splendid position. An officer
ers, he had carefully entrenched all his
l made the most of the natural advant-
ages of the ground. To his right Marshal Lebœuf with the 3rd Corps, chiefly made up of the garrison of Paris, prolonged the line along the ridge by the farm of Leipzig and La Folie to Montigny la Grange. Here, too, the spade had been busy providing shelter for the defence. Behind the left centre the Imperial Guard and the reserve artillery were stationed near Plappeville. General Ladmirault with the 4th Corps came next to Lebœuf, the strong point of his position being the large walled village of Amanvilliers, which he had carefully prepared for defence. Then on the right Marshal Canrobert with the 6th Corps occupied St. Privat, with a strong detachment in Roncourt to guard his flank, and an advanced post in the village of Ste. Marie aux Chênes. Here on the right, where such work was most needed, very little had been done to entrench the position, chiefly because there was a deficiency of tools. But even without such help it was strong, for St. Privat was partly hidden from view and fire by the crest of the long slope which descends to the westward and north-westward, a gentle slope of open fields, which the chassepot bullets could sweep with that grazing fire which is always far more deadly than the plunging fire from a bolder slope. For two thousand yards there was practically no cover for the attack. It was a huge natural glacis, destined to be the scene of terrible slaughter before the day was won.

Begun on the centre at noon, the cannonade spread rapidly to the southward. Steinmetz had opened with his guns against the French left, and Frossard's artillery was replying. The shells were screaming high above the trees in the Mance valley, as they flew from crest to crest. Battery after battery came galloping up on the German side, and in twenty minutes Von Goeben, who commanded the 7th Corps (the first of Steinmetz's to come into action), had more than a hundred guns in line on the slope above Gravelotte, while his infantry were pushing into the thick belt of woods in the valley below and exchanging rifle fire with the French advanced posts. It was soon evident that the Germans were going to have the best of this artillery duel. To begin with, they had more guns than the French. Then the German guns were breech-loading cannon, while the French were rifled muzzle-loaders of the same type that they had used eleven years before in Italy ; and the result was that the German gunners fired faster, were less exposed as they worked their guns, and shot better. Finally, the Germans had better

ammunition. Their shells, fitted with percussion fuses, almost invariably burst on contact with the hot hard ground of the ridge at which they fired ; while the French time fuses acted irregularly, sometimes burst the shells too soon, and, oftenest of all, failed to explode them at all, so that the projectiles were practically solid shot. Frossard's gunners made very fair practice, but they were handicapped from the very outset. Near some of Von Goeben's batteries, as the day went on, the ground was scored with long furrows cut by the grazing but unburst shells from the French batteries. But on the opposite side of the valley, in and around the farms at which the Germans chiefly directed their fire, as soon as they had got the upper hand of the French artillery, the results were fearful.

St. Hubert was early in the day a mass of ruins, and a little later Moscou and Point du Jour were set on fire by bursting shells. To quote a German account of the appearance of the two farms after the fight, Major Hoenig tells us how :—

"At these points hardly any French were found killed or wounded by infantry bullets ; almost all had been destroyed by the fire of the guns. In the large heaps of ruins the defenders, especially in Moscou, lay all around, fearfully torn and mutilated by the German shell ; limbs and bodies were blown from thirty to fifty paces apart, and the stones and sand were here and there covered with pools of blood. In Moscou and Point du Jour some French were found burnt in their defensive positions, and a large number of the wounded showed marks of the flames, which had destroyed both uniforms and limbs. All around there lay rifles and swords, knapsacks and cartridges, the remains of limbers which had been blown up, broken gun-carriages and wheels, and a large number of hideously torn and mangled horses. The ground was changed by the German artillery fire desert covered with many corpses. The ir of Point du Jour and Moscou were not p after the battle until they had been cleare

GENERAL STEINMETZ.

Such was the storm of fire which the had to face once their own artillery was silenced. And along the left of their p they faced it successfully. Driven fr blazing farms, they held the entrenched none the less doggedly. Up to a certai the Germans made progress, that point within close ra the French mai tion. Thus o'clock—when, unaccountable Moltke's aide-d reached Steinm told him not to tate his attack— fantry were alr the woods in t low. The Fren no intention of a prolonged re here, and in th hour they let woods and dre their advanced to the slope though not ti had made the G pay dearly fo success. St. then became t ject of attack. German corps, and 8th (Von and Zastrow), had now their artillery in p St. Hubert was crumbling under the sh shells. The batteries further back on th of the French slope were all but silent. to change their position continually, so after firing only a single gun, they hardly c for anything in the struggle. It had be fight of French rifles against German rifl cannon.

The quarries and gravel-pits south Hubert were occupied after a sharp fight. ment after regiment, each company w independently under its captain, pressed St. Hubert, till at last a thick Germa line was lying down two hundred yards ruined walls, blazing away at the French g the German artillery now devoting its

ent their being reinforced or supported e main position. At three o'clock the ıfantry pushed up from the woods, and, inforced, the firing line surged forward e bayonet, and the remnant of the French were made prisoners or driven out by gate of the farmyard. The capture of ert had cost the lives of so many of the

"A THICK GERMAN FIRING LINE WAS BLAZING AWAY AT THE FRENCH GARRISON" (p. 388).

fficers that the troops who had stormed ıging as they did to three regiments, emselves under the command of a major oth, the sole survivor of the regimental lion commanders. In and around the s the victors found some shelter, and fire on the French position about and Point du Jour. But it was only riority of their own artillery which, by the French fire, enabled them to retain n of St. Hubert for a single hour. They urther; for hours the ruined farm was h-water mark of the German advance, and Frossard's main line was not only intact but victorious.

Meanwhile, how had the first three hours of the battle gone on the rest of the field? In the centre Manstein's Corps had made little or no progress. When he opened fire upon the French near Amanvilliers, the ground in front had been so badly reconnoitred, and his view was so limited by the woods to the northward, that he thought he was engaged with the extreme right of the enemy. He therefore boldly pushed forward the left of his own line of guns, with the result that it was promptly taken in flank, and enfiladed by the batteries of the French 6th Corps between Amanvilliers and St. Privat. Thus the German gunners had to face a heavy fire, while another storm of shells raked their line from the left. Outnumbered and badly posted, it was no wonder that for some time Manstein's artillery had decidedly the worst of the fight. Some of the batteries were silenced. The teams were

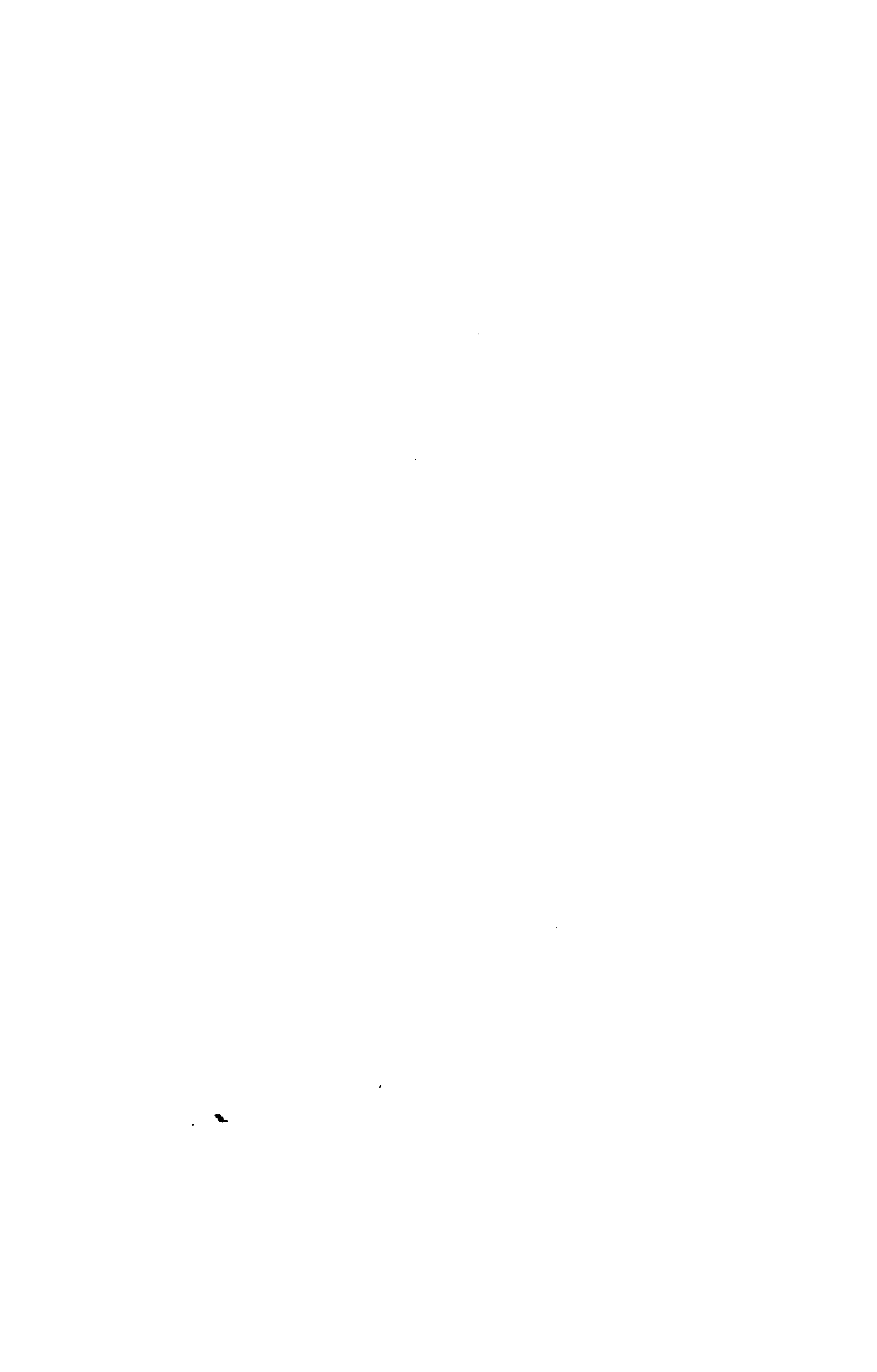
brought up to withdraw them, but the horses were shot down in struggling heaps in front of the limbers. And now swarms of French skirmishers pressed forward. At one point they had for a while several guns in their possession, though they were unable to carry them off. The German infantry came to the rescue. Three times the French rushed forward, and three times they were driven back; and then the artillery of the Prussian Guard began to come into action in support of Manstein, and made the conflict more equal.

The Prussian Guard, led by the Prince of Würtemberg, had been marching northward and eastward to the left rear of Manstein's Schleswigers. When the "cannon thunder" began, its artillery hurried up to the front. But it was soon discovered that, instead of being in a position to turn the enemy's right, the Guards had French troops in their front at St. Privat, and an advanced detachment on their own flank at Ste. Marie aux Chênes. This village, a mass of stone houses, with gardens surrounded by walls and hedges, and with very little cover for the attack within a thousand yards of its outer fences, was held by a French regiment, the 94th of the line, two and a half battalions strong, and commanded by the veteran Colonel Geslin. The Germans waited to attack it until the heads of the Saxon columns, moving still further to the westward, began to appear beyond the village. Meanwhile, it was shelled by the batteries of the Guard. When at last the Saxons were ready to co-operate, seven of their battalions moved against the village from the west, while four battalions of the Guard attacked from the south. Advancing by successive rushes, lying down to fire, and then pushing on again, the attack reached a point two hundred yards from the village. Then, after a long burst of rifle fire, Saxons and Guardsmen dashed in with the bayonet. The Frenchmen made a hard fight, especially at the head of the village street, where Von Eckert, the colonel of the leading Guard battalion, was killed. But to have protracted the defence would have been to risk being cut off, and Geslin withdrew the bulk of his force to the main French position, his defence and retreat in the face of such superior forces being alike honourable. This was at half-past three, the capture of Ste. Marie, on the German left, coming just after that of St. Hubert, on their right, both being alike advanced posts outside the French main position.

And now the crisis of the fight was approaching. The artillery began to concentrate it on St. Privat, and while the Guards waite the order to attack it in front, the Saxons sweeping round to the northward by Ronc in order to outflank it, and, perhaps, even it in rear. As the heads of the Saxon col gained the Orne valley, the Crown Prince some of his squadrons away towards the M to cut the railway and telegraph lines bet Metz and Thionville. They did their effectually. There certainly should have French cavalry watching the valley, but Baz troopers were standing idly by their horse and there at various points behind his lon

For nearly an hour and a half the sto bursting shells descended upon St. Priva swept the crest of the heights around and b it. The French artillery was gradually sil some of the batteries because they were al running short of ammunition. On the side more than two hundred guns, drawn a line a mile and a half long, were hurlin struction and death upon the devoted v House after house collapsed. Of the mai the centre of the village, only a few frag of the walls were standing. Towards five o the lull in the French rifle fire, the sile Canrobert's batteries, the sight of a c moving southwards near St. Privat, all sug to Würtemberg that the 6th Corps was re let go its hold of the village under any s pressure. So the word was given for the l divisions of the Guard, 15,000 strong, the soldiers of all Prussia, the men who had b the Austrian centre at Sadowa, to adva the attack.

On they went, drums beating, battl waving in the sultry air, their generals an officers mounted, at the head of brigade regiments. General von Pape's division ma on the left of the St. Privat road, Gener Budritzki's on the right to the south of it in its massive column of half-battalions; they moved out, they looked not as if they upon a fire-swept battlefield, but as if they drawn up for some grand parade under th of the king, on the dusty Tempelhof Pl Berlin. Before them, with gentle unb slope, a mile and a half of open ground r towards the hill-top where St. Privat just s its first houses and its church tower abo crest. The poplar avenue of the high road it with Ste. Marie. There had been of lat a dropping fire from the village, but now the houses and the hill-top came the



"THE CHASSEPOT FIRE FROM THE CREST ROSE INTO A WILD STORM" (*p.* 298).

f the chassepot, and a rain of lead
patter on the sunburnt slope. But as
ange was too long for the fire to do
nage. Then the leading companies
o lines of skirmishers, replying to the
olleys, while the columns pressed on
em, continually reinforcing them. But
nge lessened, the chassepot fire from
rose into a wild storm, the levelled
ring out their bullets as fast as deft
uld work levers and triggers. The
n were falling fast. In a few minutes
unted officers were down. Of the Jäger
which led the left attack seventeen
d fallen, and a young ensign found
command of the handful of riflemen
still marching onwards. "Forward!
" rang out the voices of the leaders,
aving swords they moved in front of
, and dropped one by one. Now there
600 yards to the crest, but here the
ere going down like grass before a
They could advance no further, but
d not go back. They lay down, and
the fire of the defenders. Many of
r rose again. Along that terrible hill-
stretched before long a broad belt of
nded, and dying, piled up in places
four deep. Of the 15,000 who ad-
the attack, 4,500 were struck down.
heroic failure, and it taught the lesson
nst the modern rifle even the best
ould no longer advance in the massive
hat had decided the fate of many a
battlefield.

right of the Guards, Manstein had
push forward an attack against Aman-
t when he saw the failure before St.
checked his own advancing battalions.
ar that nothing more could be done
e French on this part of the field until
g movement of the Saxons had begun
n them. Meanwhile the fire of nearly
dred guns, ranged in a vast semi-circle,
ntrated upon St. Privat.

German right, where the First Army
inmetz faced the French left under
nd Lebœuf, fortune had been equally
the invaders. The 7th and 8th Corps
rue, silenced the French artillery, and
he farm of St. Hubert and the quarries
eulles to the south of it, but the
in position was as solid as ever; and
e farms of Moscou and Point du Jour
ing into flames under the German shell
fire, the men who held the crest of the hill between and on either side of them were not of the kind that can be driven from their position by a mere bombardment, however terrible. But Steinmetz, seeing the farms blazing, and noticing that the French artillery was absolutely silent and their rifle fire seemed dying away, came to the conclusion that they were about to retreat. He wrote an order to his cavalry commander telling him that he was to push through the Gravelotte defile, wheel left at St. Hubert, and charge the enemy, "who was inclined to give way." The charge was to be continued "right up to the glacis of Metz." Several batteries were to cross the valley with the cavalry, and to open fire from near St. Hubert at close range, and the infantry was to advance over the ground swept by the victorious squadrons. So nearly a third of the guns limbered up, and began to trot down the narrow road that led across the valley. With them went a regiment of Uhlans (the 4th), and a great mass of heavy cuirassier cavalry, and at the same time the infantry already engaged with the French began to push forward from St. Hubert. But Steinmetz had made a bad mistake—a mistake that cost him his command. The enemy was not in the least inclined to give way.

On the contrary, the temporary silence of so many of the German guns gave them the chance they wanted to bring back their own batteries into action. As the head of the column of German artillery, lancers, and cuirassiers began to come up the slope out of the defile, a hurricane of shells and bullets swept down from the opposite crest. Between the blazing farms, and right and left of them, the white smoke of cannon, mitrailleuse, and chassepot rose in a dense bank, torn here and there by the long flashes of the guns. A crowd of wounded and unwounded fugitives from St. Hubert struggled to pass the advancing column. The teams of a couple of artillery tumbrils in the first battery took fright, and madly plunged down the defile. Bursting shells and showering bullets began to strike down men and horses, and the narrow way was blocked by a struggling mass of horses, men, waggons, and guns. Out of the confusion four batteries and the lancer regiment pushed up to St. Hubert; but in one battery the first gun stopped short with all its horses killed, the other five were no sooner in position than their teams broke away in a mad gallop down the crowded road. Then the guns opened against the French, only to lose rapidly the greater part of the

brave officers and men who served them; while the Uhlans, seeing that a charge would have been mere madness, halted at the edge of the wood as an escort to the artillery, and there lost men and horses, without being able to attempt anything against the French line.

Rearwards the Cuirassiers and the other batteries moved back to Gravelotte, but they were followed by a confused crowd of broken infantry, for Frossard had charged with the bayonet, recaptured the quarries, and for the moment broken the front line of the German attack. The woods in the hollow were full of wounded and unwounded men who had given up the fight. Others, many of them unhelmeted and without their weapons, straggled back to Gravelotte, where efforts were made to rally them. Thus at St. Hubert four German batteries were being destroyed, while about Gravelotte the rest of the guns were working to regain their superiority over the French artillery, and along the valley a number of isolated attacks on the French front were breaking uselessly like waves upon a reef. So far it did not look like victory for Germany; but then only half the infantry and not all even of the artillery had been brought into action.

GERMAN HUSSAR.

On right and left two huge masses were approaching the scene of action. Northwards the Saxons were closing in upon Roncourt, and behind the German right the French saw, about six o'clock, what looked like a great sea of moving helmets flashing in the western su
was the 2nd Corps, the Pomeranians,
Franzecky, hurrying up in three columns
rescue of the First Army. Canrobert,
French right, was terribly short of ammu
His men had fired so fast in the repulse
Guard that their pouches were empty.
were look
cartridge
pouches
dead
wounded,
they got
supply a
shells
guns fro
4th Corp
zaine ha
little all
watch th
on the le
near St.
tin. In r
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request
Lebœuf
Frossard,
had seen
the high
near Po
Jour, th
vance o
Pomeran
sent the
Infantry
Imperial
to their
and a littl
moved s
the other
ments an
of his reserve artillery towards the right.
had had the insight and energy to thr
Imperial Guard and the artillery som
earlier, either against the German left or
the Mance valley against their right, Gra
might easily have been a great French v
But he frittered away his reserves or kept
idle till it was too late.

What a vigorous counter attack t
Gravelotte village might have done was
by the wild scene of confusion that follow
charge of a single French brigade dow
slope south of St. Hubert and towards the
in the valley. Everything gave way

only battery still in action near St. saved chiefly because the wave of advance rolled past it on its flank. ing on the slope was swept away. artillery from the opposite side of hecked the French rush with its well-s, but out of the woods there came -stricken rush of German infantry, ments mixed together. The mob tly towards its own artillery, silenc- for the moment, heedless of the

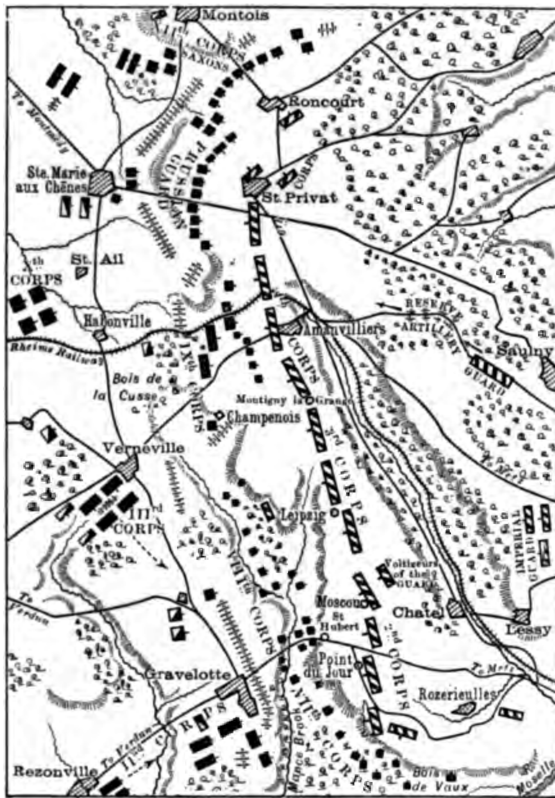
before the tidings of defeat and victory would reach King William at Gravelotte or Bazaine at Plappeville, such is the vast scale of a great modern battle. Between six and seven the Saxons, after a sharp fight, had driven the French out of Roncourt, and closed in upon St. Privat from the north and north-eastward. This was the signal for the Guards, reinforced by a fresh brigade, to renew their advance against the west side of the village, now a mass of ruins, with many of the houses burning fiercely. But

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE.

officers, who menaced them with pistol. Even behind the guns they e rallied, and the old king and his arly swept away by the crowd. The cked by the shell-fire, withdrew up ut a few minutes later there was ic as a stampede of frightened horses Gravelotte road and thundered village. Well might Moltke and elcome Franzecky's hardy Pomera- cheering column of dust-stained d with a springing step down the velotte to restore the fight in the l of summer twilight that remained. way to the northward the tide of rned, though it would be hours yet

against this new advance there was nothing like the storm of fire that had repelled the first assault. For a few minutes the chassepots poured out their deadly hail; then there was only a dropping fire, and the Saxons and Guardsmen were able to close with Canrobert's lines. But there was still a fierce struggle. In the burning streets and the ruined church of St. Privat, bayonet, revolver, and sabre were busy, and the Frenchmen only gave way as they were forced back by superior numbers. A rumour had spread that the Imperial Guard was close at hand, and they held on doggedly in the hope that once more the Guard would bring victory with the onward rush of its eagles. As the Prussians approached the village cemetery, there

was not a shot fired from its wall, and they thought it was abandoned; but they found there the 9th Chasseurs, who held it with the bayonet long after the rest of the place had been captured. It was in the gathering darkness that the 6th Corps fell back along the heights towards



Battle of GRAVELOTTE *(ST. PRIVAT)* Aug.18.1870.
Position about 7 p.m.
Germans *German Batteries* *French*

Metz, some of Bourbaki's regiments of the Imperial Guard helping to cover their retreat.

The capture of St. Privat made Amanvilliers untenable. Manstein, supported by the 3rd Corps, advanced upon the village as soon as the attack of the Guards had pushed into St. Privat. Amanvilliers was by this time in flames. But L'Admirault held his ground until his colleague's retreat made further resistance impossible. Even then he checked the German pursuit with more than one bold counter-attack, the last of these, a bayonet charge by the light of the burning village, being made by the 41st of the line led by Colonel Saussier, now the chief commander of the armies of the French Republic.

But away to the southwards, where the king and Moltke watched the battle near Gra the French were still holding their own. E after brigade of Franzecky's corps plunge into the valley, where what was left of t and 8th Corps were struggling with the s of Lebœuf and Frossard, now reinforced Guard. Here the French fought wi sense of hard-earned victory. As f Germans, unaware of the success won the north by Prince Frederick Charl lately witness of the disgraceful panic Gravelotte, no wonder the royal headq staff watched the fight with anxiety Archibald Forbes, who was on this the field, has told how he saw the ol resting with his back against a wall, h being a ladder with one end resting on horse, while Bismarck, close by, hid his by reading, or seeming to read, some by the light of some houses set on fire French shells. Out of the valley belo the din of the fight. Suddenly Von rode up the slope with the tidings that well—"it was a victory." One wonde was the precise event on which th strategist based his comforting piece c Perhaps it was the recapture of the near St. Hubert, for no other success on the right at this hour. Long after— till next day—on the German side th was held only by detached bodies of troops, mostly of the 2nd Corps, wh expecting every moment to have to renewed French advance. Behind th tween them, all around them, were of disorganised men, who broke awa than once in local panics. It was far into the night that something lik was restored in this part of the fie officers and men began to realise that th not beaten, but victorious.

But on the left the German triumph w and unmistakable. Although the Frenc lery kept up a fire from beyond and Amanvilliers till long after ten o'clo plateau here was held by three Germar and all the French right was in full How little there was of either rout o among the French is shown by the fact th did not leave a gun or a standard as t to the victors. But for all that they w feated at the point where defeat was mo It might almost be said that there w battles that day—St. Privat, won by F Charles; and Gravelotte, lost—or all bu

z. But even so the success of St. Privat the failure at Gravelotte. Bazaine from Verdun and Chalons and flung Metz. Yet as night deepened over did not realise the extent of the that had befallen his army. He to Plappeville, while the sky was vith the light of blazing villages and and streaked to the northwards with curves of the shells flying over s. At his headquarters he told his satisfied with the way in which the ield its own. But then came tidings bert and L'Admirault that they were from their positions on the plateau. iarshal affected to treat the great matter of no importance. "In that said, "we shall merely occupy to-morrow the positions nearer Metz, which I would have taken up even if there had been no battle" —a curious self-contradiction, for only the previous day he had talked of continuing his march to the northwards.

Towards midnight the Germans were aware everywhere of their success, though its full extent was not grasped till next day, when the retreat of the French to the ground covered by the forts of Metz left the victors in possession of the battlefield, strewn with thirty thousand killed and wounded, the victims of the great battle, so great that in all our warlike century only two other days — those of Leipzig and Sadowa — saw such vast armies set in battle array. Of those who fell two-thirds belonged to the invading army, so dearly had the victory been bought.

UNDER FIRE.

NEVER was a war more unwillingly entered upon than was the first struggle with Burma. So far back as 1756 there had been a strained state of relationship between the British in India and Burma. It began with the massacre of the English merchants and employés established in the island of Negrais. At that time Clive was founding our Indian Empire, and the authorities of Calcutta had their hands too full to undertake a war with a great Eastern Power. While England was consolidating her hold on India, Burma was extending her dominions as rapidly. It had annexed Ava, Arakan, Pegu, and a portion of Siam, and the Burmese frontier and that of the British had become conterminous. In 1794 a messenger was sent by the Bengal Government to the Court of Burma to establish amicable relations, and save that the British merchants were exposed to much oppression and exaction, things went on quietly until 1811, when the Burmese, under the belief that a rebellion in Arakan had been instigated by us, laid an embargo on all British vessels at Rangoon. But at that time the Marquis of Wellesley was carrying on a war with Nepaul and the Mahrattas, and had neither men nor funds to spare for other purposes.

Our disinclination for war was mistaken by the Burmese for fear. Assam was invaded, Munipoor overrun, and the Burmese made incursions into our territory. Still the Indian Government was forced to abstain from hostilities; but in 1823 Lord Amherst came out as governor-general, and as for the moment we were engaged in no great operations in India, he turned his attention at once to the Burmese question. His remonstrances did not even elicit a reply from the court at Ava, and on the 5th of March, 1824, war was declared.

Never did India enter upon a more difficult undertaking. Beyond the port of Rangoon nothing whatever was known of the (or of its pestilential climate in the wet The country was, however, known for th part to be covered with almost imper forests, intersected with marshes, and the B army was a very numerous one and flush the confidence engendered by a long s unbroken success and conquest at the (of its neighbours.

Roads there were practically none, th being the great highway of the countr fortunately, the preparations were made haste, and were characterised by an want of foresight. It was assumed t natives of that part of the country, w been but a very short time under the Burma, would join us against their con and that ample means of transport w found in the shape of boats at Rangoon.

The war began by some engagem the frontier in which our success was broken, and the Burmese massed thei in that direction under the belief that from there that our attack would com was not so. Transports for the troops together, and the contingents of Ben Madras rendezvoused at the Andaman thence two parties were detached to t session of two islands off the Burme while the main body under Sir Archibal bell sailed up the Rangoon River, and stupefaction of the Burmese arrived be town.

A sixteen-gun battery at once opened ships, but this was speedily silenced b fire, and the troops then landed and t session of the town without having occ fire a single gun. In fact, the place w to be deserted, the inhabitants havi entirely driven out by the Burmese troo British traders had all been made pris soon as the ships came in sight, a

was determined upon; but while the
were discussing about the manner in
y should be put to death, a 32-lb. shot
ough the building. The meeting dis-
confusion, the chiefs all left the city,
risoners were marched off under a
ortunately, however, some bodies of
were pushed out from Rangoon as
ossession was taken, and the guard
armed for their own safety, that they
e prisoners in a house and made off,
ountrymen were rescued by a recon-
arty on the following morning.
ops were greatly disappointed in the
e of the town, which was merely a
nblage of wooden huts surrounded by
of from 16 to 18 feet in height. At a

The rainy season set in a few days after we landed, and the health of the troops began at once to suffer. In the meantime the enemy remained invisible, but from all parts of the kingdom troops were being poured down to meet us: beyond the fact, however, that the great forest was occupied by the enemy, no information of their force or intentions was obtainable. The Burmese had the advantage of a magnificent water carriage for the supply of the great force gathering round Rangoon, for in every town and village on the river a certain number of war boats was maintained, each carrying from forty to fifty men, at the expense of Government, and as many privileges were bestowed upon their crews, the flotilla constituted a very formidable arm of the Burmese forces, as some 400 or 500 of these

"HE AND HIS OFFICERS REPEATEDLY CHARGED THE BRITISH LINE" (p. 399).

two miles and a half from the town rose
goda known as the Golden Dragon—it
a conical hill rising 75 feet above the
e pagoda was some 350 feet in height.
time the troops remained in Rangoon,
t the capture of the place would lead
se to approach us with proposals of
, however, was far from being the case.
the promise of protection circulated,
tion did not return, no supplies what-
brought in, and it was found that the
he boats had been taken up the river.

craft were at the disposal of the emperor. Skirmishing was frequent, and our pickets at night were constantly harassed by the enemy, who crept up and murdered our sentries. It was evident that no general movement could be made against the unseen foe, and the English general's plan of operation was to remain upon the defensive, save for attacks upon posts dangerously near to our lines, and to leave it to the enemy, encouraged by our inactivity, to make a general attack and so afford us an opportunity for striking a heavy blow.

On the 28th of May the first operation in any force was undertaken: the enemy had erected a strong stockade within musket-shot of our lines: and Sir Archibald Campbell took four companies of the 13th and 38th Regiments, and with 400 native infantry moved out against the work. It was still unfinished, and the Burmese, taken by surprise, hastily retreated. The column followed by a path along which but two men could march abreast. At every turn of the road breastworks and half-finished stockades were met with; but, after following the path for five miles, the force arrived at some rice-fields. The enemy attempted to oppose a resistance to our crossing the passage across the swamp, but were soon dispersed by the fire of the field-pieces. The rain was now pouring in torrents, and the guns could be dragged no further. The native force was left to guard them, and the Europeans pushed on a mile further to a plain, where they had been informed that a large number of the inhabitants of Rangoon were kept under the guard of the Burmese.

A great force of the enemy now moved out from the jungle beyond, but the little body of British troops moved forward to attack two strongly-stockaded villages. These were held by a considerable force of the Burmese, who, confident in their number, shouted jeeringly, "Come on! come on!" The invitation was accepted. Leaving one company to hold in check the Burmese on the plain, the other three rushed forward against the enemy's works and soon forced their way in. The Burmese fought desperately (it was contrary to their usages either to give or ask quarter), and maintained their resistance to the last, no less than 400 of them being killed. The British force then fell back slowly, unmolested by the enemy, who appeared too surprised at the capture of their works by so small a body of men to venture upon an attack.

On the 10th of June a column marched out to the attack of a formidable work the Burmese had erected on an elevation known as Kemmideen, some three miles away. As the operation was a much more serious one than the former, 3,000 men took part in it. The road ran parallel to the river, and was skirted on one side by rice-fields down to its bank, and by the other by a thick jungle and forest. On a gently-sloping hill halfway from the town a formidable stockade was met with: it was from 12 to 14 feet high, protected in front by abattis and obstacles of all kinds, and defended by a numerous garrison, who cheered lustily as the British advanced. In a few minutes, however, two guns made a the stockade; a column dashed forwar breach, while other parties climbed the at various points, and in a short time t work was in our possession. The Bur behind them 200 dead, including the of commanded the post.

The force now continued its march through rice-fields, and reached the through which glimpses could be caug extremely formidable works erected to d rising ground. A way was made thr jungle for a distance of a mile and a h as glimpses obtained through the tree the strength of the position, it was se could not be carried without the assista ships unless with great loss of life. Ac a halt was ordered, and the troops wer to camp where they were until mornin

It was a trying night indeed. The in torrents, the enemy made repeate in rear, and their sharpshooters kept tinuous fire through the trees. Mor at last, and, as soon as it was light for the gunners to take aim, a shell opened into the Burmese position. of these—to them—novel missiles, rai into the crowded encampment was that before the columns of attack co up to the stockade, the Burmese ha evacuated.

These affairs taught the enemy caut no longer pushed their approache the jungle, and the troops had a com quiet time of it. But, though abstai attack, there were no signs that the d tion of the Burmese to drive us into th in any way damped. No communicati ever were exchanged, the country was c over a great extent, and none of th returned to the town. At the end of Burmese received large reinforcements of the great court officials arrived to mand, with positive orders from the attack at once. Fortunately, almost at time another British regiment from M rived, and the detachments that had off to capture the islands rejoined. terrible gaps already created in the sickness were filled.

On the 1st of July large bodies of t issued from the jungle, and marched to town in a direction nearly parallel to tion, and upon approaching within h of the town, changed front and atta

works nearest to the town. They ever, speedily checked. The 43rd fantry dashed forward against them, lrove them back to the jungle. The the Burmese generals was so great rand assault we expected never took e Burmese army had been lying just jungle waiting until the advance force ated our line. This was to be the a general attack, but as that assault r general ordered the whole to fall was at once recalled, and a still higher appointed to take his place.

iesson by the ill success of his pre- he new general stockaded his army t of the forest, five miles from the ition, and also erected strong works r above Kemmideen, intending from rass our shipping with fire-rafts. At me a system of constant and harassing ks was resorted to, and Sir Archibald etermined to force on a battle by he great Burmese camp at Kemmi- it the same time to assail their posi- e river. The position of the works r was well chosen. The stream here nto two branches: upon the point em the principal work was erected, artillery, and defended by a strong hile on the opposite banks of both ig defences were erected, barring ch to the principal work. A brig of the Company's cruisers dropped tide, and opened a heavy cannon- he works. The enemy for a time ir guns well, but the fire of the esently silenced them and knocked a stockade. A signal was made, and who had marched up from Kemmi- ice entered the boats prepared for ed across the river, overcame all the iat had been erected to prevent a l carried a strong stockade without

rations of the land column were cessful. The force under Brigadier- Bean was so small that the officer ie advance, was so confident, that the little column to come to within a ce of the main work before opening itish force was unprovided with guns, at the formidable stockade before such speed and determination that, f the ladders they carried with them, led the work before the Burmese had time to offer any serious resistance. The main works consisted of three lines of such stockades; but the very numbers of the Burmese were an obstacle to them. A heavy fire was kept up into the mass as the troops advanced; stockade after stockade was carried; and though the Burmese general placed himself at the head of his troops and endeavoured by his example to steady them, he was unable in the terrible confusion to restore order, although he and his officers repeatedly charged the British line with the fury of despair.

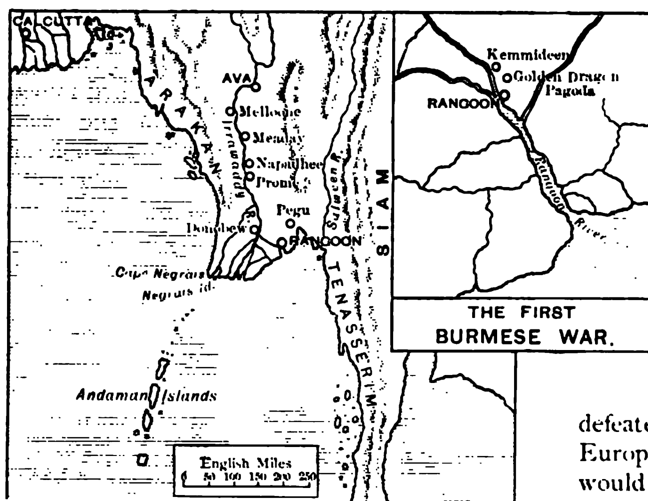
The combat was soon over: the general and many of his highest officers and 800 men were killed, and the Burmese army for a time was reduced to a mass of fugitives. Some time elapsed before operations were renewed: the ease and rapidity with which the British had carried positions that they had deemed impregnable, and the heavy loss they had inflicted by their heavy fire, had taught the enemy caution, and impressed them with a wholesome respect for these strangers whom they had at first regarded with such contempt. It was now, too, the height of the rainy season, and a great extent of the country was under water. Successful operations were, however, carried on along the coast, and a detachment sent up the river, where every village was found deserted, the inhabitants being driven out by the police as soon as our boats were seen approaching. A few families who had been forced to leave Rangoon were, however, met with and taken back to their homes, and the kind treatment that they received had the effect, some months after, of inducing a large proportion of the population to return.

Two of the brothers of the king presently arrived to superintend the operations of the war. They brought with them large reinforcements—among them one of several thousands strong, among whom were a body called the King's Invulnerables, who were considered by the people to have a charmed life. With them, too, were many astrologers, who were to indicate the proper time for an attack.

While they were preparing for the grand assault, several small expeditions against their posts were successfully carried out. At length news was obtained that the astrologers had fixed on the night of the 30th of August as propitious, and a body of the last reinforcements, including the Invulnerables, would on that night or the next attack the great Pagoda. At midnight they advanced in a compact body from the

jungle against it. A small picket thrown out at the foot of the mound on which it stood fell back in good order until it reached the foot of the steps, and then ran up to the plateau above where the troops were silently waiting the attack. Shouting and yelling, the Burmese pressed on until suddenly the British cannon opened fire, and showers of grape and musketry swept the crowded mass, and in a few minutes the whole of those who escaped the fire took refuge in the jungle again.

Finding that none of the commanders who had undertaken to annihilate the invaders had met with any success, the king of Burma now sent for Bandoola, who had led the Burmese troops to victory on numerous occasions and had been the means of subduing many provinces to the Burmese rule. Until now he had been in command of the army destined for the invasion of Bengal, and had met with some success and had caused something like a panic in Calcutta itself. So far, however, he had not followed up his success, but had remained near the frontier, clearing the forests and cutting roads, with the evident intention of forming a great depôt and base for his advance. As soon as Bandoola received the order, he marched with his army to Ava. There he himself remained for a time making his preparations, while his troops moved by the various routes thence to the neighbourhood of Rangoon.



THE FIRST BURMESE WAR.

The force amounted, upon the most moderate calculation, to 60,000 men with a strong body of artillery and a considerable contingent of cavalry. On the part of the British every preparation had been made, several battalions of British and native infantry had arrived with some troops of cavalry, while 500 native artisans had been sent from India to build boats to carry the troops up the river after the attack now pending had been repulsed. On the 1st of December masses of the enemy poured out from the jungle, and advanced against the post at Kemmideen, which was held by the 26th Madras Infantry with a detachment of the Madras European Infantry, supported by a naval force on the river. At the same time other heavy masses of Burmese moved along at some distance from the front of the British position with the intention of entirely surrounding it. A great force also appeared on the other side of the river, where from the edge of the jungle they opened a distant fire on the shipping.

It soon became evident that there was no intention of an immediate attack except upon Kemmideen, for the Burmese had no sooner reached the position assigned to them than their arms were laid aside, and they began the operation, in which they were so skilled, of erecting stockades. It was not the policy of the British general to interfere with them at their work, for they would simply, if defeated, have fallen back into the forest, where European troops could not follow them, and would be ready to sally out again as soon as we retired. One attack, however, was made upon the enemy's left in order to obtain information as to their exact position. The column was completely successful: they carried the entrenchments at the point they aimed at, killed many of the enemy, and returned with a large number of flags and other trophies.

During the night the enemy advanced nearer our lines, and even gained a height in front of the north gate of the Pagoda, from which, however, they were at daylight driven out with great loss by two companies of the 38th and a hundred of the Madras Infantry. For the next two days the enemy still pushed his works forward, keeping up an incessant fire from his trenches: this was, however, kept down to some extent by our artillery. During the next four days the post at Kemmideen was frequently assaulted, but every attack was repulsed by the garrison, aided by the fire from the ships. The most determined efforts were made by the Burmese to drive away these vessels: great

"THE WAY WAS CLEARED FOR THEM BY THE ARTILLERY." (p. 402).

flotillas of boats came down to attack them, and huge fire-rafts were launched against them, but equally without success, H.M.S. *Sophia*, the Company's cruiser *Teignmouth*, with some row-boats mounting guns, defending the passage, sinking many of the enemy's war-boats, capturing others, and diverting the course of the great fire-rafts.

On the 5th the general considered that the guns, ammunition, and stores of the left wing of the Burmese army had been all got into position, and that the time had arrived when he could strike a blow with advantage. During the night a flotilla of gun-boats had taken up a position to open their fire on the enemy's rear, and two columns of troops—the one 1,100 and the other 600 strong—prepared to attack them. The enemy's position was but a few hundred yards from our own, and at seven a.m. both columns moved forward to the attack, while at the same moment the gun-boats opened fire in the rear on the enemy's position. Secure in their great numbers and believing that the comparatively small British force was doomed to destruction, the Burmese had had no thought of our taking the offensive. A hurried fire was opened, but the troops, dashing forward, were very soon within their entrenchments, driving them before them in every direction, their terror and dismay being heightened by the charges of a troop of our cavalry. The loss on our part was very small, while the whole of their artillery, stores, and dépôts, with a great quantity of muskets, standards, and other trophies, fell into our hands.

Bandoola rallied his defeated left, and brought them up to strengthen his right and centre, which was engaged day and night in pushing on the approaches against the great Pagoda: so close were they that the taunting threats of the Burmese could be distinctly heard by our troops. On the 6th the fire of artillery was purposely slackened, and the infantry kept wholly out of sight. Encouraged by what he took for our timidity, Bandoola brought his whole force up to the front that night. At half-past 11 a.m. on the 7th four columns of troops stood in readiness to advance to the attack. Never were British soldiers more anxious for assault: for six months they had done nothing, powerless to advance, and pent up in what was little better than a swamp, more than decimated by sickness, drenched from morning until night by the unceasing rain, suffering from want of supplies of all sorts, and exposed to constant and harassing attacks necessitating the heaviest night-duty. At last their turn was at hand, the f
within their grasp, and eager as hounds
scent they waited the order to attack.

At a quarter to twelve this was heralde
cannonade from every gun that could be b
to bear upon the Burmese lines. At
o'clock it ceased, and the four columns
forward against the enemy's works.
them had already worked round into the
at either side of the enemy's position; th
descended the hill from the Pagoda. The
at once opened a heavy fire, but when
rushed forward without regarding it, and
their entrenchments, they lost courage a
driven headlong from their positions o
the other. They soon took refuge in the
where our men were unable to follow th
large quantity of guns were captured, an
rear of their position was found a gre
scaling-ladders prepared for the attack
great Pagoda, and 240 cannon were c
Bandoola speedily rallied his forces, and
body of 25,000 men returned to a spot
twenty-five miles of his former posit
there proceeded to entrench himself.

The position was strong and well ch
on the 15th it was attacked by a colun
strong. The way was cleared for them
artillery, and in fifteen minutes the
troops were in possession of the enem
with a large quantity of arms and amn
Bandoola now fell back to Donoobew.
13th February the advance against this
commenced. Two thousand strong proc
land. A thousand European infantry,
powerful train of artillery, were taken
river in a flotilla of fifty boats. It was
7th March that the land force arri
enough to Donoobew to hear the soun
cannonade, which the boat division, w
first arrived there, had opened on the
The boats had met with much opposi
their advance, and a number of stock
entrenchments which had been throw
their banks, were captured. On the fl
riving at Donoobew, Brigadier Cotton, w
manded, at once attacked the outer s
This was captured, and, having inflicted
loss upon the enemy, an attack upon the
stockade was made, but with such seri
that the general was obliged to retreat
boats and to drop four miles down the ri
wait for the arrival of reinforcements.

Believing that the boat division w
able to capture Donoobew without his

l Campbell had marched on against
ut when some days after the event a
r with the news of General Cotton's
eached him, he retraced his steps, until
d within gunshot of Dalla. Skirmish-
on for some days, but on April 2nd
: was found to be evacuated, for on
ous day Bandoola had been killed by
and the Burmese were so dispirited by
vy losses that they refused to fight any
The death of this great general was the
oint of the war. Bandoola possessed
ents, with exceptional courage and re-
While capable of the most barbarous
ie often performed acts of generosity
ness. The entrenchments thrown up
s instructions would have done credit
st scientific engineer. The confidence
im by his troops, engendered by his
s victories, was unbounded; and so long
ained in command the war would have
tinued with vigour.

the capture of Donoobew the army
n to Prome. Every preparation for a
defence was being made, but the arrival
rce took the enemy by surprise, and
Campbell entered the town without
fire a shot. As the wet season was
ing on again, a long halt was made
very effort was used to gain the good-
confidence of the native inhabitants,
complete success, and the popula-
rned not only to Prome, but to all the
d villages on the river, and there settled
rdinary avocations. A civil government
lished, and during the rainy season all
quietly. In order to avoid further
f blood General Campbell despatched
the Burmese chiefs, urging upon them
their king to arrange terms of peace.
gotiations took place, but these were
expedient to delay our advance, for a
r, 70,000 strong, had been organised.

end of November it advanced to the
Prome, its general sending forward a
er: "If you wish for peace, you may go
it if you ask either money or territory,
lship can exist between us. This is
custom." To oppose the formidable
embled before the town, the British
ould muster only 5,000 men, of whom
were British. It was soon evident that
nese did not intend to risk a general
ent, but to endeavour to force the town
ider by blockade. However, on the
1st December, our forces sallied out, and after a hard fight of some hours the Burmese were driven back with much slaughter to a formidable stockade they had erected on the heights of Napabee some miles distant. During this battle they had been inspirited by the presence of three young women of high rank, who fought with brilliant courage among their ranks: two of them were killed, as was their general and many tributary princes. After two hours' march through the forest the troops arrived on the riverside, and then opened communication with the flotilla, which had moved up to aid in the attack on the stockade.

The enemy's position was an extremely strong one: it consisted of three ranges of hills, each commanding the one in front of it. The only road by which an attack could be made lay along the banks, and the first step was to drive the enemy from a series of stockades along the edge of the wood which flanked the river. Six companies of the 87th performed this service, the flotilla then moved forward and opened a lively fire on two strong redoubts at the base of the hill and at some works on the other side of the river. The Madras division had been sent down to endeavour to turn the Burmese position, but the forest and jungle were too thick to be penetrated. The 13th, 38th, and 87th Regiments advanced therefore to attack the enemy in front, while two other regiments, pushing resolutely through the jungle, created a diversion that enabled the main attack to carry the stockades at the foot of the hill. The whole force then advanced, and, pushing steadily forward, drove the Burmese at the point of the bayonet from every one of their positions on the three hills.

While the fighting was going on, the flotilla pushed up the river and captured all the boats and stores that had been brought down for the use of the army. On the following day the stockades on the other side of the river were attacked and carried with equal success. The army now pushed on towards the Burmese capital, the distance by land being estimated at 300 miles. After ten days' march they arrived at Meaday, which the enemy had strongly fortified. They had, however, abandoned it on our advance, and on entering the stockades a terrible scene presented itself, the ground being scattered with dead and dying, the remnant of the defeated army. It was known that the Burmese had concentrated at Melloone.

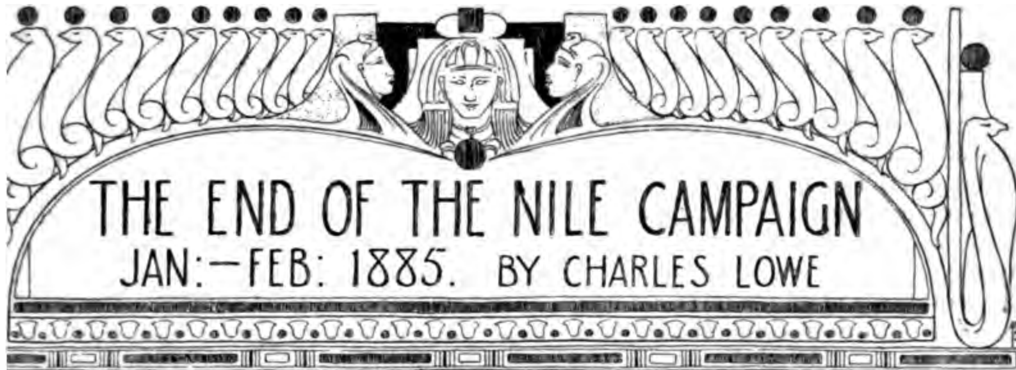
The British force, which had suffered greatly

from cholera, was now reduced to 2,000 men. When within a short distance of the town, they were met by a commissioner, who stated that he had full powers from the king to conclude a treaty of peace. The army halted four miles from Melloone, the flotilla anchoring abreast of the camp.

The negotiations came to nothing, the object of the Burmese being evidently only to procrastinate. The force therefore continued its march, and on the 19th captured the town after a feeble defence by the 15,000 men engarrisoned there. After another futile attempt at negotiations the king sent forward an army of 40,000 men to check our advance. They took up a strong position, which was attacked on the 9th March and the Burmese army completely scattered. When within forty-five miles of the capital, all the British prisoners who had been taken during the war were sent down, accompanied by two Ministers of State and the first instalment of the amount demanded as one of the conditions of peace which had been laid down by us at Prome. The conquered provinces of Arakan were to be ceded to us, together with those on the coast which we had also captured. The Burmese were to pay a million pounds towards the expenses of the war, no exactions were to be le[illegible] future on British vessels, and an indem[illegible] was to be granted to all persons who had i[illegible] way taken part in the war.

This sum went a very small way to[illegible] paying the expenses, which amounted in [illegible] some twelve millions. Our losses had [illegible] heavy, but they arose chiefly from di[illegible] during the first year three and a half pe[illegible] of the troops were killed in action, while [illegible] five per cent. perished from disease. Our [illegible] loss during the war was 5,078 officers and [illegible] being no less than seventy-two and a half pe[illegible] of the forces engaged, a proportion very s[illegible] equalled in any war in which British troop[illegible] taken part. Burma was humbled and her [illegible] crippled, but it needed a second war (in [illegible] before the work was completed. But eve[illegible] loss of the greater part of its dominions [illegible] to put an end to the haughty pretensi[illegible] Burma, and it needed the capture of Man[illegible] the dethronement of Theebaw, and the an[illegible]tion of the remaining portion of the Bu[illegible] empire to extinguish the power of misc[illegible] what had at one time been the most form[illegible] power we have encountered and vanquish[illegible] the East.

BURMESE IDOL HOUSE.



IIS campaign has already formed the subject of two articles—one on "The Desert Fights" (Abu-Klea and Abu-Kru), which detailed the fortunes of bert Stewart's Desert Column in its oss the Bayuda waste from Korti to eh on the Nile; and another on "Khar-vhich showed how Sir Charles Wilson nty-five men of the Royal Sussex, after perhaps unavoidable, delay of four days ıg from Metamneh, ascended the river f Gordon's steamers, only to learn that al of the Soudan had fallen eight-and-ırs previously and its heroic holder with exciting incidents and disasters con-ith the return of the steamers were then l—disasters which Lord Charles Beres-tened to repair in so brilliant a manner ıe final arrival of Lieutenant Stuart-in a rowing boat at the camp of ert Column with the terrible news of s doom.

was on the morning of 1st February and on this very day the River Column, ded by General Earle, had reached a its up-stream advance on Berber where ıy were expected to make a stand. For : remembered that when Lord Wolseley Korti towards the end of the year (1884), ned to form two forces—one, the Desert to make a dash across to Metamneh on nd the other, called the River Column, l the Nile itself in whale-boats, punish assir tribe for the murder of some of s English companions (Colonel Stewart, d then seize Berber as a basis of co-n with the Desert Column for a general nt on Khartoum under Lord Wolseley's command.

orce at the disposal of General Earle l of one squadron of the 19th Hussars, ninety sabres, mounted on Egyptian cavalry horses, the Staffordshire Regiment, the 42nd Highlanders (Black Watch), the 92nd (Gordon) Highlanders, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, a battery of Egyptian Artillery, and the Egyptian Camel Corps under Major Marriott.

The very greatest care had been taken in the organising of this force, which moved off in its boats—the Staffords leading—on 2nd January, making thus a good beginning with the New Year. "On New Year's night," wrote an officer, "we dined outside Colonel Colville's hut. In addition to the *menu* furnished by our rations, we had eggs and chickens, pumpkin, and a plum-pudding, a most delicious melon, a bottle of champagne, and a tot of whisky. The English mail arrived bringing us letters and Christmas cards, and we sat up till late speculating on what the year would bring forth. Then we of the River Column sought our beds on the soft, clean yellow sand by the side of the sleeping troops."

It must not be imagined that the Column in its whalers ascended the Nile in one long, coherent, and continuous flotilla like a procession of boats at a regatta, while the cavalry and the camels trotted alongside on the river-bank as the mounted coaches of 'Varsity crews keep pace with their respective eights on the towing-path of the Isis; circumstances rendered such an armada-like breasting of the Nile both impracticable and inexpedient. The force moved away from Korti in sections and driblets under the rowing directions of Colonel Denison and his crew of Canadian *voyageurs*—boatmen second to none in their skill at coping with the difficulties and dangers of river navigation.

How great were these perils and impediments may be inferred from the fact that it took the burly muscular chields of the Black Watch four days to work their way through a "cataract," or "rapid," seven miles in length, labouring from

dawn to dusk, and losing one man and two boats by the operation. This was near Birti, but a previous cataract (Edermih) had also proved very troublesome. Arms, ammunition, and accoutrements had to be "portaged," or taken out of boats and carried along the bank for three-quarters of a mile, while the crews of three boats had to be employed to haul one through.

General Earle had been ordered by Lord Wolseley to concentrate his force at Handab before advancing in search of the enemy. This process of up-stream concentration took about three weeks, and on the morning of the 24th January—the very day, curiously, on which Sir Charles Wilson at last started from Metammeh for Khartoum—Earle telegraphed back to his chief at Korti: "Just off; all going as well as possible; troops in high spirits, longing for a fight; no sick."

A force of 3,000 of the enemy was known to be within eighteen miles of Earle's command, and in the rocky and difficult country into which this command now entered every move had to be made with extreme caution. The river was tortuous, splitting now and then into various arms full of unexpected rocks and rapids; and as the troops had thus frequently to part company, the greatest care had to be taken to guard against surprise. The mounted troops did good service by reconnoitring in front on either bank—Hussars on the left, Egyptian Camel Corps on the right shore; while at night the battalions landed and bivouacked in the strongest and safest place they could select. Sometimes the force was in such a state of dispersion caused by the difficulties of the advance up-stream that the heliograph had to be employed to maintain unity of action. But, in spite of all the perils and exertions of the advance, General Earle was able to wire to Lord Wolseley on the 27th:—

EMBARKATION OF GENERAL EARLE'S FORCE AT KORTI.

"Troops in excellent spirits, and only several slight cases of sickness in whole force."

It was on this day, too, that Earle first got touch of the Arabs. Colonel Butler, while reconnoitring with the mounted troops a few miles beyond the advanced post, sighted about 120 of the enemy, with seven or eight horsemen. Shots were exchanged at about 1,000 yards, and the Dervishes retired. The Egyptian Camel Corps succeeded in capturing four camels, six oxen, and sixty sheep, a welcome addition to the commissariat.

All the force was now in the highest spirits and simply "spoiling" for a good fight, the more so as it already knew of the dearly-bought victories which had been won by the Desert

now in front of Metamneh, where it to wait until the River Column could But of this latter column the situation er aggravating. The enemy in force, : Sheikh Suleiman Wad Gamr—Colonel , murderer—was known to be only 1 miles in front; while Earle's troops, ng to avenge this murder by abolishing i and his tribe, were scattered along the rapids of the Nile, which seemed to re and more difficult with each mile of nce. There was nothing for it but to and concentrate a sufficient force within distance of the enemy, who was apparolved to give battle about Birti.

· one," said General Brackenbury, the n of the expedition, "slept lightly that)th January). It was bitterly cold, and s no escaping the wind. A full moon, e hoped was to light us to victory at s shining. More than once I walked e zeriba where our sentries were standonless, looking out over the rocks and round. At last I was sleeping soundly, ras awakened by the field-officer of the atch on duty, who told me that a native n white had crept up, leading a horse i a few yards of the zeriba, had looked on our cavalry below, and then made . Did it portend an early attack? If rere ready at any moment. The first larm by one of our sentries would have all our men, armed and accoutred, to , and have lined the zeriba with a circle ets and of rifles ready to sweep the sur- space with their fire"—a very impressnight scene in the black and rocky ' the Nile.

norning the white-robed and uncanny 1 of the night was brought into camp valry patrols, and he turned out to be ian deserter from the Mahdist side, who e valuable information as to the hostile Birti. In addition to his rifle and ion, he had brought away with him a onging to one Moussa Wad Abu Hegel, however, no connection of the German ier of that name, the only thing comboth being that each of them had a

cover the secret of the Mahdist Hegel ask to which General Earle's staff now . itself; and for this purpose General ury, with Colonels Butler and Colville r Slade, started off with the mounted troops to reconnoitre the enemy's position at Birti. Bastioned by hills, and fenced by stone parapets, or "sangars," as they would be called on the Indian hill-frontier, this was an exceedingly strong position abutting on the river, the passage of which it was meant to dispute. It was, therefore, of importance to discover whether this position could be turned, instead of taken in face, by a flank march through the desert, and Brackenbury soon convinced himself that this was possible. But "it struck us at the time as singular that we saw no signs of the enemy's presence—not a man on the look out, not a beast grazing on the shrubs and coarse grass of the wady." Of this the reason was, as Brackenbury afterwards learned from a Mahdist deserter, that the holders of Birti had decamped in the night, and retired to a still stronger position in the Shukook Pass.

In retiring as he had done from Birti to the Shukook Pass, Suleiman Wad Gamr had been influenced by the fear of a British attack from the desert side, and he had already begun to betray an extreme apprehension for the safety of his own skin; for a reward had been offered for the delivery of Colonel Stewart's murderer, and it was quite incomprehensible to the mind of the Vakeel on the other side of the river why "we could not get through our difficulties by leading Suleiman to believe we were his friends, and killing him afterwards." He seemed incapable of believing we were so stupid as to be in earnest in refusing to adopt such a treacherous course, and threw up his hands in disgust on hearing that the fox had stolen away from Birti to the Shukook Pass.

This was a cause of grievous disappointment to the River Column, who had been making such heroic exertions to reach Suleiman, and hang him on the highest attainable tree. Disappointed of a good fight! But had not the column been in a constant state of desperate combat ever since leaving Korti—a combat with rocks and cataracts, and other riverain obstacles, which only wanted a few more crocodiles to complete their charm? Were the hands of the men not all blistered by perpetual tugging at the strenuous oar? Had the want of soap not produced a plague of vermin, which filled the boats and infested the clothes of men and officers? And was there not sent back to headquarters this moving appeal:—"Men's and many officers' trousers in rags: not sufficient for decency"?

At Birti some few relics of the murdered Stewart and his party were discovered: fragments

of French and English books, a bit of an English "field-boot," the broken case and face of an English aneroid barometer, which had been sold to Stewart an hour or two before his departure from Charing Cross with General Gordon. These were found in the house of Suleiman Wad Gamr, which was accordingly levelled with the ground, as a first trifling instalment of the retribution which was in store for its murderous owner.

Meanwhile, how to attain to hand-grips with Suleiman and his men was General Earle's constant care; and there ensued several more days of struggling up the river to the point where the enemy was known to have retired, when, just as the fruit seemed ripe for plucking, what should reach Earle on the afternoon of the 5th February, but the following message from Lord Wolseley's Chief-of-Staff:—"I am ordered by Lord Wolseley to inform you that, to his deep regret, Khartoum was found by Wilson to be in possession of the enemy. Wilson in returning was wrecked, but steamer has gone for him, and there is no apparent danger for him. You are to halt where you are until further orders."

THE CASUALTY OF THE BIRTI CATARACT (*p.* 406).

"It is needless to say what we felt," wrote Brackenbury (on receipt of this order). "Any thought of ourselves was swallowed up in grief for what we could only interpret to mean

rtain death. Both of us felt, too, he shock would be to Lord Wolseley, here was a peculiar sting in the fact coming upon the anniversary of the oomassie."

er advance was at once stopped, troops were not informed why rarely or never told the why of ey are bidden to do), Earle and remaining, meanwhile, the sole of the t. It more e next intel- ne in my— their after- eared, f the toum d the Pass, anced er to- glish, trong the ridge right Nile from hey they easily from k in their ed. A vain calculation, as it proved. lay the troops had been enjoying a st, which was sorely needed after the ours of the past fortnight. It gave pportunity of washing their clothes g into a semblance of decency the d rags, still called trousers by courtesy p, which made them look almost able as the rag-tag-and-bobtail Sir John Falstaff in their famous ugh Coventry. Another day (the sed in improving the sanitary con- camp, previous, as it was thought, of the force to Korti; but the 8th with it again to the hearts of all in a telegram from Lord Wolseley ordering the column to resume its march and push on to Abu-Hamed.

GENERAL EARLE.
(*Photo, Bourne & Shepherd, Calcutta.*)

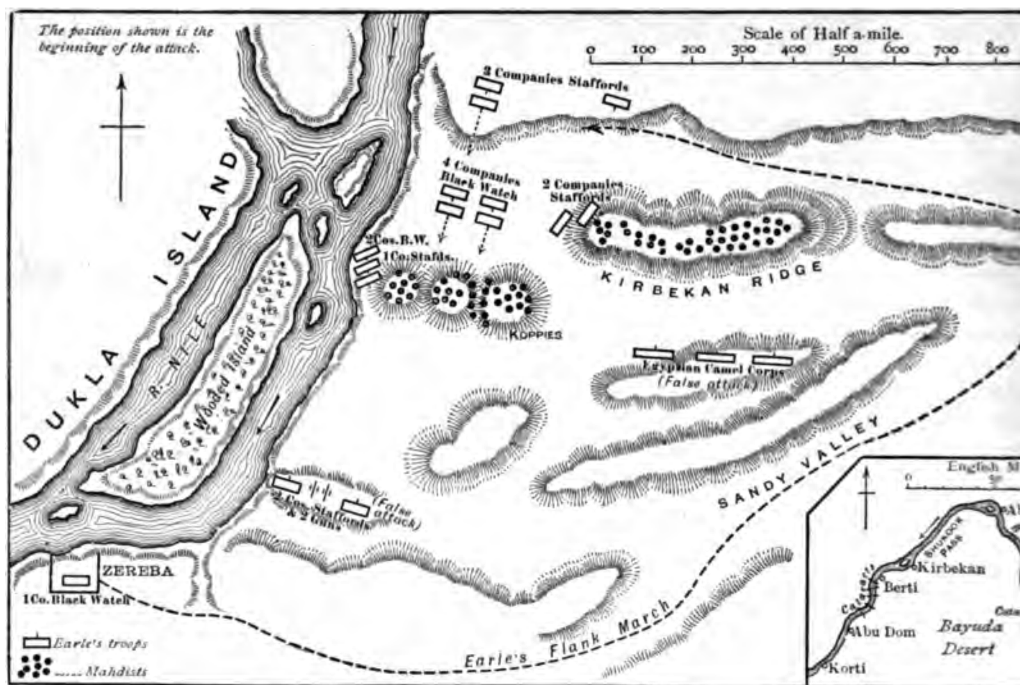
For the vacillating powers in Downing Street, who were in constant telegraphic communication with Lord Wolseley, had once more changed their minds. "Full steam ahead!" "Ease her!" "Stop her!" "Forward cautiously!"—such were the varying cries with which the temper of the eager Tommy Atkins had been so severely tried in his passage up the Nile; but now again he gave a deep sigh of relief when gratified with the prospect of "Full steam ahead!" being shortly sung out from the captain on the bridge. By this time English Tommy had begun to resume his scarlet tunic, and the Scotch Jocks of the Black Watch, discarding their rowing rags of tartan trews, to don their waving kilts and array themselves in their full war paint, the pipers seeing to it that their drones and chanters were in proper order. For it was now clear that the Braes o' Kirbekan would soon be ringing with sounds that erstwhile roused the echoes on the Braes o' Mar.

General Earle had been ordered to march on Abu-Hamed. But between him and Abu-Hamed—straight across the road to it—there intervened the Kirbekan ridge crowned by the enemy; and therefore it was as clear as a pike-staff that this rocky ridge must somehow be brushed clear of its swarthy occupants. The problem was a very obvious one, yet there were several methods of solving it. Earle, for example, might assail the ridge from the front and drive its holders back, or he might march round its left flank—the nature of the ground permitting—and take it in rear so as to complete the ruin of its defenders by barring their line of retreat.

After a careful reconnaissance of the position with all its possibilities, he decided for the latter course. His tactics, in fact, were precisely similar to those which Bonnie Prince Charlie had adopted at Prestonpans, when the clans, marching out from Edinburgh, interposed themselves between General Johnnie Cope and his backward road to England. And again, as at Prestonpans, it was the Highlanders who formed the backbone of the force with which General Earle determined to breast the rearward slopes of Kirbekan—the kilted "Forty Twa's" and their no less

fall, and adding, "I congratulate you progress you have made, although I am n very sorry the enemy have not test temper of your steel. However, let us ho courage may be stiffened by the fall of Kh and that you may strike them hard yet you reach Berber." Hope soon to be re

It was feared throughout the attackin that the enemy might again, as at Birti, the slip in the night; but with growing the cavalry vedettes went out and return the joyful news that the Arabs were still



BATTLE OF KIRBEKAN, FEBRUARY 10, 1885.

gallant comrades the scarlet-coated men of Stafford—living symbols of the emulous brotherhood-in-arms which had knit together the two nations ever since Culloden.

By sunset on the 9th February Earle's attacking force had reached its bivouac, a short mile from the front of the enemy's position—the Black Watch and the Staffords, two guns, and two sections of the field-hospital, the 19th Hussars, and the Egyptian Camel Corps, which had now been ferried over from the other side of the river. Before turning in for the night General Earle read a letter from Lord Wolseley, informing him of the intention of the Government—*varium et mutabile semper*—to crush the power of the Mahdi at Khartoum in spite of its

hill-top position. After an early brea troops paraded, looking smart and th workmanlike. Each man carried o rations of meat and biscuits, a full wat with sixty rounds of ammunition, whil battalion were assigned two camels bear boxes of reserve cartridges, with two amn camels to each gun. Each battalion h stretchers, carried by sixteen of its men, with four men in reserve as bea detachment of the field-hospital, wit camels carrying surgical and hospital ap paraded with the infantry, as also tw bearing water for the field-hospital.

One company of the Black Watch— the disappointment of the men—was le

›f the zeriba with all its baggage, on the river bank ; while a better, if actory, fate befell two companies of .s, who, with two guns, under Lieu- ıel Alleyne, were posted on an ›out half a mile from the direct right Arabs, so as to engage their attention ı them with a frontal attack, while the force should march away round my's left, and, taking them in rear, n off their hill-tops and smite them igh. A *rôle* of diversion similar to :en assigned to the two companies of s before the right face of the enemy :ended along the crests of several or rocky hillocks, resting on the Nile e executed by the Egyptian Camel nt of the enemy's left half line, which, ion of that of the koppies, ran along a -topped ridge about a mile in extent. ›ut a quarter past seven a.m. when g column of attack, consisting of ies of the Staffords and the Black ectively, moved off from their zeriba 2nd fellows grinding their teeth at ›ehind for mere guard duty) ; and starting, "General Earle sent me ry] back to inform the English cor- of a foreign newspaper, who had ıy up with the Gordon Highlanders, to the necessity for economising all ı and beast, and in view of all spare nmodation being required for trans- :, he could not allow any civilian nts to accompany the column"— e subsequent disadvantage, perhaps, nn, *carebat quia vate sacro*.

hussars in front, the force marched lf-battalion columns, at an interval of ıies—in such a formation, in fact, ıble it to form square, or rather ob- event of its being suddenly rushed Arabs. The first mile lay over hard ground ; then the troops entered a of deep, loose sand, through which l in a very fatiguing manner until l the outer end of the marble-topped ı this ridge the enemy had not yet on the column, although it must visible to them at more than one toilsome march—so toilsome that :d for a few minutes to gather its

ıile thus engaged that the column o guns of Alleyne give lusty voice at the Arabs on the koppies, and, encouraged by the cannon-thunder, it now resumed its march, turning sharp round the eastern, or outward, end of the marble ridge, and through a rocky valley parallel to it running towards the river. The enemy on the ridge now opened fire on the column as it was pushing through this valley riverwards, and several men were hit. The Arabs had rendered their naturally strong—almost impregnable—position doubly so by the construction of loose stone parapets, from behind which they could securely aim. From time to time their ugly black faces could be seen peering over huge boulders on the sky-line.

The fire from the high ridge growing ever hotter, and causing several men to drop, General Earle directed Colonel Eyre—an officer who had risen from the ranks for his bravery in the Crimea—to take two companies of his Staffords and endeavour to seize the ridge by its western shoulder. The Staffords advanced to the assault under a heavy fire, and climbed about one-third of the way up the shoulder till they reached a cluster of rocks where they obtained partial shelter.

At the same time two companies of the Black Watch descended a rocky ridge to the right front, whence the Nile was visible about 600 yards off; and now parties of the enemy could be seen making their way to the water and swimming over to the opposite (right) bank. To cut off their retreat in this direction, Earle ordered the aforesaid companies of the Black Watch to establish themselves on the river bank, while the rest of the Highlanders—four companies—and three companies of the Staffords were likewise advanced and swung round so as to face the koppies. The Arab position had now been effectually turned — taken in rear and overlapped on its right flank ; and it only remained for the enemy to be dealt with in the trap in which they had thus so skilfully been enclosed.

First of all, Earle ordered the two river-bank companies of the Highlanders and one company of the Staffords to take the koppie nearest the Nile. Advancing rapidly under cover of the bank, they were quick to seize the lowest rocks and then the summit of this koppie, driving out or killing the rebels there to the last man. Some of them attempted flight by the river in the direction of Alleyne's men and the zeriba, and, though a few got away by swimming, most of them were shot down.

Nothing now remained but to assault the

position from its rear face by the main body of the Highlanders and the Staffords, who, in company front, were posted about 400 yards away,

COLONEL COVENEY.

the ground between them and the koppies being open to the enemy's fire. For this assault the order was about to be given when a body of the Arabs, one of whom bore a banner, the rest being armed with swords and spears, boldly rushed down from the heights in front and charged towards the nearest companies of the Black Watch—under Colonel Green. The Highlanders, though standing in line as at Balaclava, never budged, but met their assailants with such a withering fire that those who were not mowed down by the bullets of the Martini-Henrys turned and fled towards the river. The standard-bearer of the brave Arabs was at once shot down, as well as three of his immediate followers who had in turn seized and borne aloft anew the sacred symbol of the Prophet's faith. Far from fearing the rush of the Arabs—though by this time it was known how they had broken into the British square at Abu-Klea—the Highlanders in some cases even advanced to meet it ; and it was only with difficulty that they could be restrained from leaving the ranks to follow the fugitives along the river.

But now the crucial moment was come, after the repulse of this Arab onset. It was now the turn of Earle's men to deliver a counter-assault upon the koppies, and, with the pipes skirling out "The Campbells are Coming," the Black Watch dashed across the intervening space and stormed the heights at the point of the bayonet. Such of the Arabs as still remained fou the last with the utmost desperation, an shot or bayoneted to a man.

"Like beasts of the forest surprised i lair," said one eye-witness, "the Arabs fo bay with the courage of desperation, the vantage-ground everywhere. And thus desperate odds our gallant soldiers, in spi withering fire all round, gained rock aft fastness after fastness, behind which t directed aim of the Arabs dealt death shot. Inch by inch, with fearful odds them, did the Highlanders on the left Staffords on the right press forward ground, while the black granite beneath became red and slippery with gore they pressed over ghastly corpses, over dying, and wounded."

Gallantly aided by the Staffords, landers had stormed the heights of irresistibly as they had forced their heights of Alma ; but their victory been purchased at the cost of th favourite officer, Lieutenant-Colonel and of the serious wounding of an tenant-Colonel Andrew Wauchope, in Midlothian, not to speak of minor heaviest loss of all, General Earle him the very moment of victory.

The assault was over ; the troops w ing the sconces and holes among th

COLONEL EYRE.

lurking Arabs. Between the crests of main koppies there was a depression fo small flat plateau, on which was built

en feet square, with a thatched roof. Earle," wrote Brackenbury, second in " was engaged in forming up the men s on this plateau, not more than ten the hut, when a sergeant of the Black :

are a lot of men in the hut, and they not one of our men.'

l Earle ordered the roof to be set on it being said that there was a quan-munition in the hut, he ordered the

CONVOY OF WOUNDED.

ulled down, and himself approached

ose to him, and said:

care, sir. The hut is full of men.'

n had set the roof on fire, and my s attracted for a moment by seeing ho rushed out from the side of the ted by one of our men. As I turned ack towards the general, I saw him rough the head from a small square the hut, close to which he had He lived only a few minutes, tended by his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant St. d by the senior medical officer, ajor Harvey."

mand now developing on Major-General Brackenbury, this gallant and accomplished officer directed two companies of the Black Watch to remain as a picket on the captured koppies; and at the same time sent to the Staffords with the view of assembling them, when it was brought to his knowledge that the two companies of that regiment which had been sent at the outset of the battle to take the high marble-topped ridge, had failed as yet to get further than the cluster of rocks about a third of the way up; that Colonel Eyre had been killed, shot through the heart while heroically leading on his men; that Captain Horsburgh and Lieutenant Colborne had been severely wounded; that their loss in men had been considerable; that their ammunition was exhausted, save four rounds per man, which they had reserved; and that the defiant enemy were still holding the ridge. But from the top of this ridge it was necessary that they should now be swept, as with a broom of bayonets; and so, leaving four companies of the Highlanders as a reserve at the foot of the koppies, Brackenbury ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Beale, on whom the command of the Staffords had now fallen, to re-unite his regiment, reinforce its two companies on the hill-side with men and ammunition,

and then escalade the heights at the point of the pike.

No order could have been more gallantly and admirably carried out; and so infectious was the example of the dashing courage displayed by the men of Stafford in scaling the flinty sides of the hill in the teeth of the enemy's fire, that one Egyptian soldier belonging to the Camel Corps could stand by as a passive spectator of the stirring spectacle no longer, and, quitting his own ranks, charged up the hill all alone on the extreme right of the Staffords—a most gallant feat. Ascending the steep, moraine-like hill by alternate rushes, the Staffords, with the loss of only two killed and one wounded, reached the rocky summit and bayoneted the Arabs, who fought with all the courage of desperation, to the very last man, including their leader, Moussa Hegel, whose "secret" had now found him out.

It was now one o'clock. The action had begun soon after nine, and the defeat of the Arabs was complete; for, while the fighting on the heights had been in progress, Colonel Butler with the hussars had ridden off and captured the camp of the enemy at the entrance to the Shukook Pass.

The Arab loss was estimated by hundreds, while that of the British was 60—viz. 3 officers and 9 men killed, 4 officers and 44 men wounded. But the little force had gained in self-confidence, if it had lost so many of its members; and it had taught the Arabs a lesson, which was sure to have its effect throughout the whole Soudan —the lesson, namely, that it was not always necessary for British troops to meet their Mahdist enemies in square formation, and that they could beat them even at their own tactics, fighting in loose order and hand-to-hand.

The brave British dead were solemnly interred together by the river bank, near the field where they had fallen, the pipers of the Black Watch wailing out the "Land o' the Leal" and "Lochaber no More"; while at sunset the bodies of General Earle, Colonels Eyre and Coveney, which had been conveyed back to the camp, were similarly buried side by side, in deep graves near the foot of a solitary palm-tree. "And the hill of Kirbekan," said General Brackenbury, "echoed back the boom of the minute-guns paying their solemn tribute to the memory of three soldiers, each a type of what the English officer should be."

For twelve days more did Brackenbury's victorious force struggle up the river towards its primary objective, Abu-Hamed; and t be no doubt that he would have capt place, as well as Berber, further on. I the wise men of Downing Street l sitting in council, and on February 2 reached the River Column a telegr Lord Wolseley, ordering it to return some satisfaction to the men in the their crowning disappointment, that time Suleiman Wad Gamr's property all destroyed (though this ruffian him not be come by), and Hebbeh, the Colonel Stewart's murder, levelled ground. But "theirs not to reason w the column at once commenced its pr to return. Whereas it had taken days to ascend the cataracts, nine c needed for the down-stream voyage. E lives were lost in the operation. F cataract "boat after boat came down at speed," while at another Scylla-and- point the "boat rose and fell, like a h ing a fence."

No more fighting had to be done, pursuing force of about 6,000 of the reached Birti a few hours after the d Brackenbury's last troops; and on he arrived at Korti, after having two viously reviewed, for the first time as parade, "two thousand of the fines men," as he said, "that it ever was lot to command. . . . . The life of th been one incessant toil from the first day of the expedition. In ragged scarred and blistered by the sun and r they have worked with constant c and unceasing energy. Their dis been beyond reproach; and I do not say that no finer, more gallant, or m worthy body of men ever served the

Simultaneous with the return of Ea the Desert Column, under Sir Redv had also been effecting a masterly from its position on the Nile near Once or twice it very nearly cam fighting again, square having repeat formed to fend off an expected attack but there was no repetition of Ab which the battlefield of the 17th Janu a month later—presented a most hor tacle, with its shrivelled, sun-baked Ar and flocks of carrion birds.

General Buller's greatest troubl transport of the wounded across t Desert. But many of those wound

ith all possible tenderness, succumbed to
ufferings, especially at Gakdul, where
re consigned to a lonely cemetery, in a
ear the reservoirs.

of the first to pass away on the return to
was the brave Sir Herbert Stewart, who,
nand of the column during its victorious
to the Nile, had been mortally wounded
-Kru. A more gallant soldier never
d. His burial was a most impressive
The troops formed a procession in the
headed by the firing-party and the band
Royal Sussex, the pall-bearers being
officers. Colonel Talbot read the funeral
and not an eye was tearless when the
of the deeply-mourned soldier were
ed to their resting-place among the
ands.

thereafter, the Desert Column returned
i; and to the entire Expeditionary Army, now again assembled at the point whence it had, more than two months previously, split up into two divergent forces, Lord Wolseley addressed a General Order praising it in the very highest terms for the heroism and endurance it had shown throughout in the vain effort to save General Gordon. "No greater honour," he declared, "can be in store for me than that of leading you, please God, into Khartoum before the year is out . . . . but for the moment we must content ourselves with preparations for the autumn advance."

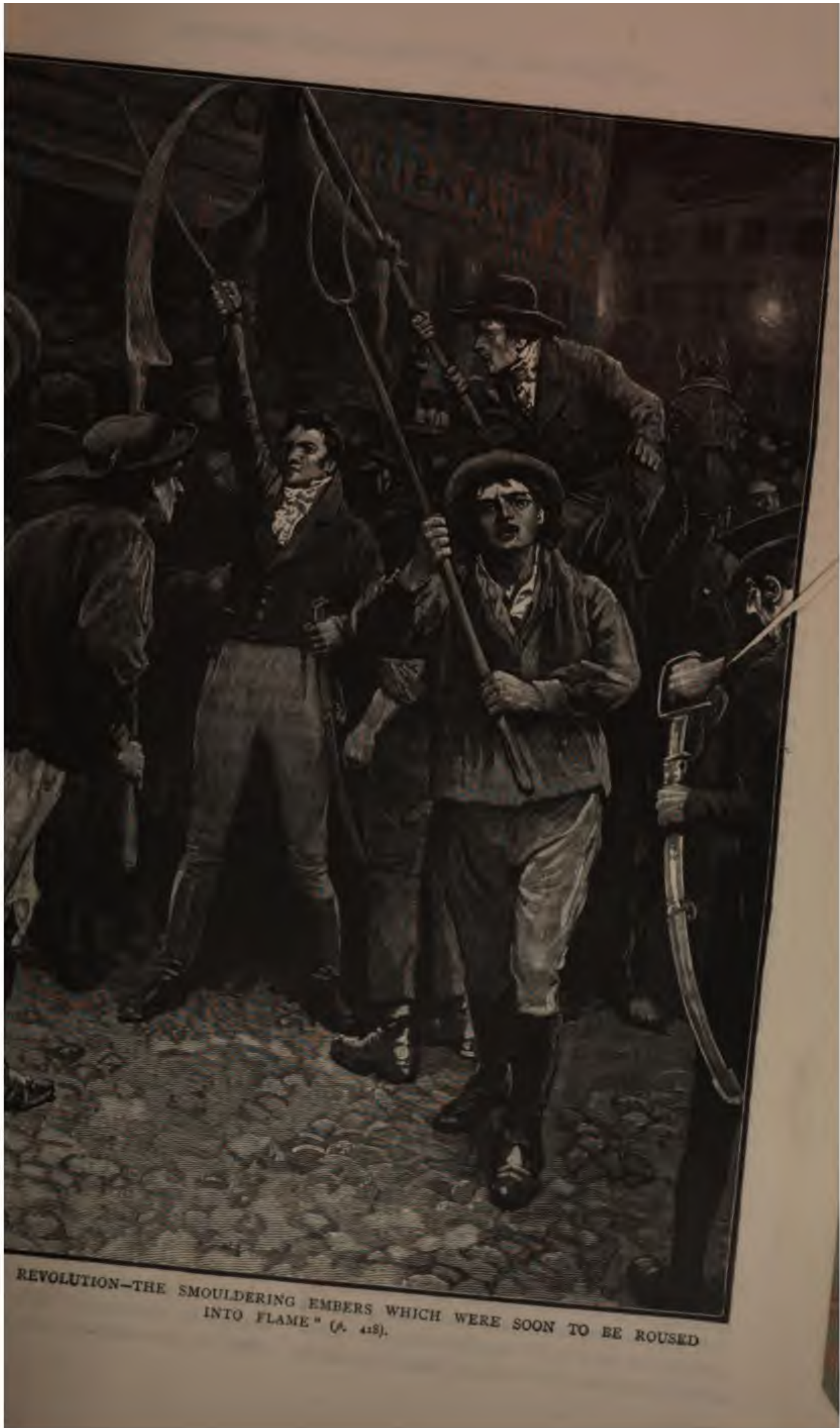
Alas! this autumn advance on Khartoum was to be converted into a summer retirement from the Soudan altogether—yet not before the much-tried troops of England had done some further fighting of a splendid kind around Suakim, on the Red Sea shore, which must form the subject of another couple of stirring battle-stories.

BURIAL OF GENERAL EARLE.

IT is told of Charles X. of France that he took the composer Auber aside early in 1830, and complimented him on his work *La Muette di Portici*, which had been recently produced. It vividly represented the revolt of the lazzaroni at Naples, and their mad attempt at freedom under the leadership of Masaniello. There was genius in it, and his Majesty felt that he must do the great little Norman some service—probably make him director of his court concerts—but he told him confidentially, "From this day forth I shall expect you to bring out the *Muette* very seldom." He was wise in his premonition. The tirades of Masaniello were too warm. They hastened the riot which led Brussels into a successful rising a few months afterwards. Perhaps the Bourbon monarch thought that the music of the Neapolitan fisherman might bring his reign in Paris to a like violent ending.

They say that everything in France ends with a song, as sometimes it begins. "The Marseillaise" heralds most insurrections, and surely a masterly opera might drive a king out of the country, as Lord Wharton's rhyme of "Lillibulero" hurried on the revolution of 1688 in England.

After the fall of Napoleon, Belgium was attached to Holland as a dyke against future encroachments by France, and the two countries got the name of the Kingdom of the Netherlands. The union was ill-assorted. There was a difference of race, of religion, and of temperament. An amalgamation of the nations was attempted and voted by a pretended majority, which declared that Belgium had adopted the fundamental law of the kingdom. But there were many flaws in this agreement. The Dutch language was exclusively adopted, and public careers shut out against two thirds of the Belgians. Judicial reforms were adjourned, exorbitant imposts were exacted, subsidie to Belgian industry were lavished on from abroad. There was nothing alleg the Dutch king, who was not an un and the Belgians, writhing against i bore themselves with patience for fift and would longer had not an outbrea border State of France disturbed their c Newspapers were silenced, and comm French and Spanish affairs, leaving home for private interpretation. The Van Maanen, introduced an obnoxio code, which was rejected, but its author in office. To the credit of the Belgi single native was found to support the conduct of the Government, but a F and a forger, who had been sentenced a Count Libry Bagnano, was the main au Van Maanen at the press. A M. de Pot was conspicuous in his assertion of the Belgium, was tried and sentenced to subsequently to banishment, and this profound dissatisfaction. The partisans "good king," nevertheless, announced t versary of his *fête*, and said it should be c with the liveliest affection and enthusias royal birthday was nearing. The even threw the Belgian capital into such a fe August of that year were foretold by with red letters, secretly posted on th corners and defining the following prog "Monday, fireworks; Tuesday, illum Wednesday, revolution." The city was with political discontent, cries of "*Vive* were smothered in frequent hisses, an indicated Wednesday, August 22nd, announcing the *Muette* was up, warning had been given that the autho wished to forbid it through dread of The scene was memorable. The yo



REVOLUTION—THE SMOULDERING EMBERS WHICH WERE SOON TO BE ROUSED INTO FLAME" (*p.* 418).

assembled as if they looked upon the representation as a triumph gained over the police and their supporters, and were prepared to applaud all the passages in favour of liberty and to hinder the fifth act from being played, as their desire was that the piece should close with the people in the ascendant. From the very opening of the doors the house was crowded by an eager audience, and those who had been unable to obtain tickets hung around the neighbourhood, awaiting what might happen if the fifth act were interrupted. That was their sole preoccupation at the time. The piece was admirably performed: the artists never declaimed with more animation. Shouts of "Bravo!" and elated salutes welcomed the spectacle of the revolt and the appeal to arms, every allusion was seized with quickness, and at the conclusion of the fourth act a portion of those present burst into the streets with cries of "Liberty!" These cries were repeated outside, and mingled with them were calls from groups of "Hurrah for Potter!" "Down with Van Maanen!" "Justice!" Meanwhile, the fifth act was carried on peacefully until the close. While those in the Place de la Monnaie were filtering away through the adjoining streets, some youngsters gathered before the house of the *National*, the journal of Libry Bagnano, and began hooting the owners and editors by name. From outcries they soon warmed to violence, paving-stones were wrenched from the ground, and the windows were shivered into fragments. Suddenly a voice was overheard advising them not to heed walls but go for Libry himself. In an instant the street was deserted, amid yells for Libry the Rue de la Madeleine was rushed for, and his dwelling was tumultuously entered, but the bird had taken flight. It was high time, for the temper of the mob was visible by a broom with a running noose looped from it hanging from the second storey. Furniture of all kinds, clocks, mirrors, and bedding were sent flying through the windows and trodden under foot. One frantic fellow seized a dressing-gown of the fugitive Libry, and another a kettle. Out of them they at once improvised a flag and a drum. Books and papers were shredded, and the streets covered as with a thick carpet by the wreck, and the cellar was penetrated, the wine handed out, and the liquor tossed off amid a rousing chorus. Then armed men began to show themselves in the assembly.

It was the revolution—the smouldering embers which were soon to be roused into flame. Gunmakers' shops had been pillaged, pistols, poniards, and costly sabres were to be seen scattered amidst the midnight rabble, and the ar bearings and other marks of loyalty to the ing family were torn from the warehouses royal tradesmen.

The civil and military authorities were a by the uproar. A detachment of gre were marched into the street, when the l orderly betook themselves homewards; more resolute and those worked to fits ness by wine remained, and a struggle b the top of the street. Two of the riote shot dead, and for the first time Belgia empurpled the roadway. Shortly bef bulk of the rabble had gone towards t of Van Maanen in the Sablon, and se renewing their frenzied orgie. When darmerie appeared, the crowd cried to remain neuter and no harm would be them. The gendarmerie obeyed, perhap ened by the sight of pikes and bayone meanwhile trees were cut down in t Sablon, barricades thrown up, and a wantonly set fire to and damaged by t tude, who only let the firemen app hinder the flames from spreading. Th of General Vauthier, commandant of t of the director of the police, and of th procureur were attacked and ravage simultaneously. The detested words of *royal* were stripped from the walls o washed over by those who were shortl so vain of them.

At the sack of Libry's house a child p an ear-pendant, but a badly-dressed ri him, and seized it and trampled it un without saying a word. Hatred, rat plunder, was the motive of the masses. grees the young folk, as if sated with v on property, diminished, but the numb lower classes increased. They broke hotel of the provincial government, ing it for the seat of central gov smashed the furniture, burned the g carriage, and cast the archives i sewers. Sundry citizens armed themse went to the posts held by the militar sole means to stop the effusion of blo troops drew up in line of battle on th Sablon, and in front of the palaces of and the princes. At the Café Suisse Place de la Monnaie, a press of armed tered to refresh themselves. Liquors we to them in abundance. When a boy asked for faro—a cheap, common beer-

not sold in the establishment, he lost r, clambered on a table, broke a chan- d discharged a musket at a mirror, it into atoms. His example was fol- some companions, and the whole place ve been sacked but for the arrival of eois guard.

r quarters the presence of the military d the people. Numbers collected on Sablon, where the grenadiers and the vere ranged, and at six in the morning

JSSELS in 1830.
Scale of ½ Mile

rdered platoon firing, which soon led ed. Volleys were repeated at each unded began to be carried along the houses were shut and the windows th women and the inquisitive; faces hful, and cries of vengeance were fierce on.

nidst of the fever of the populace pro- by the Regency were posted at corners reform, and appealing to the com- arm for the maintenance of order. n firing ceased. The troops fell back ace de Palais, and hostilities were in- Groups furnished with all species of araded the thoroughfares. A French

tricolour was visible for a few moments, but to avoid disturbances the ancient Brabant flag of red, yellow, and black was unfurled as the rallying signal, and these were adopted as the national colours. By a singular hazard an eclipse occurred about this period, and the reflection of the earth on the planet brought into relief a black disc edged with red on a yellow base. This was taken as a providential omen for the cause, and welcomed with universal acclamation as an auspicious token. Baron d'Hoogvorst accepted the command of the bourgeois guard, and forthwith began its organisation, which was barely got through in time to save from ruin the magnificent promenade intended for the illuminations.

Events were progressing rapidly throughout the country. The alarm had extended to various towns, where the population had formed civic guards. At Liége and Louvain the citizens had seized the posts held by the troops; at Mons and Namur brute force was employed to subdue the alarm of the people. Ghent and Antwerp were the only places which disapproved of the agitators: it was thought they were seeking to plunge the country into misery and mourning.

At Ghent the Government distributed gold amongst the workmen, who thus got the hint to offer themselves to the highest bidder. The nation divided into two parties, the Liberals and the Ministerialists—the Belgians, or those for the southern provinces, and the Dutch, or the northerns. The dismissal of Van Maanen was loudly demanded, and the abolition of the taxes on grinding corn and slaughter of cattle. These were the points insisted on, or else there would be no submission.

Generals Abason, Vauthier, and De Bylandt were stationed with troops before the palaces, and kept aloft the Dutch flag, which resembles the French tricolour arranged horizontally. It was reported that the Dutch forces were advancing on Brussels and relieving the bourgeois from their care of the posts on the way. Reaction was feared by the Belgians, to whose mind the "three glorious days" of July at Paris were ever present. The Regency was reduced to a nullity. A deputation was sent to The Hague to ask for redress, and pending its return the troops on their road to the capital were countermanded. Two regiments of infantry with eight pieces of cannon were already at Malines, and a hussar regiment at Ghent, when they received orders to halt. The deputation consisting of several notables, such as Baron J. d'Hoogvorst, Count

A VIEW IN BRUSSELS.

Felix de Merode (that restless family from our word "marauders" is derived), and de Sécus, had their passports signed by G de Bylandt, and left with their propos the States-General should be at once con But the troops kept tramping onwards fi parts of Holland, and the king's sons, the of Orange and Prince Frederick, advan the cordon, ranged ladder-wise, as far vorde, at the gates of Brussels. The Pi Orange from the palace of Laeken invi bourgeois general, Baron d'Hoogvorst, friends, to come and confer with him. they arrived the prince, clasping the bu of M. Rouppe in his hand, said—

"Doubtless you know the penal code introduce to my headquarters illegal (The black, red, and yellow of Brabant.)

"Prince," replied M. Rouppe, "those colours of the bourgeoisie whom I h honour to represent; this badge is the patriotism and not of rebellion."

Here that topic was dropped, and co began.

Meantime the rumour had reached th that the princes had granted nothing sisted that the flag and ribbons of Brabar be laid aside. Immediately a multitude towards the gates, trees were cut down,

, water-vessels collected, streets un-
arricades raised in all corners.
at night, the 31st of August, a
was posted on the Hotel de
ting the princes' desire to enter
of the troops; but this was re-
last they were forced to accept
that they would come with their
nd without troops, the Brussels
aranteeing their personal safety.

Along the passage of the prince silence reigned. He regained his palace, stupefied at his cold reception. The deputation to The Hague returned that evening with their report: it was so unfavourable that copies of it were snatched and cindered at the bayonet's point. The fermentation was growing, but no proper measure was taken to calm it.

The garrison was hunted from Louvain, and deputations of youth arrived at Brussels, and

"THE COMMANDANT FELL DEAD WITH A BULLET THROUGH HIS BRAIN" (p. 422).

orning of the entry, another fruit-
to have the Brabant colours removed
The civic guard, to the number of
l, with the adopted rebel flags and
ched to the bridge of Laeken. The
range, with four of his officers,
Not a cry was heard as arms were
His Royal Highness was much struck
licity of the barricades, and at the
utchers' boys, axe on shoulder, that
n as pioneers. A shout was raised
Prince! Vive la liberté!" He lifted
aid, "Yes, my friends, live liberty;
say with me 'live the king'?"
saluted with a universal "'Sh!"

also from Liége, with five cases of arms. A proposal to separate north and south without other contact than dynasty was now made, and the Prince of Orange promised to convey it to his father, at The Hague. The troops, confined for ten days in the palaces, now left the city. At his arrival at Vilvorde, the prince heard that dragoons had left for Louvain. He issued countermands, but the people of Louvain had sallied out and repelled them, slaying their officer.

The king at length issued a tedious proclamation, full of the hackneyed sentiments which only vexed still more the Belgians, who resolved to establish a provisional government, and to declare frankly for secession. Brussels resumed

its ordinary appearance ; the "Brabançonne" was roared at the top of their voices by revellers in the taverns. The entire Walloon county, inhabited by the black-haired, French-speaking portion of the people, was awakening to a passionate yearning for liberty. The manifestoes of the king were derided. Still the Dutch troops were continuously moving. Namur was declared in a state of siege ; Brussels was perpetually on the alert, and the advent of de Potter was invoked ; skirmishers watched the environs for the approaching Dutch. The Hotel de Ville was broken into by a disorderly crowd, and a store of Orange cockades discovered there ; whereat there was an outcry of "Treason !" and the streets were paraded all night to the tuck of drum, and yells of "Down with the Hollanders!" News next day that the Liegeois had stormed the Chartreuse fortress which dominated their city, roused their courage. Brussels gave itself up to the people, who enrolled themselves, and talked of going out against the enemy. Companies of ill-dressed men, armed with pikes, forks, and knives, preceded by a herald armed with the rusty old sword of Saint Michel, were marshalled for the fray. Deserters from the Dutch army, still in their uniforms, joined the ranks of their own countrymen.

By this hour the troops had occupied ground at Dieghem and Ever to the causeway of Schaerbeek, at three-quarters of a league from Brussels. The tocsin was sounded, deep ditches were dug by the city gates, and pieces of cannon placed there, and the citizens mounted barricades and lined the entrenchments. Some of the volunteers went out to meet the troops, and near Dieghem there was an affair of outposts : several soldiers and two volunteers were killed. Prince Frederick was definitely drawing near and the entire population—men, women, and children—were in a state of defence. Vigilance was exercised to bar every reconnaissance of the enemy ; and on Wednesday, the 23rd, a proclamation from the king, dated from Antwerp, was known at Brussels, stigmatising the "little number of the factious" who were striving at disorder, and stating at wearisome detail what he was going to do. Two young men who left the Hotel de Ville to remonstrate with the terms of this proclamation were arrested at headquarters, and taken prisoners on the spot to Antwerp. There were desultory conflicts during the day, but it was plain that the time of palavering was over and the hour of stern action was at hand. Brussels was not fortified, its surrounding brick wall being low, and entran obtained there by eight gates. It was d into two towns, the lower and the upp aristocratic, which contained the park, a of seventeen acres separated into thre wooded alleys. The princes reckoned w the malcontents. They fancied they pack of silly fanatics, whose vapouring wo blown out with the first whiff of powder guttering wick ; and they made the mis going against this network of streets, sov obstructions, with cavalry.

At day-dawn on the 23rd Septemb alarm was given at the gates of Schaerb of Flanders, that the Dutch troops w vancing in serried columns. At seven th rang out from the church steeples, and their clangour until the fire had ceased evening. Before eight o'clock Colonel Bo presented himself at the Flanders gate head of 800 infantry, 300 hussars, and of cannon. A score of defenders of t fired and drew back behind the barricade soon proved insufficient to cover them, a speedily levelled by the enemy's Rushing to about one hundred and fi from the Pork Market, the Dutch troop halt in front of a stronger and more ob contested barrier. Dr. Tremper, foll some other bourgeois of the town, came and, as *parlementaire*, called upon the m retire. Threatening language was ex and a discharge from the barricade flung i fusion the foremost ranks of the cavalr commandant fell dead with a bullet his brain. The infantry replied with from platoons, which did no injury as th aimed too high, in order to avoid the h front, who were still in their saddles. conflict thickened into a regular din, the population laying hold of everything the procure to turn into weapons of offence. the windows and the roofs, paving-stone ture, logs of timber, iron bars, stoves, a quicklime, hailed on the soldiers. Ho men were crushed ; the enemy's ranl flung into disorder, and the Belgian skir after a lively fusillade, charged with the l and pursued the enemy beyond Molenbe

At the gate of Laeken, which was ga by forty bourgeois, the first cannon-shot by the enemy. The high and strong ba were exposed to cannon, and enfiladed f Botanical Garden. The bourgeois retire Champs Élysées, and lost three of their

Iotel. But the enemy did not deem to try to enter the city, and without attempting a serious attack, and ejoin the army of Prince Frederick, Botanical Garden.

ıerbeek Gate was considered favour- decisive onslaught. The army corps put in motion numbered more than and combatants. At the instant of e were but sixty citizens at the posi- ost sentinels comprised, and these cognised chief. By degrees their ıs doubled, and the gallant Stildorf ain. The three advanced barricades, ınd unarmed with guns, offered no

pieces of artillery swept the Rue ts whole length. About nine o'clock ers and the chasseurs, estimated at a 1,800, under the orders of General oubled forward into the street, but brought to a short stop by the sus- harge by the patriots at the two of Treurenberg, and doggedly re- Fire not less violent poured out from Louvain, and two companies of grena- letached to storm that thoroughfare a junction with the troops who had the gate of Louvain. Arrived at the the Rue de l'Orangerie, they were a murderous fire, and made an effort heir steps. But it was too late. The swarmed over by the bourgeois, and, to the noon hour, 150 grenadiers, at they ran the risk of being shot to ivate, lay down their arms and sur- They were led off prisoners to the the firemen.

ell a similar scene passed at the Rue e des Neiges. Attacked on the Place he Dutch detachment, after having rious losses, arrived at the Park and itself there, occupying the streets in ourhood and the palaces.

k of the gate of Louvain was simul- th those of Flanders, Laeken, and . At the opening cannon-shot the post of bourgeois retired by the Rue ı, knocking over a number of the desultory but destructive fire. The rced by cuirassiers and lancers under pe, who, joyous at his entry into the ished his sabre as he shouted "For- ildren, at the gallop to the Grand' The 700 horsemen hurried into the Rue de Louvain, but formidable barricades barred their rush, and, instead of continuing to the Grand' Place, the entire corps turned harum-scarum for the Namur Gate without having succeeded in disengaging the grenadiers, who were cornered and hustled in the prolongation of the Rue de Louvain.

By the interior of the city the Dutch arrived towards the Namur Gate. Seeing that its defenders retired upon Ixelles, they re-entered by the gate of Hal, and started to occupy the gate of Namur. The Dutch several times advanced to the Athénée (the military school), but the bullets and paving-stones forced them to move backward with loss.

At this crisis the aspect of Brussels was woeful. All seemed lost. No defenders were seen but a few isolated knots, and these without concerted action or determined leaders. The grape-shot whistled through the city, the bullets positively spattered, the quick-repeated volleys of the sections filled the air with dismay. From four points of attack—the Hal Gate, the Place de Louvain, near Saint Gudule (the well-known cathedral church on the slope of a declivity), the Mountain of the Park, and the Place Royale—all held by artillery, successive and sustained deafening reports thundered. The peals, lugubrious and redoubled, of the tocsin swelled over the brattle of the drums beating the *générale*. The rumour circulated that the gates of Laeken and Flanders were forced, and that the enemy was advancing by the lower town. About half-past eleven shopkeeper and artisan no longer believed resistance impossible. The bravery of the men placed at the gate of Louvain, the centre of the enemy's communications, decided the impression of confidence. The ninth division of the Dutch forces, following at a distance the drums of the royal guard, which was directing its passage to the Park, was cut and compelled to go back and try the route by the Schaerbeek Gate and the boulevards. This manœuvre forced the detachment in the Rue de Louvain to capitulate. The post of Treurenberg was now rendered impregnable. Afar off the fusillade at the Observatory, held by fifty bourgeois, could be heard, still vigorous in its defence. Stildorf was grievously wounded in the leg before the Botanical Garden. The cry "To arms!" was heard on every side, and volunteers entrenched themselves in the houses of the Place Royale. The main barricade between the hotels Belle Vue and the Amitié was manned by the volunteers from Namur, the company from Tournai led by Renard and the

best-armed of the Bruxellois, as well as the stone balustrade which extended beside the head of the Rue Royale. The citizens planted a piece of ordnance at this point, which commanded the Palace.

Towards the Metal Bridge a crippled hero distinguished himself. This was a notable figure, one whose name is destined to go down linked with the imperishable renown of those crucial days. Charlier of Liége, surnamed "The Wooden-legged," was more active and skilful than most whose limbs were perfect. His zeal and address were only equalled by his cool and resolute

HÔTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS.

bearing. On all points he seemed to multiply himself, inspiring his comrades with his courage and carrying panic amidst the ranks of the enemy. Where his gun was needed, there sprang the "Jambe de Bois" as if by instinct. This limping warrior hobbled on the road to glory, thoughtless of risk and spurning fatigue, as if he were charmed and revelled in the tempest of lead, brushing through the fumes of pungent vapour as if they were his natural element. At the entrance of the Park he stood with his trusty gun, crammed to the muzzle with grape, and blazed away at all opponents. At mid-day the Dutch were checked and paralysed, the successes gained at the gates of Laeken and Flanders ran from mouth to mouth, and the first shout of victory was heard in Brussels. The scene of the city at the climax of the stress of the struggle was a genuine pandemonium, recalling some of the terrible pictures fixed on canvas by the weird brush of Weirtz, who painted the local gallery, mad and ghastly. Old men and youths, rich and men of the plebs, broadcloth and blouse, panted and perspired at the carnage; women tended the wounded or picked lint, children shrieked at the novel excitement of the elders, blood was heated with the rapture of combat, and the groans of the stricken were forced out of hearing by the noise of curses or transport, the screams of wrath and the dull overpowering report of bursting gunpowder or the angry bang of brass field-pieces rising over the racket of falling masonry, the rataplan of echoing drum, and the oft-recurring jangle of the tocsin.

At half-past three the Dutch set alight the barrack of the Annonciades, and at sight of the rising smoke the alarm was raised that powder was stored there, and that they would all be blown up. Look alive! The fury of the citizens redoubled. The aged, the feeble, females, and even the very urchins rushed upon the incendiaries, who fell back and were repulsed towards the Place of Orange. The fire was got under. Three-fourths of the barrack was saved, and the barrels of gunpowder carried back almost within reach of the licking flames. In the interior of the town by this time all the barricades and windows were frowning with gun-barrels. It was as if every house was a fortress and every fortress lined with loopholes spouting death. At half-past six the inviolate "Jambe de Bois" had his cannon rolled towards the Place Royale. The Liége captain, the dauntless Pourbaix, hoisted a flag in the middle of the square, and held it erect and scatheless amid a storm of solid balls, large and small.

After the night's interval, a dry fine morning arose on the 24th in comparative peace. The tocsin no longer smote the upper spaces. There was a sort of dangerous tranquillity in the town, where streets were besieged and defended house by house. The three barricades of attack were strengthened against the risks of new assault. Reinforcements of Walloons arrived during the night by the gates of Hal and Anderlecht. And in the morning posters signed by M. d'Hoogvorst were visible making known that the inhabitants of Louvain and of Tirlemont had beaten back and compelled to flight the regular troops of Holland, sent against them by the Prince

the previous evening. The tidings of
victory added to the ardour and con-
the Bruxellois. There were irregular
ay, and numerous casualties occurred
there through the town, in spite of
that was exercised. An unhappy
ssing in the Rue d'Isabelle, bundling
infants in her arms, was mortally
with them, struck by shivering splinters.
this was unintentional; but such
happen in every conflict of the kind,

"WHERE HIS GUN WAS NEEDED, THERE SPRANG THE 'JAMBE DE BOIS'" (p. 424).

nnocent are marked down for death
essly as those with uplifted weapons.
the combatants there was a fair pro-
f killed—upwards of sixty, and thrice
er wounded. The losses of the enemy
down at 200. The inhabitants were
their succour: lint, medicaments, and
supplied in abundance. The apothe-
erfully gave up their drugs. There
ought of charge. Comfort came for-
hose among the defenders who were
or expiring. Many brave young fellows,
blood-streaked, were carried to their
mattresses or hastily-made stretchers.
In addition to the ordinary hospitals, which were already beginning to be overrun with cases, there were eighteen provisional ambulances established in various public buildings or private residences. Still there was high hope, and, in answer to M. Engelspach, who made inquiries, it was reported by the bakers and flour-merchants that there were enough provisions in the city for ten days to come.

On the second day the bombardment of the capital was resolved on. At four in the afternoon Prince Frederick, from his camp at the gate of Schaerbeek, placed on a height behind the palace of the Prince of Orange a battery of shell-guns (mortars and howitzers) in a position to batter the town. The shells, launched to about two hundred, luckily did not create much damage. Nevertheless the sinister rumour circulated that from the Dutch camp fire-balls were sent and Congreve rockets, and naturally panic seized certain quarters. At the set of the sun both parties occupied much the same positions as on the evening before. At night, when dusk should have been succeeded by darkness, various conflagrations lit up the town, and the noise of cannon and crackling musketry, and the jerky clash of the tocsin swirled in echo from every

muskets as they were wanted: this fortunate fellow escaped with a slight wound. At ten the fracas became terrible in the Rue Royale. The skirmishers with the cannon posted in the Rue Ducale kept up a constant crepitation across the Park, and particularly in the lateral alleys. was pulled out of range. As the shades of evening descended the barricade was deserted, but the Hollanders cautiously appoached it, and incontinently ran as they descried the *mannequins* on the watch. In the Rue du Marais, and elsewhere, the same ruse was employed, and

"EACH TIME THE ENEMY FIRED, THE HEAD OF THE FIGURE WAS LOWERED WITH A CORD."

About mid-day M. Pletinckx, chief-of-the-staff, who held his own stubbornly with a single gun in the barracks of the Annonciades, advanced alone as a *parlementaire*, in the Rue de Louvain. He was arrested and led prisoner to the head-quarters of the prince, and sent thence to Antwerp. At the elbow where the Rue de l'Orangerie intersects the Rue de Louvain a barricade was raised, which by an artful device held the soldiers in check. The bourgeois, aided by women, mostly wives of workmen, managed to make two puppets of straw, after the fashion of the effigy of Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November in London: these they stuck up, dressed like scarecrows, on the edge of the barricade, and each time the enemy fired, the head of the figure was lowered with a cord. These combatants of straw, who were the butt of the enemy's discharges, kept the soldiers diverted by the belief that they had knocked over an antagonist each time that the make-believe head with a similar success. In the morning the skirmishers, pursued by a battalion, descended the boulevard of Schaerbeek, and were obliged to set fire to the bridge of the Senne to defend and maintain themselves at the two barricades of the Rue St. Pierre. The Dutch soldiers enkindled the houses at the corner of the Schaerbeek street and the boulevard, and about two o'clock, as the flames did not spread rapidly enough to their taste, they carried torches to them separately; then, posted in the Botanical Garden, they kept up a continual fusillade to prevent aid from being carried to the victims of the fire. Eighteen new houses were a prey to the flames, and sixteen were completely burned: the fire continued far into the night. About six in the evening the shells from the rear of the palace of the Prince of Orange fired the buildings of the city stables, in the Rue des Douze-Apôtres. The conflagration spread with great rapidity, as there were 7,000 trusses of hay or straw stocked

he halters had to be cut from the horses, thwith started out in terror from their and flame-encircled stables. The Belle tel and the Amitié Café were occupied tery of guns which enfiladed the outlet Park, and a piece was held in reserve Metal Bridge. Three of the volunteers presented themselves as messengers at most of the enemy's barricades, the elling them they need have no fear. hem then summoned the Dutch troops nder. The officer refused ; and as the *taires* retired, a round of grape was them at thirty yards without effect. egan again in the Rue Royale, and at discharges on both sides were thin, as owder was being husbanded. At ten non of the Hollanders made its voice nd the left set itself in motion, and the ers advanced in front of the Park, but eral discharge from the Belgian lines d them to retreat ; at the same time nteers at the Belle Vue Hotel hindered loyment by a quick fire on the first orks of the Park. Lurid masses of ppeared towards the left, the Hotel de Torringthon was burned to dislodge the Dutch, their grenadiers were chased, and the Rue Royale was in the power of the Revolution. The battery of *obusiers* at the palace of the Prince of Orange resumed the bombardment at noon, but without result. It was a terrible spectacle in the Park : blood streamed in the alleys, corpses were prone here and there, hardly covered with a few leaves ; branches of trees, statues, and railings hampered paths ; here was a barricade of benches, there a redoubt, heaped from half a dozen dead horses. The houses were riddled with shot and bullets, and everywhere floated the flag of Brabant—pledge of success and liberty.

This was the most murderous day's work yet—there was more desperation and contempt for death. Two hundred patriots fell, and were interred in the Place St. Michel, which took the name of the Place of Martyrs ; the losses of the enemy were counted at thrice the number. Seeing themselves in peril of being surrounded, the Hollanders stole away at four in the morning of Monday, abandoning the walls. The fight in the capital was over ; the victory of Belgian Independence was assured.

THE PARK, BRUSSELS.

WHEN I was in the quaint old city of Widdin, on the Danube, in the year of war, 1877, I used to ask, with the triple curiosity of a stranger, a soldier, and a youngster, many such questions as these: Who built this bazaar? Who laid down that street? Who erected this formidable bastion or planned that gun-spiked quay? Whose work is this handsome mosque or yonder fine drinking-fountain? Who endowed the college of law and divinity and founded the public library? Who created that—in a hot summer—thrice-blessed institution the free ice-factory? A hundred more such questions might I quote without once varying the answer, which was, in each case, without exception: "Pasvan Oglu," until I was tempted—after the analogy of Mark Twain's Innocent Abroad—to cry out: "Cut it short, and say, once for all: Who created the world?"—"Pasvan Oglu." And, sooth to say, popular sentiment in that ancient and storm-buffeted city had hallowed the very name to such an extent that many a good Mohammedan verily believed that it was he, the dead man, who commanded the nightingales to sing so divinely in the leafy shadows of that lonely graveyard, the broad blue Danube to yield its unfathomable wealth of silver-sheen fish, the flowers to bloom luxuriantly in the fertile marshes beyond the weather-beaten city-wall.

"Who was Pasvan Oglu?" is the reader's pertinent question. He was many things: a good citizen, an able governor, a great warrior, the protector of the poor and the oppressed, a man with a big heart and a full purse, a loyal friend to cherish and a terrible foe to contend against, for seven years pasha of Widdin, and the hero of the Janissary Rebellion of 1801, the central episode of which—the great battle of Widdin—constitutes the earliest not bellicose action of the present century, subject of this humble memoir.

Pasvan Oglu was the scion of a fa grandees of purest Tartar blood. His a had "come over with the Conqueror," t this well-worn phrase to Turkey—that had been among the first Ottoman inv the Balkan Peninsula, and his granc the twelfth generation had helped the Bayazid I., to conquer Widdin in 1398. that sanguinary event the family had the city, and had acquired great wealth, fluence, and a reputation extending far the boundaries of the pashalik. Pasv (Oglu means son) was the son of Pasv had been, about the year 1770, pasha of and at that period our hero saw the ligh He fought, as a youngster, with distin the war of 1788 to 1791 between Turkey one hand and Russia and Austria on th When peace was made he returned to hi city and "waited for something to tu the something fervently expected bei chance to employ once more his arms, a a better personal result to his ambitious

Now, there reigned in Stamboul at th Sultan Selim III., who, like his predece the tottering Turkish throne, had the desire to abolish the corps of Janissari differed from them in so far as he lacked courage to carry his intention into ex Consequently, he decreed (about 1795) t Janissaries be for ever done away w Imperial will and command. But this at all suit the other party interested, th saries, who were almighty in the empi the real masters of the situation, and h been in the habit of making and un pashas, princes, commanders, and even according to their own sweet will and ple

issaries, the professional soldiers of med at that time the country's standand numbered some two hundred en, all trained, disciplined, equipped, nificent *esprit de corps*, renowned and ghout Europe for their bravery and in attack, hated for their cruelty, ven by their own compatriots for upulousness and lawlessness. The of this powerful body of men were ple and Belgrade. The latter was of the Western Janissaries, who about eighty thousand, and were over Servia, Herzegovina, Bosnia, estern portions of Bulgaria, Eastern nd Macedonia.

glu saw his chance. He identified h the Janissary movement, and from the country the proscribed soldiers Widdin. The sultan declared Pasvan wers to be outlaws; Pasvan responded his own name enrolled among the He collected an army of fifty nen, and, backed by the feeling of ssed a demand to the sultan to the enceforth the pashalik of Widdin be ndent, like Morocco, Fez, Algiers, d Tunis, and that he, Pasvan Oglu, edged as Pasha of Widdin, with the -the highest in the empire—of three Needless to say, the sovereign demptorily and contemptuously, and lu, in the year 1797, announced the ce of Widdin from Stamboul, called ral (king), and actually had the declare war upon his lawful liege and he latter collected an army of a hunand men to subdue the rebellious entrusted its command to the Fanael Sutsos, Hospodar of the Danube es (Moldavia and Wallachia, the preania). The Sutsos are a renowned family of Greek nobles, which has any distinguished men.

ariots, the Christian Greeks of Stamthus named after the Turkish word ning lighthouse, from the fact that at hey had been the Turkish equivalent ity Brethren of England. Originally had risen in the empire to enormous influence, the latter equalled only by Janissaries. Indeed, it may be justly that period, and until Mahmoud II. d that all-powerful Prætorian Guard nd fire in the streets of Stamboul (1826) and, simultaneously, the Hellenic war of liberation proved disastrous to the influence of the Greek subjects of the Porte, the Sultanic crown was suffered to be only by reason of the rivalry and the jealousy that existed between the two dominant factors of the empire—the Janissaries and the Fanariots—either of which was strong enough to kick the quaking throne of the Ottoman sultans into eternity, but was debarred and prevented therefrom by the other. And this is not by any means the only occasion in modern history that a monarchy has been kept alive by the rivalry of opposing factions. But whereas the power of the Janissaries lay in terror and physical force, that of the Fanariots consisted of the subtle but far more dangerous influence of cunning courtiership, intrigue, and diplomacy.

The third mighty factor in Oriental affairs—the harem, with its concomitants of eunuchs and petticoat pashas—had not acquired, at that time of blood and iron, the sly but tremendous influence which it exercises in these latter degenerate days of jabber and "soft soap."

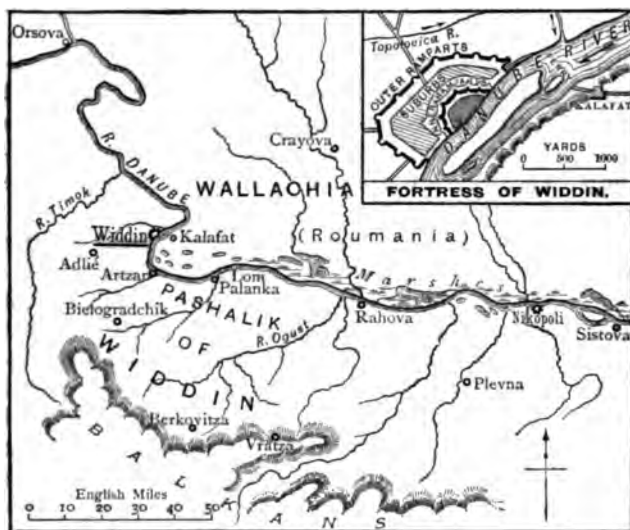
At about the beginning of the present century the Fanariots were at the zenith of their power. Certain high offices were always filled from among their ranks, one of these being the post of Hospodar (or Vice-Regent) of the Danube principalities. Michael Sutsos, the newly-appointed commander-in-chief of the Imperial army, held this dignity. His troops consisted for the most part of the native soldiers of his domain. He had also some battalions of the Stamboul Janissaries, who had remained faithful to their sovereign, and a large number of levies among the loyal Turkish populace. Both sides had in their ranks many adventurous vagabonds and outcasts—Austrians, Italians, Germans, Englishmen—for the French Revolution had fired the world; the First Consul was full to repletion of military projects and enterprise; Europe formed coalitions against the impertinent upstart; France, Austria, Russia, Italy, Portugal, Turkey, Sweden, England were all busily engaged in warfare: in short, this whole miserable little globe of ours wallowed in blood.

Michael Sutsos and his great army marched slowly Danube upwards, the bulk on the right, a small detachment on the left bank, and as they proceeded they ate the country bare, behaving like enemies in a conquered land, and leaving desolation and famine in their wake.

Pasvan Oglu did not wait to be attacked in Widdin. He had a fine and well-entrenched

position some fifteen miles below his capital, on the right bank, near the spot where the Danube turns westward, whilst on the opposite shore Calafat was occupied and fortified. The collision took place in March, 1801, and resulted in the crushing defeat of the Imperial army.

By a lucky chance, the present author has obtained an interesting document, which for nearly a hundred years had lain dormant between lavender and rosemary, among letters, the paper of which has darkened to a deep yellow and the ink faded to a like hue with age, and with many other sentimental mementoes of the past, in an oaken box belonging to some good housewife in a German city. The document



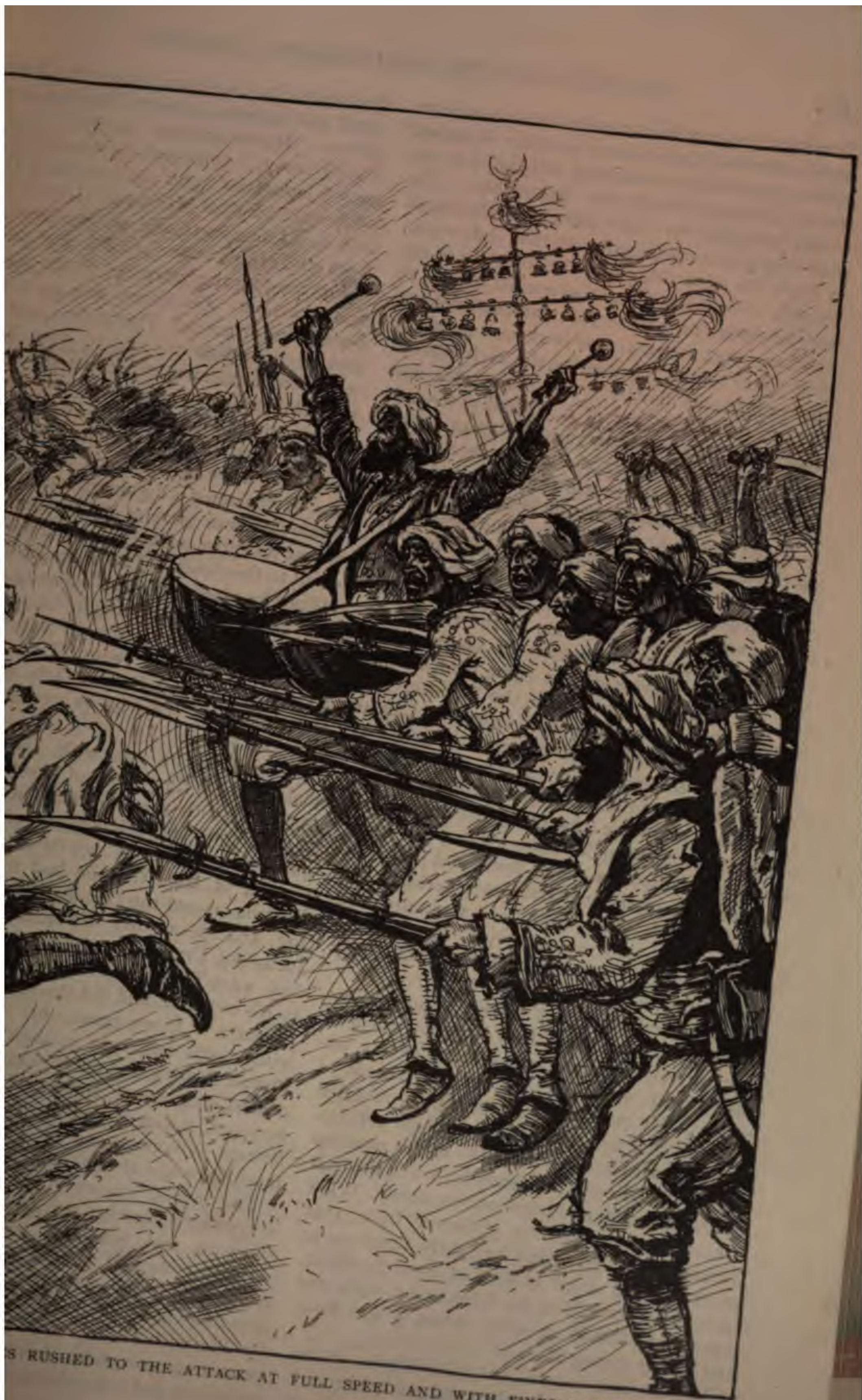
—an epistle written by a young German of the international vagabond type to his mother—describes fully the battle of Widdin of 1801, in which he, the writer, took part on the Imperial side.

The quaint and shrewd observations in this letter fill much of what was hitherto a complete blank in the records of history; and for most of the following details the author has drawn upon the contents of the said epistle.

In the early morning Pasvan Oglu's mounted outposts, who for weeks had scoured the country, brought the news of the approach of the long-expected Imperial army. Pasvan rightly conjectured that his best chance lay in attacking the enemy before he had recovered from the fatigues of the march and formed for battle; consequently, he left his camp in charge of a small detachment, and sallied forth with the bulk of his force, among which were many thousands of horsemen, the peasantry of the province

The first encounter took place nea The vanguard of the Imperials, attack in front and in the left flank, was "rol The Janissaries, true to their traditi dained to wait for the orthodox "prepa artillery," but rushed to the attack at f and with fixed bayonets, uttering their battle-cries: "Bismillah!" (In the God); "Allah Akbar!" (God is grea shallah!" (Please God), and other phr sacred writings. In accordance with custom, they carried their cooking ve combat, the big company-copper being sacred of their emblems— standard of our modern reg to defend which whole o tactical units of the Janissar hundred men each) would l their lives cheerfully. Befor wild-cat rush the raw levie Imperial army were as bank to the swell of the incoming crumbled away. The vang almost annihilated, and t portion of the main body wa battalion by battalion, as they in marching order, whilst the J were in battle formation, wh them a tremendous advanta toward the centre of the col assailants encountered the be of which the Hospodar dispo Stamboul Janissaries and the Guards—who made so brave that Pasvan Oglu's forces received a check, which almost threatened to beco The rebels were thrust back as far as th and whilst behind their trenches they the lines and formations, the Imperial leisure—the first during the day—to de shape itself into solid battle array.

This happened about noon. So far, t bat had been between infantry: the cav done little, whilst the cannon on both s hardly fired a shot, for the rebels had greater part of their ordnance behind camp, and the Imperial artillery, forr central portion of the march-column, h had the chance to deploy and e action. But now, as the slowly approa perials came within range, both parties a hailstorm of bombs and shells, and w had lasted for an hour or so the two fo



S RUSHED TO THE ATTACK AT FULL SPEED AND WITH FIXED BAYONETS" (p. 432)

forming a compact mass, a solid whole, came into awful collision. There was no pretence of tactical science, no display of cunning and skill; it was simply a furious rivalry for mastership. The rebels struggled for their existence; the Imperials fought—or imagined that they did, which is much the same thing—for the integrity of the empire. For many hours the combat swayed to and fro from one part of the vast battlefield to another; now forward, now backward went the lines; now to the left, now to the right spread the tumultuous devilry; now this side, now the other had the best of it. Finally, towards dusk, a last and desperate rush of Pasvan Oglu's best Ortas spread disorder among the Sultanic ranks, and the battle—which had lasted from dawn to sunset with only one brief interruption—ended not only in the defeat but practically in the annihilation of Michael Sutsos's army.

Meanwhile, a battle of its own, equally furious and sanguinary though on a smaller scale, had been fought on the other side of the river, near Calafat. Here the positions of assailant and defender were reversed: the right flank column of the Imperial army had the offence, and Pasvan Oglu's detachment in charge of Calafat had enough to do to hold the place. Again and again the Roumanian levies charged, but the stolid tenacity of the rebels was not to be denied.

When toward the close of the day, messengers in swift boats brought tidings from the other bank, the Janissaries sallied forth, and here, too, the majority of the Imperial troops perished, the rest dispersed. Many hundreds were drowned when trying to cross the river in order to gain the fancied protection of the larger body on the other side.

I have confined myself to the broad outlines of the battle, and even these I cannot affirm to be positively accurate, since these events are treated with scant attention in the records of history. My most diligent search has revealed the deplorable fact that five volumes out of ten—good, standard works—make the barest mention of Pasvan Oglu and his rebellion, while the rest ignore both man and incident completely. What I have stated above is gathered from that German letter, preserved for nearly a century in sweet-smelling dried herbs, and from tradition, such as I ascertained by intercourse with the natives of Widdin in 1877, when it was fresh and strong among them.

The Turkish records are quite silent. "The Turks write inflated bombast and call it history," says Moltke. Civil war and defeat do not lend themselves to the enunciation of cheaj ment and pothouse valour; therefore, *co omnes*. Moreover, the words "Yeni ("new troops," corrupted by European into "Janissaries" and the like) were c 1826 by the Sultan Mahmoud II. with : and awful anathema, and are banished from all Turkish books, records, and pri

For campaigning purposes, the Imper was wiped out. On either side no qua been asked or given. Thirty thousand l and 20,000 rebels are said to have be which would mean a loss of exactly one the fighting forces—an occurrence almos a precedent in the whole history of warf granted even that these figures are s exaggerated, we cannot doubt but that t was of the most sanguinary descripti whole immense train of the Imperial a almost its entire artillery—over a hund —fell to the victors. The ordnance Pas utilised for placing Widdin—already a fc stronghold—into a thorough state of de

What was the result of this terr strife? Simply that Selim III. was lef an army, and that Pasvan Oglu was 1 the situation. This he proceeded to strate *ad oculos*.

Tainted as he was with the pre malady of his time—love of bloodshed—bued still with the good old Turkish to the rights and privileges of victors querors, he made it terribly manifes country at large that he had the upp First he crossed the Danube with a lar ing, and devastated Wallachia as fa including, Crayova in the most thorou and ultra-Turkish fashion. Then he to his own side, and did the same kind Bulgaria. Downstream his troops with death and ruin in their train. Plevna, Sistova, and many other towns quered and sacked, and finally Pasvan besieged, stormed, and destroyed the fortress, Nikopoli, one of Turkey's fi most renowned strongholds.

The whole country was literally everywhere anarchy, murder, and arso supreme, and Stamboul was totally At last Selim III. offered peace (end consenting to the continuance of the Ja granting his enemy the pashalik of for life, with the coveted three horse promising complete oblivion of all happened and unconditional amnesty t

:ipated in the revolt, entreating, as sole laim, that Pasvan Oglu should nominally dge his (the sultan's) suzerainty. The iesced, returned quietly to Widdin, dis-s troops, laid down his battered arms and henceforth devoted himself exclu-:he welfare of his native city, to which attached with the most tender and a man—quite incomprehensible affec-e Janissaries withdrew to Belgrade and er homes, and the Widdin citizens, all along been in complete sympathy rebels, acclaimed Pasvan Oglu, with de, pomp, and circumstance, as their d governor.

arties to the contract kept their bar-ourably: Pasvan Oglu never again re-inst or quarrelled with Stamboul, and l times quite willing to acknowledge sovereignty of the sultan, although he d enough to take care that in practice dependent; while Selim III. forgave and everything. The destroyed ls and hamlets, towns and villages, ilt, and the fugitive survivors of the rmy returned to their homes and their s. Thus ended this singular revolu-otal cost of which in human life must close upon a hundred thousand beings, material loss to the commonwealth of is simply inestimable.

years Pasvan Oglu reigned as Pasha of visely and well, respected and beloved bjects, feared by his enemies, almost d by the poor. His pashalik extended Ogust in the east to the Timok in the from the Danube in the north to the n the south. He kept a regal court, a sumptuous hospitality, and lavished wealth with a free hand. He made portant concessions to the oppressed ho in return served and obeyed him er-failing loyalty; he was *persona grata* ews, because of the tremendous increase ade and the prosperity of Widdin, bout by his wise measures; and that his ists venerated him goes without saying. perfect mania for building, introducing stern innovations; and, unlike British s of these latter days, he did not shift the responsibility on the shoul-oor deluded dupes, but paid for his ut of his own pocket in solid coin. the most orthodox of Turks and a loslem, he was quick to see and ready to adopt the advantages of European culture and civilisation. He never lost sight of what is due to one's native land, and made Widdin so formidable a fortress that in the great wars of the century (1828, 1853, 1877) the city was one of the mainstays of the empire, and proved to be impregnable.

Although in reality the last of the grand pashas in the old style, with their semi-autonomy and their courts of barbaric splendour, with their affection for the time-honoured turban and their hatred of the new-fangled fez (which two headgears were at that time the symbols of conservatism and progress in Turkey), he was also the first of the succession of the wise modern pashas who have governed that city so well, until, in 1878, the Turkish reign in Widdin came to a close.

With his rigid affection for the old and his lavish introduction of the new, his love and aptitude for war, and his splendid *régime* in peace; his reign of terror and devastation when a foe, and his heart that would melt, his eyes that would swim, his pockets that would open, at the appeal of the most pitiful beggar, of the most despised and abject Christian "dog"—he was made up of contrasts. The man was a living paradox, but that made him what he was: a factor that helped to shape the history of his country. The influence for good of a single man—of a single deed of such a one—will sometimes spread over empires and last through decades; and I, in Widdin, seventy years after his death, felt the influence, in every hour that I spent within the city gates, of Pasvan Oglu, the last of the great Janissary leaders.

Pasvan died in 1807, in the zenith of his power and popularity, worshipped throughout a province. He was buried within the city walls, in the luxuriant vegetation of a peaceful little graveyard attached to his favourite mosque. There I saw his tombstone in 1877—a simple column crowned by a turban—and thither pious Moslems used to make leisurely pilgrimages in the cool of the evening. But the old order of things changed, and the Bulgarian Government made away with that humble memento of a great man and a stormy period.

By his revolt, Pasvan Oglu had saved the time-honoured institution of the Janissaries; but only for a while. It found its end in 1826 in the streets of the capital at the hands of Sultan Mahmoud II., amid incredible horrors, the like of which modern history has, happily, not often to record.

AFTER the defeat of the French at Leipzig, on the 16th and 18th of October, 1813, and the consequent advance of the allied armies towards the Rhine, the Emperor Napoleon found himself compelled to withdraw a considerable number of his troops from Holland and the Low Countries. Seizing this opportunity, the Dutch resolved to make an attempt to free themselves from the yoke of France; and on the 15th of November the inhabitants of Amsterdam rose *en masse*, with the cry of "*Orange Boven!*" hoisted the Orange flag, and proclaimed the Stadtholder. The example of the Dutch capital was quickly followed by other towns, and in a few days the long-oppressed Hollanders were in open revolt.

On receiving intelligence of this rising, the British Government decided to afford material assistance to the Dutch, both in asserting their independence and in driving the remainder of the French troops from their country; so an expedition was organised, and several regiments received orders to hold themselves in readiness for immediate embarkation.

This expedition, which consisted of some 8,000 men, including three battalions of the Foot Guards, was placed under the command of General Sir Thomas Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch), who had just recovered from an illness, on account of which he had been invalided home from the Peninsula.

The Guards' Brigade sailed from Greenwich on the 24th of November, and, disembarking at Scheveling early in December, marched to The Hague. Having seen the Prince of Orange firmly re-established on his throne, the Guards proceeded to Willemstad, and on the 9th of January, 1814, they reached Steenbergen—which lies a few miles north of Bergen-op-Zoom—where Sir Thomas Graham was enabled to effect a junction with the allied troo[ps sta]toned on his left at Oudenbosch and Bre[da].

The weather at this time was very incl[ement] and the British soldiers suffered severel[y from] the bitter cold.

Early in January, 1814, the Fren[ch had] assembled all their available forces at A[ntwerp;] and, after various movements, Sir T[homas] Graham, in concert with the Prussian [general] Bülow, made an attack, on the 2nd of Fe[bruary,] on Merxem, with the object of moving [on] Antwerp. The. village of Braachst[aet was] quickly captured, and next day batteri[es were] erected and fire opened; but, unfort[unately] the mortars and ammunition, which ha[d been] brought from Willemstad, proved so d[efective] that after three days the troops retu[rned to] their cantonments. The investment of A[ntwerp] was, however, continued.

While investing Antwerp, General G[raham] conceived a scheme for carrying, by a *c[oup de] main*, the important fortress-town of Ber[gen-op-]Zoom, which was held by a strong [French] garrison.

Bergen-op-Zoom, a fortified town of ol[d] Brabant, is situated on the right bank [of the] Scheldt, and derives its name from the litt[le river] Zoom, which, after supplying the defenc[es with] water, discharges itself into the Scheldt. [It lies] some five leagues north of Antwerp, and [...] south-west of Breda. The old channel [of the] Zoom, into which the tide flows towar[ds the] centre of the town, forms the harbour, [which is] nearly dry at low water. There wer[e ...] principal entrances into the town—th[ree by] land, through the Steenbergen Gate [in the] north face of the fortifications, the A[ntwerp] Gate in the south face, and the New G[ate in] the east face; and one by a canal—whic[h com]municated with the river Scheldt, and, i[n fact,] formed a part of the harbour—throu[gh]

rt Gate, in the west face. The fort-
garrisoned by 5,000 or 6,000 French
under command of General Bizonet,
ble officer.

iomas Graham and his colleagues calcu-
at the severe frost would prevent the
rom being used to raise or lower the
nd that the ice in the ditches of the
would only be partially broken; so
mas determined to carry into execution
which was certainly a daring one, and
sidered.

m's command
ently received
ments — in-
a strong draft
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Battalion 1st
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2nd Battalion
North British
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h 4,000 troops
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o, and marched
to the neigh-
d of Bergen-
n. This force
l off into four
s of attack," as

Column. — De-
ents of the
Brigade (1,000),
Colonel Lord
2nd Battalion
Guards.

Column. — 33rd
5th (250), and
attalion 69th
(350), under
ant-Colonel Morice, 69th Foot.

3rd *Column.*—2nd Battalion 21st Fusiliers (100), 37th (150), and 2nd Battalion 91st Foot (400), under Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Henry. 21st Fusiliers.

4*th Column.*—Flank Companies of the 21st and 37th (200), 4th Battalion Royal Scots (600), and 2nd Battalion 44th Foot (300), under Brigadier-General Gore and Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable G. Carleton, accompanied by Major-General Skerrett.

Major-General George Cooke was in supreme command.

The 1st column, led by Cooke, formed the left of the line, and was destined to attack the works between

"WE GOT INTO SOME CONFUSION IN LABOURING THROUGH THIS HORRIBLE SLOUGH" (*p.* 438).

nd Battalion 69th Foot. — This battalion was 1803, and disbanded in 1816 or 1817. The 69th own as the 2nd Battalion the Welsh Regiment.

—*Th 2nd Battalion 21st Royal North British Fusiliers* (now Royal Scots Fusiliers), raised in Ayrshire in 1804, and disbanded in 1816.—*The 2nd Battalion 91st Foot,* raised in 1804 and disbanded in 1816. The 91st (raised as the 98th) is now styled the "1st Battalion Princess

the Waterport and Antwerp Gates. The 2nd column was to attack the right of the New Gate; while the 3rd column made a feint on the Steenbergen Gate, to call off the attention of the enemy from the more serious attacks, and to be disposable according to circumstances. The 4th—or right—column, accompanied by the gallant Skerrett—the former temporary Brigadier of the Guards in the Peninsula—was to force the entrance of the harbour, which was fordable at low water.

A detachment of the Royal Sappers and Miners—about forty men in all—provided with axes, saws, crowbars, and a few scaling-ladders, was distributed between the four columns.

As soon as the 1st (Guards) and 4th columns gained an entrance to the fortress, they were to push along the ramparts, and, having effected a junction, proceed to clear them of the enemy and assist the other attacks.

Such was the general plan of attack: we shall now see how it was carried out.

The hour for the assault was fixed for 10.30 on the night of the 8th of March, and at that hour the four columns advanced.

We will first follow the movements of the 4th column, of which the following graphic account is given by a subaltern officer of the 21st Fusiliers, who, having missed his own regiment, attached himself to the Royal Scots, and thereby came in for the very hottest of the fighting:—

"We had all become thoroughly sick of the monotony of our duties at Tholen," writes this young officer in the *United Service Journal* for 1830, "when we received orders to march the next day (the 8th March, 1814). As the attack on Bergen-op-Zoom which took place that evening was, of course, kept a profound secret, the common opinion was that we were destined for Antwerp, where the other

Louise's Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders." *The 2nd Battalion 37th Foot* (now "1st Battalion Hampshire Regiment"), raised in 1811 and disbanded in 1815-16.—*The 4th Battalion 1st Foot, or "Royal Scots,"* embodied at Hamilton, North Britain, on Christmas Day, 1804, and disbanded at Dover on the 24th of March, 1816. This ancient regiment, which traces its origin to the Scots Guards in the service of the king of France in 882, was in 1684 styled the "Royal Regiment of Foot," and some years later was numbered the 1st of the British Line. In 1812 it was styled the 1st or "Royal Scots," and in 1821 the "Royal Regiment." The designation "Royal Scots" was restored to the regiment in 1871, and it is now known as the "Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment)."—*The 2nd Battalion 44th Foot*, raised in Ireland in 1803-4, and disbanded at Dover early in 1816. The 44th is now known as the "1st Battalion the Essex Regiment."

division of the army had already had fighting.

"It was nearly dark when we arrived village of Halsteren, which is only three miles from Bergen-op-Zoom, where we t our quarters for the night. On the dist of billets to the officers, I received one farmhouse about a mile in the country, was presently joined by four or five of the 4th Battalion Royal Scots, who told they believed an attempt to surprise Be Zoom would be made that night.

"Learning from my new acquaintan the grenadier company of their battalio was commanded by an old friend of min tenant Allan Robertson) whom I had for some years, was only about a mile fur I thought I should have time to see l join my regiment before they marched they be sent to the attack. However, t of the Royal Scots whom I accompan their way from their ignorance of the r we in consequence made a long circuit which I heard from an aide-de-camp, wh us, that the 21st were on their march t the place in another quarter from us.

"In these circumstances I was exc puzzled what course to take: if I went i of my regiment, I had every chance of them in the night, being quite ignoran roads. Knowing that the Royal Scots likely to head one of the assaulting from the number of the regiment, I tc I thought to be the surest plan, by a myself to the grenadier company of tl Scots under my gallant friend.

"After mustering the men, we marche general *rendezvous* of the regiments forn 4th column: the Royal Scots led the colu lowed by the other regiments according number. As everything depended on ou the enemy by surprise, the strictest ord given to observe a profound silence on th

"When we had proceeded some way in with a picket, commanded by Captain of the 21st Fusiliers, who was mustering to proceed to the attack. Thinking t regiment must pass his post on their wa false attack, he told me to remain with h they came up. I, in consequence, wait time, but, hearing nothing of the regim losing patience, I gave him the slip in tl and ran on until I regained my place v grenadier company of the Royal Scots."

On nearing the point of attack, the

ıe Tholen-dike, and entered the bed of ı, through which our troops had to :ir way before reaching the wet ditch. rible work pushing through the thick . of the river : the men sank nearly to ts, and as they advanced, fell into some —the various companies getting mixed y poor fellows were trodden down and l in the mud, but the more fortunate n, and a considerable portion of the ıcceeded in passing through this verit- ›ugh of Despond," and entered the

the French garrison had not taken t now some thoughtless men raised a ›bably to encourage their comrades. kerrett, who was at the head of the 'as furious with rage, and passed word :ar for strict silence to be observed. ıtely, the mischief was done : that one l alarmed the garrison, who at once e sluices and sent a torrent of water n their assailants, while almost at the nent a brilliant firework was displayed ramparts, showing up every object as it were daylight.

of this, General Skerrett, with a good ˙ his men, cleared the bed of the river, l the ditch.

›oint at which we entered," continues ›r officer, "was a bastion to the right of ur, from one of the angles of which high palisades was carried through the › enable us to pass the water, some ders had been sunk to support us in ; along the palisades, over which › climb with each other's assistance. were the obstacles we met with, that ıe attention of the enemy fortunately : most judiciously) been distracted se attack under Lieut.-Col. Henry it ıuite impossible for us to have effected :e at this point.

we were proceeding forward in this 'olonel Muller of the Royal Scots was ; along the tops of the palisades, calling ho had got the start of him to endea- ›en the Waterport Gate and let down ridge to our right ; but no one, in the ıe moment, seemed to hear him. On ar enough, I told him I should effect › possible.

et with but trifling resistance on gain- npart : the enemy being panic struck, streets and houses in the town, from which they kept up a pretty smart fire upon us for some time. I got about twenty soldiers of different regiments to follow me to the Waterport Gate, which we found closed. It was constructed of thin paling, with an iron bar across it about three inches in breadth. Being without tools of any kind, we made several ineffectual attempts to open the gate : at last, retiring a few paces, we made a rush at it in a body, when the iron bar snapped in the middle like a bit of glass. Some of my people got killed and wounded during this part of the work, but when we got to the drawbridge we were a little more sheltered from the firing.

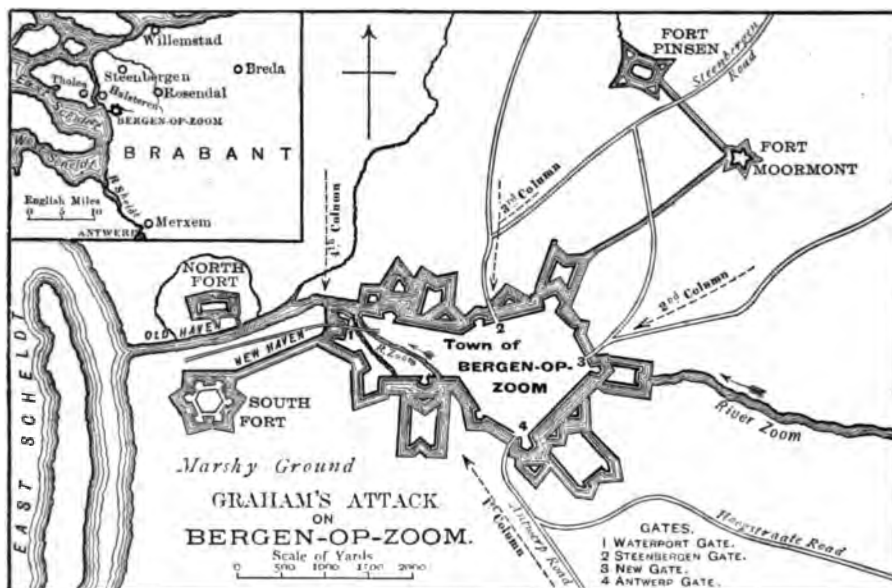
"The bridge was up, and secured by a lock in the right-hand post of the two which supported it. I was simple enough to attempt to pick the lock with a bayonet, but after breaking two or three, we at last had an axe brought us from the bastion, where our troops were entering. With this axe we soon succeeded in cutting the lock out of the post, and, taking hold of the chain, I had the satisfaction to pull down the drawbridge with my own hands.

"While I was engaged in this business Colonel Muller was forming the Royal Scots on the rampart where we entered ; but a party of about one hundred and fifty men of different regiments, under General Skerrett—who must have entered to the left of the harbour—was clearing the ramparts towards the Steenbergen Gate, where the false attack had been made by the 3rd column under Lieut.-Col. Henry ; while another party, under Colonel Carleton of the 44th Regiment, was proceeding in the opposite direction along the ramparts to the right, without meeting with much resistance.

"Hearing the firing on the opposite side of the town from General Skerrett's party, and supposing that they had marched through the town, I ran on through the streets to overtake them, accompanied by only one or two men ; for the rest had left me and returned to the bastion after we had opened the gate. In proceeding along the canal or harbour which divided this part of the town I came to a loopholed wall, which was continued from the houses down to the water's edge. I observed a party of soldiers within a gate in this wall, and was going up to them, taking them for our own people, when I was challenged in French, and had two or three shots fired at me. Seeing no other way of crossing the harbour but by a little bridge which was nearly in a line with the wall, I returned to the Waterport Gate, which I found Colonel Muller

had taken possession of with two or three companies of his regiment. I went up to him, and told him that I had opened the gate according to his desire, and also informed him of the interruption I had met with in the town, and he sent one of his companies up with me to the wall already mentioned, ordering the officer in command of the company to drive the enemy away, and hold the wall and gate until further orders.

"On coming to the gate we met with a sharp resistance, but, after firing a few rounds and preparing to charge, the Frenchmen gave way, leaving us in possession of the gate and bridge.



GRAHAM'S ATTACK ON BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.

Leaving the company here, and crossing the little bridge, I again set forward alone to overtake General Skerrett's party, guided by the firing on the ramparts. Avoiding any little parties of the enemy, I had reached the inside of the ramparts where the firing was, without its occurring to me that I might get into the wrong box and be taken prisoner. Fortunately, I observed a woman looking over a shop door on one side of the street. I asked her where the British soldiers were, and she told me without hesitation, pointing at the same time in the direction. I shook hands with her, and bade her 'good night,' not entertaining the smallest suspicion of her deceiving me; and, following her directions, I clambered up the inside of the rampart and joined General Skerrett's party.

"The moon had now risen, and though the sky was cloudy we could see pretty well what was doing. Here I found my friend Robertson, with the grenadier company of the Royal Scots, and I learned from him that the party—which was now commanded by Captain Guthrie, of the 33rd Regiment—had been compelled by numbers to retire from the bastion, which the enemy now occupied; and that Guthrie intended to endeavour to hold the one he was now in possession of, until he could procure a reinforcement. Robertson also told me that General Skerrett had been dangerously wounded, and taken prisoner, which was an irreparable loss to our party, as Captain Guthrie was ignorant of the general's intentions.

"In the meantime the enemy kept up a sharp fire on us, which we returned as fast as our men could load their firelocks. Several of the enemy who had fallen, as well as of our own men, were lying on the ramparts. We presently discovered a large pile of logs of wood on the ramparts, and these we quickly disposed across the gorge of the bastion, so as to form a kind of parapet over which our people could fire, leaving, however, about half the distance open towards the parapet of the rampart. On the opposite side of the bastion were two 24-pounders, raised on high platforms, and these guns we turned on the enemy, firing along the ramparts over the heads of our own party. But, however valuable this resource might be to us, we were still far from being on equal terms with the French, who, besides greatly exceeding us in numbers, had brought up two or three field-pieces, which annoyed us much during the night. There was also a windmill on the bastion the Frenchmen occupied, from the top of which their musketry did great execution among us.

"In the course of the night the enemy made several ineffectual attempts to drive us from our position; but on these occasions—of which we

ays made aware by the shouts they encourage each other—as soon as they ir appearance on the rampart, we gave ood dose of grape from our 24-pounders, a party ready to charge them back. I our soldiers were always disposed to enemy half-way, and the latter were well aware of our humour, that they y turned tail before we could in forty or fifty paces of them. firing was kept up almost con- on both sides until about two n the morning, when it would es cease for more than half- together. During one of tervals of stillness, being ex- with our exertions and the felt in our drenched clothes, us lay down along the para- ther, in hopes of borrowing heat from each other, and fell into a troubled, dozing en I suddenly felt the ground nder me, and heard at the ne a crash as if the whole d been overwhelmed by an ke; a bright glare of light my eyes at the same in- d almost blinded me.

ot from the enemy had blown mall magazine on the ram- which we depended for the f the two 24-pounders which n of such material use to us he night. This broke our most effectually, and we had hing for it but to maintain nd in the best way we could, received a reinforcement e of the other parties.

ediately after this disaster the raising a tremendous shout, r yell, attempted to come to arters with us, in hopes of our being disheartened; but our charging party, e had always in readiness, made them ound as usual. In the course of the e had sent several small parties of represent the state of our detachment avour to procure assistance; but none returned, having, we supposed, been ed by the enemy. Discouraged though by this circumstance, we still con- o hold our ground until the break of

While the events described in the above narrative were taking place, the main portion of the 4th column had also met with disaster: after all their toil and gallantry, the Royal Scots and their comrades of the 33rd—which regiment had been sent to reinforce Colonel Muller during the night—saw the prize which they had gained at such frightful cost snatched from their grasp.

"WE SOON SUCCEEDED IN CUTTING THE LOCK OUT OF THE POST" (p. 439).

We have already seen how Colonel Muller, with the battalion companies of the Royal Scots, took possession of the ramparts round the Waterport Gate. Before very long the battalion found itself exposed to a murderous grape and musketry fire from a couple of howitzers, and a small detachment of French marines stationed in the vicinity of the arsenal. Colonel Muller at once detached two companies to keep the enemy in check, and these detached companies—which were relieved every two hours—were actively engaged in this arduous service from 11 p.m.

until daybreak, when the enemy made a furious attack in strong columns which bore down all before them.

The detached companies were now quickly driven in by overwhelming numbers, while the battalion, being exposed to a terrible fire from the guns of the arsenal, was forced to retire by the Waterport Gate, only to receive the fire of a detached battery. Finding himself thus placed between two fires, with a high palisade on one hand and the Zoom filled with tide on the other, Colonel Muller preferred to surrender rather than throw away the lives of his soldiers. The colours of the battalion were first sunk in the river Zoom by Lieutenant and Adjutant Galbraith ; the battalion then surrendered, on condition that the officers and men should not serve against the French until exchanged, and on the following day it marched out of Bergen-op-Zoom "with all the honours of war."

In this disastrous affair the 4th Battalion Royal Scots lost 4 officers and 37 non-commissioned officers and men killed ; 4 officers and 71 non-commissioned officers and men wounded. The 33rd also suffered severe losses.

* * * * *

We left the small party, under Captain Guthrie of the 33rd, holding the position they had so gallantly won, and hoping against hope that, sooner or later, they would be relieved from the terrible predicament in which they found themselves ; but the first dawn of day plainly showed the devoted men the utter hopelessness of their situation. By this time the firing had entirely ceased in other parts of Bergen-op-Zoom, and so, in absence of all communication, Guthrie and his comrades could only believe that the British troops had been driven from the place, and that there was nothing for them but to surrender, or die where they stood. The former alternative, however, does not appear to have entered their minds.

The French now brought an overwhelming force against them, but they still hoped, from the narrowness of the rampart, to be able to hold their own. In this they were deceived. The bastion was extensive, but only that portion of it near the gorge was furnished with a parapet. At this spot and behind the logs which Guthrie and his men had piled up, the now greatly diminished party was collected. Keeping up a hot fire in order to divert attention, the French detached part of their force, which, skirting the outside of the ramparts, and ascending the face of the bastion occupied by Guthrie, suddenly opened a murderous fire o[n] flank and rear. From this fire Guth[rie] were entirely unprotected, while th[e] were sheltered by the top of the rampa[rt].

"The slaughter was now dreadful," Lieutenant ——, "and our poor fell[ows] had done all that soldiers could do in [a] situation, fell thick and fast. Just at my friend Robertson, under whose co[mmand I] had put myself at the beginning of t[he] fell. I had just time to run up to [him, and] found him stunned from a wound in [...] when our gallant commander, seeing th[e] of continuing the unequal contest, [gave the] order to retreat.

"We had retired in good order ab[out a] hundred yards when poor Guthrie [received a] wound in the head, which I have sinc[e been in]formed deprived him of his sight. Th[e French,] when they saw us retreating, hung [on our] rear, keeping up a sharp fire all the [time, but] they still seemed to have some resp[ect for us] from the trouble we had already gi[ven them.] We had indulged the hope that, by [...] our course along the ramparts, we [should be] able to effect our retreat by the Wate[r...] not being aware that we should be i[...] by the mouth of the harbour, and [...] already at the very margin before we [discovered] our mistake and found ourselves [...] hemmed in by the French ; so there w[as no alter]native left to us but to surrender a[s prisoners] of war, or to attempt to escape acro[ss the har]bour by means of the floating pieces [of ice with] which the water was covered.

"Not one of us seemed to entertai[n the idea] of surrender, and in the despair which [had] taken possession of every heart we t[hrew our]selves into the water, or leaped for t[he] pieces of ice which were floating abou[t.]

"The scene that ensued was shocki[ng beyond] description ! The canal, or harbour, [was lined] on both sides by high brick walls, a[nd in the] middle of the channel lay a small Du[tch vessel] which was secured by a rope to the op[posite side] of the harbour. Our only hope of [saving] our lives, or effecting our escape, de[pended on] our being able to gain this little vessel. [...] many had, by leaping first on one pi[ece of ice] and then on another, succeeded in g[aining on] board the vessel, which they hauled, [by means] of the rope, to the opposite side of [...] and thus freed our obstruction ; but, im[mediately] afterwards being intercepted by the [...] redoubt, they were compelled to [...]

:ne rest, I had scrambled down the face anal to a beam, running horizontally e brick-work, from which other beams d perpendicularly into the water, to the sides being injured by the shipping. cking my sword into my belt (for I had the scabbard away the previous night), I om this beam—which was nine or ten e the water—for a piece of ice, but, not my distance very well, it tilted up with I sank to the bottom of the canal.

ever, I soon came up again, and after ig to the other side of the canal, and to l, and finding nothing to catch hold of, d to the piece of ice upon which I had ot, and, swinging my body under it, to keep my face above water. I was only survivor of those who had got into r: several men were still hanging on to eces of ice, but one by one they let go d and sank as their strength failed, until ee or four, besides myself, remained. ime some of the enemy continued firing d I saw one or two poor fellows shot in r near me.

ntent was everyone on effecting his hat though they sometimes cast a look iseration at their drowning comrades, thought for a moment of giving us stance. The very hope of it had at completely faded in our minds that we ask the aid of those who floated past fragments of ice; but Providence had one individual who possessed a heart to the distress of his fellow-creatures more his own personal safety. The very last ho reached the Dutch vessel was Lieut. al of the 91st Regiment, and by his e I, too, succeeded in getting on board. e assisting McDougal to save two or diers who still clung to pieces of ice, I a musket-ball through my wrist; for ny continued deliberately firing at us opposite rampart, which was not above ds from the vessel. After this I went the cabin, where I found Lieut. the 91st* sitting on one side with a ound through his shoulder-blade. The the cabin was covered with water, for l had become leaky from the firing. I to bind up my wounded wrist with my neckcloth so as in some measure to stop the bleeding, and we remained, cold and miserable, in the cabin for several hours. During that time the water continued to rise higher and higher, until it reached my middle.

"Fortunately, the vessel grounded from the receding of the tide, and, escape in our condition being now quite out of the question, my companion and I were glad, on the whole, to be relieved from our truly disagreeable position by surrendering ourselves prisoners of war." *

* * * * *

Having described the disasters which befell the 4th column, we will now turn to the movements of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd columns, whose efforts, unfortunately, met with no better success.

The 1st, or Guards, column, under Colonel Lord Proby, was, as we have already stated, destined to attack the works between the Waterport and Antwerp Gates. Between the point of attack and the Antwerp Gate the enemy had a strongly entrenched camp. At the appointed hour the Guardsmen, accompanied by Major-General Cooke, advanced from the Antwerp road, and, skirting the salient of the *lunette* of the entrenched camp, they reached the broad wet ditch of the unrevetted fronts (between the Waterport Gate and the *lunette*) without being discovered by the enemy. So far all had gone well; but now it was found that, owing to the rise and fall of the tide, the ice at the point where the ditch was to have been crossed was not sufficiently thick to stand the passage of the column. Lord Proby at once reported this untoward circumstance to General Cooke, who ordered him to move his men more to the right, towards the ditch of the "Orange Bastion," where a *batardeau*, preventing the action of the tide, allowed the ice to form strong enough to support them.

This spot reached, the advanced and ladder parties of the Guards, under Captain Rodney and Ensigns Gooch and Pardoe, quickly crossed the frozen ditch, followed by the rest of the column. Under the direction of Lieutenant-

* ...nant James Briggs, 91st (afterwards Major Sir ...ggs, K.H.) exchanged to the 63rd Foot, and ...837. He was reported killed.

* The officer who wrote the above narrative was taken to a hospital in the town, where his wounds were dressed. He was subsequently released, and rejoined the 2nd Battalion 21st Fusiliers at Wouw. We cannot, with any certainty, identify this officer; but as only two subalterns of the 21st appear in the casualty list as wounded *and* taken prisoners at Bergen-op-Zoom, he must have been one of the two—namely, 2nd Lieut. J. W. Dunbar Moody, or 2nd Lieut. David Rankine. The 21st lost nine officers killed, wounded and missing, including Brevet Lieut.-Col. Henry, who commanded the 3rd column.

Colonel Smyth, R.E., and Captain Sir G. Hoste, the ladders were placed against the demi-revetment (seventeen feet high), and the Guardsmen, swarming up, gained possession of the ramparts without meeting with much opposition beyond a slight musketry fire from the flanks. Major-General Cooke, with the officers commanding Royal Artillery and Engineers, entered the place with the Guards.

Owing to the delay caused by the unavoidable change in the point of attack, it was 11.30 p.m. before the 1st column established itself on the ramparts of Bergen-op-Zoom.

Though surprised by the first assault, the French garrison was not thrown into confusion, and was soon again in a position to resist the British troops.

Suspecting from the quiet that reigned at the French posts opposite the other intended points of attack that the several columns had not yet entered, Cooke formed the Guards on the ramparts in column of sections, and also occupied some houses in front, and in the adjoining bastion, from which his men might otherwise have been seriously annoyed. The ladders by which the Guards had entered were left standing against the scarp, so that a ready communication with the exterior was ensured.

A strong patrol was now despatched to the left, towards the Waterport Gate, to ascertain whether the 4th column had entered; and a detachment of the 1st Foot Guards, under Lieut.-Col. Clifton, was sent along the ramparts to the right, with orders to secure the Antwerp Gate, and to support, or at least gain some intelligence of, the 2nd column under Lieut.-Col. Morrice.

"Lieut.-Col. Clifton," writes General Cooke in his despatch of the 10th March, 1814, "reached the Antwerp Gate, but found that it could not be opened by his men, the enemy throwing a very heavy fire upon a street leading to it. It was also found that they occupied an outwork commanding the bridge, which would effectually render that outlet useless to us. I heard nothing more of this detachment, but considered it as lost, the communication having been interrupted by the enemy. Lieut.-Col. Rooke, with a party of the 2nd Foot Guards, was afterwards sent in that direction, and driving the enemy from the intermediate rampart, reached the Antwerp Gate; but he found it useless to attempt anything, and ascertained that the outwork was still occupied."

Rooke was thus compelled to rejoin the main body of the column, after his party pretty severely handled, without havin any tidings of the missing detachme fate, as we shall see, was learned later

After making a most gallant char enemy, and capturing a field-piece at of the bayonet, Colonel Clifton and hi found themselves cut off by a very sup The Guardsmen offered a most determi ance, but being exposed to a destruct all sides, which placed many officers Clifton himself) and men *hors de co* were at length obliged to surrender. the officers taken prisoner was Lieut.- upon whom the command of the il tachment devolved after the gallant Cl

While the Guards were engaged in t the 2nd column had made an u attempt on the works to the right o Gate, in which it lost upwards of killed and wounded, including its lead Col. Morrice, and Lieut.-Col. Elphi the 33rd Foot.

The 33rd, 55th, and 69th were d in some confusion, but they quickly and, leaving the left wing of the 55th their wounded, they moved off to th of the 1st column. It will be remem the scaling-ladders used by the 1st co been left in position, and by this mean of the 33rd, 55th, and 69th gained th of the ramparts, joined the 1st column, formed up to the left of the Guards, held their position, though they had been exposed to a galling fire from the which still remained in possession of th

Though thus reinforced, General Co was still uncertain as to how matters w on in other quarters of the town—did it expedient to make any further att carry points which he might not be maintain, or to expose his troops to ce by penetrating through the streets; receiving intelligence that Colonel M holding the Waterport Gate against hea he sent the 33rd to his assistance.

Throughout that long night the Fre rison kept up a hot fire upon General position, and at one time they held an a bastion, from the angle of which they co commanded his communication with the They were, however, charged, and driv from this point of vantage in a very style by the 55th and 69th, under Maj and Muttlebury.

ength, finding that matters were becoming ·, and being still without any certain in- ion from other quarters, General Cooke ›ined, at the suggestion of Lord Proby, to rt of the Foot Guards withdraw, which from that position without being able to render them any assistance. At the same time the French gunners opened a heavy cannonade upon the Guards and the 55th and 69th, who still remained on the open ramparts.

"SEVERAL MEN WERE STILL HANGING ON TO OTHER PIECES OF ICE" (*p.* 443).

›ne by means of the ladders at the point they entered. At daybreak, the enemy possessed themselves of the bastion com- ng the communications, from which they gain driven by Hogg and Muttlebury with reak battalions. About 6 a.m. the enemy d their first attack in force upon the ı troops holding the Waterport Gate, and al Cooke had now the mortification of sing the Royal Scots and the 33rd retire withdraw them; and he was contemplating a

Seeing that all was lost, General Cooke ordered the rest of the Guards to retire. The retreat was conducted in the most orderly manner, covered by the 69th and 55th; the latter corps, led by the general in person, repeatedly driving the enemy back. These weak battalions as they crossed the ditch were so much exposed to an in- cessant concentrated fire of musketry and artillery, that the general saw it would be impossible to

surrender, when Lieut.-Col. Jones, of the 1st Foot Guards—who had been taken prisoner after the destruction of Clifton's detachment—arrived on the scene, accompanied by a French officer, with a flag of truce.

"Lieut.-Col. Jones," says Cooke, in his despatch, "informed me that Lieut.-Col. Muller and the troops at the Waterport Gate had been obliged to surrender, and were marched prisoners into the town. I now also learnt the fate of Lieut.-Col. Clifton's detachment and of Major-Generals Skerrett and Gore and Lieut.-Col. Carleton (Major-General Skerrett was dangerously wounded; Brigadier-General Gore, of the 33rd, and Lieut.-Col. the Hon. G. Carleton, of the 44th, were killed); and that the troops who had followed them had suffered very much, and had been repulsed from the advanced points along the ramparts, where they had penetrated to. I was now convinced that a longer continuance of the contest would be a useless loss of lives, and I therefore consented to adopt the mortifying alternative of laying down our arms."

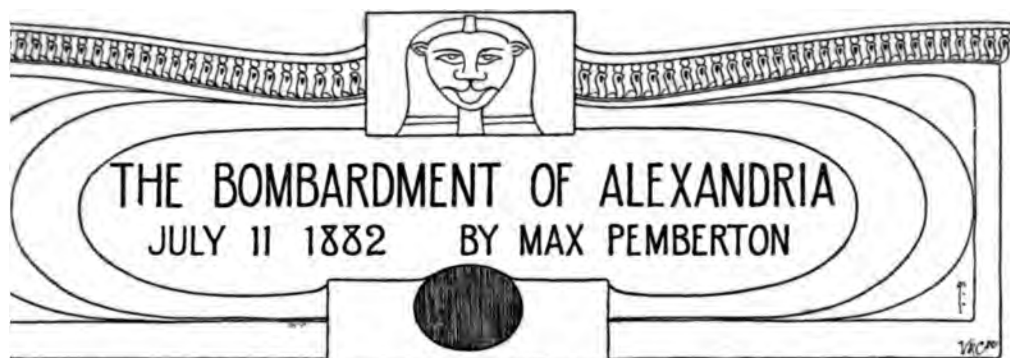
It is strange that no mention is made in the despatches of either Generals Graham or Cooke of the movements of the 3rd column, and we can find no details of the part it played in the attack—beyond the fact that it made a feint on the Steenbergen Gate. Whether Lieut.-Col. Henry turned this false attack into a real one, or whether he joined the 4th column, we cannot say for certain; but it is evident that the 3rd column entered Bergen-op-Zoom, and was hotly engaged, for Lieut.-Col. Henry and his second-in-command, Lieut.-Col. Ottley, were both wounded, and the corps (21st, 37th, and 91st), composing the column, suffered heavy losses.

The total loss of the British in this disastrous affair was about 300 killed and 1,800 prisoners, many of the latter being wounded.

* * * * *

Thus ended the memorable attack upon Bergen-op-Zoom, in which, though defeated, the troops engaged were not disgraced. The failure of the enterprise was due, in a great measure, to circumstances over which General Cooke had no control: unforeseen difficulties cropped up which would have tended to frustrate the very best concerted plan of operations; and however much the disastrous termination was deplored, it was freely acknowledged that there had been few occasions during the long war with France in which the courage and energies of British soldiers were put to a more severe test, or were met by a more gallant and successful resistance on the part of the enemy.

BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.



not know precisely how many years is since the fringe of the East became fashion for the man with the coupons; t I am convinced that fashion has y little for Alexandria. It may be that glories of Cairo and the Pyramids ıspired with the keepers of the most : hotels in the world, to rob the city olemies of her due share of eulogy and trips; it may be that the tourist is : to admit the lesser fascination when xperienced the greater. Certain it is, that he permits himself to be hurried : bazaars of Alexandria, and carried ·om the streets while yet his eyes l with the first and insurpassable im- of the East. "All this you shall see, : when you come to Damascus." The rue—it is also misleading.

·n memories of Alexandria are chiefly '87 — more particularly, they cling fast run I made upon a schooner- m Malta to the Pharos of the later-day nembered Ptolemy. We were then in f an exceedingly careful amateur, who own ship, and was not a little proud of ness of his mathematics. I remember anguage he provoked when he fetched f bed at three o'clock in the morning us that we had made the light at the ıoment of his promise. We had gone with the dark surging water of the ınean for our horizon. No ship was n; no point of sight but the dull and clouds looming up heavily from the :oast. But when we came on deck at ation of the master, the scene was beyond experience. A generous moon ces of golden light upon the darker nd of the resting seas; a big steamer, any lamps shone like the lights of a moving city, flashed by on her way to Malta; the glowing lantern of the Pharos stood up like a beacon on a hill.

"Gentlemen," said the skipper, waving his arm with a lordly sweep, in sublime unconsciousness of the fact that he wore a dressing-gown, "yonder is the city of Cleopatra. I will put you on the quay when the sun rises."

To step from the boat of a yacht to the quay at Alexandria is to step from the West to the fringe of the East. All about you are porters, guides, beggars, loafers, thieves, cut-throats, and impostors. Bales of cotton, barrels, hampers, trollies lumber the wharves. The din and babble are beyond description. A hundred rogues strive and push if thereby they may touch the hem of your garment and claim *backsheesh*. Pass through the Customs, and so out to the native quarters and to the bazaar, and the scene is scarce to be described. Men of every Eastern nation seem here to congregate. Turks curse Greeks; Greeks, in their turn, curse Jews and Copts, Hindoos, Nubians, and Albanians. The blaze of colour is dazzling, yet ever picturesque. Dirks are sheathed in gorgeous girdles; the butts of pistols protrude upon richly embroidered vests and amazing tunics. Black men and white men, brown men and yellow men; some with jackets, some with long flowing robes, some almost naked, urge you to the deal or throw themselves upon your pity. Donkey boys hasten to show you how well they understand your tongue, in the polite and well-meant invitation to "have a —— donkey, sir." Often you step aside to avoid the lurch of the camel; your eyes follow the stately swing of the Arab from the desert as he paces some narrow alley, with head bent and his long gun in his hand. Priests abound—Greek priests, Coptic priests, Roman priests. No nation seems unrepresented in this medley

of sound and strange colours; of narrow, crooked, unpaved lanes and gorgeous modern enterprises.

If this be a description rather of the Alexandria of fifteen years ago than of the Alexandria of to-day, it is the better suited for the purposes of my paper. Any endeavour to make clear the sequence of events which led up to the

THE SQUARE OF MEHEMET ALI, ALEXANDRIA.

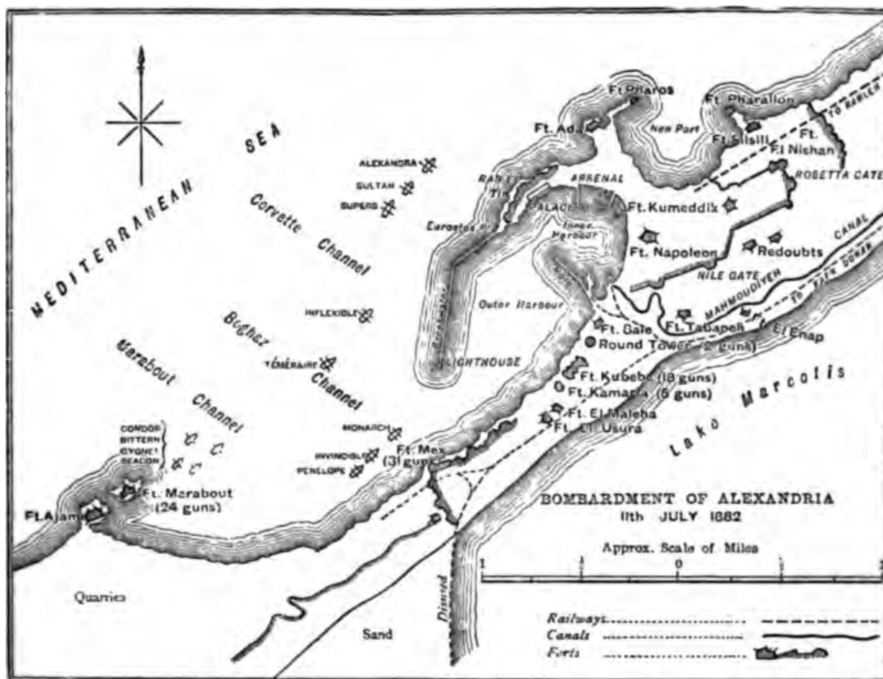
bombardment and subsequent sack of the city must include some attempt to describe that curious coupling of West to East which has been a feature of the place since Mehemet Ali sought to restore its greatness, and to rear up a new fabric upon the ashes of decay which the Turk had left. In the year 1882 you found many races in the seat of the Ptolemies ; but a broad line of demarcation between the two forces was clearly laid down. While Copts and Greeks and Hindoos and Arabs swarmed in the bazaars, and a first impression was one of many peoples a[nd] many creeds, a rough division was easy to mak[e] Christian and Mohammedan—between these l[ay] the Egyptian question, so far as this city w[as] concerned with it. Side by side the strongh[olds] of the two powers stood—one, the dirty unpa[ved] streets, the booths, and kennels and bazaars; t[he] other, the great square of Mehemet Ali, [...] the cafés and commercial buildings, the *P[alais] de Justice*, the churches, the theatre, and [the] houses of the merchants. Everything [...] tends to promote racial hatred and nat[ional] instability was here to be discerned, when i[n the] earlier months of the year 1882 the dange[rous] problem became ripe for partial solution. [The] national party strove for so-called freedom[; the] Christian party strove for more stable gua[ran]tees. Arabs hated Greeks and Copts ; Chris[tians]

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

against the Arab in turn, and went in him. Year by year the beacons of re- ı were plied, until, in the last moments bi's power, the flicker of a crisis was .t to light them; and these beacons indled, gave the signal for the Egyptian n of 1882.

not concerned in this paper with the of Arabi Pasha, nor with the discussion large claims made on his behalf by wen Blunt and others at the beginning Egyptian war. It is sufficient for me to er that s War- to the in the months ar 1882, he was kesman iose tur- lements mmedan n which ed at me to im the iccessful of the lf of the Patriot he was; t pure m was ultimate his am- all the of that year made manifest. No doubt, the y to European influences, and general f the European colony in Egypt, helped ngely in his demand, in the year 1881, neral increase of the army, and for a pular and purely Egyptian ministry. he found the Khedive pliant in his step from agitation to action was a Early in the next year we find the Tewfik nominated by the Powers, setting up practically as the dictator tian peoples. His cry that the ild be driven out of the country ands to his banner. That he had of his countrymen there can be ion. That it was impossible for us as to submit to his authority, and to the government by arms which he sought to set up, was equally apparent. Thus in June of the year 1882 we found ourselves fighting for the Khedive against his own Minister of War, and engaged in an undertaking which could end only in our final expulsion from the country or our temporary occupation of it.

The first sparks of war were to be observed in Alexandria in the June of the last-named year. A sudden rioting and massacre of Christians—principally Greeks—added to an insult to the British Consul, sowed the seeds of that which



was to mature so quickly. For many weeks our Mediterranean fleet, under the command of Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, lay off the harbours of the city as a visible token of our determination to uphold the Khedive against Arabi, and of our intention to protect the Christian population. Hundreds of the latter meanwhile fled from Alexandria — some to Greece, the majority to Italy. It became dangerous for a European to venture abroad alone even in the earlier hours of day. Robberies were frequent, and assassinations common. Arabi himself waxed bolder every day. He boasted that he could, with the forces at his command, hold the city against the fleets of all Europe. He busied himself with the training of engineers; he began at the last to

strengthen the forts and to throw up new earthworks. It was an anxious moment for "Jack" when, on the night of July 6th, 1882, the search-light was turned upon the fortifications near the Ras-el-Tin Palace, and two hundred of Arabi's sappers were seen busy with pick and shovel. The result was the immediate demand for the cessation of all works upon the forts, and, finally, for the temporary surrender of them. Arabi, seeking discreetly to temporise, neglected to furnish the necessary guarantees—met us practically with a point-blank refusal. Our reply was the issue of an ultimatum on the morning of July 10th. Either the forts were to be surrendered, or the city was to be bombarded. Arabi chose bombardment, and our ships were cleared for action.

This was the situation in the town; let us see what was our own position in the harbours before it. Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour was then in command of eight battleships and of eleven gunboats; the latter principally of the smallest class. Nearly all these ships would be regarded as more or less obsolete to-day, though the flagship *Invincible* carried four 80-ton guns and boasted a speed of 12·6 knots an hour. Of the others, the *Inflexible* was the largest, this being the biggest ship in the engagement, and one which carried, like the flagship, four 80-ton guns. With her were the *Sultan*, the *Superb*, the *Alexandra*, the *Téméraire*, the *Penelope*, and the *Monarch*. The latter ships, built in the years 1867 and 1868 respectively, were then comparatively old; but the *Superb*, the *Inflexible*, the *Téméraire*, and the *Alexandra* represented us in our then most recent naval phase. That was the day of a belief in big guns. Europe had watched the building of 68-, 80-, and even 100-ton guns, and had asked expectantly, "What of the results?" The revolt of Arabi promised us that which we had speculated upon, and discussed, and weighed up for forty years—the spectacle of our fleet in action. When at last the crisis came—when the ultimatum went forth, and French, American, and Italian warships steamed from the harbours of Alexandria, while refugees fled from the city as from a pestilence—the excitement waxed strong. As for our own Jack Tars, they were sick with hope. For weeks they had been saying, "To-morrow, to-morrow is the day!" For weeks they had borne with disappointment and postponement as they lay under the shadow of the great forts, and waited for the booming of the signal gun. But now, surely, the hour was at hand. Small wonder if they doubted that such thing could ever be.

For the fuller understanding of the ment of the famous July 11th, let us stand upon the flagship *Invincible*, outside the harbour of the city. If the map which accompanies this cha scene will be clearer to us. We see at that there are really two harbours befor inner harbour and a large outer basin by the breakwater. To the south-e stands up the great Marabout fort, thi the southern point of the bay, whereon is built. To the north-east is the Ph boasting more than a hundred gu calibres, and conspicuous for its massi Roughly speaking, you may regard the the shore of the Alexandria of to-day a pair of horns sticking out into the the Pharos Light as the north tip Ras-el-Tin Palace and lighthouse as the tip. Southward of this palace, and in of the southern bay, lie the famous M and from these to Fort Marabout the the shore bristles with guns. It wa these guns that our men thirsted to luck, when on the night of July 1 turned in like excited children, an prayed that the morrow would fi listening to the music of the great artill

The *Condor* was the first ship to be the following morning, but long b o'clock the whole fleet was moving ar At that hour the men were already st their flannel jerseys, the great guns were the decks were cleared for action. The plan was now known to all. He h mined upon three attacks—the *Invin*, *Monarch*, and the *Penelope* to begin w the harbour; the *Inflexible* to attack forts; the *Superb*, the *Sultan*, and t *andra* to operate from outside the and to centre their fire first upon the the Ras-el-Tin Palace, and then, steami north-east, to demolish Fort Ada Pharos. As for the puny gunboats, t to lie behind the warships, and to act sion required. That they were permit to depart from this inglorious posi whole record makes manifest.

Six o'clock in the morning, and the at the stations. Forbiddingly and maj the dark hulls of the eight ironclads above the sunlit water. Scores of merc which had showed their heels to the

bombardment was threatened, now lay at anchor, eager to be spectators of so a sight. On shore no unusual signs of were at first apparent. There was no le signal of truce. Lieutenant Smith, d been sent to report upon the truth story that Arabi's men were busy rmaments near the Slaughter-house, d to tell of active work and of sappers Throughout the fleet, excitement was nith. Jack had stripped himself for the th the zest that a schoolboy strips for Wound up by long weeks of expecta- scarce dared to believe that the cup was lips, even though the muzzles of the ers showed grimly above his decks, and ment might bring the s of discharge. For an hour he stood at , hoping against hope. st six came, and still s were silent; a quarter n was marked, and no command was heard. inutes later, and in a unexpectedly, the *dra* fired a shell at the and the bombardment gun. The smoke of ot had scarce floated n the breeze when the hoisted the signal ssels engage batteries."

ADMIRAL SEYMOUR.

signal was like the bell of a prompter raise the curtain upon a stage play. oment the quiet and the expectancy ven place to the thunder of cannon heat of battle. An American officer tnessed the action from a warship in ng, declared that a hurricane of sound to rush up over the sea. Instantly, of smoke and leaping fire began to veil s. Crashing reports, the sharper noise ler guns, even the singing of bullets, he music of the morning. While our avy guns were fired at long intervals, here were pauses when you might have t the fleet was resting, the rolling reports shore were never still. Fort Marabout, two 18-ton guns and its host of smaller , emitted a continuing cloud of fire; by Ras-el-Tin—two of them of twelve ounded bravely at the *Superb*, the and the *Alexandra*. The heavy weapons Pharos, joined anon to those by the Ras-el-Tin, belched smoke and flame unceasingly. Our own attack was concentrated upon Fort Marabout, the Mex forts, and the fortifications near the palace. At this time the value of fore and aft guns upon our big ships was illustrated humorously. The mighty *Inflexible*, standing off the outer harbour, thundered away with her fore guns at Ras-el-Tin, while from her stern she pounded Marabout. If the shooting of some of the ships was not particularly good, that of others was admirable. Every shot from the *Invincible* either burst in the forts or struck the parapets heavily. Clouds of dust and earth, heavy lumps of stone rolling seawards, spoke eloquently of the accuracy of her gunners. A middy, named Hardy, tucked up in her maintop, helped with signals whose value was beyond praise. Never did a marker at Wimbledon follow the path of a bullet with keener eyes than those with which Midshipman Hardy watched the flight of the great shells. Though a hail of shot fell all about him, and the smoke was so heavy over the decks that the gunners were like men walking in the dark, the accuracy of the lad's judgment was unfailing. Even the admiral thanked him; and as hit after hit was recorded, the whole crew fell to cheering with voices that were heard by every sailor in the fleet. "It was Eton and Harrow over again," said an observer. And that was true.

If this plucky lad deserves a line of special eulogy, we must not forget that others were at the same time displaying courage worthy of the highest traditions of Jack in action. The story of the *Condor* has been written many times. It will bear writing again and yet again wheresoever the record of our navy is laid down. I have said that this gallant little ship, whose only armament was two small 64-pounders and one 7-inch Woolwich rifled gun, had been the first to be moving on that memorable day. She was also the first of the gunboats to get into action. Though the instructions of the admiral were that the gad-flies should be more or less spectators, acting as the occasion required, it was not many minutes before Lord Charles Beresford determined that the occasion required him to try his three small guns upon the massive

which no one has accounted satisfactorily day. While our men expected every t to hear the hiss of their bullets, or to n sweeping to the charge, not a sound ed nor a uniform discerned. Dexterously ckly the two 10-inch guns were burst e others spiked. A shot from the *le* had already destroyed the powder e, and half-past two had not come lex was done with.

killed by that single discharge. The *Superb*, the *Sultan*, and the *Alexandra* helping the end, rained great shot upon the rapidly succumbing forts. When two bells in the first dog-watch was struck, the voice of Arabi was no longer to be heard. The admiral caused the "Cease fire" to be signalled. The bombardment of Alexandria was a victorious fact.

We can well imagine in what spirits Jack turned into his bunk that night. To say that

CLEARING THE STREETS OF ALEXANDRIA.

that hour until half-past four, when the f "Horrible Pasha" in Alexandria was ly closed, the account of the bombard- chiefly an account of the silencing of a and of the Pharos. To the *Inflexible* n the greater part of the latter task, and ell did she acquit herself. The shells er 80-ton guns thundered upon the town like a visitation from the heavens. nd mortar and *débris* rose in blinding The neighbouring buildings suffered even the English Consulate was ed. Anon, a terrific explosion spoke of cking of her powder magazine. Two men, an authority computed, were

he was excited is to use a commonplace where a commonplace will not suffice. Few in that fleet had seen a shot fired in earnest from a great battleship. Few had been permitted to witness a beaten and cowed city in the first hours of its destruction. When Jack turned in, flames were still to be seen in the European quarters of the town. Like beacons of the defeated, they flared up at many points, kindled as much by the looters, whom Arabi had left as his legacy, as by the shells which our guns had dropped. While they burned, and after the question, "What of to-morrow?" Jack fell to discussing to-day. Already it was whispered that the fleet had lost only ten men. Two were killed upon the *Sultan*,

which had been hit no less than twenty-three times. The *Alexandra*, which had fourteen shells in her, had lost one man. The *Superb* and the *Inflexible* each mourned one brave fellow. Of wounded there were twenty-seven: the unfortunate *Sultan* nursing seven of these, the *Invincible* six, the *Alexandra* three, the *Inflexible* two, the *Superb* one. To the list of dead, unhappily, there was added subsequently the name of Lieutenant Jackson, who was struck and mortally wounded by the same shell which killed the carpenter of the *Inflexible*. But, viewed in any light, the loss was amazingly small. Granted that the gunners of Arabi were unworthy of the officers who led them so gallantly, none the less did it seem miraculous that our ships should face the fire of some hundreds of guns for ten hours, and that three of them should not have a dead man to show. The little *Condor* had no casualty of any sort. The crews of the other gunboats were without a scratch. Jack told his mates this, and his jubilation was unbounded. Nor could he forget that rewards were ripe for plucking. The name of Lord Charles was upon many tongues. Midshipman Hardy was a hero of the night. Major Tullock's plucky swim through the surf before Fort Marabout, the daring of his comrades when spiking the guns, were things to tell and tell again. It was good to hear that Gunner Harding, of the *Alexandra*, had picked up a live shell from his maindeck and soused it in water, with the coolness of a man rinsing a rag. None knew at that time that Arabi had withdrawn his forces and retired upon Rosetta. "The morning gun will be a signal for resumption," said Jack. In which hope he lay down at last upon a night to be for ever memorable among the nights which he would live.

On the morning of the 12th an early observation made it clear that the survivors of Arabi's force had not been altogether idle during the night. Fort Moncrieff, whose two barbette guns, mounted on the Moncrieff system, had offered such a stubborn and lasting resistance to the fire of the *Alexandra*, the *Superb*, and the *Sultan*, obviously had been repaired. Elsewhere, however, there was no sign either of activity or of truce; and when this was plain, the *Inflexible* and *Téméraire* opened fire again, their first three shots practically laying low all that Arabi's men had done in the night. With these shots the whole work of the morning ended. A white flag, displayed upon Ras-el-Tin, caused the admiral to signal the "Cease firing" almost with the echo of the first gun. For the rest of the day our men lay idle, while in Alexandria herself awful scenes of massacre and of pillage were being prepared for. Nearly the last act of Arabi had been to let loose his so-called Bedouins — in reality cut-throats and robbers of the finest brand. When night fell on the 12th, these men were already busy. How many Christians they slaughtered in the streets, what was the sum total of their pillage, will never be known. All that our men could surmise was the story of the leaping flames which rose up in clouds of lurid fire from every quarter of the city. Alexandria was burning—destroyed by those who had boasted of their desire to become a nation and to save their country.

Throughout the night the nameless horrors were at their zenith. The tremendous holocaust lighted the devils at their work of murder and of pillage. How many defenceless men cried for mercy and were not answered, how many were stabbed or ripped open and shot, history will never tell us. We can only imagine the scene so full of terror and of dread. No sack of modern times is to be named with this sack of the city of the Ptolemies. During two days the riot, the incendiarism, and the murder were unchecked. Lack of instruction held the admiral's hand. For forty-eight hours he felt it impossible to send help to the hunted Christians, whose brothers' blood was running red in the alleys and in the squares. When, at last, a landing was effected, and an heroic attempt was made to grapple with the situation, Alexandria was no more. Empty rocking shells marked the spot where houses had been; smouldering heaps of cinders stood for churches and for *cafés*. In the European quarter there was hardly a building which had not some scar to show. The French Consulate was a heap of ruins. In the Rue Chérif Pasha, only the Anglo-Egyptian bank stood up. So great a space had been cleared by fire around the statue of Mehemet Ali that those most familiar with the centre could not tell where they were. Ras-el-Tin had been looted with a fine appreciation of finish. In the Rosetta Road the very pavements were littered with the broken clock-cases, the remnants of jewel-boxes, the splinters of the plunder and the loot. An early examination of the forts—one of the first tasks of our men—spoke of a success for our guns beyond any which had been looked for. Jack heard with wonder that every engineer or gunner in the service of Arabi had been killed. The famed Pharos fo

was a heap of ruins woeful to see. The great tower had become a crumbling mass of ruins. Of the hundred weapons of all sizes, not one had escaped. Two great 12-ton guns had been so shelled that they stood straight up on end, their muzzles pointing to the sky. In Fort Ada the destruction was even greater. The Mex forts were so many acres of shattered batteries sown with the dust of parapets. In Marabout itself there was fresh testimony to the skill of the *Invincible's* gunners. They had espied from their decks a building in the nature of a tomb rising up in the centre of Marabout. The word was given that this tomb should be held sacred, if that were possible. When our men entered the fort they found the sarcophagus absolutely unharmed, though shell had fallen all around it, and the environing destruction was appalling. Nor may I forget, when speaking of these details, that in Fort Ada, Jack came upon the customary cat, yawning and prowling, as though inexpressibly bored by the whole thing.

Once our bluejackets were in possession of the city, their task of battling with the flames and with the marauders was quickly accomplished. How Sir Archibald Alison and his companies grappled with the looters bequeathed to us by Arabi, is a story belonging rightly to him who speaks of the subsequent campaign in Egypt. It is sufficient to remember here that our ships stood up for ten hours to forts that would not have disgraced any port in Europe; that our men proved themselves to be possessed of all those qualities which gave to our forefathers the supremacy of the sea; that our navy vindicated itself before Europe as a force worthy of a nation to whom the kingship of the deep implies all that makes for national greatness. These things we record, and must ever record, with a deep sense of gratitude. Whenever the history of our navy is written, then must the historian beware lest he turn aside lightly from the memorable events of that memorable 11th of July.

THE PALACE OF RAS-EL-TIN.

THE capture of La Puebla de los Angeles, in 1863, may be said to have been the high-water mark of the fortunes of Napoleon III. It opened the gates of Mexico to his army, and enabled him to pose as the founder of an empire in the New World. Strange to say, it was the defeat of the Confederates at Gettysburg, and the fall of Vicksburg only a few weeks later on in the same year, that decided the fate of this new-made conquest of France, which could only be maintained on condition that the great Republic beyond the Rio Grande was no longer in a position to assert its traditional policy of excluding European interference from the American continent. But on the day that Puebla fell many of even the shrewdest observers thought that the Southern Confederacy had come to stay, and that thus a power friendly to France was being built up on the frontiers of Mexico. The siege of Puebla is also notable on account of the determined valour with which it was held against the French. The veterans of the Crimea and of Italy, the victors of Sebastopol and Solferino, were held at bay for weeks by a half-irregular force, inspired by the ardent courage of the heroic Ortega.

First a word as to the events which brought the eagles of the Second Empire to the Mexican plateau. In 1861 England, France, and Spain formed an alliance to occupy the city and port of Vera Cruz, in order thus to compel the Republican Government of Mexico to pay the interest on its loans, the bonds of which were chiefly held by the subjects of the three allied Governments. At that time Vera Cruz was the only important port in Mexico, and the allies proceeded to collect the revenues of its custom-house in order to pay their own expenses and make up the default on the Mexican bonds. There had been no resistance to their landing, but the Republican army held Orizaba and Puebla, on the road to the capital, ready to resist any ad into the interior. The alliance betwee three Powers did not last long. Napoleo entered into relations with the anti-Repu or Conservative party in Mexico, and fla himself that with their aid he could himself master of the country. But n England nor Spain had any such projects in nor would they co-operate in them, and troops and ships were withdrawn from Vera leaving the French corps, under Gener Lorencez, in sole possession.

After some fruitless negotiations the F plenipotentiaries issued, on April 16th, 1 proclamation of war, not against the M people, but against the Republican Gover under President Juarez. Three days Lorencez began to march towards the high starting from Cordova, to which he had up during the negotiations. On the 2c occupied Orizaba, after a brief skirmish with Mexican horsemen, the main Republican retiring to the pass of the Cumbres, whe road to Puebla and Mexico city ascenc rocky wall of the plateau, by a series of and inclines, commanded by strong positic the upper slopes.

Lorencez marched out of Orizaba on th at the head of 7,500 men, with ten guns had a squadron of Chasseurs d'Afrique him, and his infantry was made up of a reg of the line, a regiment of Zouaves, a batta Chasseurs, and a naval brigade of marin seamen. On the 28th he drove the Me from their strong position on the Cumbre General Zaragoca, who commanded the treating to Puebla. Lorencez pursued hi on May 4th the French bivouacked at A less than three miles from the eastern the city.

La Puebla de los Angeles (" the town angels "), to give it its full name (derive

old mission station), was in 1862 the y of Mexico. It had a population of abitants. Its streets cross each other ngles, dividing the solidly built stone to square blocks ; in several of these re are churches and monasteries, with lofty walls. The French were led to their Mexican friends that it was error inspired by Zaragoca's 10,000 or liers that prevented the good people of

LA PUEBLA.

from coming out to welcome them their path with flowers. But although a French party in the place, the f the inhabitants were so loyal to the that they were working night and day le the streets, and to improvise a kind by linking together, with solid barriers, ge buildings in the centre of the town athedral.

south-east side of the city ran the rancisco. On its further bank rose a ridge about 300 feet high and about ters of a mile long. The road from rossed it, coming up sharply from a its eastern side, the ascent being d by a large fortified monastery on nd the fort of Loreto on the other. Americans took Puebla in 1846, they d this ridge—locally known as the Guadalupe—by a flank march to the of the city. But Lorencez had been ccessful against the Mexicans at the Cumbres, that he despised the difficulties presented by the Cerro, and resolved to attack Puebla from the eastward. He flattered himself that the capture of the ridge would cost only a short sharp fight, and that, once he had got his guns to the top of it, the city would not offer any further resistance.

At 11 o'clock on the morning of May 5th the French advanced to the attack of the Cerro. It was held by the Mexican general Negrete, with 1,200 men and two batteries. The French guns opened with shell at a range of 2,000 yards, the Mexicans replying from the ridge. The fire of the Mexicans was slow and ineffective, and after about three-quarters of an hour of this artillery duel, Lorencez, supposing that the Mexicans had been sufficiently shaken, gave the signal for the assault of the position. As a matter of fact, the Mexicans had suffered very little loss, and were quite ready to meet the attack. The 2nd regiment of Zouaves formed the storming party. A battalion of Chasseurs covered their right. A battalion of bluejackets with some mountain-guns was on their left. The marines were to support the sailors. The linesmen were held in reserve.

Negrete had been reinforced from the town, and now had five battalions at his disposal. As the French rushed up the steep slopes they were received with a withering fire, but they came on pluckily, until their further progress was stopped by the ditches of the fort and the fortified monastery. Even here, under a cross-fire from the fort on the right and three rows of loopholes on the left, and with hostile infantry barring the road above them, they tried to struggle across the ditches. Roblot, a bugler of the 2nd battalion of the Zouaves, stood for some time on a heap of earth on the edge of the ditch sounding the charge while the bullets whistled round him, yet he escaped untouched. At last the order was given to retire, just as a terrible thunderstorm burst over the battlefield. The Chasseurs on the right were charged by the Mexican cavalry, and two companies had to form square, and were for a few minutes completely surrounded by the rush of horsemen. The French had lost 156 killed and over 300 wounded. The Mexican loss was only 83 killed and 132 wounded. The invaders retired to Amozoc, where they waited for some days, in the hope that Zaragoca would come out and attack them. But the Mexican knew better than to risk the fruits of his victory. The French were suffering from sickness, encumbered with wounded, and unable to collect any supplies from the country, while their Mexican allies had failed to join them. Lorencez at last decided that it was better to retire by the Cumbres to Orizaba, and Zaragoca issued a proclamation to his army, congratulating them on having repulsed "the best soldiers in the world."

The failure at the Cerro de Guadalupe was a stain on the French arms that had to be wiped out at any price. Napoleon determined that next time the march on Puebla should not be attempted by a mere brigade. Thirty thousand picked troops were shipped off as reinforcements for the army of Mexico, and in September General Forey, the victor of Montebello, landed at Vera Cruz to take command. On October 24th he went up to Orizaba, and proceeded to organise his army for the field. Its effective strength was about 26,000 combatants. The infantry were organised in two divisions, each about 8,000 strong, under General Bazaine and General Félix Douay. There was, besides, a brigade of marines and colonial troops. The cavalry, 1,500 strong, were commanded by General de Mirandol. The advance upon Puebla was not really begun till the following February. In December the advanced guard was pushed forward to secure the pass of the Cumbr three months in all were given up to col supplies and organising a series of posts to the communication of the army with Ver At this time Napoleon was in close relatio the Khedive of Egypt, and one curious re that he was able to obtain the loan of a battalion of the Egyptian army, which ar Vera Cruz in February, and was emplo garrison some of the posts in the lowla tween Vera Cruz and the hills—the flat *calientes*, or "hot lands," so fatal to Europ

When the French again approached on March 4th, Zaragoca no longer comm at La Puebla—he had died during the w but the most daring and energetic of h tenants, General Ortega, had taken hi During the winter the place had been streng with an earthwork rampart. Each of the of houses within the city had been co into an improvised fortress, the forts of th de Guadalupe had been strengthened, a fort of San Xavier on the west, betwe Mexico and Cholula roads, had been arm put into a thorough state of defence French sympathisers, so far as they were had been expelled from the town, and wi went most of the women, children, inval old men. Ortega had resolved that La should be held against the French, with t desperate courage and determination th animated the defenders of Saragossa Spanish war of independence.

Strong as he was, Forey would not ve repeat the tactics of Lorencez by attack Cerro de Guadalupe. Halting near Am summoned Ortega to surrender, and th was a defiance. Then, after some skir with the Mexican cavalry, he pushed B division to the north of the place, with o barricade the bridges on the road to Mex Cholula; for in this direction the general, Comonfort, was in the field w army that, although it might not be raise the siege, might easily harass the b and cut off their convoys. Douay's moved round to the south and west marines held Amozoc. Forey establis own headquarters on the north-west n road to Mexico, in some buildings on a lo known as the Cerro de San Juan. Th San Xavier was directly opposite to him to have effectually closed all the approa the place, and made the investment blockade, Forey would have required, not

t 60,000 men. This was how it was
ie night of March 21st, Ortega was
ıd out half his cavalry to reinforce
's army. He had not much further
em in the defence of the city, and
em rode through a gap in the French
st without firing a shot or losing a
randol, Forey's cavalry commander,
force to the northward in pursuit of
in the course of the following day,
Barail, with the Chasseurs d'Afrique,
d the Mexican horsemen at Cholula
ed them in a splendid charge.

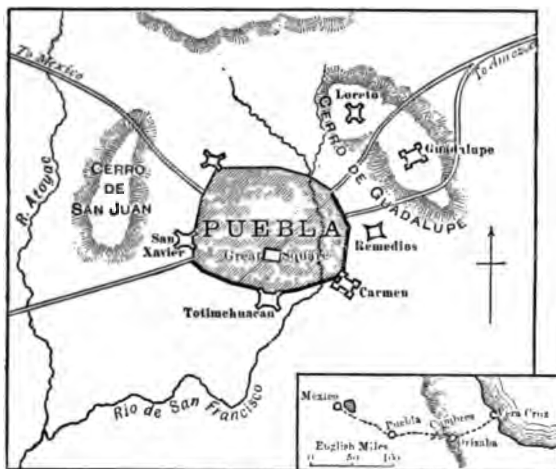
e city thus incompletely invested, and
evidence experimentally obtained the
e at the Cerro de Guadalupe, that
ardment was not likely to shake the
Ortega's soldiers, Forey had to make
d that if La Puebla was to be taken
by sheer hard fighting. He chose
t of attack the salient formed on the
de by the fort of San Xavier, and
to work his way up to it by a regular
parallels and saps. In the darkness of
of March 23rd the engineers opened
arallel, the trench being only seven
ards from the western angle of San
here were few guns in the fort, and
em were of heavy calibre, while to
eft there were no formidable batteries
it, otherwise the French would have
in much further off. Under officers
learned their business well in the
fore Sebastopol, the engineers pushed
rward so rapidly that in the night of
e heads of the trenches were united
ond parallel at a little less than four
ards from the rampart. The siege
ere established in the parallel, and in
two days their fire had silenced the
e fort, the Mexicans withdrawing the
the barricades in the streets behind it.
of the fort was in ruins, and a mass
parts on both sides of it had been
wn into the ditch. The third parallel
icted at one hundred and fifty yards
breach; but in order to still further
he distance to be crossed by the
column, the sappers went to work
a fourth parallel was opened only
ds from the steep slope of ruined
at was to be the way by which the
uld rush the town.

h of March, only six days after the
the trenches, was the date chosen for
the assault. The troops detailed for the storming party were the same regiments which had led the unsuccessful attack upon the Cerro de Guadalupe in the previous month of May. They were given this chance of avenging that defeat. General Douay directed the operations, the Zouaves being under the immediate command of Colonel Gastalet, and the Chasseurs under Commandant de Courcy. In the afternoon the stormers were gradually collected in the fourth parallel, while the batteries directed a storm of shells upon San Xavier. At five o'clock the artillery was suddenly silent, and General Douay gave the signal for the assault. Led by Gastalet, the Zouaves, with the fierce yell imitated from the Arabs, sprang over the breastwork of the parallel, poured down into the ditch and up the breach, the Chasseurs covering their advance with their rifle fire, and then dashing on to support them. But the Mexicans had rushed to the ramparts and the head of the breach the moment the artillery had ceased firing, and it was only after a fierce bayonet fight that the French cleared the fort. Even then it was seen that it could not be held unless the Mexicans were driven from the neighbouring houses and the streets between them, and until darkness closed in there was a series of desperate combats in the houses and at the barricades. At last the French were in secure possession of San Xavier. Over 600 of the Mexicans had been bayoneted. The victors had lost 230 killed and wounded, General de Laumière, of the artillery, being among the dead.

In most sieges the opening of a practicable breach is followed by a surrender. In nearly every case, once the stormers penetrate the ramparts resistance ceases. But it was not so at La Puebla. The successful assault marked, not the end, but the beginning of the real defence of the place. The French had secured beforehand excellent plans of the city, and on these they had numbered off the blocks of houses. There were 158 in all, each bounded by four streets, and it looked as if each block would cost a little siege of its own. Thus, on March 31st, Blocks Nos. 2 and 9 were stormed by the Chasseurs, one of the boundary walls of No. 9 being blown in with gunpowder. Next day an attack on Block No. 26, which was a large barrack, was repulsed. In the night between the 2nd and 3rd of April an attempt was made to run a mine under its walls, but it was soon stopped by a mass of hard rock. Close by, at Block 24, a section of the engineers were carried off by a vigorous sortie of

the Mexicans from the neighbouring barricades. Soldiers and citizens were fighting against the invaders side by side, and this struggle in the streets was a costly business. On the 7th of April only the houses near San Xavier had been captured, and already more than 500 of the French had fallen. Gunpowder had been so freely used by the engineers that the supply was running short. General Douay gave up for the present the attempt to advance further into the town, and was content to hold his own.

Next day Forey, the commander-in-chief, sent down to Vera Cruz a despatch which showed what he thought of the situation. Addressing the naval officer in command of the squadron, he said : " Write at once to the Minister of War, in



my name, that the siege of Puebla is a *serious* operation ; and tell him that I beg that he will send us, without loss of time, siege material, men, and munitions of war, with which to replace what are already expended and further provide for the eventualities of the future ; and let him take as the basis of his calculations the fact that the means hitherto put at my disposal are quite insufficient." This was written ten days after the breach had been stormed, and yet Forey evidently felt that the end was still far off, otherwise he would not have expected supplies to reach him from France in time to be of any use.

Meanwhile, on the south side of the town, Bazaine, with the first division, began a new attack, in the hope that progress might be more rapid in this direction. He had first to deal with the outlying forts of Carmen and Totimehuacan, on the banks of the river below the town. His engineers opened the first and second parallels and began to sap up to the forts. In the second week of April supplies began to run sho
town. Ortega had still 1,500 horsen
him, and in order to economise his provi
in the hope of their bringing in a convo
them out through the French lines.
away safely, but when they tried to b
convoy the enterprise ended in failure,
had to gallop off, leaving the waggo
French. A sortie from the south sid
Bazaine's trenches was repulsed, with c
loss to the garrison ; but they rene
attacks, and thus delayed the progre
engineers. Then, a supply of powd
arrived from Vera Cruz, Douay began
desperate street-fighting near San Xa
attacked the monastery of Santa In
massive building was loopholed, and
and those of the adjacent blocks wer
with some 2,000 Mexicans armed with
of weapons, from modern rifles to sho
blunderbusses. The French were rep
the loss of 350 killed and wounded
prisoners. Douay again gave up the
advance, and encouraged by the succes
Inez, the Mexicans assumed the offe
made a fierce attack on the houses and
held by the French. This counter-att
and then there was a lull in the stree
both parties being temporarily exhaust

So the month of April ended.
siege-guns were battering the sout
and on the west side Douay hel
corner of the city. The 5th of
anniversary of the French defeat
de Guadalupe, was approaching, and
Juarez resolved that, if possible, it
signalised by the relief of La Pu
joined Comonfort's army, and sent i
Ortega that he was to make a vigor
on the morning of the 5th, while
with the field-army would attack
siegers from the south-west. The a
made entirely by the Mexican cavalry,
were met and dispersed by the bett
squadrons of the French Chasseurs
At the same time the garrison poured
Bazaine's trenches, and within the tow
Douay's barricades. Everywhere th
held their own. But Forey felt that it
dangerous to allow Comonfort to combi
serious attack with another sortie of the
The Mexican field-army of about 8,00
2,500 horse was entrenching itself
Lorenzo, in the Atoyac valley, ab
miles north of La Puebla. Bazaine w

night march and break up the Mexi- Leaving at midnight the lines before with a small column made up of four of infantry, eight guns, and four of cavalry, Bazaine marched up the making a wide sweep to the west-

"FELL SUDDENLY UPON THE MEXICAN POSITION IN THE GREY DAWN."

ddenly upon the Mexican position in wn of the 8th of May. The attack lete success, and after a brief struggle ns dispersed, leaving in the hands of tandards, 8 guns, 1,000 prisoners, and voy of supplies which Comonfort had row into Puebla.

ory of San Lorenzo sealed the fate of l his brave garrison. Bazaine was trenches the same morning. On the tteries had silenced the fire of both Fort Totimehuacan and the fort of Remedios, between the town and the Cerro de Guadalupe. The siege works were pressed forward, and an assault on the south side was being prepared, when on the 17th several loud explosions were heard in the town just before dawn, and when the sun rose, the white flag was seen flying on all the forts. After a defence of sixty-two days, La Puebla was on the point of falling into the hands of the invaders. It had held out for just seven weeks from the storming of San Xavier, which Forey had hoped would put the whole place in his possession.

On the evening of the 16th, General Ortega had decided that further resistance could only last a few hours, and would entail a useless sacrifice of brave men's lives. His provisions were

exhausted ; his men and the citizens who acted with them were already half-starved. Ammunition was running short : it was doubtful if there were enough rifle cartridges for another day's hard fighting. It was true that the French only held a corner of the town on the western side, but on the south Bazaine's approaches had been pushed close up to the forts, and Ortega thought he saw signs that an assault was being prepared for the early morning of the 17th. Under these circumstances he would have been quite justified in capitulating, but the brave soldier was determined that the invaders should obtain as little advantage as might be from his surrender.

Shortly after midnight he issued an order to his officers telling them the end had come, and that further resistance was impossible. The order then went on to direct that, "in order to save the honour and dignity of the army," the hour from 4 to 5 a.m. was to be devoted to a rapid destruction of all the arms in the town. All the cannon mounted on the walls and at the barricades were to be, not simply spiked, but broken up with heavy charges of powder. "This sacrifice," he said, "our native land demands of her faithful children, in order that these arms may not be in any way of service to the enemy who has invaded our country." This done, the generals commanding divisions and brigades were to declare to their soldiers that the army was disbanded and no longer existed. The men were to be told that after their gallant fight their officers were not going to hand them over as prisoners to the French. There was no complete line of investment round the city, and nothing could prevent a considerable number of them from making their way to the national armies that still kept the field, if they chose to do so. As they were released from their service, they need not take such a step unless they wished ; but as there was no capitulation the laws of war left them free to fight for Mexico again at the first opportunity. The funds in the war-chest of the army were to be divided among the men. Officers and soldiers alike were told that they had reason to be proud of their defence. Only the want of food and other supplies had put an end to it ; "for," wrote Ortega, "at this moment we hold the city and its forts, with the exception only of the one fort of San Xavier and a few blocks of houses in its neighbourhood."

He further announced that the white flag would be hoisted on the forts and at the barricades facing the French near San Xavier at 5 a.m. At the same hour the officers would assemble in the square before the c where he would meet them. He w try to make any terms for them with queror, nor would he bind them in : each was free to take whatever line honour and conscience prescribed. T remained with him would doubtless prisoners.

By 4 o'clock the preparations fo struction of the arms and the burning standards were completed. In the nex work was carried out, the series of giving the French at first an idea that son was attempting a great sortie. proclamation dissolving the army of had been read, and the disarmed s broken their ranks with a last cheer and for Ortega. The general with l none of whom wore their swords, a whom had broken the blades, were before the old cathedral. There wa laying down of their arms at the feet queror. An aide-de-camp had ridden flag of truce to Forey's headquarters of the town. He handed the French following letter :—

"La Puebla de L
"*May 17th*,

"MONSIEUR LE GÉNÉRAL,—As it is no lo for me to continue to defend this place, thro of ammunition and provisions, I have disbar placed under my orders, after having destro ment, including the artillery.

"The place is therefore at your disposal, proceed to occupy it, taking, if you judge fit, prudence may dictate to avoid those evils result from a sudden and forcible occupati there is now no reason.

"The generals and officers of the arr assembled on the Plaza del Gobierno. The will become your prisoners. I cannot, Général, prolong the defence. If I could, my word for it that I would.

It was not till early on the 19th rode in triumph into the captured t 17th and 18th were devoted to qui possession of the forts and walls, and t ing the blocks of houses one after : arms. It was not till this had been done that the victors felt safe. T prisoners of all whom they could having taken part in the defence in tl the regular army. In all they thu 26 generals, 1,432 officers of lower about 11,000 soldiers. The generals officers refused to give any kind of

than half of them succeeded in escaping from Puebla or from Orizaba, or other on the road to Vera Cruz, down to which were marched in order to be sent to France. Mexican officers 530 were actually shipped the Atlantic to Brest, but 650 escaped, of them rejoining the national army, some thousands of the defenders of uebla had preceded them. Amongst those thus regained their liberty was the brave a.

rez, having lost Puebla, made no attempt fend the capital against the French. He d to San Luis de Potosi, and on June 10th, weeks after the fall of La Puebla, Forey ed the city of Mexico. The capture of La a, and the occupation of the old capital of the monarchy, won Forey his marshal's baton. he honours of the fight were really with the Mexican general, who had made of Puebla another Saragossa. Perhaps the most striking testimony to his merits is the fact that a French soldier who saw his first campaigns in Mexico, and who now commands an army corps on the eastern frontier of France, has told the story of Ortega's gallantry, and set forth the very words of his last order to the garrison of La Puebla as an example to French soldiers of what a brave man should do when fortune is no longer on his side. In his great work on the art of war, General Pierron cites a series of "Heroic examples to be imitated rather than surrender," and he groups together "Ortega at Puebla" and "Taillant at Phalsbourg," as types of the iron courage and determination which refuse to leave to the victor any advantage of his success that can be wrested from him, even in the depths of defeat.

CITY OF MEXICO.

On the 9th September, 1855, the present writer was standing at day-dawn on a high point of vantage, surveying a scene so strange and striking that its memory can never be effaced. Sebastopol at last was ours. On the day previous the final assaults had been made. The French, attacking with fiery courage and in overwhelming numbers, had captured the Malakoff; we, on the other hand, using but meagre forces, had failed at the Redan. Watching from the left attack, at no great distance, I had seen our men go forward, a mere handful, had noted anxiously the hurry-scurry of the advance, the crash of conflict, the struggle, long time in doubt, within the great earth-heap, the final retreat; stricken soldiers dropping back regretfully by twos and threes, still tormented by fire and often overtaken by death. Everyone who watched was strongly affected, not so much [illegible] by the failure, but because no supreme effort was made to retrieve it. At that time the English trenches were swarming with troops; whole divisions lined them; the Guards had been brought up, and the Highlanders—the 3rd and 4th Divisions were close at hand, yet nothing was done. The day ended in deep despondency and disgust; the guards in the trenches were not relieved, and our particular party returned for a second night to the Cemetery, an advanced post in front of the Creek battery, always much harassed by the enemy's guns.

[illegible] grave anxiety prevailed, at least among [illegible] of the junior ranks, for the completeness of the French success in the capture of the [illegible] key of the fortress was scarcely appreciated, nor was the utter discouragement of the Russians known. On the contrary, a general sortie upon our lines was expected, and strict orders were given to maintain the utmost vigilance, to post our sentries well to the front, and by constant [illegible] make sure that they were always on the alert. All about this Cemetery [illegible] yards loaded with grapes, free to all w[illegible] gather them undeterred by the drop[illegible] that did not cease till long after [illegible] There, as we lay dozing between th[illegible] sentries or enjoying the luscious fr[illegible] mendous concussion filled the air, and [illegible] on which we rested seemed shaken [illegible] depths. A mine! The prelude to [illegible] attack! The guards stood to th[illegible] messages came and went; officers co[illegible] gether, taking counsel, and all were on [illegible] of expectation. Soon, however, the R[illegible] ceased entirely. The vexed air grew [illegible] in the growing stillness a distant m[illegible] rattling wheels, the hum of voices, th[illegible] ling of feet reached us, but with no [illegible] impression of their meaning.

Morning presently broke—the da[illegible] splendid autumn day—and in the grow[illegible] everything was explained. The evacua[illegible] commenced; the garrison was in full r[illegible] a bridge of boats constructed weeks be[illegible] Now our batteries on the higher level a[illegible] got the range of the retiring colum[illegible] opened a furious fire. A terrible carnag[illegible] upon the overcrowded bridge: whole se[illegible] men were swept away, numbers were bl[illegible] the air, and the dropping fragments, bo[illegible] limbs, and bits of exploded shells, tore [illegible] water like monster hail. More awful [illegible] the ruin that soon spread over the doom[illegible] There, under our very eyes, it crumbl[illegible] into formless and chaotic elements; t[illegible] forts blew up one after the other with thu[illegible] explosion, vomiting clouds of black smo[illegible] the blue vault, to hang there or fal[illegible] brooding thick and low upon the s[illegible] wreckage, while darting flames quickly [illegible] and gradually embraced the whole town [illegible] general conflagration.

"A TERRIBLE CARNAGE ENSUED UPON THE OVERCROWDED BRIDGE" (p. 464).

So ended Sebastopol, in a horror of carnage and fire, after a siege of nearly twelve months' duration, in which three great European Powers had put forth all their military strength. Every credit is due to those engaged upon either side; but the tardy success was achieved after such a stubborn resistance, that the greatest glory was, if anything, to the losing side. The issue was never in doubt, perhaps: it was only a question of time, although it might be wearily, almost indefinitely, postponed. But the more strenuous the attack, the more noble was the defence, and as the allies, rising slowly to a full appreciation of the magnitude of their task, gathered together men and material in overwhelming proportions, so the Russians, undismayed, developed such indomitable tenacity, mixed with such enterprising skill and boldness in engineering, that at times the besiegers became the besieged. Through the terrible winter the defenders were certainly stronger and more numerous than their assailants, better fed and better found. Mentschikoff's field-army had been practically broken up; a large contingent had been drawn in to reinforce the garrison; the vast storehouse of the arsenals and the warships seemed inexhaustible, supplies of all sorts reached the fortress unimpeded along its always open communications. Thus all losses were speedily made good; there were troops enough to man all the works, and yet leave from 6,000 to 10,000 free to labour continually upon the fortifications. Every battery was armed anew; hundreds of heavy guns were moved easily through the streets from the arsenal and wharves to the works. Nothing could be finer, more worthy of admiration, than this resolute defiance.

And yet no one can understand why Todleben did not do more: why he did not convert defensive into offensive operations; why, in the plenitude of his superior strength, he did not essay to drive the allies from their trenches back to their ships, or into the sea. He was fully aware of their wretched condition. In the first place, his spies, daring and pertinacious, kept him always well informed. Moreover, he learnt much from the garrulity of his foes. These were the early days of war-correspondents, of those fluent and irrepressible writers, ever active in the service of an anxious public at home, but not as yet restrained by the modern military censorship, which nowadays secures a certain reticence at least on all vitally important matters. There was such an eager and insatiable thirst in England for news, that much was published in the English papers that might more saf been withheld. Everything that went c Sebastopol reached Todleben in the co few weeks. There were few secrets b certainly those which betrayed the we the besiegers were not among them. T thus encouraged, might surely have ma stroke to deliver the fortress. By conc superior numbers on one or more poin ill-defended trenches he might, in all pr have succeeded in raising the siege. did not do so is explained by one or bo suppositions: one is that he did not da the tremendous failure involved by thu all upon the throw; the other that h soldiery had fared so badly in han conflicts that they had no stomach f fighting in the open field.

The gallant and intrepid engineer however, go beyond the *rôle* of defenc this he was incomparable, untiring, u full of ingenuity and endless resource. bent everything to his purpose, turn thing to account, made the most opportunity. By this time he knew the ground he held, every inch of it, all he could to render it impregna through the winter months, while w such sore straits, he was continually incr difficulties. With consummate skill h many new and harassing processes ir engineering. Such were the rifle-pit forward within easy reach of our trench of these was a hole containing a single n who, being safely screened by sandbags, our gunners and inflicted perpetual loss mining was tried by the French, countermined, and so effectually that the best of this underground warfare. continually stealing ground, too, whe could thus annoy us or strengthen his c One day new earthworks appeared u slopes facing the Inkerman battlefield; Mamelon was seized and fortified as an of the Malakoff, and this at a time whe ourselves recognised the importance of t manding knoll and were about to o The Russians, by forestalling us and c the hill with strong earthworks, struck blow at the besiegers, especially on the Right Attack, for the Mamelon looked i trenches, and forbade any further advanc the Redan. Another obstacle thrown to bar our progress was the work estab the Quarries before the Redan, ere lo

:ontested, but yet carried with great by the English troops.

me passed, however, the balance became ven between attack and defence. Still, mplications arose, caused by the ambitious ence of Napoleon III., who began to after military glory, and actually contem- aking the command of the French army Crimea. He was at this time much under uence of General Niel, an engineer officer isapproved of the methods hitherto ed against pol, and had nt out to the war in order ess his views the general nding. Niel's ion was that per scientific ire was to the fortress tely—to sur- Sebastopol ry side, and off from all nication with er world. In this argu- vas perfectly but the prin- hould have dopted at an date. There any who in- o the belief e whole stra- plan of the vas unsound, and that, if it had been led by a higher military genius, our uld have been to isolate Sebastopol by the throat or isthmus which connected mea with southern Russia. Active field ons would then have been substituted for us siege; and the wisdom of this course n when it was tried by the occupation of at the eleventh hour.

when General Niel reached the Crimea, es were too far committed to the siege to n it for other doubtful operations else- Better weather had greatly improved the n before Sebastopol. Abundant transports orts, rail and wheeled vehicles, kept the at the front well fed, well clothed, and used; huts had replaced tents, and stores of all kinds were plentiful, especially war material. The allied artillery had grown portentously strong: there were now 378 French guns in position, and 123 English—numbers not really disproportionate, seeing that now the English trenches were far less extensive than the French; but withal, the English ordnance was generally of weightier metal, and we had up at the front 500 rounds per gun and 300 per mortar. The Russians, it is true, were equally strong: they had a thousand guns mounted on their works, and could directly oppose us with 466, well placed. But it was confidently expected that in the next battle of the guns the allied artillery would have a distinct advantage.

GENERAL NIEL.

For a new bombardment was obviously imminent, the prelude, as everyone believed, to a general assault. The former began on the 8th April, but the latter never came off, for the reason already given. The great enterprise which should soon have ended the siege was robbed of all pith and purpose by the insistence of the French Emperor continually harping on field operations. Nevertheless, the cannonade commenced at the date given, and was continued for ten days almost without intermission. It was a terrific storm of projectiles, and it inflicted immense damage. The Russians, who were short of powder, replied slowly and ineffectively. Ere long many of their batteries were put out of action. The French breached the salient of the Central Bastion, and greatly injured the Flagstaff Battery; our guns silenced one face of the Redan; the French and English guns overpowered the Mamelon; the Malakoff was silenced, so were the White Works. The Russians suffered horribly. Believing that the bombardment would be followed by assault, large bodies were kept close up to repel it, and

so were fully exposed to this incessant, murderous fire. The carnage was frightful. Sebastopol became a shambles; all its great buildings were converted into hospitals and crowded with dead and dying; the floors lay half an inch deep in coagulated blood; great piles of severed limbs filled tubs around the amputating tables in the churches; funeral dirges were chanted all day long. It is calculated that in this April

MARSHAL PELISSIER.
(Photo. Braun, Paris.)

bombardment the Russian garrison lost in killed and wounded 6,000, as against 1,585 French and 265 English.

If ever an assault had been duly prepared, it was now. Yet none was delivered. A feeling that the bombardment was a wasted effort produced deep disappointment and chagrin throughout the allied camps. Canrobert, the French general-in-chief, was principally blamed. The constant interference of his imperial master, either by direct communication or through his confidential agent, General Niel, greatly increased that native irresolution which was the one weak point in Canrobert's character. It is

now well known that tl
to his means, most e
decided in action—re
beforehand, slow to e
moment arrived. Tl
heightened by the pre
Canrobert's perplexity
detailed instructions
effect to the emperor'
been said, mea
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With Pelissie
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Pelissier, said if
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and once a pri
he had studied
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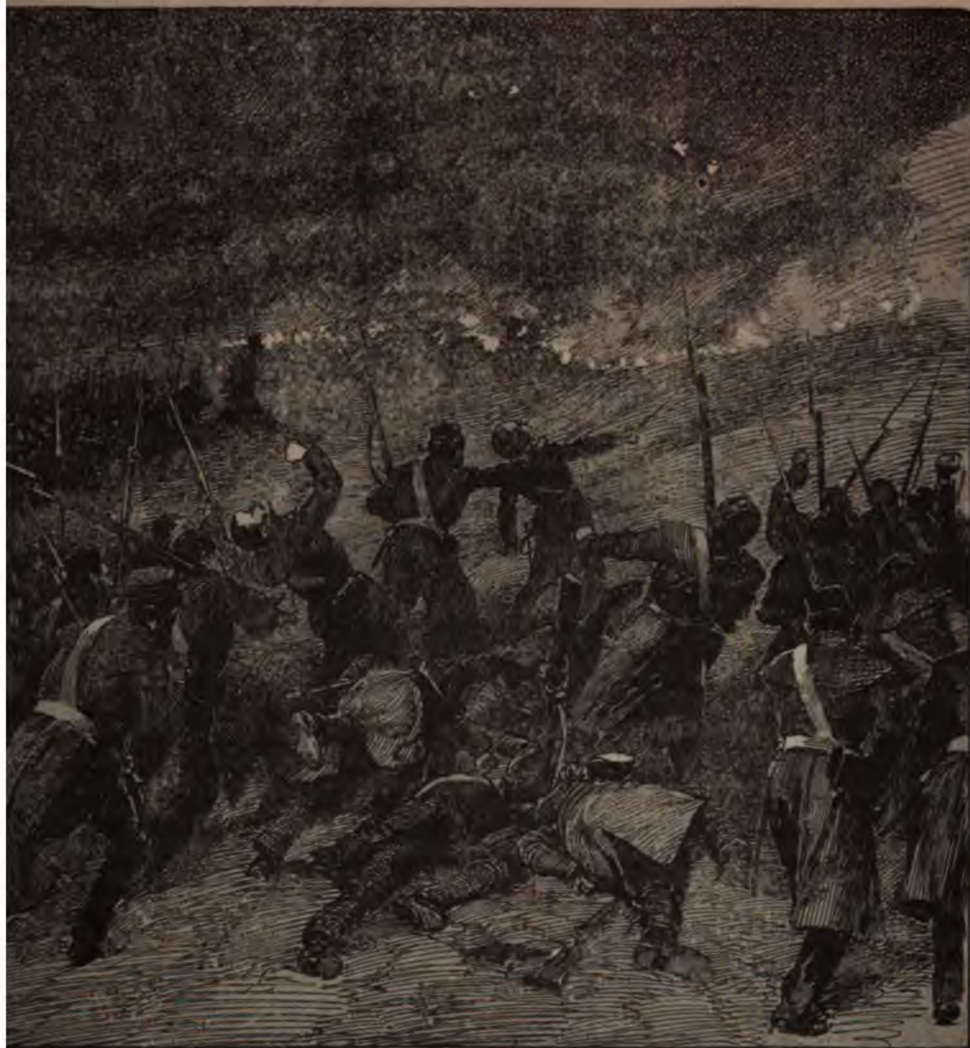
opinion as he was bold
the respect he owed
absolute sovereign, th
who had first raised hi
the French army, and
by a stroke of the pe
taking his own line, an
Pelissier, after matur
emperor's scheme, an

ined not only to hold on to the siege
e to all other "unknown adventures,"
n it forward resolutely. Niel, at his
sought to recommend the other
was at once put down with a high
ssier plainly told him at one con-



EVER GOT NEAR THE REDAN—THEY WERE SWEPT AWAY IN HUNDREDS BY A STORM OF GRAPE" (*p.* 471).

old his tongue; at another he warned
he dared go beyond reading aloud a
orandum he would resort to vigorous
meaning, no doubt, to put him under
en the distinct and positive orders,
he most peremptory terms by the
mself, could not divert Pelissier from
e. The sovereign might suggest
m Paris, flashing them by wire, but
bility of conducting operations rested with the general commanding in the field, and Pelissier, with the rare courage of an unusually strong but wisely obstinate man, persisted in having his own way.

Within a week two important events showed the direction of the new current. One was the French attack upon a newly-constructed earthwork, planted by the enterprising Todleben between the Central Bastion and the sea. The other was the despatch of an expedition to Kertch, to strike at the Russian communications by the Sea of Azof. Both were eminently successful. The first, after victory had changed sides more than once, ended in the gaining and including this new work in the French line of trenches; the second "struck deep into the

Russian resources," so Pelissier reported. "Their chief line of supply is cut." Other decisive steps followed, and the allies by the end of May had gained air and space, by pushing back Liprandi's army, which had long hung round our flanks in the Tchernaya valley; and the river of that name once more became our boundary, as it had been before the battle of Balaclava.

The main efforts of the allied commanders were now directed to closing in upon the defences of the town, and as a first step it was necessary to gain possession of the various outworks and advanced posts still maintained by Todleben in front of his inner line. These—the White Works, the Mamelon, and the Quarries—have already been mentioned, with the important influence they exercised in delaying the progress of the besiegers. It was on June the 6th that a fresh bombardment was undertaken in order to reduce them, both the English and French guns being actively engaged to the number of [illegible]. The Mamelon was soon crushed, the White Works greatly damaged, and only the Malakoff was able to return our fire at the close of the day. The cannonade was continued all through next day and towards dusk. Bosquet sent forward two brigades, and took possession of the White Works without serious opposition, which during the night were incorporated with the French trenches. On that same evening, the 7th June, about 5.30, three [illegible] moved out boldly to attack the [illegible] led by a brave colonel, Brancion, [illegible] his men triumphantly [illegible]. Another column of [illegible] works by the rear, and this [illegible] was at a time perfectly success[illegible] Russians reinforced, made a [illegible] the Mamelon, held it for [illegible] turn again expelled. [illegible] this work was the [illegible] the Quarries, and this [illegible] detachments of the [illegible] the whole under

GENERAL BOSQUET.

Colonel Shirley. These Quarries wer[e] carried, but, being at the rear, they were s[wept] through and through by the enemy's g[uns] proved untenable until the Russians ca[me] and were mixed with the assailants. T[he] fight rolled back and forward, the vict[ory] inclining to this side, now to that. In [the end] however, when dawn broke, the whol[e] works we had attacked remained in our [hands].

This substantial triumph greatly el[ated the] allies. All who were engaged in it ho[ped] a turn was approaching in this wearison[e] and impatiently awaited the final attac[k] must now, surely, be soon made. This was the fixed i[ntention] of the allied gen[erals] in the days [after] the last-named [success] measures were c[oncerted] to assault the i[nner] chief works of t[he place]. Even now the [Emperor] Napoleon pers[isted in] advising field-o[perations] and continued [to tele]graph orders to [that] effec[t]. [The] sturdy French [general] protested, plead[ing how] impossible it wa[s] to exercise his c[ommand] "at the end, s[o] paralysing, of a[n electric] wire"—and st[ill went] his own way. [To the] emperor's last peremptory message he [replied]: "To-morrow, at daybreak, in concert [with the] English, I attack the Redan, the Mala[koff, and] their dependent batteries. I am full of [confidence]."

Yet this great attack was foredo[omed to] failure. Everything went wrong, especi[ally with] the French commander-in-chief. It [is] believed that Pelissier, although outwar[dly calm,] was greatly harassed in mind by the c[onstant] interference of the emperor. What[ever the] reason, he made mistake upon mistake[. In the] first place, he removed Bosquet from t[he com]mand of the troops that were to att[ack the] Malakoff, and substituted a general b[ut newly] landed, and quite ignorant of the groun[d, which] Bosquet knew, as the French say, "as [well as] his own pocket." In the second place, [although] it had been arranged with Lord Raglan [that the] attack should be preceded by a tw[o hours'] cannonade, the fire of the 17th June

by the French on the fatal morning of ı, and Pelissier suddenly decided to daybreak without it. This, the anni- of Waterloo, when two old foes now fight side by side, had been chosen on and yet it was to be associated with The French columns intended to ıe Malakoff found themselves mixed up used in the trenches. It was a brilliant night, and the Russians, seeing them rought up all their strength to resist. ilants, when they moved forward, en- d fierce opposition from dogged men ehind works rapidly repaired, and the resently retreated with considerable loss. e misfortune met the English, for Lord although aware of the French failure, d to also attack. Our men never got e Redan—they were swept away in s, as they crossed the open, by a storm . Their leaders were killed, General l and gallant Lacy Yea, and the remnant disheartened. Only at one point, down Creek battery, that fiery leader Sir Eyre had penetrated the defences and the town. But he was wounded him- the lodgment made was relinquished, oper support.

this grievous disaster Lord Raglan, who ıdy in failing health, never recovered. le English soldier, who had long borne d contumely in proud silence, content duty to the utmost of his power, was ırtbroken at this defeat, and sinking , he died ten days after the 18th of How greatly his fine character had d all who were joined with him in this campaign was shown by Pelissier's ief at his death. The rugged, stern, le Frenchman had from the first evinced st respect and affection for his English ; and it is said that when Lord Raglan ıore, General Pelissier came and "stood side for upwards of an hour, crying like

though Pelissier could thus yield to rous emotions, he never weakened business in hand. Defeat only re- his dogged determination to succeed n way. This indomitable attitude at him the respect of his hitherto hostile , and even the Emperor Napoleon, sur- his beloved projects, admitted that y effort must be concentrated on the he affront of failure must now be wiped out—speedily, if possible, but at any rate surely. Progress was still slow, but still the sap crept steadily forward, until it approached in some places the very foot of the enemy's defences, while, without intermission, the war of weapons continued. We had established an overwhelming superiority of fire, and our guns worked frightful havoc in the garrison. "Losses!" said a young Russian officer who had accompanied a flag of truce; "you don't know what the word means. You should see our batteries: the dead lie there in heaps and heaps." The Russians during the last bombardment lost from 1,000 to 1,500 a day.

Yet two more months passed, and the allies were still outside. Neither Pelissier, with his strong and masterful spirit, nor Sir James Simpson, Lord Raglan's successor—a much poorer creature—was disposed to risk failure again by another premature or ill-considered attack; and while they waited to make all sure, the enemy took his fate in both hands, and sought to relieve the nearly ruined fortress by one last great counterstroke.

The battle of the Tchernaya, or of Tractir Bridge, fought on the 15th of August, was a despairing but most vigorous attack upon the French right flank, where our newly-arrived Italian—or, more exactly, Sardinian—allies were also posted. Thirty thousand Russians, under Generals Read and Liprandi, with a reserve of 10,000 more infantry, the whole supported by cavalry and a numerous artillery, came on at daylight, but attacked too soon the heights held strongly by the French, and were driven back with great slaughter. The Sardinians also fought well, and some horse artillery also took part in the fight.

The *dénouement* still tarried, but all hope of holding Sebastopol was at an end. Since the commencement of the Crimean campaign the Russians had lost hundreds of thousands of men in the fortress and in the field, and their condition was nearly desperate. Preparations to evacuate the city were at last begun—the great bridge of retreat across the harbour, barricades and obstacles in the streets and approaches. Yet Prince Gortschakoff still hesitated, and wished at the eleventh hour to prolong the defence in spite of the tremendous sacrifices it would entail.

But now, at last, opportunity was ripe: the French most advanced trench was within five-and-twenty yards of the Malakoff, and the hour of attack was at hand.

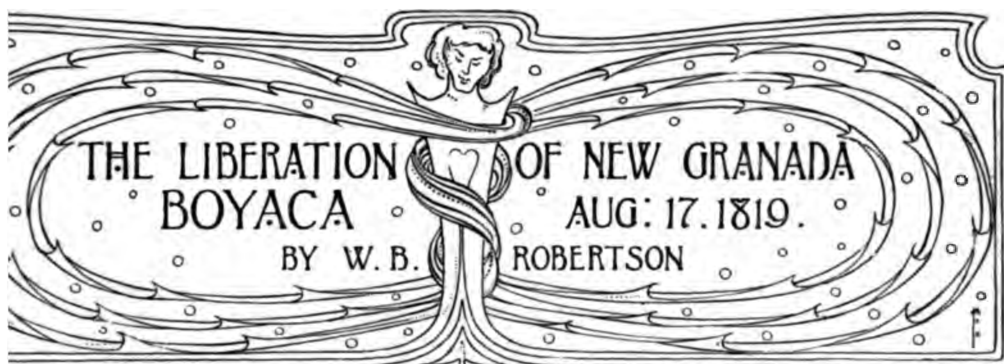
Once more, and for the last time, the guns re-opened fire and blazed away incessantly on the 6th and 7th September, doing, as usual, infinite injury; but in the early morning of the 8th the Russians stood ready, their reserves in hand, their guns loaded with grape. It was not Pelissier's intention to attack the Malakoff—the principal point—before noon. He had observed that at that hour the old guards were relieved by the new, but that the one marched out of the works before the others replaced. This was the plan which the French general hugged so closely to his heart that, as he himself put it, he would not whisper it to his pillow. The general control of the attack was placed under Bosquet, but the actual assault of the Malakoff was entrusted to MacMahon, that fine soldier who, years later, became President of the French Republic. Other troops filled in the line towards the Redan, where the English, under General Windham, were to come into play; but theirs was essentially an inferior and subsidiary *rôle*, for under no circumstances should we have attacked the Redan alone. Further subordinate moves were to be made by the French on the Flagstaff Bastion, while the Central Bastion was to be dealt with by the Sardinians.

GENERAL SIMPSON.
(Photo, Fenton.)

At noon exactly, MacMahon's first brigade crossed the open at a run, and found the Malakoff nearly empty; but then the Russian relief came up, and a fierce hand-to-hand struggle began. Every traverse, every coign of vantage, was taken and retaken, the Russians fighting with desperate courage; and it was not until the French had broken into the work by its eastern face that victory inclined to their side. Still, the conflict was maintained till late in the afte the Russians bringing up every reserve, to no purpose, and finally the tricolour over the Malakoff. The key to the was won.

Elsewhere fate had been adverse French columns on the left of the p attack had not greatly prospered, wl English at the Redan had distinctly fail doubt we were more or less doomed to from th for the R retiring the Ma swarmed Redan a filled it w numbers, the Eng sailants were fe they w undaunt boldly over th parapet, some ti tained front ins fortunat port in strength prompt ward, an Windha back in them. advised the co already pressed, without the guidance of any rank, and the unequal contest was maintained. Had the French, it is sai the Russian guns they had captured in koff on to the Redan, that work wo been quite untenable, so that its assault perhaps, as a feint—was really unnecess

Thus Sebastopol, or its principal smoking ruins and an empty shell—fe to the allied forces of French and Probably the assault upon the Malakoff not been successful, would have been for everybody agreed that if the fortres taken before the second winter arrived, have been necessary to raise the siege.



: deeds of fiendish cruelty we are
ıccustomed to turn to those pages
vherein are recorded the butcheries of
avage arms. Such are untrammelled
of the rules which are supposed to
vilised warfare ; and, though we may
ed, yet are we not surprised when
engefully stained with unnecessary and
blood. The fact that barbarities are
shows them to be regarded as charac-
the barbarian. They are, however,
, not confined to the barbarian, as we
in seeking to exemplify the bloody
the struggle between Venezuela and
nada, fighting, on the one hand, for
ence, and Spain fighting, on the other
dominion.
ıs to be generally agreed that Spain
rst to depart from the ordinary usages
Her generals treated the colonists as
d as such shot them, or committed
oathsome dungeons when taken cap-
ey would also, on entering upon an
nt, place prisoners in the front rank,
hey might be shot by the bullets of
ı friends. Of course, the other side
, and war " unto the death " was pro-
ı impassioned strains like these :—
executioners, who entitle themselves
ies, have violated the sacred rights of
ı Quito, La Paz, Mexico, Caracas, and
in Popayan. They sacrificed in their
our virtuous brethren in the cities of
l La Paz ; they beheaded thousands of
ioners in Mexico ; they buried alive in
ranean vaults and pontoons in Puerta
nd La Guayra our fathers, children,
s of Venezuela ; they have immolated
dent and commandant of Popayan,
heir companions in misfortune ; and
, oh God! as it were in our very presence, they have perpetrated a horrid butchery in Barinas of our fellow-soldiers made prisoners of war, and of our peaceful compatriots of that city. But these victims shall be avenged ; these executioners shall be exterminated. Our gentleness is already exhausted ; and, since our oppressors force to a mortal struggle, they shall disappear from America, and our soil shall be purged of the monsters that infest it. Our hatred shall be implacable, *and the war shall be unto death.*"

In 1815 Ferdinand of Spain determined to put an end once for all to the movement for independence that, in varying forms, had been agitating for five years the whole of Spanish America. Accordingly, strong reinforcements to the Royalist armies were sent out, under General Morillo. These arrived at Porto Cabello, and, besides ships of war, comprised 12,000 troops—a force in itself many times larger than all the scattered bands of patriots then under arms put together. Morillo soon had Venezuela under his thumb, and, planting garrisons throughout it, proceeded to lay siege to Cartagena. Capturing this city in four months, he marched unopposed to Santa Fe de Bogota, the capital of New Granada, ruin and devastation marking his progress. In a despatch to Fedinand, which was intercepted, he wrote :—
"Every person of either sex who was capable of reading and writing was put to death. By thus cutting off all who were in any way educated, I hoped to effectually arrest the spirit of revolution."

An insight into Morillo's methods of coping with the "spirit of revolution" is furnished by his treatment of those he found in the opulent city of Maturin on its capture. Dissatisfied with the treasure found there, he suspected the people of wealth to have anticipated his arrival by burying their property. To find out the supposed

buried treasure, he had all those whom he regarded as likely to know where it was hidden collected together, and, to make them confess, had the soles of their feet cut off, and then had them driven over hot sand. Many of the victims of this horrid piece of cruelty survived, and were subsequently seen by those that have narrated it. "In another city," proceeds a writer, "I saw several women whose ears and noses had been cut off, their eyes torn from their sockets, their tongues cut out, and the soles of their feet pared by the orders of Monteverde, a Spanish brigadier-general." Instead of quenching the "spirit of revolution," such inhuman treatment was only calculated to fan it into a fiercer flame. Hence Morillo himself, after boasting of "cutting off all who were in any way educated," in the hope of effectually repressing revolution, had to confess:—"Twelve pitched battles, in which the best officers and troops of the enemy have fallen, have not lowered their pride or lessened the vigour of their attacks upon us."

Take one final picture from the pen of an English officer, who served, with many others of our countrymen, under the Venezuelan flag:—

"The people of Margarita saw their liberties threatened and endangered; their wives, children, and kindred daily butchered and quartered; and the reeking members of beings most dear to them exposed to their gaze on every tree and crag of their native forests and mountains; nor was it until hundreds had been thus slaughtered that they pursued the same course. The result was that the Spaniards were routed. I myself saw upwards of seven thousand of their skulls, dried and heaped together in one place, which is not inaptly termed 'Golgotha,' as a trophy of victory. Each of these skulls bears the deep cuts of the machetti—a long knife resembling a sabre in shape, and of admirable temper, which is used in time of peace to cut sugar-cane and for other agricultural purposes, and in war as a weapon of defence, being a very formidable one in the hands of an expert native. These skulls are still preserved by the order of General Arimendez, whose hatred and vengeance have ever been implacable."

Meanwhile, Simon Bolivar, who in 1813 had been proclaimed "Liberator of Venezuela," had been obliged to seek refuge in Jamaica; and here he was now engaged devising plans for delivering his country a second time from the oppressor. Though the achievements upon which Bolivar's fame rests were not yet accomplished, his patriotism and his energy had s him to be the enemy that, above all c Spain had to fear. Bolivar once removed, was not then above the political horizon a with sufficiently exalted aims to attract a him the scattered and sometimes antag forces of the revolution. Hence it was Spanish spy was despatched to Jamaica, wi sinister object of taking the Liberator' This spy, after familiarising himself with Bo movements, bribed a negro to assassinate In the dead of the night, the negro st to Bolivar's hammock and plunged his c into the sleeper's breast. It was not Bo breast, however, but his secretary's. The was caught, tried at Kingston, condemn murder, and executed.

Leaving Jamaica, Bolivar proceeded t Domingo, where he found a warm suppo the president, Petión. Here, too, he me Brion, a Dutch shipbuilder of great v His zeal for the principles of liberty i Brion with a like zeal. The result wa Brion fitted out seven schooners and place at Bolivar's disposal, supplied 3,500 musk arm recruits with as they joined B standard, and devoted his own life and s to the sacred cause. Thus slenderly eq Bolivar commenced operations in 1816 port of Cayos de San Luis, where the refugees from Cartagena, New Granad Venezuela had sought sanctuary. By Bolivar was accepted as leader, and Brio the title of "Admiral of Venezuela," wa command of the squadron he had furnished. The growing expedition now for the island of Margarita, which Arismen wrested from the Spanish governor; an at a convention of officers, Bolivar was "Supreme Chief," and the third Venezuel began—began with many a disaster patriot arms, and was marked through course with so many vicissitudes that, ur culminating triumph of Boyaca on Augu 1819, it remained ever doubtful upon whi victory would ultimately decide to rest.

At the commencement of the war, exc the little band on the island of Margar patriot cause was represented by a few sc groups along the banks of the Orinoco, plains of Barcelona, and of Casanare. groups pursued a kind of guerilla warfare independently of one another, and witho plan to achieve. They were kept toget the fact that submission meant death.

one ot these groups, Paez by name, ıne of the most picturesque and striking ; that history has produced. He was a or native of the elevated plains of ınd quite illiterate. As owner of herds ld cattle, he became chief of a band of , which he organised into an army, the "Guides of the Apure," a tributary inoco, and whose banks were the base operations. Only one of his many xploits can be here recorded. That on the 3rd of June, 1819, when Paez sing the advance of Morillo himself. picked horsemen, he swam the river ınd galloped towards the Spanish camp. ıundred of the royalist cavalry," writes ıg, General Mitre's translator, "with l guns, sallied out to meet him. He treated, drawing them on to a place ıs Queseras del Medio, where a bat- infantry lay in ambush by the river. itting his men into groups of twenty, d the enemy on all sides, forcing them : fire of the infantry, and recrossed the . two killed and a few wounded, leaving strewn with the dead of the enemy."

literate though brave warrior was in :ed first constitutional President of the of Venezuela, and again elected in ıg presented by Congress with a sword r, and also by King William IV. of tain and Ireland. Yet he was banished :ountry, and died an exile in New York Hence it was that that city in January, presented by a number of Venezuelans ıinting commemorative of the engage- : recorded. In the painting is pictured : at the moment when Paez suddenly ıd charged the Spaniards whom he had :o the ambush. The general is mounted ːrb horse, which he has pulled sharply its haunches, as he gives the order : ı cara!" (face about). On one side are ːrs, rough-looking fellows carrying long :heir clothing, saddles, trappings, and ıts are all characteristic of their country. istance the Spanish cavalry are seen in ignorance of the trap into which ıbout to fall.

Paez's dashing exploits were inspiring .utionary leaders with fresh courage, ıbled them to at least hold their own, a enlisting volunteers was instituted in by Don Luis Lopes Mendez, repre- of the republic. The Napoleonic wars being over, this enabled the European Powers to reduce their swollen armaments, and English and German officers entered into contracts with Mendez to take out to Venezuela organised corps of artillery, lancers, hussars, and rifles. On enlisting, soldiers received a bounty of £20; their pay was 2s. a day and rations, and at the end of the war they were promised £125 and an allotment of land. The first expedition to leave England comprised 120 hussars and lancers, under Colonel Hippisley; this body became the basis of a corps of regular cavalry. The nucleus of a battalion of riflemen was taken out by Colonel Campbell; and a subaltern, named Gilmour, with the title of colonel, formed with 90 men the basis of a brigade of artillery. General English, who had served in the Peninsular War under Wellington, contracted with Mendez to take out a force of 1,200 Englishmen; 500 more went out under Colonel Elsom, who also brought out 300 Germans under Colonel Uzlar. General MacGregor took 800, and General Devereux took out the Irish Legion, in which was a son of the Irish tribune, Daniel O'Connell. Smaller contingents also went to the seat of war: these mentioned, however, were the chief, and without their aid Bolivar was wont to confess that he would have failed.

Now it was that a brilliant idea occurred to Bolivar. He had already sent 1,200 muskets and a group of officers to General Santander, who was the leader of the patriots on the plains of Casanare. This enabled Santander to increase his forces from amongst the scattered patriots in that neighbourhood. He thereupon began to threaten the frontier of New Granada, with the result that General Barreiro, who had been left in command of that province by Morillo, deemed it advisable to march against him and crush his growing power. Santander's forces, however, though inferior in number, were too full of enthusiasm for Barreiro's soldiers—reduced to a half-hearted condition from being forced to take part in cruelties that they gained nothing from, except the odium of the people they moved amongst. Barreiro, accordingly, was driven back; and, on receiving the news of Santander's success, Bolivar at once formed the conception of crossing the Andes and driving the Spaniards out of New Granada. The event proved that this was the true plan of campaign for the patriots. Already they had lost three campaigns through endeavouring to dislodge the Spaniards direct from their strongest positions, which were in Venezuela; now, by gaining

New Granada, they would win prestige and consolidate their power there for whatever further efforts circumstances might demand.

Thus, as it has been described, did the veil drop from Bolivar's eyes ; and so confident was he of ultimate success, that he issued to the people of New Granada this proclamation :—"The day of America has come : no human power can stay the course of Nature guided by Providence. Before the sun has again run his annual course, altars to Liberty will arise throughout your land."

Bolivar immediately prepared to carry out his idea, and on the 11th of June, 1819, he joined Santander at the foot of the Andes, bringing

with him four battalions of infantry, of which one—the "Albion"—was composed entirely of English soldiers, two squadrons of lancers, one of carabiniers, and a regiment called the "Guides of the Apure," part of which were English—in all 2,500 men. To join Santander was no easy task, for it involved the crossing of an immense plain covered with water at this season of the year, and the swimming of seven deep rivers —war materials, of course, having to be taken along as well. This, however, was only a foretaste of the still greater difficulties that lay before the venturesome band.

General Santander led the van with his Casanare troops, and entered the mountain defiles by a road leading to the centre of the province of Tunja, which was held by Colonel Barreiro with 2,000 infantry and 400 horse. The royalists had also a reserve of 1,000 troops at Bogota, the capital of New Granada ; at Cartagena, and in the valley of Cauca were otl tachments, and there was another royalis at Quito. Bolivar, however, trusted to s and to the support of the inhabitants t come the odds that were against him. invading army left the plains for the mo the scene changed. The snowy peaks eastern range of the Cordillera appeared distance, while, instead of the peacef through which they had waded, they w by great masses of water tumbling fr heights. The roads ran along the edge cipices and were bordered by gigantic tre whose tops rested the clouds, which d themselves in incessant rain. After fo march tl were fou an entir ron of deserted ing th on foot torrents crossed row t bridges trunks or by the aëri vitas."* they w able, th was so that the had to by two with their arms thrown rou other's shoulders ; and woe to him who footing—he lost his life too. Bolivar fr passed and re-passed these torrents o back, carrying behind him the sick an or the women who accompanied his me

The temperature was moist and wa was supportable by the aid of a little fi but as they ascended the mountain t changed again. Immense rocks piled o another, and hills of snow, bounded the every side ; below lay the clouds, vei depths of the abyss ; an ice-cold w through the stoutest clothing. At thes

* Bridges made of several thongs of hide twis stout rope, well greased and secured to trees o banks. On the rope is suspended a cradle or to hold two, and drawn backwards and forwar lines. Horses and mules were also thus suspended by long girths round their bodies.

noise is heard save that of the roaring left behind, and the scream of the condor round the snowy peaks above. Vegeta- appears: only lichens are to be seen to the rock, and a tall plant, bearing instead of leaves, and crowned with flowers, like to a funeral torch. To e scene more dreary yet, the path was

still greater difficulties lay before them, and asked if they would persevere or not. All were of opinion that they should go on, a decision which infused fresh spirit into the weary troops.

In this passage more than one hundred men died of cold, fifty of whom were Englishmen; no horse had survived. It was necessary to leave the spare arms, and even some of those that were

"THE ROADS RAN ALONG THE EDGE OF PRECIPICES" (*p.* 476).

out by crosses erected in memory of s who had perished by the way.

tering this glacial region the provisions ; the cattle they had brought with them hief resource could go no further. They the summit by the Paya pass, where ou could hold an army in check. It by an outpost of 300 men, who were by the vanguard under Santander much difficulty.

he men began to murmur, and Bolivar council of war, to which he showed that

carried by the soldiers. It was a mere skeleton of an army which reached the beautiful valley of Sagamoso, in the heart of the province of Tunja, on the 6th July, 1819. From this point Bolivar sent back assistance to the stragglers left behind, collected horses, detached parties to scour the country around and communicate with some few guerillas who still roamed about.

Meanwhile, Barreiro was still in ignorance of Bolivar's arrival. Indeed, he had supposed the passage of the Cordillera at that season

impossible. As soon, however, as he did learn of his enemy's proximity, he collected his forces and took possession of the heights above the plains of Vargas, thus interposing between the patriots and the town of Tunja, which, being attached to the independent cause, Bolivar was anxious to enter. The opposing armies met on the 25th of July, and engaged in battle for five hours. The patriots won, chiefly through the English infantry, led by Colonel James Rooke, who was himself wounded and had an arm shot off. Still, the action had been indecisive, and the royalist power remained unbroken. Bolivar now deceived Barreiro by retreating in the daytime, rapidly counter-marching, and passing the royalist army in the dark through by-roads. On August 5th he captured Tunja, where he found an abundance of war material, and had now cut Barreiro's communication with Bogota, the capital. It was in rapid movements like these that the strength of Bolivar's generalship lay. Freed from the shackles of military routine that enslaved the Spanish officers, he astonished them by forced marches over roads previously deemed impracticable to a regular army. While they were manœuvring, hesitating, calculating, guarding the customary avenues of approach, he surprised them by concentrating a superior force upon a point where they least expected an attack, threw them into confusion, and cut up their troops in detail. Thus it happens that Bolivar's actions in the field do not lend themselves to the same impressive exposition as do those of less notable generals.

Barreiro, finding himself shut out from Tunja, fell back upon Venta Quemada, where a general action took place. The country was mountainous and woody, and well suited to Bolivar's characteristic tactics. He placed a large part of his troops in ambush, got his cavalry in the enemy's rear, and presented only a small front. This the enemy attacked furiously, and with apparent success. It was only a stratagem, however, for as they drove back Bolivar's front, the troops in ambush sallied forth and attacked them in the flanks, while the cavalry attacked them in the rear. Thus were the Spaniards surrounded. General Barreiro was taken prisoner in the field of battle. On finding his capture to be inevitable, he threw away his sword, that he might not have the mortification of surrendering it to Bolivar. His second in command, Colonel Ximenes, was also taken, as were also almost all the commandants and majors of corps, a multitude of inferior officers, and more than 1,600 men. All their arms, ammunition, a horses, etc., likewise fell into the patriot Hardly fifty men escaped, and among th some chiefs and officers of cavalry, before the battle was decided. Th escaped, however, had only the sun country to escape into, and there th captured by the peasantry, who brought tied. The patriot loss was incredibly only 13 killed and 53 wounded.

At Boyaca the English auxiliaries w for the first time under fire, and so gra Bolivar with their behaviour, that he m all members of the Order of the Liberat

Thus was won Boyaca, which, after the great battle of South America. It preponderance to the patriot arms in t of the continent, as Maipo had done in t It gave New Granada to the patriots, an Morillo in Venezuela.

Nothing now remained for Bolivar t to reach Bogota, the capital, and as reins of government, for already the officials, much to the relief of the in had fled. So, with a small escort, forward, and entered the city on Aug amid the acclamations of the popula we get a glimpse of him as seen by a officer, who arrived soon after with d from the Venezuelan Government at A

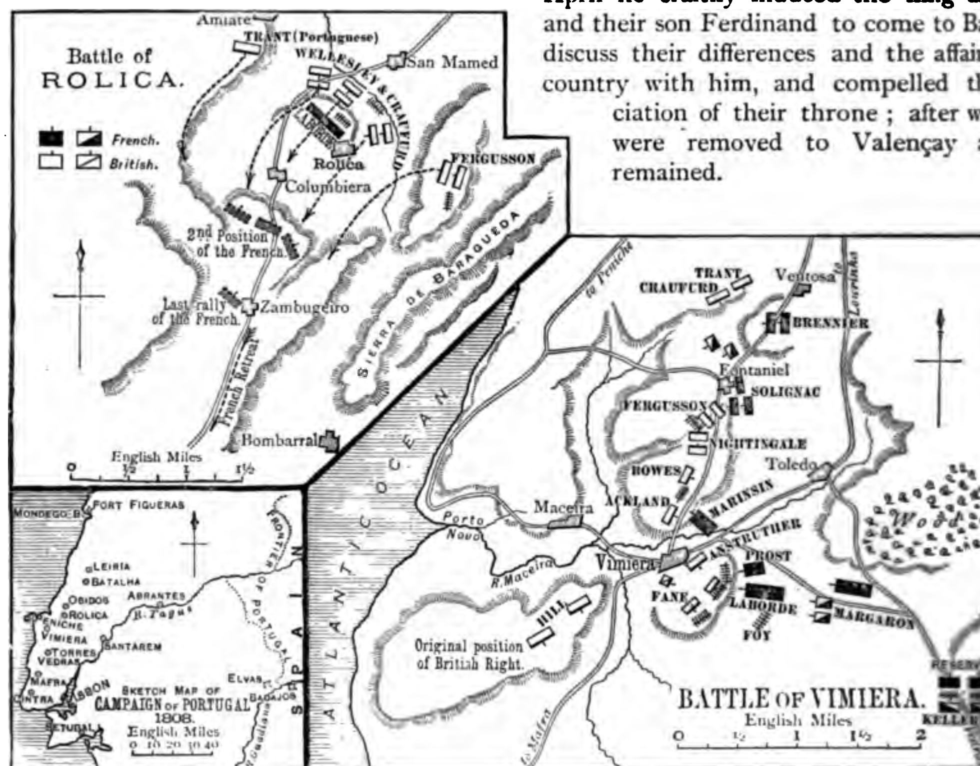
"I went into a room," says the office was large, but dirty, and scantily prov furniture. At the further end sat O'Leary, then one of his Excellency's s on the ground with a small writing-de lap, writing despatches of a military the dictation of Bolivar, who, at the of the room, was sitting on the edge o South American cot, slung from th To avoid the inconvenience of the he *quite unencumbered with apparel* or *of any description*, and was swinging violently by means of a coquita rope, to a hook driven into the opposite wa purpose. Thus curiously situated, he a dictated to O'Leary and whistled a F publican tune, to which he beat time by his feet laterally. Seeing him so circu and employed, I was about to retire, Excellency called to me, in very good to enter, and desired me to be seated i find anything to sit upon, which was no matter; but, looking round the room an old portmanteau, upon which I sat was disengaged."

APOLEON'S great project for the invasion of England, in 1805, was frustrated by the failure of De Villeneuve to carry through the profound
rategic operations which were intended
re for him the necessary command of
nnel. It was indefinitely postponed by
sequent destruction of the French and
fleets at Trafalgar, on the 21st October,
His persevering and fertile mind at once
ected to devising some other plan for
g and ruining the nation whom, ten years
called "the most powerful, the most
, the most generous of my enemies."
nd was turning to account her prepon-
ea power by carrying out a blockade of
le line of French coast. As Napoleon
ot retaliate by a naval blockade of the
ports, he believed that her commerce
qually be interrupted and blockaded at
er end of the voyage, if she was not
to land her goods at their destination.
efore conceived the plan, called "the
ntal system," of closing the ports of the
nt against us, which his superior power
would, he thought, enable him to do.
ed by this means to distress and im-
her; and that, gradually building a new
nd possessing himself of those of other
he might obtain command of a fleet
ough to overwhelm the English force,
mately carry out his scheme of invasion.
ntinental system was embodied in the
ecree of November, 1806, and the Milan
of 1807. It required, in order to its
ess, not only the obedience to his decrees
e might expect from those countries in
his power and influence were direct and
nant, but also the co-operation of other
ntal Governments which still retained
dependence; and his course of action for the rest of his career was largely influenced by his determination to force them to follow his policy in this respect.

Great Britain naturally resolved that countries which excluded her trading ships from their ports should not obtain the merchandise they needed in any other way, and her command of the sea enabled this resolution to be effectually carried out; with the result that all the countries which submitted to Napoleon's influence endured the hardship of being deprived of all commerce, of having no outlet for their own surplus produce, and no means of obtaining the comforts and necessaries they had been accustomed to obtain from other countries. These hardships were so unendurable that they came to be corrected by a system of licences—or tolerated smuggling—which was employed on both sides; but the feeling they gave rise to had a large share in the ultimate combination which led to Napoleon's overthrow. Meanwhile the system of compulsion, to which Napoleon found it necessary to resort, had to be applied to Portugal, whose ports had always been open to Great Britain. This advantage he determined that she should no longer enjoy, and this not only in order to carry out his Continental system, but because he was conscious that an attack on his frontier on the side of the Peninsula might receive much assistance from troops and stores brought by sea and poured in through the ports of Portugal.

In 1806 he had already assembled an army at Bayonne intended to subjugate Portugal, but his project was postponed because his troops were required for his wars with Prussia and Russia in that and the early part of the following year; but, after he had settled matters to his satisfaction at Tilsit and elsewhere, he resumed his designs on Portugal and, secretly, on Spain, calling on the former to close her ports against Great Britain and declare war against her; and,

not content with forcing the Prince Regent to adopt these measures, further required him to confiscate the property of British merchants. The Portuguese Government refused to comply.



Napoleon thereupon announced that "the house of Braganza" had "ceased to reign." On 27th October, 1807, he entered into a treaty with Spain for the partition of Portugal, under the provisions of which Junot, at the head of 20,000 men, made his way by forced marches through Spain to Lisbon, which he reached at the end of November, and took possession of the country. The Prince Regent fled to Brazil, in a fleet got quickly ready by the aid of British seamen. The Portuguese were then disarmed, the army disbanded—except a part, who were sent to France—and the country was plundered—officially through forced contributions, and privately by Junot and his officers. Following shortly on these measures, Napoleon, early in 1808, without any pretence of right, marched his armies into Spain, surprised and seized the principal frontier fortresses, and by the beginning of March had possessed himself of all the country north of the Ebro, the cession of which he demanded from the Spaniards. Thence Murat marched, in the same month, to Madrid; Dupont was directed on Cadiz, Duhesme on Catalonia, and Bessières held the north the communications with France. I resolved to dethrone the Bourbons, an of his own brothers on the throne of S April he craftily induced the king ar and their son Ferdinand to come to Ba discuss their differences and the affair country with him, and compelled th ciation of their throne; after w were removed to Valençay a remained.

The Spanish authorities of Madrid notables assembled at Bayonne, were upon to elect Joseph Bonaparte king and he proceeded to Madrid to tal government.

The removal of the royal family insurrection in Madrid, which broke c 2nd May, and was suppressed by M great barbarity.

The news of this spreading throug general insurrection broke out all th country. The Spanish regular army weakened by drafts sent to join th troops in Germany, so numbered oı men; but by the middle of June 15 enrolled themselves to support the reg and the French forces were attacked c with varying success. Saragossa suc repelling Lefèvre, and other towns in were equally successful. Moncey was to retreat from Valencia, and the Frenc nothing in Catalonia but Barcelona and Bessières obtained a great victory over

, but the Spaniards struck a resounding
ainst Dupont, who, with 20,000 men,
red as prisoners of war on the 19th
Baylen, in Andalusia.
fect of this last victory was prodigious,
stroyed the reputation for invincibility
d attached itself to the French troops
Europe, and the more so because the
s army was principally composed of
l levies. It forced King Joseph to
Madrid and retire to Burgos, and
the successful general, entered Madrid
h.
ws of the revolt of the Spaniards was
with great satisfaction in England, which
ased by a deputation from the Asturias
help. With the hearty approval of all

"THE FRENCH HAD POSSESSION OF TWO SMALL BUILDINGS ON THE HILL" (*p.* 484).

was determined to aid the movement
practicable way.
al had not been behindhand in follow-
xample of Spain, and had risen against
uerors, largely under the guidance of
p of Oporto.
determined to send an expedition to
e with and reinforce the popular move-

ments in both countries. A suitable force was ready to hand when the determination was come to. A corps of 10,000 men, after assembling in the Downs, had been brought together at Cork, with a view to operations in South America; and here the force lay in transports for about six weeks, during which time most of them were not allowed to disembark, the delay being due, probably, to the change of circumstances which suggested a change in their destination.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was put in charge of this little army. He was the junior lieutenant-general on the list, and was not designated for the chief command of the expedition. This position was given to Sir Hugh Dalrymple, with Sir Harry Burrard as second in command.

This force sailed on the 12th July, with sealed orders. Sir Arthur went on in advance, to settle the point of disembarkation. He had an interview with the Spanish authorities at Corunna, but they were not anxious that the British force should disembark near their strong post of Ferrol, and encouraged him to land in Portugal, which, indeed, was the most desirable course, for it enabled them to support and connect the

operations of the Spanish armies of the north and south from behind the curtain which the Portuguese mountains afforded.

Sir Arthur, after consulting Admiral Cotton at Lisbon, decided that it would not be prudent to disembark near that city, where the French were in force. He therefore directed the transports on Mondego Bay, which is about 110 miles north of Lisbon, and commanded only by Port Figueras, which was held by some English marines.

Here, then, they arrived, after a propitious voyage, on the 30th July, and heard the encouraging news of the surrender of Baylen.

This brief sketch is necessary for the understanding of the position of affairs in the Peninsula when our army landed in Mondego Bay to commence the war which lasted six years, with momentous results to our own country and to Europe. It is now necessary to give some description of the country, with a view to the proper understanding of the plan of campaign.

The Peninsula may be roughly described as being a square of about 500 miles north and south, and approximately the same distance east and west, surrounded by the sea on all sides excepting where it joins on to France on the eastern portion of its northern side, the boundary between the two countries being formed by the Pyrenees. A mountain chain, continuous with the Pyrenees, runs parallel with the northern coast, and cuts off the narrow provinces of the Asturias and Biscay.

Portugal, on the west, is not cut off from Spain by a similar continuous mountain chain, for the large rivers Douro, Tagus, and Guadiana, which rise towards the eastern side, run a generally east and west course through the whole of Spain and Portugal, and are separated by mountain chains; but the spurs of the separating mountain chains interlace so completely at the lower part of the courses of those rivers that they practically constitute a continuous rocky boundary, enclosing a width of a little more than 100 miles from the Atlantic seaboard, which constitutes the kingdom of Portugal. The mountains thus form such an effective obstacle as to have enabled that kingdom always successfully to resist forcible annexation by Spain.

To a country which had command of the sea, as Great Britain had, Portugal afforded a most favourable position to act against an enemy in Spain and France; for its ports afforded many secure landing-places for troops and munitions of war, which could be transferred by sea from one part to the other of the theatre of war, t
from behind the rocky screen which the
tains afforded, and attack the enemy on th
or south, as might be desired.

The first object, then, was to obtain pc
of this country and its ports, or, in othe
to turn the French armies out of it. Th
tions by which this object was attained
very remarkable illustration of the a
gained by the power of free movement
secure from any interruption by the ene
they are given in some detail in order
how the sea-coast of Portugal formed
longed base of operations, at any point
reinforcements, victuals, and stores for t
could safely be delivered.

Junot was more or less isolated by t
of the insurrection in Spain; he wa
hampered by the insurrection in Portu
by the presence, as part of his force, of
gent of Spanish troops. Those under h
diate command in Lisbon he disarn
placed in hulks in the Tagus, but those
in Oporto took the French general pris
marched for Galicia. Junot then took
to concentrate his army at Abrantes,
Tagus, holding the frontier fort of Elva
ensured his line of retreat to Spain
basin of the Guadiana, and guarded hin
attack on that side, and Almeida, whic
the same office in the north in the basi
Douro. He also kept possession of the
Setubal and Peniche, on the coast. T
force he held at his disposal numbered.
July, 26,000 men.

He detached Laborde with 5,000
whom 500 were cavalry, and six guns
ward, to suppress the insurrection—in w
was not successful—to cover the conce
of the French troops, and also to wa
check the English army, of whose an
arrival Junot had heard. Loison, wi
foot and 1,200 horse, was operating aga
insurgents in the south, and had gained
over them at Evora, when he was directe
Laborde and concentrate against the new
This they intended to do at Leiria, but w
stalled, as will be seen; and the two
were therefore separated by a mountair
difficult country.

The army above referred to as havin
from Cork, under Sir Arthur Wellesley
only a part of that which was destined to
in the Peninsula. Five thousand mer
Generals Anstruther and Acland, sailed

ley—the former from Ramsgate, the latter arwich.

:ral Spencer had brought .000 men from to Sicily and thence to C ibraltar: it had roposed to employ them at Cadiz, but, assistance was refused at that point, they rdered to join Sir Arthur Wellesley's nd disembarked at Mondego Bay.

rce of 12,000 men, under Sir John Moore, called from Sweden and directed to join tish army in Portugal. The total British herefore, considerably outnumbered that was at Junot's disposal, without taking count any assistance the Portuguese could ; but it was at first very deficient in , having only one squadron of the 20th Dragoons.

disembarkation commenced on the 1st by the landing of the Rifles, and was not ted until the 8th. The shores of Mondego e open and shelving, and when there is nd a heavy surf is formed, just enough to disembarkation difficult. Several boats pset, and the cavalry found the advantage orders which had been given them, to ipright in the boats with bridle in hand, o leap into the saddle.

:he 9th, Sir A. Wellesley moved off with men and 18 guns, carrying eighteen days' ons—three in haversacks and the rest on On that day and the 11th the army led at Leiria, on the main road from to Oporto, forestalling and preventing iction at that point which Laborde and had arranged. Here the baggage and f the army were left. They followed gh road for some days, marching in burn- and hot sand, and bivouacking in the On the 13th they were at Batalha, where le had spent the 11th and 12th looking efensive position, but, finding it too exten- id fallen back on Obidos.

as observed that the Portuguese did not e British very heartily. They had only nen, and refused to co-operate unless they applied with food, money, and arms from iglish stores, so that no more than 1,400 under Colonel Trant, and about 300 came in by four and five at a time, with officers. They were well equipped and ed, and some had belonged to the Lisbon On the 15th, the army first felt the at Brilhos, in front of Obidos, and a few :ll in a skirmish, among them Lieutenant ry, of the Rifles, who was shot in the head and died immediately—the first English officer killed in the Peninsular War.

On the 17th August the army, comprising 14,000 men and 18 guns, left Obidos. Sir Arthur reconnoitred Laborde's position from a steep rock about two miles west of the Roliça road, and found him, with 5,000 men and six guns, occupying isolated ground of moderate elevation near the village of Roliça, which closes in the valley three miles south of Obidos. Laborde's great care was to hold on to the mountains on his right, in the hope of Loison joining him with his 6,000 men. The British, on the other hand, wished to keep them separate, and to drive Laborde back before Loison could come up. Sir Arthur, therefore, formed his force in three parts. The centre, consisting of 9,000 infantry with twelve guns, he himself commanded, having Craufurd under him. On his left he sent Fergusson, with a division and six guns, to make a movement through the mountains by which he could turn Laborde's right. On the right he sent Trant's Portuguese to turn the French left. The cavalry were not engaged, but disposed so as to look more formidable than they really were.

General Foy, who was present with the French army, notices the fine appearance presented by the English, who marched slowly, regaining at once their compact order whenever it was broken by the obstacles of the ground, and ever converging towards the narrow position of the French. This, he observes, would much strike the imagination of the young French soldiers, who had hitherto only had to deal with bandits and irregulars.

As the movements were developed, Laborde found it prudent to retire to the heights of Zambugeiro, about a mile in rear, where the two mountain spurs join. The British general, who now further reinforced his left wing, continued the same tactics as before—namely, a centre attack, assisted by turning movements on both flanks, which his greatly superior numbers made possible — but Fergusson's force, instead of marching round the French right so as to take them in rear, inclined towards their own right, and thus came upon and attacked them in front, crowding the centre. The centre also attacked before the Portuguese, on their right, were in a position to give much assistance.

The whole British force was, therefore, crowded into a space of less than a mile of very broken and craggy ground—so broken that the different bodies of troops were unable to keep up effective connection. The advantage of numbers was

therefore entirely lost, while the French retained the advantage of a very strong position. The right wing of the 29th Regiment, now taking a wrong direction, came upon a point in Laborde's line to which he was drawing in the troops from his left. The regiment was therefore taken in flank while it was attacking in front, and its right wing was almost annihilated, losing its colonel—Lake—and a major and some men prisoners; but General Hill (afterwards Lord Hill) galloped up, rallied them on their left wing, and on the 9th joining them, put himself at their head and charged the enemy, who resisted strongly, and Colonel Stewart of the 9th fell fighting with great vehemence. The French had possession of two small buildings on the hill, from which they annoyed the skirmishers of the 95th Rifles very much. They became angry, and one of them, jumping up, rushed forward crying "Over, boys, over!" to which the whole line responded "Over, over!" and dashed in, fixing bayonets as they ran. The French turned tail and evacuated the buildings, in which were some wine butts. These being pierced by bullets, the wine ran out and mingled with the blood of the wounded men lying there while they were being tended by the surgeons. A man of the 95th Rifle Brigade named Harris, who relates this incident, describes the French soldiers as wearing long white frock coats and bearing the imperial eagle in front of their caps. Laborde now found himself strongly attacked in front and both his flanks being turned, cutting off his line of communication with Loison. Retreat was therefore absolutely necessary, and this movement he carried out steadily, attacking his enemy three times with half his force and with cavalry charges, so as to enable the other half to retire. At the village of Columbiera, where the ridge of hill widened out, but was protected by ravines on the flanks, he made another stand, but finally was forced to retreat into the mountains, ultimately reaching Torres Vedras. The British bivouacked at and round Zambugeiro. In this action Laborde was wounded, and lost 600 men killed and wounded; the British loss was 500.

The high road towards Lisbon was now clear, and it was the intention of Sir A. Wellesley to march for Torres Vedras, and so cut off Loison and Laborde from that capital; but in the night he heard of the arrival of a fleet off the coast with reinforcements, so, relinquishing the high road, he moved by one nearer the coast, so that he might cover their disembarkation. On the 18th August, therefore, he marched to Lourinha, an[d on the] 19th to Vimiera, a small village on the [...] nine miles from Torres Vedras, and tw[o ...] miles from Porto Novo at its mouth, [...] troops brought by General Acland we[re ...] embark, which they did on the night o[f ...] General Anstruther's troops disembark[ed ... the] 19th at Payo Mayor, at the mouth o[f ...] which runs by Lourinha. They land[ed ...] camp kettles, and apparently with littl[e ...] for Captain Dobbs, of the 52nd, says: [...] to wash our shirts in the nearest stre[am ...] by watching till they were dry; bu[t ...] had great joy, for they were relieved [...] tying, which was an operation grie[...] borne." Among the officers who la[nded ...] Anstruther's brigade was Colin Campb[ell ...] wards Lord Clyde—who says in his di[ary ...] out that night for the first time in my [...] the day of the battle his captain thou[ght ...] to commence his instruction, so, being [...] company, he took him out and w[...] about under fire, which he says was "t[...] kindness that could have been show[n ...] through life I have been grateful for i[t ...]

Junot, meanwhile, marched from L[...] Loison, to join Laborde at Torres Ve[dras ...] he assembled a force of 14,000 men, [...] 1,300 cavalry under Margaron. He [...] large reinforcements for the British w[...] coast, he desired to attack them bef[ore ...] parity in numbers became too great. [...] force now amounted to 16,000 men. [...] Junot designed to march on the night [...] in order to attack the British on t[...] Arthur Wellesley intended to march [...] the 21st round his flank, avoiding To[rres ...] and marching on Mafra, thirteen mil[es ...] Lisbon than Torres Vedras. By this m[...] would cut the French off from the ca[...] at this juncture Sir Harry Burrard [...] the port, in company with Clinton, th[...] general, and Murray, the quartermast[er ...] Sir Arthur had an interview with hi[m ...] the *Brazen*, in which he communicat[ed ...] posed march. Sir Harry Burrard d[...] the project. Sir Arthur therefore [...] order on the 20th: "The army wi[...] morrow, the men to sleep accoutred [...] readiness to move out, and to be und[...] three o'clock in the morning." Si[...] project was, perhaps, risky. The roa[d ...] have to follow was narrow and rocky, [...] would have to move on a single li[ne ...] French on their flank, and there wa[...]

"TWO ENGLISH BATTALIONS . . . POURED IN A MURDEROUS VOLLEY ON THEIR REACHING THE SUMMIT OF THE HILL." (p. [illegible]).

fighting-position available. Sir H. Burrard therefore observed, with some reason, that it would be more prudent to await the arrival of Sir John Moore and his large force, by which he would much outnumber the enemy. The position the army now occupied was not taken up with a view to a defensive battle, as Sir Arthur had not intended to stop there. Near the village of Vimiera the little river Maceira breaks through a chain of hills, the southern portion of which runs about east and west, and joins the sea above Porto Novo; the northern part runs almost parallel with the coast—or, say, north-east and south-west—and has an intermediate ridge between it and the sea. In front of these, and in front, too, of the little village of Vimiera, is a lower and isolated hill, which covers the opening in the chain of hills and the plain through which the Maceira runs. The bulk of the army—six brigades, commanded by Generals Hill, Nightingale, Bowes, Craufurd, Fergusson, and Acland—besides artillery, was placed on the southern hill, which formed the right of the position, with advanced posts on the Mafra road. The lower hill in front was occupied by two brigades—Fane's on the left, and Anstruther's on the right—with six guns. The northern hill, forming the left, was protected by a difficult or impassable ravine in its front, and being without water, besides being out of the direct line of an enemy's attack, it was occupied only by Trant's Portuguese and some of the Rifles. The commissariat stores were posted on the plain behind the central hill, and here the cavalry were stationed, facing south, to protect the level opening between the centre and right.

The advance of Junot's army was detected during the night by a cavalry patrol posted about two miles south of Vimiera, who heard from an innkeeper in a village in front that his young man had that day come from Lisbon, and had passed the French army in full march. This news was shortly confirmed by the noise of horses and guns passing a wooden bridge in front of the village, and the patrol took back the information to Sir Arthur, who was found with his staff sitting back to back on a table in the hall of his house, "swinging their legs." Sir Arthur took the necessary precautions, though he did not quite believe the report, and this incredulity was confirmed by the continued failure of the French to appear, for indeed they did not advance that night beyond the village near which they had been heard. About seven o'clock in the morning clouds of dust disclosed the approach of the French: drums and bugles sounded, the troops took up their positions. In an the French cavalry crowned the hill eastwa the English position, and, as no advance made against the hill forming the English r it became apparent that Junot intended to a them on the left. He had, in fact, reconnc their right, which was the more direct poi approach, quite up to the mouth of the river having found them strongly posted on that he had decided to leave it entirely alone a assail the centre of the position, at the same marching round them to capture the hill o left, which, as has already been described very scantily furnished with troops. If h possession of this hill he would take in re all who were on the right of the position, a as those who were in the centre, who posted on the little hill in front of the villa

As soon as Sir Arthur Wellesley perc this movement, and that no attack was made on his right, he withdrew all the troo that hill except three regiments under G Hill, which he retained there as a reserve f centre, and marched them across the valley cealed by the ground from the French, to position on the hill on the left, which believed to be unoccupied. Trant's Portu and one brigade of British under Craufurd posted on the ridge intermediate betwee hill and the sea. Fergusson command the extreme left. Bowes and Acland, wit regiments, were posted to form a column hill overlooking Vimiera, so as to be a r to Fergusson. General Laborde was di with 6,000 men, to attack the centre supported by Loison. Each division v column, with two brigades in front and ar in the intervals. Laborde led at the h the 86th French, which crossed bayonets the action with the 50th English. Bre with a brigade, was at the same time sent d at the hill forming the English left. Kell with his grenadiers was held in reserve.

The morning was bright and sunny, ti the bayonets of the advancing French and steady British line, with the colours floatin them and the dark cannon on the rising gr About eight o'clock a cloud of light t followed by a strong column of the enem tered a pine wood in front of our position, in some Rifles were posted on picket, and them in on the 97th, who were in suppor this fight three brothers of the name of H the 95th Rifles, pressed on the French wit

ntrepidity that Lieut. Molloy, who him-
never far from his opponents in action,
rebuke them repeatedly. "D——n
ied he, "get back and get under cover.
think you are fighting with your fists
ı run into the teeth of the French?"
ine, seeing the Rifles retiring, cried out,
n them: charge!" but General Fane
:d. "Don't be too eager, men—not yet.
ne, 95th! Well done, 43rd and 52nd!"
ı as the riflemen had cleared the 97th,
by their right flank to the rear, the latter
t poured a steady fire upon the advancing
and held it in check, while the 52nd
n flank and drove it back in confusion.
this attack began the battle of Vimiera.
'as so little wind that the smoke from
:s hung about and prevented the men
ming. Anstruther then detached the
take up its position in a little church-
the edge of the declivity on Fane's left,
r to meet Kellerman's grenadiers, who
nforcing the attack on that side.
battle was remarkable for another inno-
besides the absence of pigtails—viz. that
ll shell were first used there by the battery
'olonel Robe. Foy remarks on the shot
ocking over the leading files of French
:n bursting among those in the rear.
Fane, on the left centre, soon made use
cretionary power which had been given
d increased the artillery force on the hill
ring up the reserve, and the French, on
within a hundred yards of the summit,
et by the converging fire of six regiments.
:illery tore lanes through the advancing
s, and each time the English soldiers
. ; but the French closed up and marched
on. All the horses of the French artil-
re killed, two colonels wounded, and two
s of grenadiers disappeared—being, in
ped out. Soon they had to contend with
: of another battery of artillery—for
, whose brigade was ascending the left-
idge when the battle began, halted his
ılimbered, and poured their fire into their
ınk; and, again, of two English battalions
oved forward to meet them, and poured
ıurderous volley on their reaching the
of the hill; they were besides charged
: by the 50th, who were wheeled to their
Colonel Walker. They were also charged
43rd in mass, and driven back with
us fighting, in which the regiment
o men. The French then turned
and fled down the hill, with the loss of many prisoners and seven guns.

The moment had now arrived for making use of the small force of cavalry. General Fane therefore directed the 20th Light Dragoons to advance and charge the retreating troops. "Go at them, lads," he said, "and let them see what you're made of." The cavalry, therefore, went threes about and swept round the elbow of the hill, forming into half-squadrons on the way—the 20th in the centre, the Portuguese on the flanks. "Now, 20th — now!" shouted Sir Arthur Wellesley, and his staff clapped their hands and gave them a cheer, on which the whole force put their horses to speed. The Portuguese, however, soon pulled up right and left, and no more was seen of them till the 20th returned, when they were found still standing where they had been left. The 20th are said by Foy to have made two officers prisoners and to have taken some guns, and that the charge reached the Duke of Abrantes, who was with the reserve. He says, too, that they were charged in their turn by the general's guard—the 26th Chasseurs, led by Prince Salm-Salm, and the 4th and 5th Dragoons, a formidable force against the small English body.

The charge is thus described in a letter written from Belem, on 28th Sept., by Lieut. Du Cane, of the 20th Light Dragoons. It differs curiously from the account given by the historians:—

"I rather suspect my information will be more correct than the despatches, for they describe our being overpowered by the enemy's cavalry. Certainly they were strong enough to have cut us up if they'd known what they were about, but not one of them, although within fifty yards of us, ever attempted to come amongst us; and a few of our men, thinking they were Portuguese, by being so quiet nor offering to molest us, went in amongst them, by which they got either killed or taken. Otherwise, they were the only men we lost by the French dragoons, the rest being shot by the infantry. Poor Colonel Taylor was shot by them by pressing the broken infantry too far, without support. Captain Eustace was taken in the same manner by following them up too far, and was severely wounded in the thigh, but is getting a little better since he got out of the hands of the French. I thought it was a toss-up whether we were not all taken or destroyed; for we charged too far amongst them, and never was there a more unequal contest, on account of the ground. We first of all charged through a vineyard and got into a

wood, which was intersected from the vineyard by immense large dykes, in which several horses fell, unable to extricate themselves."

Our infantry on the hill seemed disposed to follow the 20th to repair its check, but Sir Arthur forbade them to leave their position without his order, and the cavalry returned with their white leather breeches, hands, and arms all besmeared with blood. Lieut. Du Cane's letter proceeds :—

"When Eustace, my captain, was taken—which is the second time now—he was taken to General Junot, who appeared exceedingly pleased to see him, gave him refreshments out of his own canteen, and, after paying him several compliments, declared to him that he had seen a good deal of service, but that he never was a witness before of a detachment like ours of dragoons doing their duty so well. He gave us wonderful praise, and certainly not undeservedly."

SIR HUGH DALRYMPLE.
(From the Picture by J. Jackson, R.A.)

While this attack on the English centre was going on—to end in a complete repulse—Brennier, who was trying to force his way to the hill which formed the English left, was faring very badly, for want of knowledge of the ground. The attack was directed on an impassable ravine, and his force for a long time produced no effect. Junot, perceiving this, sent Solignac with a column of all arms to make a wider sweep, so as to turn the ravine, and come upon the English left more on a level. Having effected this movement, he expected to find himself on the flank of the English, but instead of that he found himself opposed by a front, three lines deep, consisting of Fergusson's, Nightingale's, and Bowes's Brigades, which faced across the ridge, with skirmishers on their flank, relying for protection on one flank on the steep rocky ravine which had baffled Brennier, and on the other on a force of Portuguese, who, with one brigade of English under Craufurd, were so posted as to be able to cut him off if he advanced, and place him between two fires. As Solignac approached, Fergusson met him with a determined and impetuous bayonet-charge, which drove the F[illegible] down the hill and destroyed the whole line of one regiment. Solignac was wo[illegible] and his force cut off from their line of r[illegible] with the loss of six guns, of which the 71[illegible] 82nd took charge. But at this moment Bre[illegible] who had found an accessible place in the r[illegible] worked his way up to the ridge behind [illegible]gusson, beat back the above regiment[illegible] recaptured the guns. The English troops [illegible]ever, rallied, charged, and broke the F[illegible] making Brennier a prisoner. Craufurd's b[illegible] arrived and attacked them on their right.

The English had now gained a co[illegible] victory on all p[illegible] the field, and trumpets and sounded all alo[illegible] line. The Fren[illegible] had been com[illegible] driven back, [illegible] only Margaron[illegible] valry and half [illegible] man's grenadie[illegible] broken. Solign[illegible] cut off, and o[illegible] verge of having down his arms. [illegible]nier's brigade w[illegible] pletely broken. that general wa[illegible] prisoner he an[illegible] inquired wheth[illegible] reserve had at[illegible] Sir Arthur W[illegible] heard him ma[illegible] inquiry, and questioned the other p[illegible] on the subject, who declared that i[illegible] Knowing then that the French were beat[illegible] exhausted, while he had still a large forc[illegible] and available for further operations, an[illegible] owing to the movement of the French left, which was the side furthest from Vedras and from Lisbon, the troops formed his right were some two miles ne[illegible] those towns than the French, he plan[illegible] combined movement which should fini[illegible] campaign at a stroke.

Solignac's division was, as has been rela[illegible] the point of laying down its arms. Sir [illegible] proposed to assail the weakened French on his front, and drive them into the mo[illegible] away from Lisbon, and at the same ti[illegible] detach the fresh troops from his right and[illegible] under General Hill, to march on Torres [illegible]

effectually to bar the French from the Unfortunately, at this time Sir Harry d thought fit to assume the direction of He had landed about 9 o'clock, and the army engaged, considered it right interfere, but to allow Sir Arthur Wellesley plete the operations he had commenced; w he sent orders to on to halt, and thus Solignac's force, of unot's chief-of-the-staff, l Thiebault, had been take command, to and rejoin the main nor would he sanction perations which Sir had designed. This is thus referred to letter from which a on has already been which exemplifies the in the British army. is not the smallest but if the enemy had rsued by us—for but of our force were in and all the French —for an hour, they ave surrendered at our on, and which was Sir s intention; but he ered not by Sir Harry, to whom much blame hed, as well as Sir Dalrymple, for making As it was, we certainly a very signal victory e common enemy, and d the English so fine rtunity of gaining one most decisive victories own, as that on the gust; they would have less than 20,000 men s of war." The justice of this view is d by General Foy, who says that by 12 though the action had lasted but two and ours, all the French army had fought, lost 1,800 killed, wounded, and taken; lish reserve infantry had not fought, and tillery was intact. There was nothing however, but to halt. Junot quickly d his position between our army and Vedras, and the opportunity of ending the n was lost. The unfortunate wounded had still to be attended to. Two long tables were arranged end to end in the churchyard, and on these were placed the men whose legs were to be amputated. Private Harris relates how he saw as many as twenty legs lying on the ground, many of them still having on the long black gaiters then worn by the infantry. Less tragical

"IT TURNED OUT TO BE KELLERMAN WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE" (p. 490).

was the loss suffered by Major Travers, commanding the 95th Rifles, who was seen riding about the field, calling: "A guinea to the man who will find my wig."

On the 22nd of August Junot assembled a council of war, and in conformity with its decision, Kellerman was sent to treat for terms. By this time another remarkable change had taken place in the British side. Sir Harry Burrard, who had superseded Sir Arthur Wellesley, was himself superseded by Sir Hugh Dalrymple. Sir

Harry Burrard's action in this campaign seems to have been confined to forbidding the fine strategic movements which Sir Arthur Wellesley planned. Two instances of this have already been related, but another had previously occurred. On reaching Mondego Bay he found letters from Sir Arthur Wellesley recommending that Sir John Moore's division should, on its arrival, be directed on Santarem, where he would close the French line of retreat from Lisbon, while Sir Arthur attacked him with superior forces in front, thus ensuring their surrender. Sir Harry Burrard would not, however, accede to this, and directed Sir John Moore to proceed to Maceira Bay, though he afterwards gave him the option of marching on Santarem. Ultimately this force landed at Maceira after the 21st.

Sir Hugh Dalrymple, who commanded at Gibraltar, had been given general directions of the operations in Portugal and the south of Spain, with the option to act personally, where he thought most advisable, but with a special recommendation of Sir Arthur Wellesley to his confidence, which probably was meant as a hint not to interfere with him. He thought fit, however, to set off on the 13th August for the scene of operations in the *Phœbe*, and hearing at Lisbon from Admiral Sir A. Cotton that the army had landed at Mondego Bay, he made for that point, intending to join the reinforcements expected with Sir H. Burrard, but on the 21st they descried the fleet of transports in Maceira Bay and heard of the victory. On the 22nd Sir Hugh Dalrymple landed and saw Sir H. Burrard. Sir A. Wellesley soon after arrived, and expressed much anxiety that the army should advance. Sir Hugh acceded to this. It was determined that they should march next day, but between 1 and 2 p.m. the enemy seemed to be again advancing, and Sir Arthur was directed to take up his position as before. It turned out to be Kellerman with a flag of truce. Kellerman was a keen observer, and he at once concluded, from the defensive attitude so quickly taken up by the English army, that their chiefs did not feel the confidence and security of victory. He observed also that Sir Hugh Dalrymple was hardly able to conceal his satisfaction that the French were ready to treat, and further, he noted the conversation aside of the British generals, who did not reckon on his understanding English. They expressed their fear that Sir John Moore's army might not be very near—possibly might not be able to land on such a bad coast—that bad weather might prevent the armies from receiving provisions from the ships, and that nothing was to be hoped for from the Portuguese. All these imprudent revelations suggested to him to hold high language, and to extol the energy of the French and the help they could get from the Russians. A suspension of arms was finally agreed upon, and an agreement come to for a convention, on the basis of the French giving up Lisbon and all the strong places in Portugal, the French army to be transported in English ships to France, and the Russian fleet to be taken to England. This convention was signed at Lisbon on the 30th August, and confirmed by Sir Hugh Dalrymple on the 31st at Torres Vedras; but, having been transmitted to Lord Castlereagh on the 3rd September from the head-quarters at Cintra, has always been called the Convention of Cintra. This triumphant result of the operations, by which Portugal was freed and became available as a fortified base for further operations against the French in Spain, was, nevertheless, most unfavourably received in England, as it seemed to compare disadvantageously with the Spanish success at Baylen; and the sensationalists of that day would gladly have seen a Marshal of France and 20,000 French troops arrive as prisoners in England.

A commission of inquiry was therefore held, on which Napoleon remarked that he was about to send Junot before a council of war, but that the British got the start of him by sending their generals to one. To him, indeed, the result was in disastrous comparison with his successes elsewhere. Of 29,000 troops sent to Portugal, 3,000 had perished, either from fatigue or in hospital, or assassinated; 2,000 fell in battle or were made prisoners; 2,000 who were embarked never returned, having been either wrecked or, being Swiss, taken service with the English; 22,000 only returned to France. The English, however, were not satisfied. All the principal officers concerned were summoned home to give evidence on the subject, leaving Sir John Moore in command of the British forces. This general commenced in December the operations in Spain which ended at Corunna, and closed that chapter of the Peninsular War.

opening years of the century, when
›pe echoed with the thunder of Napo-
's great battles, many minor campaigns
ed almost unheeded. Yet some of these
nore lasting effects on the world's his-
some of the more famous battles with
y were contemporaneous. How few
heard anything of the war between
id Russia in 1808, the marches and
id the northern snow and ice, and the
Sweaborg! Yet the result of these
was the annexation of Finland to the
rown of Russia, and the predominance
wer on the shores of the Baltic.

was brief but eventful. If success finally
n Russia, notwithstanding hard-fought
ictories in the field, it was because the
King Gustavus made the efforts of his
unavailing, and because a weak and
commandant prematurely yielded the
ress of Finland and of the Swedish
the invaders. Sweaborg, a mass of
rts and ramparts, built on a group of
islands, in the midst of the sea, was
supposed to be impregnable. It was
arsenal both of the Swedish armies in
end of the kingdom and of the flotilla
d for operations in the shallow waters
lfs of Bothnia and Finland. In war
et stationed there was already at the
St. Petersburg, and could blockade
ice the Russian capital. No wonder
ossession had long been coveted by

secret articles of the Treaty of Tilsit, it
l between Napoleon and the Emperor
that Russia should take possession of
The ministers of the Czar proceeded
press various complaints against the
f the court of Stockholm. Gustavus
, the king of Sweden, was warned by
friends that he was to be attacked in Finland;
but he obstinately refused to believe that there
was anything more serious than diplomatic
friction with Russia. In any case, he expected
that there would be no war till the summer.
But the Russians had planned a winter cam-
paign. In the summer they would have had
to reckon with the opposition of the Swedish
fleet, probably reinforced by a British squadron;
but in the winter months, the frozen northern
seas made naval warfare impossible. It is true
that on the land the intense cold would add to
the difficulties of campaigning; but the ad-
vantage of being secure from an attack by
sea was so great that the winter campaign was
decided upon.

The banks of the frozen river Kymen, which
then formed the frontier of Swedish Finland,
were only held by a feeble line of detached
posts, the usual guard maintained in time of
peace for Customs and police purposes, and
nothing more. On the Russian side of the
frontier in the first half of February, 1808,
16,000 men were concentrated under the com-
mand of General Count Bouxhoevden. The
troops were specially equipped for winter cam-
paigning. The infantry were provided with
snow-shoes, the guns and stores were mounted
on sledges. As soon as everything was ready
war was declared, and the little army of inva-
sion crossed the Kymen in three columns at
Aberfos, Stromfos, and Keltis.

The Swedes were in no position to make an
effective resistance on the frontier. Everywhere
they fell back before the Russians. The first
blood was spilt at Aberfos, where the Swedish
post fired upon the cavalry of the Russian van-
guard, and killed a dragoon officer who was
anxious to distinguish himself by being first
across the Kymen bridge.

The left column of the invaders, under

General Gortschakoff, moved parallel with the shore of the Gulf of Finland. The little town of Lowisa was occupied ; a detachment of 1,800 men was left to besiege the fort of Swartholm on an adjacent headland; and Gortschakoff pushed on towards the defile of Fosby, strongly held by Swedes under Colonel Palmfeld, who hoped to stop the Russian advance at this point where the coast road passed through a rocky ridge. In summer the position would have been a good one ; but now the ice on Permo Bay enabled the attacking force to work round the headland and turn the defile. As the Russians marched out upon the ice, a squadron of Swedish dragoons attempted to check them by threatening a charge, but they were in their turn charged by the Cossacks of the Imperial Guard ; and the strange spectacle was seen of a fierce cavalry fight upon the frozen waters of the bay. The Swedes were thus forced to abandon their position, and on February 26th the Russian left occupied Borgo, the most ancient town in Finland. Two days later the right, under Prince Bagration, made a night attack upon Artsjo, held by a Swedish detachment, and captured the place after a hard struggle in the snowy streets. The Russian centre column met with no resistance worth noting. In summer the numerous lakes and marshes would have rendered the Russian advance more difficult, but now they were able to move across lake and marsh more rapidly than through the rocks and woods of the solid land between the lakes.

SWEABORG.
English Miles
0 1 2 3

The Swedish Government was taken by surprise. There were about 15,000 regular troops and some 4,000 local militia in Finland, but they were scattered in various garrisons, and no army was ready to act against the Russians. Seven hundred men were blockaded in Swartholm, 7,000 held Sweaborg, and about 4,000 under General Klercker were at Tavastheus, the principal town in the south-west. To Tavastheus General Count Klingsporr, whom King Gustavus had appointed to the command in Finland, hurried as quickly as relays of horses could convey his sledge. When he arrived there he heard that the Russians were already in possession of all the south-east of the country. They had occupied Helsingfors without resistance, seizing a number of guns and a quantity of valuable stores in the town. The siege of Sweaborg had begun; a column of invaders under General Toutchkoff was overrunning the east of the country; throughout nearly one-half of it the reserve men and the militia could not be called out; Bagration was advancing upon Tavastheus with a force superior to that under Klercker and Klingsporr, so that the Swedish commander had to begin his campaign by retiring northwards to Kurvola, while the Russians occupied Tavastheus on March 6th. By a bold initiative, a series of forced marches and a few unimportant engagements, they had secured enormous advantages. At first Klingsporr had an exaggerated

heir numbers, for the detachments they forward in so many directions acted so hat the Swedes took them for the van- f strong *corps d'armée*.

oevden, the Russian generalissimo, while ing the blockade of Swartholm and borg, sent a detachment to seize Abo, apital of Finland, and with his main body Klingsporr. The latter could not do him. His hope was to prolong the campaign until the break-up of the ice in the spring would enable the Swedish fleet first to relieve Sweaborg, and then to co-operate with him against the invaders.

Swartholm surrendered on March 18th, after five or six days' bombardment. The garrison had plenty of corn, but they were short of water, and sickness had broken out in the crowded and

TRANGE SPECTACLE WAS SEEN OF A FIERCE CAVALRY FIGHT UPON THE FROZEN WATERS" (*p.* 492).

an delay the Russian advance by some resistance. His rearguard made a stand ieborg, but the place was stormed by n's division. Tammerfors was aban- fter a cavalry fight on the neighbouring Klingsporr could have retired from Wasa own as Nikolaistadt) across the ice of the Bothnia into Sweden, but he decided o draw the Russians after him to the rd, retiring along the west coast of and receiving his suppiies from Sweden Tornea at the head of the gulf, by oute also some reinforcements reached ill-ventilated casemates. Seven hundred prisoners and 200 guns and mortars were the prize of the victors. The detachment under Chepeleff occupied Abo, and seized sixty-four galleys which were ice-bound in the harbour. Finally, on April 12th, the Cossacks marched across the ice of the Baltic and occupied the Aland isles. Klingsporr all the while was retiring slowly northwards, skirmishing among the rocks and woods. It was not till the middle of April that he felt strong enough to make a serious stand. Meanwhile, all unknown to him, the fate of Sweaborg had been sealed—Sweaborg, on

which his hopes for the defence of the province finally rested.

The defence of the famous fortress had been entrusted to Admiral Count Cronstedt, a veteran officer of the Swedish navy, although the force under his command included only about 200 sailors among more than 7,000 combatants. Half the garrison were Swedes, the rest Finns. A large flotilla of galleys and gunboats lay in the creeks between the islands, protected by the works, but themselves unable to take any part in the defence of the fortress, for they were frozen fast in the ice. The same thick ice joined the islands to the coast, and extended in a solid sheet far out to seaward.

The Russian force which was detached from the army of invasion for the siege of Sweaborg, was directed by an engineer officer, General Suchtelen. When he approached the place in February he had not quite 3,000 men at his disposal, but he was gradually reinforced until, in the first week of March, he commanded eleven battalions of infantry, four squadrons of cavalry, four field-batteries, a company of garrison artillery, and two companies of engineers. Heavy guns for the siege-batteries were taken from the Russian fortresses on the frontier of Finland, packed on sledges, and dragged slowly across the snow ice to Helsingfors, the busy commercial town which stands on a point of the mainland west of Sweaborg. Naturally, there was a limit to the number of guns that could be thus brought up, especially as for every gun a quantity of ammunition would have to be conveyed to the front in the same laborious fashion. Thus it was that Suchtelen had never more than thirty heavy guns and sixteen mortars in his batteries, though there were some 2,000 cannon, mounted and unmounted, in the forts and arsenal of Sweaborg. Nor was the want of ordnance the only difficulty of the attack. Suchtelen had to construct the batteries for the few guns he possessed with logs, bundles of brushwood, gabions filled with snow, and other light materials; for the bare rocky ground of the islands and capes made it impossible to dig, and between the capes and the fortress there was only the level ice of the Gulf of Finland, covered with frozen snow, and broken here and there by a ridge of rocks. To carry parallels and zigzags across such a surface, and erect breaching batteries upon it, was out of the question. Suchtelen, therefore, decided that this singular siege should be chiefly a blockade, varied with an occasional bombardment, when his limited supplies of ammunition would permit of such a di
fireworks.

He mounted his heavy guns and m
Cape Helsingfors and on Skandetlande
and some adjacent rocks. Back Holm
east of Sweaborg, was held by a detach
and the expanse of ice to the northward
the great roadstead was continually
by night and watched by day. There
much chance of the garrison breaking o
southward, where the ice covered the
for miles. At first Suchtelen had th
attempting a *coup-de-main*, in the sh
sudden assault with scaling-ladders ; l
sidering the great risk and the certai
life of such an enterprise, he decide
should be attempted only if othe
failed.

The first cannon-shots were excha
March 6th. At daybreak a Swedish
party, several hundreds strong, was se
busy on the west side of Sweaborg, bre
the ice in front of the fortifications.
difficult piece of work ; for blocks of ice
sawn out and carried off, so that it was
quarrying than the ice-breaking we s
English pond or river. Count Crons
trying to secure a barrier of open wa
least of thin ice, for the forts that he be
be most exposed to attack. A Russia
on a rocky island between Sweaborg
singfors opened fire on the ice-cutters,
ran back behind the nearest fort
promptly replied to the Russian fire. I
a high elevation, the Swedish guns sen
their projectiles over the Russian bat
into the town of Helsingfors behind
roofs and walls were soon crashing d
this Suchtelen ceased firing, and sent
with a flag of truce across the ice to S
The officer was brought to Admiral C
quarters, and told the Swedish comma
he had been sent by General Suchtel
motives of humanity, to remonstrate
as to the damage his guns were doin
peaceful inhabitants of Helsingfors.
them, he pointed out, had relations an
in the garrison ; and if, nevertheless, th
nor was so unfeeling as to destroy the
and expose them to the horrors of a
winter, the Russian army would make re
Swedish towns that were already in it
sion. The old sailor replied that the de
of Helsingfors was necessary for the se
his garrison ; and, sorry as he was for

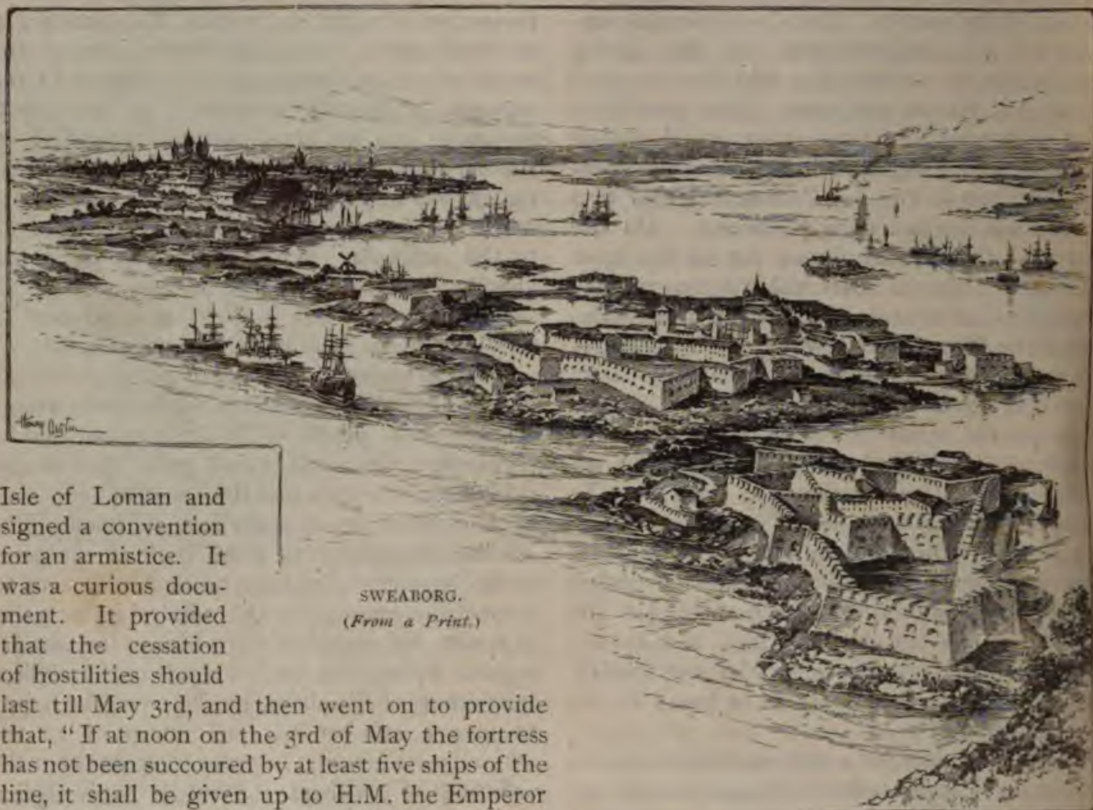
of the town, he must think first of the : of the fortress. But Cronstedt was any- ut a determined man, and after giving :ision he consented to take the advice of :il of war on the point. Now, councils of most without exception, avoid strong es and disagreeable courses, so the result it later in the day Cronstedt agreed to a mise suggested by Suchtelen. On the nd, the Swedes agreed not to fire upon ;fors ; on the other, the Russians pledged lves not to erect any batteries in the direc- the town. There was to be no fighting north-west front of Sweaborg, "from ; of humanity."

:he old sailor had been outwitted by the issian, who had gained a tremendous ad- : out of this humanitarian compact. To Suchtelen's own words in his report on ge :—"Our ammunition trains, our hos- nd stores, could thus be placed in perfect .t Helsingfors. The town afforded at the time to the headquarters, and to the carrying on the siege, the only shelter ne weather that was to be found in the ourhood."

ng thus secured a base of operations, the is proceeded to harass the garrison by day night. The heavy batteries bombarded tress, taking aim at the mills and the f ships that rose above the ramparts, and lly firing at the great snow-covered roofs shipbuilding-slips and workshops of the . Day after day fires broke out in the Even at night the garrison was allowed . Troops would march out upon the ice ie Russian lines, with drums beating and flaring, only to disappear as the first gun ed from fort or rampart. The Russian :illery added to the alarms of the garri- :olonel Argoun, who commanded it, was playing a gigantic game of hide-and-seek the rocks around Sweaborg. His guns lip along from rock to rock, appear sud- where they were least expected within lank range of the ramparts, send a shower : over them, and retire just as the garri- t to arms to repel a supposed attempt to he works. For, with all this activity in sian lines, Cronstedt was persuaded that en was meditating an assault. The result it the garrison turned out to its alarm veral times every day and night, besides to work continually at putting out the the dockyard and arsenal. Exposed to bitter cold, working hard by day, deprived of proper rest at night, no wonder the men began to break down. Cronstedt had no idea of the weakness of the force opposed to him, or of the strength of his own position. To his mind, Sweaborg was an island fortress depending on the sea for its security ; and now, thanks to the ice, the sea was traversed even by field-artillery, and a column of assault could march right up to the ramparts. Yet all the while, if he had abandoned his attitude of passive and irreso- lute defence, he was himself in a position to seriously menace the besiegers with disaster.

Soon he began to be anxious about the supply of food. On the approach of the invaders a large number of the people of Helsingfors had fled to Sweaborg. Cronstedt would have liked to get rid of these "useless mouths," and he sent some of them out to try to reach their old homes. The Russian outposts drove them back at the point of the bayonet. But General Suchtelen sent in a courteous message to the admiral under a flag of truce. He could not allow him to increase his supplies by sending out hundreds of the civilian inhabitants of Sweaborg, but he would be happy to give a safe conduct and an escort to the admiral's own family, in order to spare them the sufferings of the siege. Cronstedt nobly replied that he and his must share the lot of the garri- son. He would accept no special privileges for his wife and children.

The Russian general further showed his courtesy by sending into the Governor gazettes, newspapers, and letters for the families of officers and men. But all the papers and letters had been carefully examined beforehand, and only those were allowed to pass out of Helsingfors which contained depressing news for the Swedes about the progress of the Russian arms and the sufferings of the rest of the country. All good news was carefully kept back. Flags of truce were thus always coming and going, and the Russian staff arranged, on one pretext or another, to have as many conferences as possible with the admiral and his officers. They soon found out that he had no confidence in his position, no expectation of the siege being raised, and that he was particularly suspicious of the promised English naval succour in the spring. He thought that if the British came it would be to get possession of the Swedish fleet. Hopes were artfully held out to him that it might be possible to save the flotilla at Sweaborg by negotiating a separate capitulation for the fortress, and on April 3rd Suchtelen and Cronstedt met on the



SWEABORG.
(*From a Print.*)

Isle of Loman and signed a convention for an armistice. It was a curious document. It provided that the cessation of hostilities should last till May 3rd, and then went on to provide that, "If at noon on the 3rd of May the fortress has not been succoured by at least five ships of the line, it shall be given up to H.M. the Emperor of Russia. Be it understood, that it is necessary such succour shall at that hour have actually entered the harbour of Sweaborg, and that if it should only be in sight of the fortress it shall be considered as not having arrived."

On the ratification of the armistice, the Swedes were to give up to the Russians, as a guarantee, the island of Langorn, with its batteries. The one advantage which was held out to the old admiral as the price of this convention was the preservation of the flotilla. But even this was only conditional, for the article referring to it ran thus:—"The flotilla shall be restored in its actual condition to Sweden, after the peace, provided always that England shall restore to Denmark the fleet taken from that Power last year."

Next day the Russians were given possession of Langorn, the batteries of which commanded the entrance to the great harbour, and they immediately took precautions to prevent any rescuing squadron from getting in when the ice broke up. Additional guns were mounted. Furnaces were prepared and kept ready day and night for firing red-hot shot, and the gunners slept in shelters beside their guns. But the ice held on, and no relief appeared; so on May 3rd Admiral Cronstedt surrendered, and the Russians took possession of the fortress, with 2,000 guns, over 300,000 projectiles, and a great store of arms and ammunition, 2 frigates, 19 transports, and 100 galleys, sloops, gunboats, and small craft, besides a considerable supply of rigging and naval stores. Two hundred and eight officers and 7,368 men laid down their arms.

"The Russians," wrote Suchtelen, "had hardly enough men to occupy the place and see to the dispersion of the enemy's garrison." There were rumours that Cronstedt had been bribed to surrender the fortress, but both Russian and Swedish writers deny that there was any ground for such a charge against him. Without supposing anything of the kind, his conduct is explained by the fact that, though a brave sailor, he was quite out of place as the commandant of a mixed garrison of soldiers and militia in an ice-bound fortress; and, above all, the simple-minded old man was no match for a soldier diplomatist like Suchtelen. Cronstedt was weak and vacillating at a time when victory was within reach of a determined man, and so the great prize of Sweaborg fell into the hands of adversaries who were full of resource, enterprise

ermination, the very qualities in which leficient. On May 8th the Russian flag sted on the forts, with a salute of 101 nd a *Te Deum* was solemnly celebrated great square of the citadel. The Black has flown there ever since. In the War Sweaborg defied the attacks of ic fleet.

irrender to Suchtelen came at a most nate time, for not only was the ice up, so that very soon a joint Swedish ish fleet would have been in the Gulf of , but the Swedish armies in the field, Klingsporr, en winning victories he Russian f invasion. st serious took place econd week l. On the he Swedes and about i, at the of the river ame name. rr's head- were in the nd Colonel erg, with 200 men, it by hold- strong posi- Ypperi, on t a little to h. On the ipenberg was attacked in front by the vanguard, while another column, led by Koulneff in person, moving on the ice of of Bothnia, turned his right flank. In Gripenberg was driven out of three posi- succession. His fourth stand was made Pyhajoki, and here Klingsporr came to e of his rear-guard. His artillery checked ian advance on the coast road, while his he-staff, Colonel Count Löwenhjelm, rigade of infantry and some squadrons of , charged Koulneff's Russians on the one of these charges, which he led hand, Löwenhjelm had his horse killed, himself wounded and taken prisoner. sed some confusion among his followers, esult of Klingsporr's attack was that he ed his rear-guard, stopped the Russian pursuit at the mouth of the Pyhajoki, and was able to continue his retreat unmolested.

GENERAL SUCHTELEN.
(From a Print.)

The Russians occupied Brahestad on April 18th, and drove the Swedish rear-guard out of Olijoki. But a few miles to the northwards, near the church of Sikajoki, Klingsporr made a more determined stand than he had yet ventured upon. At the mouth of the Sikajoki river, the Russians tried to repeat the manœuvre which they had so often found successful, by moving out on the ice to turn the position of the Swedes on the land. But this time Klingsporr was ready for them, and they were beaten back with heavy loss by the Swedish artillery and cavalry. The frontal attack made no more progress. The Russians came on again and again, but the Swedes doggedly held their ground. The fight went on for eight hours, the whole length of the short northern day. Towards sunset General Adlerkreutz, who was now acting as Klingsporr's chief-of-the-staff, noticed that the Russian fire was slackening, and abandoning the defensive attitude for the attack, charged them all along the line, and drove them from the field. The fight had cost a loss of about 1,000 killed and wounded, among the former the Swedish general Fleming. One of the chivalrous incidents of the struggle is worth noting. In those days of smooth-bore flintlocks, men fought at a range of from 100 to 200 yards, and so it was that Koulneff, who commanded the Russian attack, noticed a Swedish officer who was recklessly exposing himself to danger, and, admiring his courage, he told the Cossack sharpshooters not to fire at the brave fellow. The officer bore a name now famous in Scandinavian literature—he was a Captain Björnsterne. But the Swedes were equally generous, for, in the same fight, Adlerkreutz was so struck by Koulneff's intrepid bearing, that he gave orders that care should be taken not to shoot down the Russian general.

Klingsporr withdrew next day northwards to Lumijoki, where he waited for reinforcements, which soon gave him the advantage of numbers over the Russians, who now made no further attempts to disturb him. In the last week of April he felt strong enough to assume the offensive. He had good information, for the peasants were all friendly to the Swedes, and he learned in this way that two Russian columns, under Generals Boulatoff and Toutchkoff, were marching to unite their forces near Revolax in his front. He resolved to delay one of them while he overwhelmed the other with a sudden attack, and on April 27th he set in motion two columns. The smaller, under Adlerkreutz, was to keep Toutchkoff engaged, while the larger, under General Cronstedt (a relative of the admiral), was to interpose between his force and Boulatoff, and try to break up Boulatoff's corps. The attacks were to have been simultaneous, but Cronstedt's march was delayed by deep snow drifts, and Adlerkreutz was in a very serious position, engaged with Toutchkoff's force (which repelled all his attacks), and at the same time exposed to the danger of Boulatoff's corps coming up. But in the afternoon, when Boulatoff, marching towards the sound of his colleague's guns, was approaching Revolax, he suddenly found himself attacked by a Swedish column, which, to his utter surprise, debouched not from a road, but from the hollow of a frozen stream, the ice of which it had used as a roadway. At the same time a sharp fire from the edges of all the firwoods on both his flanks told him that Cronstedt, before showing his hand, had lined all available cover with his sharpshooters. He saw he was caught in a trap. Forming his brigade into a solid column, he tried to bear down the Swedish main attack, but as this first effort failed, he cut his colours from the staff, and giving them to one of his officers, told him to try to get through to Toutchkoff, and tell him that the brigade would fight to the last. Wounded several times, Boulatoff did not give the word to cease fire till he was actually dying. In this condition he fell into the hands of the Swedes, who took 800 prisoners and four guns. Some hundreds more of the Russians got away in the gathering darkness, and the wreck of the brigade rallied to the standard of Toutchkoff, who, on hearing of his colleague's fate, retreated to Pyhajoki, leaving a rear-guard at Brahestad. His force was a little over 5,000 men, with nineteen guns. Klingsporr had now 12,000, but there was a good deal of sickness in his army.

He followed the Russians with his main body, sending a flying column under Colonel Sandels to recover possession of the lake-land of central Finland. The Russians had declared that they came to deliver the Finns from Swedish tyranny, but now the peasants were rising in insurrection on the flank and rear of the invaders and cutting off their convoys. It was thus difficult for them to get supplies, or to maintain their communications. The Russians abandoned Brahestad and retreated to Gamle Carlaby before the advancing Swedes, Klingsporr crossing the Pyhajoki in triumph, while the insurrection spread eastwards, supported by Colonel Sandels' column, and the Russians had to rapidly take precautions for the defence of their own frontier.

Then with the first days of May there was a pause in the operations. For the thaw had begun, and every river was a torrent of rushing water and whirling masses of ice ; the streams of melting snow made watercourses of the roads; and marsh and lake were no longer passable for the flying columns. To Count Klingsporr it must have seemed that victory was now assured for Sweden. He had recovered the north of the kingdom. Even with the forces at his command he could drive the Russians back to the south, where, as he supposed, Sweaborg was defying their attacks. The thaw would bring to his aid not merely the Swedish fleet, but the English squadron, which had reached Gothenburg, escorting transports that conveyed 14,000 British troops under Sir John Moore. It looked as if the summer would see the disastrous retreat of the invaders from Finland.

But all these hopes were dashed to the ground when news came, first that Sweaborg was in the hands of Russia, and then that King Gustavus was quarrelling with his English allies. He was dreaming of vast schemes of conquest—of repeating the exploits of his great namesake, the Gustavus of the Thirty Years' War, by throwing himself into Denmark at the head of his Swedes and Sir John Moore's troops, and intervening in Germany with decisive effect. When Sir John would not listen to these wild schemes, the king refused to co-operate with him in any other direction, and after useless debates, the British troops re-embarked, and Sir John Moore sailed away to find victory, death, and fame in the Spanish peninsula. Even the king's Swedish forces, after a long delay, were frittered away in ill-directed enterprises against the Russian fortified positions in the south of Finland. In the shallows among the islands Gustavus carried on,

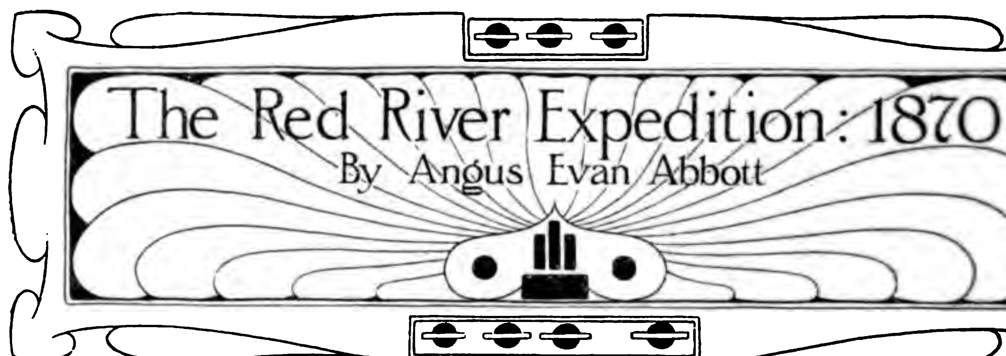
arying success, a kind of amphibious war- vhere his own galleys and troops acted t the Russian batteries and the galleys and ats taken by the invaders from his own ls. Had he used his resources to reinforce porr, that brave and capable soldier would ccomplished more.

n as it was, Klingsporr inflicted further ; on the invaders, recovered all the west land from them, and, co-operating with s, freed the centre, where at one time all ussians held was the fortified town of), strong in its position in the midst of a ith of lakes and creeks.

nwhile the joint Swedish and British ad defeated the Russian fleet off Hango Head, and blockaded it in Baltsch Port till the autumn. It lay there under the protection of some shore batteries, until one day a violent storm forced the blockading squadron to stand out to sea, when the Russians ran out also and got safely into Cronstadt. No attempt was made by the allied fleet to recover Sweaborg, or even to menace it. With the key of Finland thus in their hands, the Russians held the south of the country through the summer.

Then came an armistice; divided counsels among the Swedes, quarrels and dissensions among the leaders, which were the prelude of the revolution in the following year; and 1809 saw the fall of Gustavus, and the treaty signed which gave Finland to Russia.

A FINNISH PILOT.



SOON all the mystery of the great North-West of Canada will have disappeared for ever. Even now the cry of the ploughman to his unruly beasts startles the prairie chicken, and the click-and-purr of ten thousand machines is heard reaping, where but a few years ago numberless buffalo and deer and Indian ponies cropped the prairie grasses. Snug houses now stand where once the smoke from the wigwam lost its blue in the blue of the sky ; wheezing steamers have crowded the birch-bark canoe from river and lake ; the grimy stoker and thrashing screw are taking the place of the painted brave and his white-ash paddle, and the black locomotive, vomiting smoke, rocks shrieking across the plains, swinging its comet-tail of carriages, where, in days not long past, the Indian courier dug his bare heels into the ribs of his lean pony and urged the beast over the rough ground. And the red man ? He has gathered his flaming blanket about his shoulders, and is stealing into the land of the unknown.

When Canada, on payment of £300,000 to the Hudson's Bay Company, acquired the great North-West, she acquired a kingdom.

Up to the date—1869—of this transfer of authority from "the governor and company of adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" (as King Charles's Charter described the company) to the Dominion of Canada the vast region was little else than a howling wilderness. True, dotted here and there on the banks of scarcely known rivers, and by the shores of lakes as yet unexplored by white man, were busy posts or forts belonging to the great fur-trading company; but between these lay vast stretches of prairie and forest, hundreds of miles dividing post from post. To these forts came the Indian, the Half-breed, and French-Canadian trapper, so like the Indian in habits, dress, and complexion as to be hardly distinguishable from Indian. These brought with them the of their winter's hunt, the result of spent in the solitudes of lonely stre wildernesses. Strange, gloomy, taciturn and trappers frequented the posts, men with the silence of the pine forests fi months passed in solitude when the banked like white clouds in the woods, Frost King smote with his clenched fi bosom of unnamed lakes until the ice b ribbon-like splits of translucent blue for leagues away. The short days northern region were spent by these white and red, in thridding the wood, n tracks in the snow of furry beasts, and ing their craftily-set traps for the silver sable, and the long nights were pass alone in a log hut crouching close to th while the storm roared down the chir an ogre struggling to get in. To such the Hudson's Bay Company was the life. At its posts they sold their bought clothing, food, tobacco, and pow

Some years before the transfer of aut the Dominion, settlers, from Ontario pr having discovered the richness of th land, began to drift into the territory. older provinces of Canada the land wa wooded, and consequently required m labour to bring to a state of cultivation this new region the prairie rolled flat a and all ripe for the plough.

These settlers, assured of justice at t of the Dominion authorities, were favou the transfer of the rich wilderness from of a chartered company to that of a res colony. Not so, however, the Half-breed tending that they feared that their ri certain lands staked out by various ind of them would not be protected, th

the entrance into the North-West
ying party, and then refused to allow
William McDougall, who had been
Governor of the newly-purchased
to set foot upon his domain. For
g time the people of Canada were
verted by the spectacle of a Governor
stay outside the domain he had been
to govern. He made no serious
to enter the territory, having no
force behind him, but resided for
n the safer side of the boundary.
emonstration of the Half-breeds was
by one Louis Riel, a man of consider-
gy and shrewdness, and a right-down
, who tried his best to stir into action
rous strong Indian tribes of the North-
Had he succeeded, one of the greatest
s wars must have fol-
war that would have
lded by massacre of un-
settlers, their wives and
this succeeded by many
of bitter bloody fight-
at these calamities were
was in no ways owing to

an effective period of
Riel whipped the Half-
nto line, seized the
Bay Company's posts
npany's officials seem to
n not ill-disposed to
—formed a provisional
nt, and with an army
500 men, prepared to
h force any attempt on
of Canada to take pos-
the North-West.
tawa Government tried
ry measures. Commis-
re sent to interview Riel,
assumed the title of President, and sat
flag the design of which was fleurs-
d shamrocks. Besides having hauled
Union Jack and substituted his own
had more than half-a-hundred loyal
f the Queen under lock and key. The
ners made little effect on the Half-
During the early months of 1870, Riel
time in making an impression on the
French Half-breeds, frequently sen-
yal citizens to be shot, only to pardon
r the poor fellows had suffered all the
f looking into the face of an inglorious
death. Unfortunately for all concerned, Riel committed one horrible crime. On March 4th, 1870, the "President" ordered that Thomas Scott, an Ontario man and a prisoner, should be tried by court-martial, on what charge it is difficult to say. The fact of the matter was that Riel had determined to show his power, and at the same time to commit his followers irrevocably. The court-martial sentenced Scott to be shot the same day.

It was a ghastly crime. Scott, poor fellow, was led out of Fort Garry, knelt in the snow and was shot. He was not killed outright by the volley, and the *coup de grâce* proved to be no *coup de grâce*, for the bullet striking him in the eye passed around the head without penetrating to the brain. Probably sickened by the horror of these proceedings, it is said the Half-breeds had

A PORTAGE.

the victim bundled into his coffin and deposited inside the Fort, where he lay moaning for eight hours before someone put an end to his suffering—some say by shooting him, others

that he was stabbed to death with a butcher's knife.

A thrill of horror ran through Canada. Such crimes could not be countenanced by a justice-loving people. All idea of negotiations and conciliatory measures left the minds of the people of Ontario. A shout went up for energetic action, for effective action, and action without delay. In answer to this call, and to take practical possession of the country, the famous Red River Expedition came into existence.

Now, it so happened that when these events were taking place, one Colonel Wolseley, since become famous in the world, was Deputy Quartermaster-General in Canada. Colonel Wolseley had made himself conspicuous, not only by the comprehensive view he took of his profession, but also by his intimate acquaintance with the least particular of the service. He soon attracted the attention of the authorities both in England and Canada. So it came about that when in April, 1870, Lieutenant-General the Honourable James Lindsay reached Canada to take over the position of commander-in-chief, he found no difficulty in selecting his commander for the expedition. Wolseley received word that he had been appointed to conduct the little force which must make its way through the strange region of lake, forest, river, and prairie. Toronto, capital of the rich province of Ontario, was chosen as a rendezvous for the various battalions then being raised for the work ahead.

This little force consisted, in round numbers, of 1,200 men. Of these one-third were regulars—350 men of the 60th Royal Rifles, 20 men of the Royal Engineers, and 20 Royal Artillery, and small detachments from the Army Service Corps and Army Hospital Corps. The other two-thirds of the force were volunteers from the militia of the twin provinces, Ontario and Quebec, and were formed into two battalions—the 1st or Ontario Rifles, and 2nd or Quebec Rifles.

For service such as lay before this little band of volunteers and regulars, no commander could have wished for a finer stock of people from which to draw his men than were the citizens of the broad provinces Ontario and Quebec. Ontario, which supplied by far the greater proportion of the volunteers, although by this time well "settled," nevertheless was peopled by those who had felled the forest, and who had allowed the sun's rays after untold centuries of darkness to sweeten the loam into life. Towns, even villages, were few, and the broad stretches o' rolling lands lay like a great chess-board, the squares alternate clearings and forest. highways were cut in long straight lines t the woods, and dotted along these, ofte apart, were the farmers' houses, built most part of unhewn logs; and over th supported by the antlers of a buck its slain, lay the rifle, for the settler and h could use with equal skill rifle and axe. T great stretches of the province the de browsed. In the early morning when t frosts of autumn caused the beech-b open, the strange exuberant call of t turkey-cock, as with trailing wings and puffed in pride he led his flock under th sounded on the air. The lynx, the wild- in parts the wolf, still lurked in the s Small wonder then that the Ontario bac man was hardy, skilled in woodcraft, and a shot. The pick of these (for a rigid examination was insisted upon) Colonel W led into the great North-West.

On the morning of May 21st, 1870, Wolseley took train from Toronto to wood, a little port at the southernmost Georgian Bay—a bay which rides, like th of a camel, on the back of Lake Huron section of ninety-four miles was to be s least eventful of the whole journey, a trains rapidly spilt the little expedition i town. At the wooden piers running out bay lay the steamers *Frances Smith* and —the latter, I believe, famous during th of the American War as a successful b runner. The night of the 21st was infinite bustle and excitement.

Georgian Bay is a wonderful sheet o Islands almost without number dot its raising their heads in sizes varying handful of earth—only large enough to a precarious hold for a clump of green to the Grand Manitoulin, which is 10 long by thirty miles broad, and now c a population of 10,000 souls. Betwe islands are many curious channels o depth, and waves of the deepest blue b the ribbons of white sand which gird islands, whereon to this day the she-be her chubby cubs to play in the moonlig wet their fat paws in the lake. Many islands are uninhabited, but all are rich i and grasses, and in summer are green blot the rolling waters. But when winter down the Great Lakes freeze to an in depth, and the fierce north wind sweeping the leagues of ice-piled lake, the isla

inhospitable dwelling-places for white
red.
ever, the troops of the Red River Expedi-
ade the journey under most favourable
ons of time and weather. The steamers
ross the beautiful bay winding in and out
the islands, occasionally stopping at some
he-way settlement to take on fuel. The
sat on deck watching with curious eye
any strange sights, and gazing with
ion at the light birch-bark canoe and the
sque brave, who held his paddle deep in
ter while he glanced stoically at the
steamers. On the 23rd the *Chicora*, the
steamer, made her way up the narrow
rie River and passed the famous "Soo"
Here were picked up four companies
Ontario Rifles and a large party of
s Indians—splendid fellows, who proved
t service to the expedition, for they were
at handling the boats and canoes. At
oo" the first real hard work of the ex-
n was encountered. A portage had to be
f most of the stores, and although every-
orked with a will it turned out to be a
ob. Here, too, the transport department
reased by the addition of the propeller
na towing two schooners. Out upon the
uperior the steamers made their way, and
n the morning of the 25th the bold outline
nder Cape loomed against the sky, and a
urs afterwards Thunder Bay was entered
fleet brought to an anchor. The second
the journey had been won.
ne shore of this great bay and surrounded
untains, the pioneers of the expedition
Dawson had already prepared a landing-
nd erected a few rough shanties. All
the land-side of the spot stretched
ls of miles of forests, inhabited only by
r and wolf, and which furnish the fuel
se tremendous fires that roll over
d, their flames leaping high into the
and flinging their smoke in clouds so
hat the sailor on Lake Superior has to
way along the decks of the craft he is
g from shore. On landing, Colonel
y named the place Prince Arthur's
g (now Port Arthur) in honour of the
then in Canada. From this port ran a
t for the expedition, a forty-miles-long
he green forest.
of the expedition who were shipped
Frances Smith began the disagreeable
ces of the journey early. On the voyage across Georgian Bay, the captain of the steamer, having got himself into a proper condition to do so, hopelessly lost his way among the islands. It was only by the greatest of good luck that the steamer was saved from shipwreck, and every soul aboard considered himself fortunate when, after an anxious time, the captain finally happened on the mouth of the Ste. Marie River. It was probably just as well that when he navigated his vessel to the "Soo" he demanded such an outrageous sum of money before he would consent to proceed out upon Lake Superior, that the authorities decided to dispense with the services of his ship. Thus the troops were forced to disembark and take other steamers, hastily chartered for the emergency, to their destination.

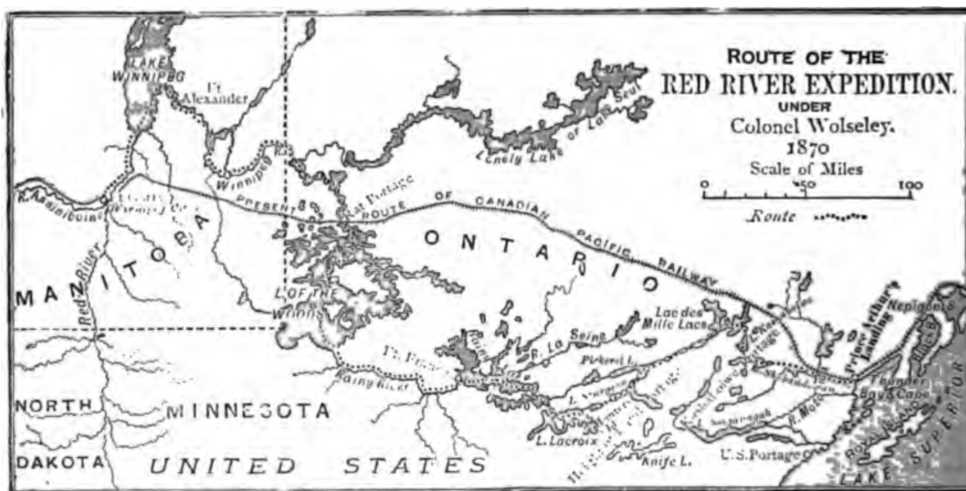
A strange scene, indeed, the tiny speck of clearings on the lake shore, the little fleet rocking to the swell that rolled in from the bosom of Superior, the great forest blasted by the flames that had but a short time before swept across the face of the land, and the thin highway in the forest, as if a giant plough had passed from the lake shore away for the north. Indian squaws parted the underbrush, stole out of the forest, their papooses strapped to their backs and flame-coloured blankets drawn round their shoulders, and stood in picturesque groups watching the strange company of white men who were swinging the battering-ram of civilisation against the barricades of the great North-West.

Between the vessels and the shore plied a wooden scow some fifty-five feet long, this under the charge of a Mr. Mellish—whom the light-hearted volunteers at once nicknamed "the Admiral"—and his cumbrous scow the *Water-Lily*. On the *Water-Lily* men, horses, oxen, stores, cannon, everything, were conveyed to the shore. While this was going on, Colonel Wolseley personally inspected the road that ran from Prince Arthur's Landing to Lake Shebandowan. Probably not until he had made this inspection did he realise the grave difficulties that he was called upon to surmount. A more primitive highway it would have been difficult to find.

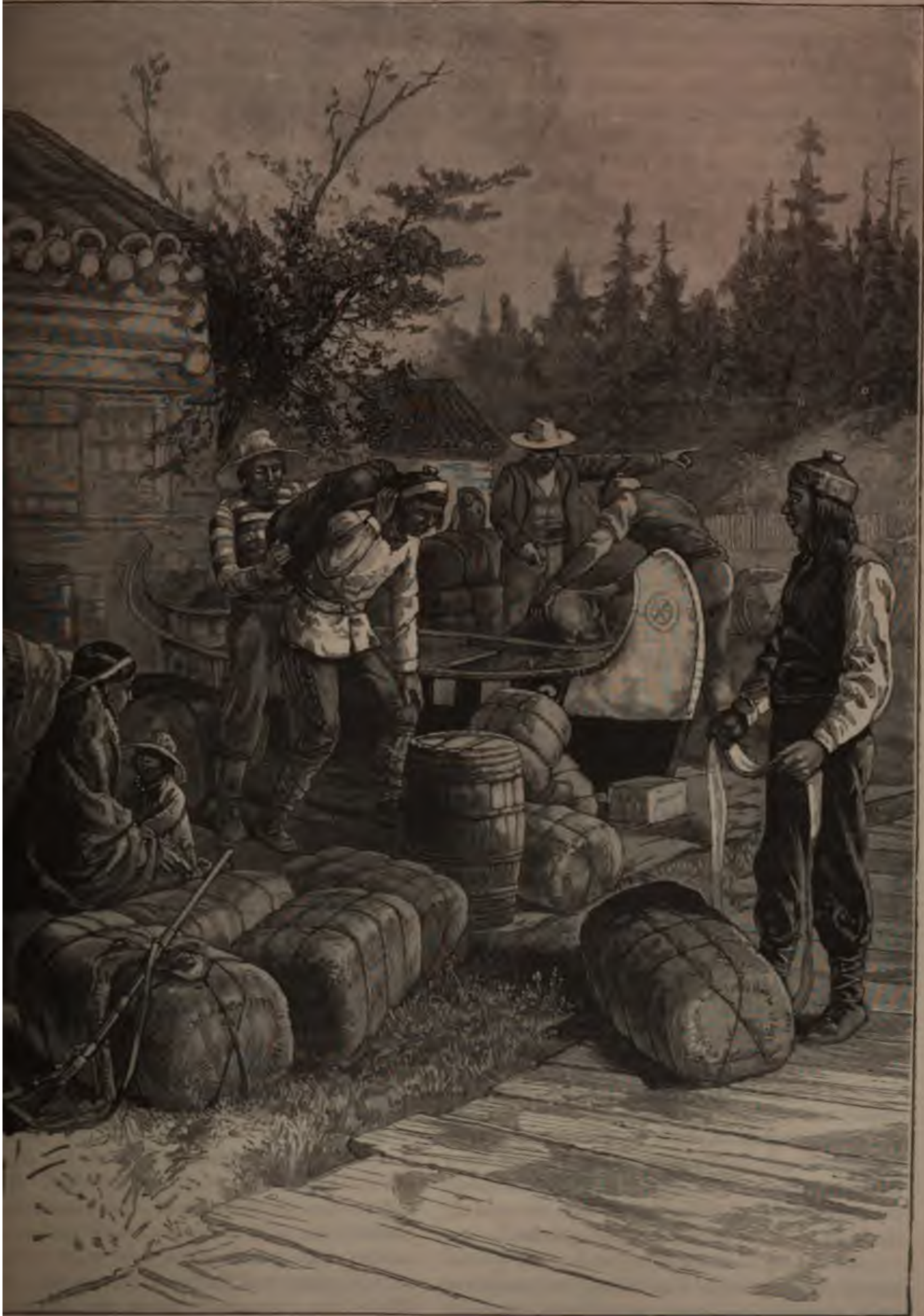
Under the best circumstances a newly-constructed road through a Canadian forest is but a sorry highway. The trees that are felled to clear the way are usually cut into lengths of a dozen feet or so, and rolled into position cheek-by-jowl, the crossways of the highway. For this purpose—and, in fact, for all work in the bush—oxen are used in preference

to horses on account of many qualities, among others their great strength, their ability to scramble unhurt over logs and through brush, their cleverness in passing over bog-land and through mire, and their coarse appetites which allow them to thrive on rank grasses and brushwood. Moreover, their very slowness of movement is a virtue. The road formed of logs is called "corderoy," and it will be readily understood that it makes a jolting, wracking way for vehicles, only preferable, in fact, to loose undrained earth.

When Colonel Wolseley rode on his visit of inspection, matters looked far from promising. Ahead one-fourth of the distance to Shebandowan, where the expedition was to embark in canoes, had not even been cleared of the trees, and the remainder which had been "corderoyed" was in a bad way owing to a forest fire which ten days before had raged, burning bridges, setting fire to the "corderoy," and entirely destroying the barricades of timber that had been reared to support deep cuttings, allowing miniature landslides to blockade the road. But these grave difficulties were surmounted in the most energetic manner. Every man worked like a nailer. Soldiers lay aside their arms to ply the spade and swing the axe, and parties commenced work on burnt culverts and filled-in cuttings. Strange to tell, in a country abounding in young men who thoroughly understood the management of horses, the expedition was seriously retarded by the incapacity of the teamsters. The horses, badly handled, were soon knocked up, and the teamsters, not having been regularly enlisted and so not bound to obey orders, turned obstinate and discontented. Wolseley and his officers were well-nigh at their wits' ends over the matter. The guns—for the expedition took out a battery of bronze muzzle-loading 7-pounders, weighing 200 pounds apiece—were heavy baggage, and the boats required for navigating the hundreds of miles of lakes and rivers had to be transported through the forest on waggon-wheels, attached by chains to bow and stern. As there were a hundred and fifty boats to be transported, and as the waggons were urgently needed for the removal of the general stores, Colonel Wolseley cast about him for other means of sending forward the boats.



A few miles from Port Arthur stood a Hudson's Bay post, and the factor of this suggested that an attempt be made to propel the boats up the Kaministiquia River, a stream full of rapids, which, after taking a wide sweep through the bush, crossed the road some twenty-two miles from the landing. On June 4th Captain Young and Lieutenant Fraser, commanding thirty-four men of the 60th in two heavy boats built at Quebec and four raftsmen's boats, set out to make the attempt. They found the river quiet only when it was gathering force for a run down wild rapids or a plunge over great falls. Before they reached the bridge that carried the highway across the river, the men of the 60th had made seven portages, one of them around the Kakabeka Falls, a mile in length. Indians who knew every foot of the way piloted the flotilla, and the men, by wading waist-deep, hauling at ropes, pushing and paddling, managed to send forward the boats, while the waggons laboured along the primitive highway with the stores.



A HUDSON BAY COMPANY'S POST.

But the heavy and wet work was by no means the only hardship encountered. The forests of this district are the homes of the most aggravating, maddening flies, diminutive and vicious: black flies that rise like clouds in the air, sand flies, mosquitos; at high noon or at midnight it is the same—nipping, biting, stinging, burrowing under the skin until hands and face are raw and tingling and swollen. Veils were served out to the men, but one might as well spread a tennis net to catch a shoal of minnows as hope to keep the black fly from the face by means of a veil. The poor horses and oxen came in for their share of trouble from flies. Nor were the elements a whit more kind. Several times forest fires swept across the rough road, burning the bridges, and after the fires subsided frightful thunderstorms turned streams into raging torrents, carrying away bridges and roadbed. But all the time the little army battled bravely against its strange foes: forests, floods, fires, and—flies.

This was indeed a trying stretch of road for the young commander, and at one time the success of the expedition was in grave danger. But Wolseley by judicious compromises, here keeping to the road, there trusting all to the rapidly-running rivers, at last succeeded in reaching Lake Shebandowan. When the expedition was trailing its length across this section of brush, the lieutenant-general paid Colonel Wolseley a visit, and was received in proper style, as the following extract will show.

Captain Huyshe of the Rifle Brigade, who has written a good-humoured and entertaining account of the Red River Expedition, says:—

"At the time that the lieutenant-general arrived at the Matawan"—a river which the road crossed twenty-seven miles from Thunder Bay—"on his visit of inspection, I happened to be present, and was much amused at the dress in which the inspecting officer was received by Captain Young, who was then at his daily work in the boats taking supplies up the river. His dress consisted of but three articles: a red woollen night-cap, a flannel shirt, open at the throat and chest with the sleeves rolled up to the elbows, a pair of duck trousers tucked up to the knees and confined round the waist by a leathern belt and sheath knife; no shoes or stockings, and a pipe in his mouth, which he politely removed to shake hands with the general."

This terribly hard stage of the journey proved a good sifting ground. The idle and inexperienced were soon marked men, and all such were left behind at McNeil's Bay.

Before the little expedition now lay a stretch of waterway, and from this poi *voyageurs*, Indians for the most part and F Canadians, became the all-important These were under the leadership of Ig splendid old Indian who had been to the regions with Dr. Rae, and who knew the West well. A beautiful evening was t July 16th, calm and clear, when the little boats—a short time before the cause o heart-burns, but now to repay for all s safely bearing the expedition to its journe —put out upon the bosom of Lake Sheban The army was now quite out of touch of tion. The forest stood with its toes in th the wild fowl rose in long thin lines, beaded ripples where their wings traile red feet from the water, and far and near s the cries of the loon. Until this time the had never been ruffled but by the boats *voyageurs*, the canoe of the red man, or t that had plunged into the lake to esc pack of wolves steadily overtaking hi long hard run, or to answer a challenge ing from the forest on the other side river or lake.

Six hundred miles away stood Fort Ga goal of the expedition—six hundred lake and river, through picturesque entirely novel to the great majority of the boats, bivouacking at evening un pines on the banks, and paddling all day. Lake Shebandowan the foremost boats Kashaboiwe portage, passed it (heavy turned out to be, everything having carried on the back. There were no h oxen now) and into Lake Kashaboiw Height-of-Land portage the expedition over the "back" or water-shed of the On one side of this "back" lay the Mille Lacs, whose waters run away to th to finally flow into Hudson's Bay; on th side the waters flow into the Great La down to the St. Lawrence.

The stage of the journey from He Land portage to Fort Frances need not scribed in detail. Every man of the for that the serious obstacles offered by t forests had been overcome, worked lighter heart. Instead of the monot blasted pine and miry way, each stroke paddle now opened up a new view—b islands, glassy reaches of water, wooded While the *voyageurs* piloted the boat the rapids, the volunteers strolled in the

the bank, pestered only by the flies. Lake was passed, Dorá Lake (where Wolseley—who had remained behind to whole expedition safely into canoes and ow caught up with the pioneers, having ught forward in a gig rowed at a great Iroquois Indians. He kept ahead of the n from here on), Sturgeon Lake, Lac Loon Lake, and Rainy Lake—where blew so violently as to "hold up" the n for a day—and into Rainy River. iles down this splendid river stood Fort an old Hudson's Bay Company's post. reached on August 4th.

six days spent at this important post, Wolseley took his place in a birch-oe paddled by Iroquois, and made off e Rainy River. At the mouth of the essengers from the North-West were ered. They had come to meet the expe-d to implore all speed, as the danger of n uprising was great; but as the expedi- making the best time possible, nothing uld be done. Here, too, the troops the declaration of war between France ssia. The next stretch of water that lay e boats was the beautiful Lake of the which was with difficulty crossed owing s, and the innumerable small islands great inducements to lose the way— any of the boats accepted.

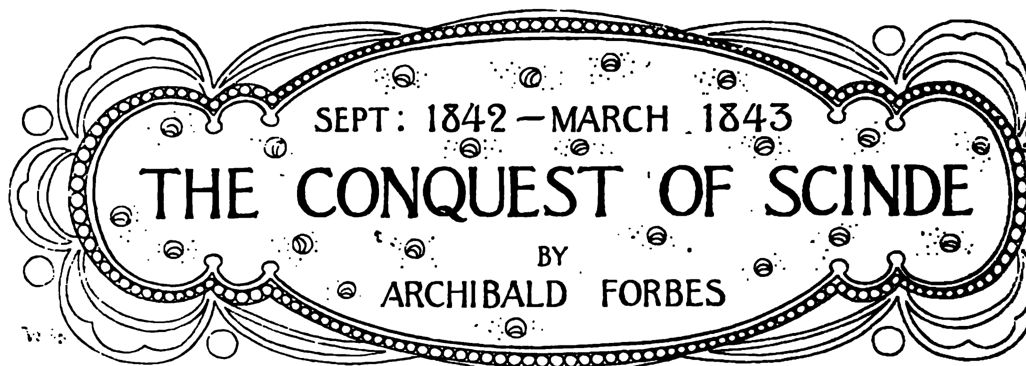
t Portage the turbulent but grand Win-iver begins its course of more than one and sixty miles. It is a river of many —cataracts, rapids, whirlpools, rocks, and s channels—and it flows through a uresque country. It took but four days boats to do the distance between Rat and Fort Alexander. During the journey e river the men experienced all the sensations of shooting the rapids. A ian as pilot, the foam flying high in the s roaring around and over stubborn d the canoes and boats shivering and ng like steeds at the scent of blood. On the "Seven Portages" were passed, next day Colonel Wolseley reached xander. Two miles further on spread inland sea, Lake Winnipeg. The last he journey now had been reached.

t at Fort Alexander! Colonel Wolseley ermined to push ahead, and so next set out with all the boats that had and the little flotilla was soon sailing Lake Winnipeg for the mouth of the Red River. Here the boats were formed into proper order in case of opposition being met with from Riel and his Half-breeds, and canoes were sent ahead to act as "scouts." Farther up the river troops were "unshipped" and marched along the bank of the river, the rebel-infested country thus being entered with all proper caution. The two 7-pounders were mounted in boats, and when camp was pitched, some six miles below Fort Garry—a strong post held by Riel—pickets were thrown out and sentries posted. While all this was going on, no definite news of the march was brought to the rebel leader. Indeed, Riel seems to have altogether disbelieved in the existence of the expedition, which was soon to be a very patent fact to him.

On the 24th, Point Douglas was reached, and here the whole party disembarked and formed in battle array, expecting that at length fighting must begin. Through deep mud the little army advanced on Winnipeg; but when the followers of the Half-breed saw the Canadian army advancing they refused to fight, and instead took to their heels, deserting Fort Garry by the south gate. Riel and his chief men made good their escape to the United States, floating across rivers on rafts made of fence-rails, and doing long marches barefoot. Some years later he returned to the North-West, stirred up a second rebellion, was captured, and, together with a number of Indian chiefs, suffered death by hanging.

When Wolseley entered Fort Garry "the Union Jack was hoisted, a royal salute fired, and three cheers given for the Queen." So happily ended the first Red River Rebellion and the active work of the Red River Expedition.

Trace on the map the route followed by this enterprising little force and you will realise that perhaps never in the history of armed expeditions has an army shaped a more devious way, and did its work under a greater variety of circumstances of travel. From Toronto to Georgian Bay sped by locomotives, up the great lakes in churning steamers, through the woods on waggons, wracking over corderoy roads, and then by portage, river and lake on to Fort Garry, 1,280 miles of ever-changing scenery and conditions, and hard work, always in danger from fire and flood, invading a hostile region, plunging down foaming rapids, losing the way among unnamed islands, riding the waves like a strange flock of wild fowl, and ever pushing on cheerful and confident, the expedition—a mere handful of brave men—did the duty set for it expeditiously, effectively, and without the loss of a man of them all.



"LADY SARAH LENNOX," wrote Horace Walpole, "was more beautiful than you can conceive. No Magdalen by Correggio was half so lovely and expressive." So thought the young King George III., who sent her a proposal of marriage through a common friend. On the next Court-day the king took Lady Sarah aside, and asked what she thought of his message. "Tell me," he pleaded, "for my happiness depends on your answer." "Nothing, sir," replied the lady, who just then had someone else in her head. "Nothing comes of nothing," said his Majesty, as he turned away in manifest vexation; but he never ceased to treat the lady with marked distinction.

Had Lady Sarah accepted George, there had been no Sir Charles Napier to conquer Scinde. But fate and politics marred the proposed romantic union, and Lady Sarah, after a most unhappy first marriage, became in 1777 the wife of Colonel George Napier. She became the mother of a numerous family, in whose veins flowed illustrious blood; for on the paternal side the pedigree went back to Montrose, the Napiers of Merchiston, and the Scots of Thirlestane; on the maternal side it descended from Bourbons, Stuarts, and Medicis.

The family was reared in the village of Celbridge, a few miles from Dublin. The three eldest sons—Charles, George, and William—became distinguished and gallant soldiers: William in his later years was the author of the famous "History of the Peninsular War." In that war they were all repeatedly wounded, and performed prodigies of valour. As the eldest son, Charles was the first to receive a commission, which he obtained in 1794, when he was just twelve years old. He had interest, and rose rapidly mostly employed on staff duty. All three brothers served under Sir John Moore when, in the Shorncliffe camp in 1805, that great soldier taught the principles and practice of war to th regiments which, a few years later, Wellington's famous "Light Division" Peninsular War. The three Napier broth part in Moore's retreat to Corunna in the of 1808-9, and fought in the battle which brilliant ending to the disastrous retreat campaign was Charles Napier's first ex of active service, yet he was then a in command of the 50th Regiment. W noble Moore was struck down in the the fighting at Corunna, the 50th was s recalled, when Napier and four soldiers in the extreme front. They were imm surrounded, and the four soldiers were bayoneted; Napier was struck down, re stabbed, and struck as he lay with clubb kets. A French drummer saved his life assisting him to the rear when a lone s the 50th was met. Napier himself must the sequel.

"He (the soldier of the 50th) instantly recovered his arms, and cocked his piece, fiercely at us to make out the situation. he levelled at my French drummer; but up his musket, calling out, 'For Go don't fire! I am a prisoner, badly w and can't help you; surrender.' 'F would I surrinder?' the soldier shouted deepest of Irish brogues. 'Because,' 'there are at least twenty men upo 'Well, if I must surrinder, there!' he ex dashing down his firelock across their l making them jump—'there's me fire! yez.' Then, coming close up, he threw round me, and giving the drummer a pu sent him and one or two more reeling a wall, he shouted out, 'Stand back, ye spalpeens!—I'll carry him myself. Bad the whole of yez!'"

On the second day after the battle

brought into Corunna a prisoner of
ated most kindly by Soult and later
lt's successor. His family mourned
ut after two months' importunity
Government to send to ascertain
hat happened then illustrated the
he French of that period. Clouet

and friends as one risen from the grave. His brother George and his sisters met him as he entered Exeter on the top of the Plymouth coach, still in the old, threadbare red coat he had worn in the battle, out at elbows, patched, and covered with the stains of blood and time. Charles Napier was one of the few men who ever

, IN FULL UNIFORM, WAS BORNE INTO HYDERABAD IN A MAGNIFICENT PALANQUIN" (*p.* 511).

flag of truce and informed Ney, who
t him see his friends and tell them
l well-treated." Clouet looked ear-
id not move; and Ney asked him
d. "He has an old mother," said
widow, and blind." "Has he?"
ey; "let him go then, and tell her
he is alive!" In Sir John Hope's
pier had been reported among the
Corunna, and when he recovered his
h March, 1809, he was to his family

recovered their own will after its having been probated. I have in my possession an extract from the Reports of the Court of Probates, dated May 3rd, 1809, of the following tenor:—

"In the goods of Charles James Napier, Esq., heretofore supposed to be dead.

"In February last probate of the last will and testament of the above was granted to Richard Napier, Esq., as brother and sole executor named in the said will, Richard Napier having made an affidavit deposing that he had received intelligence,

which he believed correct, that the said Charles James Napier had been killed in battle at Coruña on the 16th of January last. On this day, Bogg, proctor for Richard Napier, brought into Court and left there the said probate, and the Judge revoked the said probate granted in error, and declared the same to be null and void. At the same time Charles James Napier appeared personally; and the Judge decreed the original will, together with the probate, to be cancelled, and delivered either to him or the said Bogg for his use."

Ever after Corunna, Napier's manner was eager and restless, with sudden spasmodic movements, springing from his wounds. "His countenance had assumed a peculiarly vehement, earnest expression, and his resemblance to a chained eagle was universally remarked." Ney, on releasing him, had exacted his parole not to serve until exchanged, and it was not until May, 1810, that he was enabled to return to the Peninsula, when he joined the Light Division as a volunteer, and presently took part in the action of the Coa, where his brother William was dangerously wounded. At Busaco he himself was shot through the face when on Wellington's staff, and had to go into hospital at Lisbon. "My jaws are crooked," he wrote, "and will always be so; my mouth opens but stiffly." He was returning to the front in the spring of 1811, when he heard the noise of battle and met a litter borne by soldiers and covered with a blanket. "What wounded officer is that?" he asked. "Captain Napier, of the 32nd—a broken limb." Another litter followed. "Who is that?" "Captain Napier, of the 43rd, mortally wounded"—it was thought so then. Charles Napier looked at his two brothers, and passed on to the fight in front. The Napiers were always getting hit. Charles himself had seven wounds; his brothers had some sixteen between them.

Promotion was slow—Charles Napier, after two years' hard fighting was still a major; but in the summer of 1811 he was promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 102nd Regiment—a corps just returned from Botany Bay with a bad character for insubordination and mutiny. In the beginning of 1812 he took the regiment to Bermuda, where he restored it to order by firm, yet not tyrannical, resolution. Years passed without employment, for the wars were over. For eleven years he was in the Ionian Islands, for the most part as Military Resident of Cephalonia—a pleasant, useful time, the happiest period of his life; diversified occasionally, ever, by friction with the home autho Canning, then Prime Minister, had been l ing to statements that Napier had been his position to negotiate with the Greek The story was wholly untrue, and in as words he said that it was so, adding—"F part, I scorn to deprecate the wrath of an who suspects my integrity. If you dou conduct, or wish my place for a better n God's name use your power to employ th you think best calculated for the king's se Brave, if rash, words to come from an half-pay lieutenant-colonel, with nothing l half-pay to rely on. It need not be sai Napier was recalled.

When he was in his fifty-sixth year ar been unemployed for eight years, Lord Russell gave him the command of the No district, a post for which he was now e having become a major-general. He did at once with resolution yet with discreet m tion, to hold within bounds the Chartist tion. But home duty, with its continuou driving, was irksome to him; rumours of India rekindled his military ardour; and fifty-eighth birthday we find him writi dare swear few men have had more adve than myself; and yet, eventful as my l been, my present position and the threa state of the country render it probable th short portion of life which is left to me the most eventful of the whole." This ar tion turned out a true prophecy. In the a of 1841, in his sixtieth year, he was voyag India. With a body worn with woun toil, with two children unprovided for, he his way to expose himself to fresh dange undertake arduous duties in a land whe climate alone, in the opinion of those whe him, would be more than he could bear. he had paid for his passage, he landed in B with just two pounds in his pocket.

Sir Charles Napier—the Queen in 18 made himself and his brother George K Commanders of the Bath—was in comm the Poona division for nearly a year. September 3rd, 1842, he sailed from Bomb Kurrachee in a vessel carrying 200 Eu troops. She was scarcely clear of Bomba bour when virulent cholera broke out. next morning dawned, twenty-six bodie been thrown overboard. "The darkness night," wrote Napier, "the pouring rai roaring of the waves, the noise of the engi

eels, the dreadful groans of the men horrid convulsions, the lamentations of d women who were losing wives, husd children, the solemnity of the burial ead by the light of a solitary lantern, d altogether a dreadful scene." Fiftyes were lost during the three days' eighty men more were down on the eking deck. Of the survivors brought dozen more unfortunately perished. In ys sixty-four soldiers—one-third of the ent embarked—had died, besides sailors, and children.

days after landing at Kurrachee, when g its garrison, Napier tried some rockets brought from Bombay. The second urst, and he was cut clean across the a sharp splinter of the iron case—the as to the same leg which he had broken boy, and which had been subsequently at Corunna. Nevertheless, within a er arriving at Kurrachee, he was steamhe Indus—the great river on whose e was soon to become the central figure es of great events.

opulation of Scinde in 1842 numbered ore than a million souls. It consisted distinct elements—Scindians proper, , Beloochees of the plain, and Beloochees mountains. The two former were the f the territory. The chieftainship was the Belooch clan of Talpoorees, and led among the Ameers of Kyrpoor, or Scinde; the Ameers of Hyderabad, or cinde; and the Ameer of Meerpoor, on er of the eastern desert. The Beloochees ain held their lands by military tenure; the hills regarded the Ameers as their periors. During the march in 1838-9 tish India through Upper Scinde of the army proceeding to Afghanistan to Shah Sooja on the throne of Cabul, the of Scinde had been forced into comwith our demands, which included f territory and strong places, payments re to Shah Sooja, annual subsidies to s, and rights of passage for troops and Roostum, the head of the Khyrpoor declared his territory a British depenbut no sooner had the British army orward than Lower Scinde broke out en violence. The British stores at ad were plundered, and the British as driven from the Residency. The however, did not find themselves strong enough to fight, and in March, 1839, was signed the treaty which, along with that with Roostum, formulated the relations existing between the British Government and Scinde when Sir Charles Napier came on the scene. Its main stipulations were: That a British force of a strength specified by the Governor-General was to be quartered in Scinde; that three specified Ameers should pay £10,000 annually towards the maintenance of the force; that the Ameer's territory should be under British protection; that the Ameers should be absolute in regard to their own subjects, but quarrels among themselves were to be referred to British mediation; that their foreign policy was to be sanctioned by the British Government, and that they were to furnish a defensive force at call; and that tolls on trading boats on the Indus should be abolished.

At the date of Napier's arrival in Scinde, Major Outram, "the Bayard of India," was Resident at Hyderabad. Lord Ellenborough, the new Governor-General, communicated to him his fixed determination to punish, cost what it might, the first chief who should prove faithless, by the confiscation of his dominions. Outram temporised, because of his knowledge that the Ameers as a body were so conscious of treasonable designs that Lord Ellenborough's menacing tone might drive them to extremities. It was at this stage when Sir Charles Napier, on 25th September, arrived at Hyderabad, had his first interview with the Ameers of Lower Scinde, and took over the management of affairs, as Lord Ellenborough's instructions directed him to "exercise entire authority over all political and civil officers within the limit of the military command."

Napier, in full uniform and wearing his decorations, was borne into Hyderabad in a magnificent palanquin—his wound preventing him from riding—surrounded by an escort of Scinde irregular horsemen: wild picturesque figures in brilliantly coloured trappings. At the city gate he was met by the Sirdars, mounted on lean but active horses caparisoned fantastically. When the procession reached the quarter in which were situated the palaces of the Ameers, he was carried to a seat on the right hand of Nusseer Khan, the chief Ameer, and compliments were exchanged. Next day Napier was off on his further voyage up the Indus to Sukkur, where his political work began. Apparently at this time he had the conviction that the practical annexation of Scinde by peaceful

means was neither difficult nor far distant. But it was not long before he discovered serious breaches of the treaty on the part of the Ameers, and he became aware also that they were entering into secret compacts against the English, and were sending messages to their feudatories and the chiefs of the hill tribes. Matters came to a head when Napier had to present a new and more stringent treaty than that previously in force. Violent remonstrances came from the Ameers, followed quickly by assurances of submission which were only meant to gain time. The military strength of the Ameers was variously estimated from 30,000 up to double that number. The total British force in Scinde amounted to 8,000 men, of whom about 2,000 were in garrison at Kurrachee. If Napier meant fighting, he had no time to lose, for no military operations could be carried on in Scinde later than the beginning of April. A garrison was left in Sukkur, and the Indus was crossed in the middle of December.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

"It is rare," wrote Sir William Napier, the historian, "to see great prudence in war tempering the heroic valour and confidence of a youthful general; more rare to find the sanguine daring of early years untamed by age and its infirmities." Charles Napier was both prudent and daring. The Ameers thought to harass the veteran by petty warfare, and by watching for opportunities to assail his base and annoy his communications. But that sort of hostilities did not commend itself to Napier. When they were hesitating and trifling, he was acting. He had heard of the fortress of Emaum Ghur, a hundred miles out in the great eastern desert. The Ameers believed that it was invulnerable, and that a hostile force could not reach it; while, should he assemble a large force, they could fall back on the desert fortress and so be safe. While this assurance existed, they held Napier light; but he believed that he could reach Emaum Ghur, and so convince the Ameers that they could find no refuge from the British power, and no resource but good behaviour. He was aware of the risks involved, but he was the man to surmount them.

The site of the desert fortress was unknown to Napier, but it was believed to be about eight long marches from Khyrpoor by vague, ill-defined tracks. The scouts, for whose report he had halted, brought in so dismal accounts of arid sands and empty wells, that he determined to go only with a picked body, consisting of 350 men of the Queen's 22nd Regiment on camels, two soldiers on each, two 24-pound howitzers, with double teams of camels, and 200 troopers of the Scinde Horse, with provisions for fifteen days and water for five. The march began from Dejee on the night of 5th January, 1843. Two marches brought the little force to the springs of Dom, where were water and trees; but at Choonka, on the confines of the desert, 150 troopers were sent back. For eight days the gallant little band pressed on, sometimes finding water, sometimes not, but always cheery and resolute; and on the 12th, Emaum Ghur was reached. From a sandy eminence Napier looked down on a strong and well-built fort in the hollow. The complete silence about the place had a strange weirdness. Emaum Ghur had been evacuated; the clatter of Napier's horses' hoofs in the courtyard awoke only echoes. On the battlements were loaded cannon with the priming freshly laid; for the garrison, numbering,

THE DESTRUCTION OF EMAUM GHUR.

said, 2,000 men, had gone off but a few
›efore. Thus the impregnable refuge of
neers, the fortress which no European
'er before seen, fell into British hands
t the loss of a single man. During the
ays of rest twenty-four mines were loaded
ınpowder; and just before the departure
tress was blown up. "Emaum Ghur,"
Napier, "is shattered to atoms with
lb. of powder. The explosion was grand
:llish beyond description; the volumes
ke, fire, and embers flying up were a
fit for the devil!"
little force, without losing a life, returned
ricinity of Dejee, to wait for the coming
her of Napier's main body—his position
m which he could fall on the Hyderabad
› or on those of Khyrpoor. Of the desert
ion the Duke of Wellington wrote:—
ırarles Napier's march on Emaum Ghur is
the most curious military feats I have
.own to be performed, or have ever read
unt of, in my life. He moved his troops
ı the desert against hostile forces; he had
s transported under conditions of extreme
y, and in a manner the most extra-
y.; and he cut off a retreat of the enemy
·endered it impossible for them ever to
their position."
ι issuing in vain a proclamation calling
r Ameers to assemble at Khyrpoor to
te the treaty, Napier put his army in
and marched slowly southward, still in-
to yield to his natural desire to avoid
ed. Outram, at his own request, went
erabad, the general writing to him:—
are the Ameers will not resist by force
but I would omit no one step that you
an avert that chance." The time for
the treaty was extended again and again.
r's chivalrous feelings had a deep sym-
with the Ameers in their approaching
l, which he was striving in vain to avert.
illing was he to admit the truth of
of warlike preparations on their part,
informed Napier that not a man in arms
yderabad, and that a peaceful arrange-
uld be concluded if the general would
army and come in person into Hydera-
Napier's spies reported that 25,000
...e gathered within a few miles of
bad, and that 25,000 more were rapidly
ping on the general rendezvous. On the
'ebruary the Ameers signed and sealed
aty with full formalities in Outram's

presence. But two days later a deputation informed him that the chieftains and tribesmen were determined to fight, and that the Ameers could not restrain them. Outram had already been threatened and insulted by the turbulent populace of Hyderabad; on the 15th the Residency was assailed; Outram and Conway, with their gallant band of 100 men, withstood the attacks of 8,000 Beloochees with six guns for

four hours, and then effected a retreat to the steamers, which bore them off to rejoin the main force.

Napier waited at Nowshera until 6th February. Delays occurred at Outram's instance, who still pleaded hard in favour of the Ameers. On the night of the 12th, Napier's cavalry seized some Beloochee chiefs passing his camp. On the leader of the band was found a letter from Ameer Mahomet of Hyderabad, calling on him to assemble all his warriors and be at Meanee on the 9th. Ameer Mahomet was the person foremost in assuring Outram that there was no intention on the part of the Ameers to resort to hostilities. The discovery of this message

decided Napier: he would march straight on Meanee. On the 16th he was at Muttara, 16 miles from Hyderabad. Towards evening he heard that the enemy were near Meanee--a ten-miles' march further south—entrenched in the dry bed of the Fullaillee river, from 25,000 to 30,000 strong, and as many on the British flanks and rear. Napier made his arrangements. He would march early in the morning, so as to arrive in front of Meanee about 9 a.m. The coming battle, his first in the high and responsible position of commander-in-chief, might also be his last as husband and father. The old man wrote his letters and closed his journal with a message to his wife and children, and then he made his round of the outposts. Then he slept until at 3 a.m. the "fall-in" sounded, and the march on Meanee began.

The lowest estimate of the opposing strength was 22,000 fighting-men; according to the Ameers' pay-roll subsequently found, it amounted to 40,000. On Napier's side, when the baggage-guard over the camel-laager and Outram's detachment were deducted, there were but 2,200 men under arms, of whom less than 500 were Europeans. It was plain to Napier at a glance that there was no chance of manœuvring to gain the Beloochee flank, and that he had no alternative but to attack the enemy's centre directly in front across the bare white plain, narrowed as it was by the dense and rugged "shikargas," or hunting-forests, bounding it on either side. He would, indeed, have barely scope to deploy when the time should come for that evolution; meanwhile, with the enemy's eighteen guns pouring their shot on Napier's troops, the order of battle was deliberately framed. On the right were Lloyd's twelve guns, flanked by 50 Madras sappers. On Lloyd's left stood, less than 500 strong, the 22nd Queen's under Colonel Pennefather, consisting in great measure of Irishmen, "strong of body, high-blooded soldiers, who saw nothing but victory." On the left of the 22nd were the three Bombay native regiments, of which the 25th was immediately on the left of the 22nd, then in succession towards the left the 12th, and the 1st Grenadiers; the whole force in *échelon* of battalions from the right. Closing the extreme left, but somewhat held back, rode the 9th Bengal cavalry under Colonel Pattle, on which flank also the gallant Jacob with his Scinde Horse were out to the front, along with the Grenadier and light companies of the 22nd in front of the centre and right, taunting the enemy to show his strength.

When the Beloochee front, just showin the hither bank of the hollow, was distan 1,000 yards, the order was given to a Napier with his staff joined the skirmish conspicuous in blue uniform and helmete dress; and rode forward under a heavy fi the enemy's guns. As he passed near th containing wall of the shikargah on his ri observed a gap in it through which his ri could be taken in reverse. He instantl into this gap Captain Tew's company 22nd, with orders to hold it to extremit orders were obeyed. Tew was slain gap was maintained, and 6,000 Beelooche paralysed by the constancy of a single c The main body advanced in columns ments. When within a few hundred the Fullaillee the 22nd rapidly deplo line, and all the columns formed in su each company as it came up directing it the top of the bank, over which the fac Beloochees could just be discerned, bend fiery glances over their levelled ma The British front was still incomplete voice of the general rang out shrill a as he stood out to the front ordering th Then rose the answering British shout, ing with the forward rush of a might ment, the red wall of the 22nd front steel came rushing on at the charge. Beloochee foemen the sight and sound of charge must have been strange, not les was the scene as it all at once opene British regiment. Below, on the wid the dry river, a dense mass of warri ready to withstand the shock. With tulwars and shields held high over heads, 20,000 fighting-men, shouting th cries and clashing sword and shield gave fierce welcome to the enemy. moment the vast numerical superiority opponents checked the ardour of the advance. The red wall seemed to sta then momentarily recoiled, when the e animated figure of the brave veteran seen out in front of his soldiers, as with voice and vigorous gesture he urged fight forward into the furious *mêlée*. Th soldiers of the 22nd—it was their first responded gallantly to the old leader's c sepoy regiments prolonged the line of fi left, coming into action successively wit and resolution.

But the Beloochees did not yield. The in denser masses, the rush of their sw

:e, and their shouts, answered by the musketry-fire, were heard along the ıch a fight ensued as has seldom been in the annals of war. For ever those ce warriors, with shields held high and rawn back, strove with might and valour through the British ranks. No fire of ns, no sweeping discharges of grape, no bayonets could drive them back: they ir breasts to the shot, their shields to onets, and, leaping at the guns and were blown away by scores at every e, their dead rolling down the steep ll the corpses rose in piles; but the gaps ıtinually filled from behind, and sword onet clashed in maddened and furious

The antagonists fought hand to hand, leed intermingled, and several times the regiments were forced violently back-aggering under the might and passion Beloochee swordsmen. But always the d general was there to rally and cheer le.

ıore than three hours this storm of war :d, until every British officer was either l or killed. Things were going wrong er's left. But the general could not quit ıt, so stern and dreadful were still the ee onslaughts, so wearied and exhausted men. In this dilemma, he sent orders ıel Pattle to charge the enemy's right : whole mass of the Bengal and Scinde It was the command of a master in nd it was obeyed with brilliant courage. ›opers dashed through the Beloochee ossed the deep bed, gained the plain charged with irresistible fury, and :onfusion along the rear of the masses to the British infantry. The barbarian en abated their fury and looked behind. e 22nd leaped forward with the shout of and pushed their antagonists back into p ravine. The Ameers had lost the ıd their dogged tribesmen slowly and :ly retired, the conquerors following pouring in volley after volley. So ing still was the Beloochee attitude that :ral thought it expedient to recall his ınd form a square round the baggage ›wers.

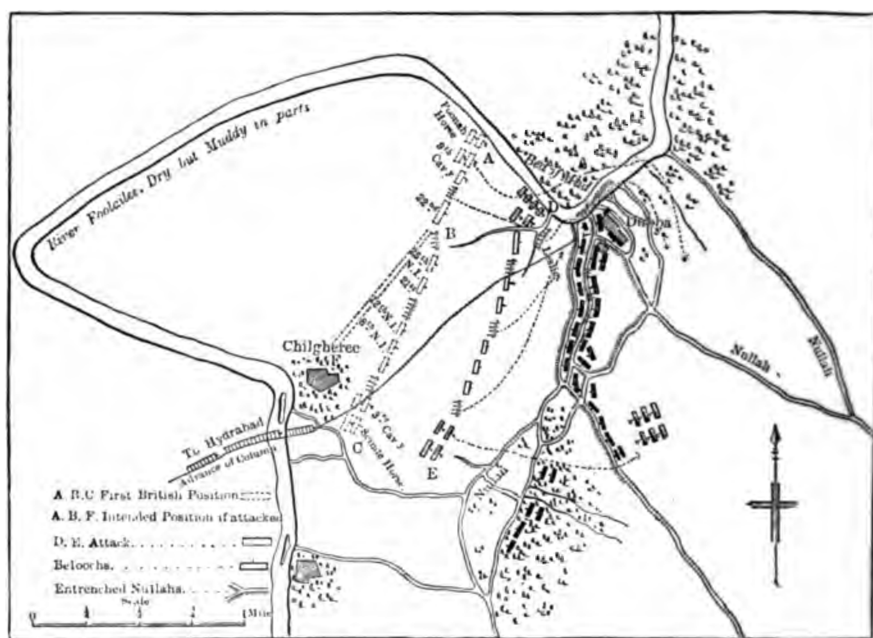
›e was one of the fiercest actions of times. The loss of the Beloochees was ooo men. Twenty British officers fell, six were killed; 250 men went down, ı more than fifty were killed. No quarter was given or taken. When the old general, emerging uninjured from the strife, exclaimed, "The enemy are beaten! God save the Queen!" the army, with an unanimous shout, hailed him the hero of the day. He was in so great pain from a maimed hand that he could scarcely hold his reins; yet he had never ceased to walk his horse slowly up and down in the thick of the fighting. At one time he was alone for several minutes in the midst of the enemy, who "stalked round him with raised shields and scowling eyes; but none lifted weapon against him, and he got away unharmed."

Immediately after the victory of Meanee, Napier summoned Hyderabad to surrender. In answer to the question of terms, he offered "Life, and nothing else"; adding that the decision must be taken before mid-day, "for the dead will then be buried, and my soldiers shall have had their breakfasts." Six Ameers promptly came and laid their swords at Napier's feet. Napier instantly returned them. He learned that the "Lion of Meerpoor," Shere Mohammed, had been within a few miles of Meanee during the battle, with 10,000 men. So confident had the Ameers been of victory that he had purposely stood aloof to avoid swelling their anticipated triumph. Napier was desirous to attack the "Lion" while as yet astonished at the result of Meanee; but Outram believed the "Lion" to be friendly. The result was that the "Lion," thankful for the respite, retreated on Meerpoor, found himself in a few days at the head of 25,000 men, and presently rekindled the war.

Napier was a man who could strike quickly, but who also could wait patiently. The heat of Scinde in March is terrific, and Napier determined to remain quietly on the defensive in a fortified position on the Indus, leaving to the "Lion" the time to recruit to himself the beaten Beloochees of Meanee, and then come down and offer battle to the British general. Meanwhile the Ameers were detained as prisoners of war, having, of course, free intercourse with the city and the country. They abused the indulgence, whereupon Napier confined them on a river steamer until they were sent to Bombay. The "Lion" was approaching, and Napier would fain have his reinforcements arrive. He had just resolved to fight the "Lion" next morning, when the reinforcements from down-stream were seen steaming up; and almost immediately afterwards there came into view from up-stream his troops from Sukkur.

In the evening the whole force was drawn up in front of the camp, to accustom officers and men to their posts and duties. Just as the line was formed, envoys came from the "Lion" with a final summons to the British general to surrender. Napier simply bade them report to their master what they had seen, and then dismissed them. By three o'clock next morning he was in the saddle, marching straight on the enemy. After a ten-miles' march Napier found himself in sight of the enemy, and of the battle-

in *échelon* of battalions. But the Bel were too quick for him, and the villa found full of men. The general recognis he had underrated the "Lion's" skill. riding to the attack of Dubba at the l the 22nd—this day on the left of the i line—when tidings came to him from tl that all the cavalry on that wing was c prematurely. He ordered Major Pool 22nd to continue the advance on Dubba, a self galloped to the right. Yes, the wh



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF DUBBA (MARCH 24, 1843).

field of Dubba. The "Lion's" right rested on the Fullaillee at the village of Dubba: that flank could not be turned because of a great pond of soft mud in the river bed. From Dubba there stretched along a nullah for two miles to leftward a double line of Belooch infantry as far as a wood which appeared to be the left flank, but in reality a single line was prolonged further to the left behind another nullah somewhat retired. The enemy's position was skilfully chosen and utilised: it was held by at least 26,000 men with matchlocks and artillery; while Napier's force consisted of 5,000 men, of whom 1,100 were cavalry, with 19 guns, five of which were horse-artillery pieces.

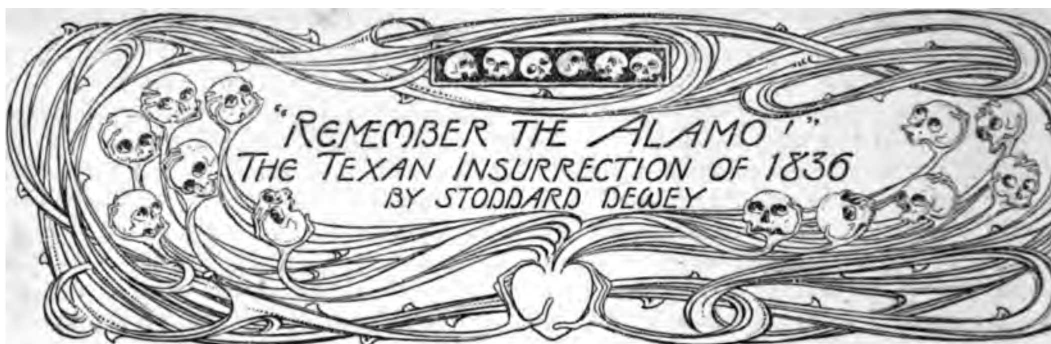
The village of Dubba did not seem occupied, and Napier hoped to seize it in advance of the enemy. He sent forward his horse artillery in its direction, and advanced with his infantry

of cavalry was at full speed, dashing acro smaller nullahs, the riders shouting triump and waving their swords. The general, ascertained that his horsemen on the righ doing well, galloped back to his left an the order for the infantry charge. With ing shouts the soldiers swept down into th of the swordsmen. Murderous was the the British guns and musketry, and the b drove back the bravest of the Beloochee the struggling throngs were forced i second or deeper nullah, where with d fury the fight was renewed. Soon the vi troops passed the second nullah, pressing on the rear of the retreating swordsm the village of Dubba was reached, wh most warlike tribesmen of Scinde wer entrenched in the houses. Two of regiments lapped round the nearest poi

village, while the cavalry of the left wing turned the place. In a few minutes more Dubba was completely invested by the infantry, while the cavalry and horse artillery repeatedly charged the retiring masses in the plain beyond. The "Lion" himself was very nearly captured. The general, after leading the storm of Dubba, and pursuing with the cavalry on the left for several miles, returned, to be greeted with ringing cheers by the infantry. Of the enemy 5,000 lay dead; Napier's loss amounted to 270 officers and men, of whom 147 were of the 22nd Regiment. The "Lion of Meerpoor" ultimately escaped across the Indus, and took refuge with the Beloochees of Khelat and the Afghans. He ended his days at Lahore, sunk in fatuous sloth.

The war was now at an end, and the conquest of Scinde was complete. "We have taught the Belooch," wrote Napier, "that neither his sun, nor his deserts, nor his jungles, nor his nullahs can stop us. He will never face us more." And in this respect Sir Charles Napier was a true prophet.

"WITH A DEAFENING SHOUT THE SOLDIERS SWEPT DOWN INTO THE MIDST OF THE SWORDSMEN" (p. 516).



"WHO will join old Ben Milam in storming the Alamo?"

The speaker was little past forty, not old as a peaceful and civilised generation would have reckoned him. But he and the men who listened lived in troublous times, in which the experience of many years was crowded into one. They were American frontiersmen, mainly of Anglo-Saxon race, who had drifted over from the Southern United States on to the limitless prairies of the Mexican province of Texas. And they were now in full revolt against the authority of General Santa Ana, the President of the Mexican Republic.

Ben Milam was a good sample of his class. Born in Kentucky, with rifle-shooting and horsemanship for his sole education, he fought before he was out of his 'teens, with General Jackson against the British forces at New Orleans. Then he went trading for several years with the wild Indians around the head-waters of the Texan rivers. When Mexico rose against Spain, he was among the Revolutionists. After the independence, he took part in the first of the many uprisings against the newly-established government. Being captured, he served his time in prison until another revolution freed him and gave him an extensive grant of lands in Texas.

The Texans had now risen in their turn. It was the year 1835, and first blood had been shed on the 20th of September. Ben Milam was once more captured, and hurried off in a caravan of prisoners toward the city of Mexico, a thousand miles away. At Monterey he escaped, and, finding a horse, rode back alone six hundred miles to rejoin his comrades. On the 9th of October he issued, wayworn and triumphant, from the mezquit thickets where the little band of Texans was preparing an attack on a Mexican post. He was in time to share in their victory. A month later a provisional governmen organised, and reinforcements of sharpsh from the Mississippi valley arrived daily. December the insurgents moved forwa San Antonio, the chief place of Texas. there the Mexican general Cos had concen his troops. In case of need, he could shu self up behind the walls of the fortified mission to the north-east of the town.

It was the Alamo which Ben Milam pr storming first, but the leaders decided to by the town. They entered it successfu the 5th of December, advancing under from house to house by breaking throu walls between, instead of trying to force way down the open street. Two days Ben Milam was shot through the head crossed an unprotected space. But th day General Cos took to the Alamo, a the 11th surrendered. He marched aw parole with all his troops to the loyal pr across the Rio Grande, and there was Mexican soldier left on the soil of Texas.

The heroic days of the Alamo had on begun. Santa Ana at once made ready forces to crush out the rebellion. What mopylæ was to the Greeks against the Pe this mission fortress was to be in the lon flict between Anglo-American immigratio Spanish-American rule.

I.—The Struggle of Manifest Dest

The map of North America in this yea had a very different look from that wh has to-day. The United States, inste stretching across the continent from oc ocean, were stopped short not far west Mississippi river by the boundary line of S America. This ran gradually north an from the northern coast of the Gulf of M Besides the entire present State of Texas, i in a part of what is now Kansas on the

he Rocky Mountains, all the elevated
hich is now divided among New
and Arizona, Colorado, Utah, and
nd on the Pacific coast that empire
ess wealth in itself, California. The
Spain over this immense territory were
by the United States in a treaty ratified
v months before the former country
ver her possessions on the North
continent. The independent Re-
Mexico, by the revolution of 1821,
to her claims.
had long recognised the danger to
thernmost provinces from the con-
vance westward of "settlers" from
d States. To avert it, she first tried
r which European nations
enewing in other quarters of
by constituting neutral or
States between the rival
. In the year 1800 she made
to France of Louisiana. It
originally colonised by the
and separated the United
ng the whole southern course
ississippi from the Spanish
of Texas. The cession was
the express condition that
should never be turned over
ited States.
years later, Napoleon, who
uering too many lands in
o remember his promises in
sold Louisiana outright to
ed States. The question of
dary at once came up, and
ffort was made to constitute a buffer.
negotiations failed, and by 1806 Spain
soldiers watching the hardy militia-
Louisiana. War nearly broke out; but
opposing generals, on their own re-
y, agreed that a broad band of territory
he Sabine river should be considered
round. Their governments accepted
gement for the time being.
-too late in the day, as it proved—now
the policy of colonising the desolate
which she claimed to the exclusion of
. At that time there was in Texas a
pulation of only 7,000 souls for 7,000
agues of land. It was made up of
nd French "creoles" (the name given
f European race born in America), of
Americans," as those from the United
re called, and of a few civilised Indians
and half-breeds. All these were huddled around San Antonio, far inland toward Mexico to the south, Espiritu Santo (or Goliad) on the Gulf, and Nacogdoches in the north. The two former settlements were the scenes of heroic fighting when the final revolution came; the latter was the general rendezvous of immigrants from the United States. Besides these, there were a few military posts and about 14,000 wild Indians. Some of the Americans (to use the name which has been attributed to the settlers from the United States) were pursuing agriculture under difficulties on their ranches. Others, like Ben Milam, belonged to a sharpshooting generation of Westerners drawn hither by the chase of buffaloes and wild horses, or by mere restlessness

and love of adventure. The lawful trade of the province was with the cities of Mexico—many days' weary journey to the south. The contraband trade, by the easier and more profitable way of New Orleans, flourished more, and consisted in the exchange of horses and mules for good silver and gold.

Until the end of the Spanish domination Texas had all the experiences of a troubled borderland. In 1811 Zambrano, the priest of San Antonio, captured for the Spanish authorities the embassy and money which the revolutionary priest Hidalgo was sending to the United States for men and arms, in his abortive attempt to secure the independence of Mexico. Two years later the same warrior *cura* decoyed an expedition composed of 850 Americans, 1,700 Mexicans, and 1,600 Indians into a fan ambuscade, from which only 93 Americans escaped.

The pirate Lafitte took possession of the bay of Galveston, which furnished a safe harbour for privateers and slave-traders with the southern United States. In the latter, popular feeling ran high against the treaty which confirmed Spain in her rights over Texas. A favourite officer of General Jackson led 300 armed men

MEXICAN FILIBUSTERS.

into the country and declared it independent in the name of its few American citizens. He was easily defeated, but the repeated disturbances had done their work. A few months later, when the Mexican revolution triumphed, only 4,000 civilised inhabitants were left in the whole province, with a roving population of border ruffians on the north and wild Indians to the west.

The last act of Spain had been to open the country in a measure to agricultural colonisation from the United States. It was this policy, cautiously persevered in for a dozen year[illegible] new Mexican Republic and then s[illegible] reversed with a veritable persecution [illegible] American settlers, which brought abo[illegible] final conflict.

Moses Austin, a New Englander of ed[illegible] who had been a successful mine-proj[illegible] Virginia and Missouri, obtained [illegible] of lands from the Spanish aut[illegible] in 1820, through the good o[illegible] the *alcalde*, or mayor, of San A[illegible] This was the Baron de Bastr[illegible] served as a young soldier of [illegible] under Frederick the Great, a[illegible] wandered in the love of ad[illegible] and science as far as this obscure [illegible] of Spain. Moses Austin died, [illegible] son Stephen was delayed in the [illegible] working of his grant by the o[illegible] of the revolution. For the n[illegible] years Mexico played at gov[illegible] by an elected emperor. At last [illegible] Santa Ana established by fo[illegible] public on the model of the [illegible] States. He renewed the grant [illegible] to Austin, whom he nam[illegible] governor, administrator of jus[illegible] commander of the militia, wit[illegible] to make war on the Indians, [illegible] only to the Mexican gover[illegible] general commanding in Texas.

In 1824 the 300 first families [illegible] arrived. The grant allowed o[illegible] league to each family, with [illegible] of tillage. It was surveyed by [illegible] who did not live to know th[illegible] a colony which he had labo[illegible] cerely to plant in the interest [illegible] Mexican Republic. In 1825 pe[illegible] was given to bring in 500 more [illegible] and soon other extensive gra[illegible] made to American immigran[illegible] 1827, there were 10,000 of th[illegible] inhabitants of Texas living widely sep[illegible] their ranches and developing the na[illegible] sources of the country. In 1830 the [illegible] population of the province rose to 20,000 [illegible]

These new-comers believed in the [illegible] destiny of their race—as their favourite st[illegible] Henry Clay, expressed it in the Unite[illegible] Congress—to occupy the vast regions w[illegible] Spanish-Americans seemed neither able [illegible] ing to colonise and bring under settled [illegible] order. For the most part they sym[illegible] with the intense desire of the slavehold[illegible]

Southern United States to extend their system of negro slavery to this vast territory, and so strengthen their own position against the abolitionist North. They were not inclined to submit tamely to government annoyance from Mexico, for which they had neither respect nor fear. The Mexican Republic soon recognised that, in peopling this desolate province of the frontier, it had simply Americanised large portions of its territory.

"HE ISSUED, WAYWORN AND TRIUMPHANT, FROM THE MEZQUIT THICKETS" (*p.* 518).

President Bustamante, who came into office in 829, said publicly that the only law recognised ›y these frontiersmen of the two Republics was *a razon del rifle* (musket right). He excepted ‹ustin, who seems loyally to have fulfilled his ›bligations as a Mexican official, and who proested loudly against the agitation of the "Naogdoches madmen." The next year Alaman, he Minister of Foreign Affairs, introduced laws ›hich excluded all further immigration from he United States into Texas. Under pretext ›f levying taxes and controlling the ports, he ent troops to a dozen places. These soldiers rere mainly convicts liberated from the Mexican ›risons, and their presence was not calculated to appease the exasperation of a people who had so long been a law to themselves. Only the settlements of Austin and two others were recognised by the government as existing on a legal basis.

An irritating attempt was also made to enforce other colonising laws, which weighed heavily on thousands of American settlers. It was exacted of them that they should profess the Roman Catholic religion, like the other citizens of the Republic. Where religion counted for so little, this requirement ended in a mere formality. A more serious matter was the positive discrimination made in favour of native Mexican settlers. The Americans, who now made up the immense majority of the population of Texas, were not like the old fugitives of the frontier. They were serious-minded citizens, intent on working their land and inclined to resent any interference with their liberties. Their growing discontent was shown in partial insurrections breaking out in sympathy with the constant conflict of parties all through the Mexican Republic.

The Federal system of the United States, in which each separate State is free and independent to legislate for its own internal affairs, and

subject to a central government only in what is of common interest to all the States, could not work well in a country so unsettled and ill-organised as Mexico. Bustamante was accused of encroaching on the rights of the frontier States; and Coahuila, to which Texas officially belonged, rose against him. Arms were smuggled into Texas, and an outbreak was imminent. Bradburn, an English sea-captain who had been pirate, privateer, and slave-trader, was sent by the President to put the coast under martial law. Suddenly Santa Ana, who for thirty years to come was to be President or professional Revolutionist by turns, declared against Bustamante. He had the soldiers of the frontier on his side, and the Texans, to be rid of the intolerable stress, consented also. The troops went off to aid Santa Ana, as the settlers had hoped, and the latter had a breathing-space in which to plan their future action.

In 1833 Austin called a Convention, which demanded the rights of Statehood and Home Rule for Texas. Bearing these resolutions, which protested loyalty to Santa Ana's own Constitution of 1824, he set out to meet the latter, who had triumphed in the Civil War. To his surprise, he found that the new President, after winning his office in the name of State rights, was already turning back to the party of the Centralisers, who were more powerful to support him in his arbitrary rule. Santa Ana received Austin without giving satisfaction to the Texan demands. Time passed, and in 1834 he suddenly ordered that Austin should be thrown into prison. The news only strengthened the party of agitation in Texas, and Austin wrote in vain from his confinement in the capital to implore those settlers who had fixed homes and led laborious lives "between plough handles" not to give ear to dangerous counsels.

Santa Ana, meanwhile, marched steadily with an armed force through the States which held out against his centralising policy. From Zacatecas, where he won after a bitter struggle, he sent General Cos to dissolve the Legislature of Coahuila and Texas, and to take up a position to watch the American settlers in the latter province. The governor of the city of Mexico joined with the governor of Coahuila in urging a coalition of States against this dictatorship of Santa Ana. All over the territory of the Republic there were constant small outbreaks in favour of State rights. Santa Ana, aided by the rich religious corporations and land proprietors, was able to overcome all opposition. On the 31st of July, 1835, he ordered that the revo
governors and the leaders of the A
Americanos should be seized. There were
persistent rumours that he was sending troo
dispossess the American settlers of their lan

The Americans of Texas had now to
their choice—either to submit to Santa An
to fight for their independence. They
tired of the unceasing revolutions of Mex
among themselves; and they felt a gr
antipathy of race against the Mexican mi
in the territory which their own superior
prise had developed. Besides, they were
stantly encouraged by promises of assistanc
land speculators and slaveholders in the U
States.

At last Santa Ana deemed it prude
release Austin, with specious promises that
allay the growing discontent. The two Mo
governors had already joined the Texans
this time the fighting priest Zambrano de
against the authorities of Republican M
just as he had before supported the Spanis
In September, after an imprisonment of
months, Austin arrived in Texas, only t
"all disorganised, all in anarchy, and
ened with immediate hostilities." Gener
marched forward to San Antonio; and,
29th of the month, 168 Texan volunteers
at Gonzalez with 100 of the Mexican
On the 4th of October Austin issued a pro
tion against military despotism in be
State rights.

Through all the succeeding montl
Texans still fought under the tricolour
the Mexican Republic, protesting their v
ness to submit to the Federal Constitu
1824. But General Santa Ana was una
undo by force of arms the manifold blun
his centralising policy. The Alamo was to
the struggle of manifest destiny in fav
Texan independence.

II.—The Storming of the Alamo

On the 22nd of February, 1836, Sant
arrived at San Antonio with the first bri
the Mexican army, which he was comm
in person. He had had a painful ma
seven days across the plains. The other b
were following close behind. It was no
turn of the Texan troops to retire to the
Their commander, Colonel Travis, had or
men, and little provision against an en
siege. But when Santa Ana summoned
surrender, he answered by a cannon shot.

general at once hoisted the red flag, as
hat no quarter would be given.
lamo, in spite of the peaceful purpose
iginal building, had been made strong
o resist any attack except from artillery.
1744, it was the last of a line of
in missions established along the San
river for the conversion of the wild
The neighbourhood of the Spanish
post was not sufficient to guarantee the
d their converts against sudden raids;
began by enclosing an oblong space,
to three acres in extent, in the midst
cottonwood trees (*alamo*—a kind of
which gave the name to the mission.
sion Square, as it was called, was more
feet long from north to south and 150
:. Its wall was 8 feet high, and nearly
ick. On the east side was the convent,
orey building of *adobe* (sun-dried clay),
long and 18 feet deep. In front was
ent yard, 186 feet deep, and surrounded
ier strong wall. At the south-east
as the church, with walls of hewn stone
ck and 22½ feet high. In the southern
ie Mission Square was the great gate-
de a one-storey prison 115 feet long by
deep. Outside the wall a ditch and
went from the prison to the corner of
ch. There was no lack of shelter from
e sharpshooting Texans might fire their
long as the Mexican artillery made no
i the outer walls; even then a retreat-
might be kept up through the various
:s.
iars had disappeared with the Spanish
on, and the mission had since been used
ary purposes. In the roofless church
alled the magazine and soldiers' quarters.
rs' apartments in the convent building
been divided up into armoury and
There was plenty of water from two
, or waterways, which passed under the
e at the north-west corner of the Mission
ind the other to the east of the church.
gthen the position, fourteen guns had
unted at different parts of the walls.
ee heaviest pointed north, south, and
i the church. There were two for the
, two for the gate of the Mission Square
ie prison, one for each of the corners of
re, and two each for the exposed walls
and west. The mere fortification of
e promised well against any ordinary

That lack of foresight and union which is common to raids and revolutions led by adventurers, destroyed these advantages of defence. On the 14th of February Colonel Travis had already complained to General Sam Houston, the commander-in-chief of the Texan army, that he had been left destitute in face of the threatened attack. Several hundred men and the greater part of the ammunition had been withdrawn for distant expeditions, which could not even turn aside the march forward of the Mexican army.

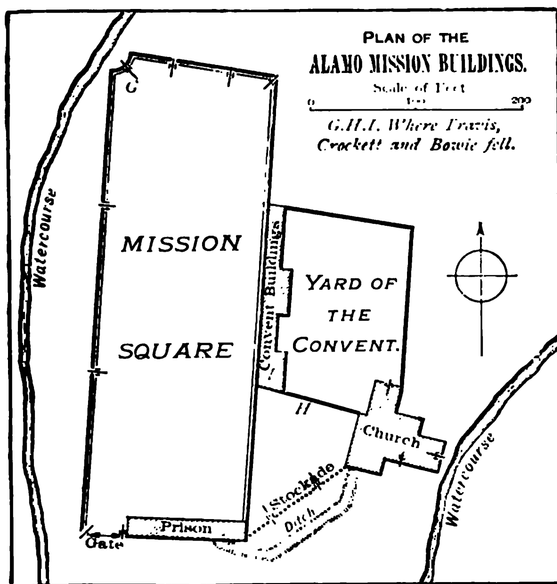
The provisional government which had been organised in November was not working well. Austin's loyal policy had been put aside; but the new governor and the council quarrelled among themselves. The commander-in-chief was himself little more than an improvised soldier, and was powerless to take independent action. When the governor remonstrated about the unprotected state of the Alamo, the Council refused to listen. Time was frittered away in the oratory which pleases the popular assemblies of new countries, or in mutual recrimination and vaunts of personal bravery.

Travis himself was careless about the service of his scouts, and knew little of the real strength and organisation of the enemy's forces. It is also supposed that he had little control over his men, who were accustomed to the reckless skirmishing of the frontier and had never faced a disciplined body of troops. At the last moment, when the coming of Santa Ana was already forcing them to retire from San Antonio, they hurriedly stocked the Alamo with the scant provisions which came to hand. For food they had to rely on twenty beeves and eighty bushels of Indian corn. Their supply of ammunition was more unsatisfactory still.

Santa Ana, while waiting for the remainder of his troops, was unable to complete the siege of the Alamo. On the 24th of February Colonel Travis sent out a final desperate appeal for help across the prairies. The messenger succeeded in reaching Gonzalez, where the first battle of the revolution had been fought. Captain Smith, with more than thirty men, responded to the appeal; and, at three in the morning of the 1st of March, they made their entrance into the Alamo. Besides the soldiers of the garrison, they found the wives of two of the officers with their two children, a Mexican woman, and the negro boy of Travis.

The second in command bore a name of might in frontier warfare. It was James Bowie, the

eldest of three brothers, the second of whom was the inventor of the long-bladed "bowie-knife" used by the hunters and desperadoes of the plains. They had been engaged in buying negro slaves for the Southern United States from the men of Lafitte, the pirate. When the pirate's haunts were broken up, James Bowie remained to take due part in the Texan struggles. On the 27th of October he had already fought a bloody battle, with ninety-one others of his kind, against four hundred Mexicans. With him was Davy Crockett, who is remembered as one of the earliest of the "American humorists," but whose share in the tragedy of



the Alamo should not be forgotten. He was a tall, powerful, fearless hunter from Tennessee; Irish by descent, with all the wit and careless courage of his race, and a thorough frontiersman, trained to use the rifle from his childhood. He had been elected once to the United States Congress; but he had not the sonorous eloquence required by his half-primitive constituents, and they chose another for the post when his term of office was over. Shouldering his rifle in disgust, he made his way to the Texan frontier, just in time for this last adventure.

General Santa Ana at once began work by setting up two batteries of artillery in the *alameda* (cottonwood grove) by the river. He also disposed five entrenched camps to command the mission from different points and guard against all attempts to force a way out. Then he began throwing shells, and by the March the Texans counted two hundred had fallen inside their works. Not a m been injured and little effect had been pr on the walls. On their side, they had pi a number of Mexicans who showed the within range of their sharpshooting rifle it had already become necessary for t economise their small store of amm Moreover, their strength of endurance wa tried. Besides the skirmishing by da were harassed by constant fears of an at night.

On the 4th March, the third Mexican arrived. This brought Santa Ana's force number of 5,000 men, well trained and e The next day was passed in making ready t the Alamo. Two thousand five hund were chosen for the attacking force, divid four columns, which were to engage the on every side at once. At the head of one columns Santa Ana placed General C had broken his parole and marched revenge his own recent defeat on this sp the columns were supplied with ladde bars, and axes. The cavalry was around, so as to cut off every chance of

The next day (March 6th) was Sund four o'clock in the morning the Mexican took their positions. They advanced in but the strained senses of the besieg hear their doom drawing nigh amid t ness. Suddenly the bugle sounded, Mexicans made a first rush forward. T cannons and all the rifles of the garris together, and the assailants fell back order. On the north side, their leader wounded, leaving his men in confusi officers rallied their troops, and aga them forward to the foot of the walls; could not scale them. Then a united a made from the north, and again the T wrought havoc and carnage in the dens troops. But this last move had bro attacking party below the range of th on the walls. The garrison had fired shots, and a small breach had already be in the north wall. Travis, struck in t had fallen beside his gun at the n corner.

A third assault was at once made. T the wall was scaled and the breach The soldiers poured into the Mission faster than the Texan rifles could pick t On another side one of the columns fo

nd captured the two guns at that e outer walls were now abandoned by n, who retired to the shelter of the nd the church. Soon their own re directed against them, amid the ire of the Mexican musketry. Apart-

move from the bed where he had been laid in an upper room of the convent barracks. But he was still able to die as he had lived, firing the pistols which had been placed by his side before he was finally run through with a bayonet.

The church was the last to be taken. One of

ICAN SOLDIERS CHARGED WITH FIXED BAYONETS, ONLY TO BE MET BY THE CLUBBED RIFLES AND FLASHING KNIVES."

apartment was forced. There ensued hand-to-hand fights, ending in death- s the successive groups of Texans orne by superior numbers. Through t cells, built for peace, the Mexican rged with fixed bayonets, only to be clubbed rifles and flashing knives of s driven to bay. Early in the fight fallen from a scaffolding by the walls, d such injuries that he was unable to

its guns bore directly on the Mexicans in the Mission Square, and did valiant execution until all who manned it had fallen. When the church itself was carried, its defenders, too, fell back inch by inch, fighting till each man was slain. Davy Crockett was among the last to fall, close to the passage which the friars had made long ago to lead from their convent to the sacred precinct.

In less than an hour all was over. General

Santa Ana, during the fight, had kept to his safe post by the southern battery. By his orders the bands played incessantly the shrill *deguello*—the signal that no quarter should be given. When he entered the Alamo at last, a search of the now silent rooms brought to light five men of the garrison who had hidden away. The under-generals begged the President to spare their lives, now that victory was complete. Santa Ana turned implacably to the soldiers, who ran the captives through before his eyes. Thus perished to the last man the defenders of the Alamo.

There were left to tell the tale only the two widowed American women, with their two children; the Mexican woman, who was torn from Bowie's side by his murderers; and the negro slave-boy of the dead commander. The widow of Lieut. Dickenson was given a horse and sent across the plains with an arrogant proclamation from Santa Ana to the Texan rebels, summoning them to surrender at discretion.

The inhabitants of San Antonio—Mexicans and Americans alike—asked leave to bury the dead bodies of the Texan victims of the massacre. Santa Ana, following up his barbarous policy, refused, and ordered that the corpses should be burned. They were heaped together in layers, with wood and dry brush between. One hundred and eighty-two bodies were counted before the torch was applied. Under cover of the night, men of San Antonio gathered up the ashes and few bones which were all that remained of the little garrison. A year later these were buried reverently in one coffin near the Alamo, which was left standing as a memorial of Texan independence, now definitely won.

On the Mexican side, Santa Ana gave a lying account of his victory, reporting the number of the Texans at 600, and assigning only 1,400 to his own attacking columns. Of these he admitted only 70 killed and 300 wounded. His more truthful secretary, when the speedy reverses of his master unsealed his lips, gave numbers which are confirmed from other sources. One hundred and eighty-two Texans, who were slain to the last man, had been besieged by 5,000 Mexicans, of whom 2,500 engaged in the attack. Of the latter, 300 were killed on the spot, and 100 afterwards died of their wounds. The Alcalde of San Antonio, who was charged with the burial of the Mexican dead, thought even this estimate far too low.

The first news of the siege had roused the Texan authorities to action. On the 2[illegible] March the Convention proclaimed the ab[illegible] independence of Texas as a nation. O[illegible] 11th of the month, General Houston, wh[illegible] still without news from the Alamo, arriv[illegible] Gonzalez with 400 men. The next day [illegible] Dickenson, worn out with emotion and fa[illegible] rode into camp. In a single village t[illegible] women learned that they were widow[illegible] herself. Houston, panic-striken, retreated[illegible] burning the town lest it should fall int[illegible] hands of the enemy.

Santa Ana marched straight on Goliad [illegible] coast. Texans could not yet believe i[illegible] military power of the despised "greasers[illegible] several hundred men fell into his hands[illegible] again ordered a massacre, but this time [illegible] after a surrender had been made. There c[illegible] no further doubt of his policy of extermi[illegible]

The triumphant army continued its [illegible] northward toward the heart of the Am[illegible] settlements. At San Jacinto, near Gal[illegible] the Texan troops at last ventured on a [illegible] battle. Their training had been accomp[illegible] they entered the fight to the cry of "Rem[illegible] the Alamo!"

The Mexican President, and what rem[illegible] his army after the battle, were taken pr[illegible] It was with difficulty that the Texan [illegible] prevented their men from revenging in k[illegible] massacres of the Alamo and Goliad. [illegible] Ana, after the independence of the [illegible] Republic had been recognised, was hand[illegible] to the Government of the United Stat[illegible] restored him to a diminished Mexico. [illegible] ten years, when Texas was definitely [illegible] annexed to the United States, he wa[illegible] at the head of the Mexicans. This [illegible] against the whole United States and [illegible] before, with the single province of [illegible] formed the bloody end of the strife begu[illegible] storming of the Alamo. The Mexican R[illegible] lost for ever its immense northern territo[illegible] the Gulf to the Pacific Ocean.

In 1876 the aged widow of Lieut. [illegible] son revisited the Alamo. She had s[illegible] heroic defence of the liberties of 30,00[illegible] she had lived to see the State of Texas [illegible] population well on towards 3,000,000. [illegible] State House of Austin, capital city of T[illegible] a monument made of stones of the ruins [illegible] mission fortress, are inscribed 166 nam[illegible] that were known of the men whose [illegible] gave the Anglo-American race eternal [illegible] to remember the Alamo.

THE BATTLES IN THE PYRENEES

July: 1813—Feb: 1814 By Major Arthur Griffiths

NE of the most striking incidents in the long struggle for victory in the Peninsula was when Wellington met Marshal Soult, his great antagonist, face among the rugged mountains of renees. It was at a critical moment. ad made a brilliant advance, and, by oncentration of all his forces, was in superior strength ; he might count upon g a crushing defeat upon the English to him before their supports could Wellington was hurrying them up, with sciousness that they were well placed r at hand. How was he to gain time? he rode up to the front and showed conspicuously to both friends and foes. rest troops, some Portuguese, raised a d joyful cry at seeing him ; it was taken he next regiments, and "soon swelled as long the line into that stern, appalling hich the British soldier is wont to give e edge of battle, and which no enemy ard unmoved." On the other side of ey were the enemy, and at their head eat commander, Soult : he was so near py at Wellington's stirrup pointed him he two generals plainly saw each other's ; and Wellington quickly drew his own ons as he carefully studied Soult's ap- e. "Yonder," he said aloud, "is a great ider, but he is cautious, and will delay ck until he can ascertain the cause of heers ; that will give time for the 6th to arrive, and I shall beat him"—which and handsomely, as we shall see.

vas in the early part of the great struggle Pyrenees—the longest, most arduous, rcely-contested campaign in the whole lar War. It was fought out from first mong the mountains; some of its most episodes occurred at altitudes of five and six thousand feet. The warfare was incessant and greatly varied, comprising skirmish, combat, and set battle, the attack and defence of rocky positions, the forcing of narrow defiles, advance alternating with retreat, always by rugged flinty roads, by goat tracks and mountain paths, through crooked and winding valleys, across difficult hills intersected with deep glens and chasms and tremendous precipices, their flanks clothed frequently with impenetrable forests. To travel over such a country called for the greatest exertions from the troops. Marches were long and toilsome, more suitable to Alpine climbers than foot soldiers hampered with knapsacks, guns, and cartridges. Both sides were taxed severely, and were subjected to the most frightful hardships. The weather, even in the summer, was inclement ; great heats were followed by terrific thunderstorms. As winter drew on, snow fell heavily ; and the British, still in the hills, under tents or in the open, were exposed to great suffering. It was difficult to bring up the commissariat supplies ; food was scarce ; work—and such work !—had to be done constantly on a half-ration of biscuit, eked out with such morsels as the starving soldiers could forage for themselves in a poverty-stricken district and only by setting discipline at defiance, for the hangman's rope certainly awaited every detected marauder.

Here is a graphic picture, drawn by an officer of the Light Division, at the end of a long day, when his men, now in pursuit of the flying French, had marched nearly forty miles, mostly up hill, and for nineteen consecutive hours. "We had nearly reached the summit of a tremendous mountain, but nature was quite exhausted ; many of the soldiers lagged behind ; many fell heavily on the naked rocks, frothing at the mouth, black in the face, and struggling in their last agonies, whilst others, unable to

drag one leg after the other, leaned on the muzzles of their firelocks, looking pictures of despair, muttering in disconsolate accents that they had never fallen out before." Down below were the French. "We overlooked the enemy at stone's throw," records the same officer, "and from the summit of a tremendous precipice. The river separated us, but the French were wedged in a narrow road, with inaccessible rocks on the one side and the river on the other. Confusion, impossible to describe, followed: the wounded were thrown down in the rush and trampled upon; the cavalry drew their swords and endeavoured to charge up the pass of Echellon [Echellar], but the infantry beat them back, and several, horses and all, were precipitated into the river; some fired vertically at us, while the wounded called out for quarter, and others pointed to them, supported as they were on branches of trees, on which were suspended great-coats clotted with gore, and blood-stained sheets taken from different habitations to aid the sufferers."

"On these miserable supplicants brave men could not fire," Napier says speaking of this incident, and thus doing due justice to the chivalrous spirit which animated both British and French alike in this campaign. They had so long faced each other, had met in so many sharp encounters, that mutual respect and a certain noble *camaraderie* had sprung up between them. They were foes, pledged to fight in their masters' quarrel, but having no special enmity of their own. A hundred stories could be told in proof of this—of friendly hobnobbing at the outposts, the interchange of compliments, of water-bottles, even of grog and wine. There was a regular code of signals between the picquets; when one side intended to advance or to occupy ground further forward, notice thereof was given by tapping the musket-butt, and, unless a serious move was expected, the other side withdrew. Sentries never fired wantonly or causelessly. One stormy night Colonel Alexander, when going round the advanced picquets, missed his way, and his horse fell over an unexpected obstacle with much noise. Instantly a French sentry near at hand cocked his musket, and Alexander, hearing the ominous click, called out quickly: "Don't fire! It is only the English field-officer of the day." "All right, mon Colonel," quickly responded the gallant Frenchman. "I only hope you're not hurt." The same Colonel Alexander was able to do a kindly turn for another French soldier, to whom his attention was called by one of sentries. It was a bright moonlight ni the French sentry was plainly seen to l asleep on his post—an offence punishab French army with death. Colonel Alex once went across, and, first taking poss the man's musket, waked the sleeper, v naturally, much terrified to find himself and in the hands of an English officer. ' fellow soon expressed the deepest grat finding he was still to go free, and that escaped the terrible retribution that m overtaken him if he had been caught by people. He was yet anxious to excuse soldierlike conduct by declaring that been put on outpost duty after a long a fatiguing march. Another pleasant st be told before passing on to the sterne tions of war. When the Light Divisi the march above mentioned, regain heights of Santa Barbara, in front of th Vera, they came upon two Frenchm behind in the retreat. One was a whose leg was broken; the other a who had stayed with him to protect h the knives of the implacable Spaniards. however, no fear of the English, and d resigned his friend, for whom he had r life, to their care. Then, shouldering his he walked off—of course, unmolested- parting "Au revoir, bons camarades ! Such incidents as these do much to the inevitable horrors of war.

To proceed now with the narrative of events in the Pyrenees.

After the crushing defeat of Vittoria, N although sorely pressed elsewhere, was to make a last desperate stand on the of Spain and France. Unable to take co in person, he sent thither his most lieutenant, Soult, the doughtiest anta except Masséna—that Wellington, in judgment, had ever encountered in Marshal Soult travelled post-haste, and Bayonne early in July, where, with chara energy, he strained every nerve to re his shattered forces. He gathered up r ments as he went, hurrying troops for every kind of conveyance, and soon got upwards of 100,000 men. Marshal S must be remembered, was yet in the province of Spain, so that the French c make a good show. Wellington at t was in about equal strength with Soult army, as usual, was made up of three nat

"THE WOUNDED WERE THROWN DOWN IN THE RUSH AND TRAMPLED UPON" (p. 328).

—English, Spanish, and Portuguese. Of the first-named he had little more than 30,000 infantry, with some 7,000 cavalry. According to the muster-rolls, the numbers actually facing each other, although not always available, in the Pyrenees were, roughly, 82,000 under Wellington, against 78,000 under Soult. The latter could also count upon a number of foreign battalions and a large body of National Guards, all fierce and hardy mountaineers.

Soult, as has been said, was a man of indomitable and indefatigable activity. Within four days of his arrival at Bayonne he had worked out a new plan of operations on the boldest and most extensive scale. He was now resolved to take the offensive—that is to say, he meant to attack, not await attack—and his scheme was very admirably and elaborately devised. The initiative or first move gave him, as he knew, a very distinct advantage: he could choose his own line of advance, moving along it in strength, while his enemy, until fully alive to his direction and meaning, could not safely risk concentration to meet him. Wellington's position in the Pyrenees, it must be understood, was at this time defensive. He held all the passes along this long range of mountains, being obliged thus to cover the two sieges he had in progress—those of San Sebastian and of Pampelona, sixty miles apart. To hold passes in this way is considered the most hazardous undertaking in war. The only safe plan is to concentrate well to the rear of the passes, only leaving at them strong bodies to check the advancing enemy and give time to collect against him wherever he shows in strength. The run of the mountain ridges southward from the great central chain forbade this by cutting off lateral communication, or making it too tedious to be quickly effected. Soult believed, and rightly, that if he could throw his whole weight upon the centre or either end of the long line of English defence before he was expected, he would gain an early and signal success. He could do this by good beaten roads. All he had to consider was the best line of advance—right, centre, or left.

He decided to move by the last-named, and he came to this conclusion partly because he feared for Pampelona on this side, and partly because he knew or hoped that San Sebastian upon the other could long hold its own. Moreover, he knew that Wellington's principal force was gathered towards San Sebastian, and held on that side singularly strong positions of defence. The English centre could also more quickly reinforce its left than its right: two marches suffice for the first, three long days for t[illegible] Again, the English right, although posted mountains, was in more or less isolated [illegible] while, as has been said, the support of the and left could not be obtained for three [illegible] days, and then much further to the Wherefore Soult resolved to move with available force by his own left against W[illegible] ton's right, counting, and with reason being much stronger there than his op[illegible] Great consequences would follow a first He expected to easily overbear all resist[illegible] succour Pampelona, then seize the gre[illegible] that came from Bayonne through Irun, Lecumberri, and Izurzun. Here he w[illegible] firmly established directly in the rear English, and could operate with marked tage against each British division piece[illegible] it came tumbling back from its now ha[illegible] position in the advanced passes and forem[illegible]

A full comprehension of the close and i[illegible] fighting now imminent can only be ga[illegible] studying the map, and acquiring an exac[illegible] ledge of the positions occupied by th[illegible] on either side at the outset of the ca[illegible] Then the movements should be followed occurred, and I propose to give these b[illegible] a more or less military way.

The general position of the English w[illegible] the whole of the Western Pyrenees from St. Jean Pied de Port on the extrem[illegible] through the valley of the Bastan by th[illegible] the Bidassoa river to Irun and the sea, [illegible] rested the left. Speaking more in det[illegible] taking the forces as they stood from left, there were—

1.—Byng's British brigade in front pass of Roncesvalles in the main [illegible] mountains.

2.—Next, Campbell's brigade of Po[illegible] was in the Alduides on the north sid[illegible] chain.

Behind 1° and 2° was Sir Lowry C[illegible] the 4th British Division at Viscayret, valley of Urroz, south of the chain. Fa[illegible] the rear was Sir Thomas Picton with Division at Olague, in the valley of Lanz

3.—The pass of Maya was held by Division, under Stewart, and part of t[illegible] under Sir Rowland Hill.

4.—The pass of Vera, in front of Eche[illegible] the mountains of Santa Barbara, was [illegible] the Light and 7th Divisions, under C[illegible] and Lord Dalhousie.

3° and 4° stood the 6th Division at
ın, in a central position, ready to move
t to either side.

the southern bank of the Bidassoa the
ı took up the line of defence from
the sea at Irun.

them Sir Thomas Graham, with the
ion and the Portuguese, was in support
ing on the siege of San Sebastian.

lona was blockaded by a Spanish force.

·itish cavalry and the heavy guns were
ıt Tafalla, a long way to the rear of
ıa.

tulating briefly: the allied Anglo-Portu-
ıt was about 12,000, counting advanced
ıd supports; the centre, 24,000; the
ding the troops besieging San Sebastian,
This was in the middle of July, just
ult began his advance.

take the French next. Soult had
s forces into three principal bodies, or
rmée, as we should call them nowadays.

orps: Clausel's, at St. Jean Pied de Port,
:o operate against Roncesvalles.

Corps: Reille's, withdrawn from the
he Nivelle towards Clausel, whom he
inforce and second in his move against
sh right.

Corps: D'Erlon's, occupying a central
ıt and about Urdax. He was first to
ɜ concentration at St. Jean Pied de
en when Clausel and Reille, under
:me direction of Soult in person, had
ıck the English right, he was to force
of Maya, and manœuvre to his left, so
hands with Soult.

same time a Fourth corps of reserve,
latte, stood firm on the Bidassoa, so as to
ıd distract Wellington's attention with
ıgs of laying bridges and of vigorous
this side.

rains and floods delayed the march of
:h, which began on the 20th July, and
ır days. It was not until the 24th,
that Clausel, Reille, and D'Erlon were
,000 men in all, to operate in over-
; strength against the relatively weak
right centre of Wellington's defensive

l now follow the movements with the
by day.

ly.—Clausel fell on Byng, in front, 16,000
600. At the same time Reille attacked
and sought to cut him off from Camp-
ng stood fast; Campbell came up on
his flank, where he encountered and stoutly
resisted Reille, until Sir Lowry Cole arrived
with the 4th Division in support. That night
Cole drew off, surrendering the passes and his
hold on the main chain, reaching Zubiri next
day, where he halted and offered battle.

26th July.—Clausel followed Cole, but slowly:
Reille, detained by mists and want of guides,
made little progress. The English, however,
were not yet concentrated; Picton, although
at no great distance, had not come up, nor
had Campbell made good his retreat. For about
five hours Cole was in some danger. Alone
and unsupported he might have been obliged
to withstand Soult's whole strength. But the
French marshal delayed his attack till next
morning, and by that time the whole of the
English forces in this direction had effected a
junction.

Meanwhile, on the 25th and 26th, D'Erlon
with 18,000 had been on the move, but in a
dilatory fashion; yet he was at first successful.
On the 25th he forced the pass of Maya, whereon
Hill retreated to Vellate, a pass in the main
chain of the Pyrenees. D'Erlon should have
followed up his advantage, manœuvring, as
instructed, to his left towards Soult; but he
paused to incorporate new reinforcements, and
only followed Hill on the 28th, too late to be of
service in the forward movements.

So much for Soult: now for Wellington.

The English general-in-chief was at San
Sebastian when he first heard of Soult's general
advance, and fully understood its purport. His
proper place now was with his fighting divisions;
and on the 26th, as he rode rapidly to the right,
he ordered everyone he met to march towards
Pampelona by the valley of Lanz. He counted
upon Picton holding his ground in front of that
fortress, and so instructed him, promising to
come up with all possible support at once.

27th July.—The 6th, 7th, and Light Divisions
were moving from St. Estevan, Echellar, and
Vera respectively, towards Pampelona. It was
a general retreat, very demoralising, and the
confusion was greatly increased by vague ru-
mours of terrible disasters everywhere. Picton,
however, had turned, as Wellington expected,
on the steep ridge of St. Christoval, and there
assumed a strong position, which Cole, now
under Picton's orders, rendered more secure by
seizing some heights on his right. Soult, who
was now up with his advanced troops, promptly
decided that he must assail Picton at once in
front and on both flanks

This was the movement he suspended on the sudden advent of Lord Wellington in the manner already described. The great English general, a splendid horseman, had come up from Lanz literally at racing speed, and with unerring instinct had fathomed the dangers that threatened, had dismounted, written his own orders, hurrying everyone forward, had despatched them by the only staff-officer still with him, Lord Fitzroy Somerset (afterwards the Lord Raglan of Crimean history), and ridden on, divisions, nor yet Reille's, restore the fi although they behaved with superb cour assaulting again and again the craggy hei occupied by the English. On the other f Reille tried to dislodge the Spaniards on Zabaldica hill ; but they were reinforced by British 40th, "that invincible regiment," w awaited in stern silence the French attack, charged down and drove all before them. times the French remounted the steep s being at last so wearied that their officers

PAMPELONA.

hoping to delay the action. In this he succeeded, as has been told.

28th July.—On this day was fought the first battle of Sorauren, a fierce encounter, when such great valour and determination were displayed on both sides that Wellington in his despatch called it "bludgeon work." About midday, Soult having heard that the English reinforcements were approaching, resolved to attack Cole and Picton without delay. Clausel's 1st Division turned the left, and would have gained the rear, when Pakenham, with the 6th Division—the first to come up in obedience to Wellington's pressing orders of the day before—appeared in strength over the ridge and delivered a counter-stroke which has been compared to that of Salamanca. The French were caught on both flanks, and severely handled ; nor could Clausel's other seen to drag up many by their belts ; four t they were repulsed, and at last, "with thi ranks, tired limbs, hearts fainting and hop from repeated failures, they were so abashed three British companies sufficed to bear do whole brigade."

29th July.—The whole of the British divi with the exception of the Light, which had astray in the mountains, were now well in h and Wellington was on the safe side. Soult was feeling the pressure of events, realising that he must soon retire, had alr sent off his guns, his wounded, and part o cavalry to the rear. Now, however, he hea D'Erlon's approach ; 18,000 fresh troops come up to Ostiz, within a few miles of him with these reinforcements he thought to extri himself without entirely losing the reward o

ance. His plan was to hold his left in strength about Sorauren, then under D'Erlon, draw off behind his right into an valley, where he would be once more with the frontier and his reserves.

July.—Wellington was not to be out-red. He quickly penetrated Soult's detain him with an inferior force, and, forward at once with two divisions, Sorauren in front and flank, thus on the second battle of that name. It dly contested; but the determined of the British broke the French resist-h frightful loss. Two French divisions npletely disorganised; a third, swollen tives, was quite cut off from the main Meanwhile Soult had carried out the s programme, and, acting against Hill's opened for himself a retreat through of Doña Maria which he threaded in otected by a strong rear-guard. Now, however, Wellington's divisions, pushing steadily forward, drew closer and closer round the French, and Soult was nearly caught in a net from which there could be no escape but to surrender or disperse. It would be tedious to detail the various encircling marches made by the British, but on the

31st July, the situation was this:—Soult, with the remnant of his army, barely 35,000, many of them dispirited by defeat, occupied St. Estevan, a town in a deep narrow valley hemmed in by high hills, the exits from which were all closed. Wellington had three British divisions and one Spanish behind the mountains; the pass of Doña Maria was held by another; the Light Division, with more Spaniards, was blocking the pass of Vera, Byng that of Maya, Hill was in strength at Vellate. The French were in complete ignorance of their critical condition, and knew nothing of the dangerous proximity of Wellington. Now happened one of those small vexatious

"LORD WELLINGTON HAD COME UP FROM LANZ" (*p.* 532).

incidents that will mar the best dispositions in war. While the English general was still most anxious to hide his presence, forbidding all straggling or the lighting of any fires, "three marauding English soldiers entered the valley and were instantly carried off by the *gens-d'armes:* half an hour afterwards the French drums beat to arms and their columns began to move out of San Estevan towards Sumbilla. Thus the disobedience of three plundering knaves, unworthy of the name of soldiers, deprived one consummate commander of the most splendid success and saved another from the most terrible disaster." Soult escaped, but his further retreat was a rout: he was torn and harassed at every step, and when he at last regained the comparative security of the frontier it was in great disorder and after incalculable iosses. His invasion of the Pyrenees, with its nine days of continual movement and ten serious engagements, had cost him from 13,000 to 15,000 men killed and wounded, and 4,000 taken prisoners. On the other side the allies—British, Spanish, and Portuguese—lost 7,300 killed, wounded, and taken. Wellington himself was nearly included in the latter; for on the very last day's fighting, near Echellar, the English general was closely studying his map under the protection of a half-company of the 23rd, when the French came upon him suddenly and sent a party to cut him off. He was only saved by the intrepidity of an active young sergeant of the escort, Blood by name, who, "leaping, rather than running, down the precipitous rocks," warned him of his danger, and he galloped away, followed by a volley from the enemy, now close at hand.

Soult was beaten badly, but not cowed. In the weeks that followed his first disasters in the Pyrenees he strove hard to restore strength and spirit to his scattered forces, Wellington the while being busily employed on the now renewed siege of San Sebastian. Nearly a month so passed; and as the condition of that fortress grew more and more critical, the French commander felt constrained to strike a fresh blow for its relief. Soult in his weakness was not very hopeful of success; but he assumed a bold demeanour, and made a very desperate effort to raise the siege. For this, after all, it was only necessary to reach Oyarzun, behind the great mountains south of the Bidassoa and on the royal road from Bayonne and Irun. Three days before the second storming of San Sebastian he embarked upon this momentous enterprise.

Soult resolved this time to concentrate a
the English left. He thought to gather he
he had previously done upon the right,
quickly than his enemy, and forestall him
40,000 men all told, upon the line of the
Bidassoa.

30th August.—Clausel with 20,000 men a
guns was behind the hills above Vera;
with 18,000, and having Foy with 7,0
reserve, was posted in rear of high points
north of the river. D'Erlon farther back
Sarre and Ainhoa, whence he could chec
wide outflanking movement by Wellingt
reinforce Clausel and Reille.

Wellington's army was at this time sta
as follows:—

1.—The Right—composed of the 2nd, 3
6th Divisions—at Roncesvalles, Maya, and
valley of the Bastan.

2.—The Centre, of the 7th and Light Div
had the first-named at Echellar, the
occupying the heights of Santa Barbara,
Vera.

3.—The Left, on the lower Bidasso
entrusted to the Spaniards in the position
Marcial—heights that rose abruptly fro
river-bank, and so steep that an eye-
declared they could only be mounted by
ing from bough to bough. Behind San M
rose a four-ridged mountain called the P
Haya, and upon its lower slopes on the
were more Spaniards under Longa, whil
British brigades were in support on th
Higher up the Peña de Haya the 4th Di
of both British and Portuguese, stood in re
and as the mountain was so enormous t
these troops were insufficient to guard
brigade of the 7th Division was also b
across for the purpose from Echellar.

31st August (the day of the capture
Sebastian).—Reille, covered by artiller
crossed the fords of Biriatu and storme
Marcial. Clausel was to attack Vera
taneously, and the two French corps, uniti
the Peña de Haya, were to force their wa
ward, driving the allies from ridge to ridg
they reached their objective point, Oyarzu

Reille, moving out at daylight, attacke
formidable heights with great intrepidity
although the Spaniards fought well, they
near defeat when Wellington appeared in p
His presence was acknowledged by loud s
and, acting as an incentive to renewed and
gallant efforts, encouraged the Spaniards to
the French down headlong. Soult stiffene

; by drawing up his reserves, but forebore w the attack until that of Clausel was developed.

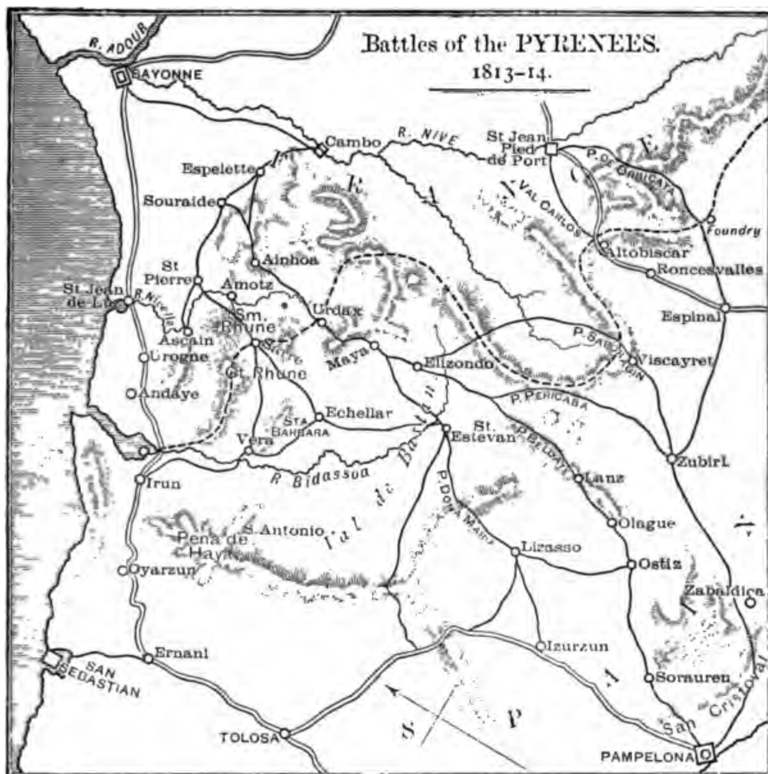
ie side of Vera, Clausel sent three heavy ; across by the fords and up against the iese, fighting his way forward amidst erities of the Peña de Haya but very so that it was two in the afternoon before gained much ground. But now Wel- had strengthened the defence of this in by the rest of the 7th Division, while ole of the Light threatened Clausel's left id rear. Fearing for his communications, neral now paused and informed Soult of dition. This was the turning-point of on. Almost at the same moment news D'Erlon reached Soult that he was ied by the whole weight of Wellington's ng.

English general, with true military , had penetrated Soult's intention from . Seeing that his left was to be attacked while his right was held in check by , he promptly resolved to throw his rward, and so disturb Soult's plan. On h he directed three lines of attack D'Erlon, and these were made with such ss that that general believed a great nt was in progress against Bayonne. ton had in reality no such aim : it was masterly strategical move, which, by ig Soult, changed the face of the battle most decisive point. The French com- at once drew Foy's division from Reille rce D'Erlon, and ordered Clausel to with- hind the Bidassoa. Reille himself was our side of the river, under the position Marcial, and opposed only by the ls, who were losing heart ; but any fresh ient was rendered impossible by the of a terrific storm of wind and rain, teeth of which no man could stand, ie thinnest streams swelled rapidly into orrents. Reille retreated under cover of njured by the elements ; but Clausel's sion was half-drowned at the fords, and were nearly cut off at the bridge of Vera. day, the 1st September, Soult learnt llington's advance towards Bayonne was eint, and he was disposed to organise a tack upon San Marcial. But now came 's that San Sebastian was captured, all citadel, and it was deemed hazardous to e the forward movement. Already Soult , in the five different combats of the 31st August, some 3,600 men, and many generals and other officers. In the seven last weeks he had fought in all twelve battles, and he felt now that the tide was turning against him, that he must relinquish offence for defence, and limit himself to a stubborn resistance. He was well placed strategically for defensive warfare, and his army held many strong positions ; moreover, "his vast knowledge of war, his foresight, his talent for methodical arrangement, and his firmness of character peculiarly fitted him" for operations of this kind. We enter now upon the second great period in the Pyrenean conflict, when the initiative passed from Soult to Wellington, and the English general, at the head of the allied troops, invaded France.

All through September and into the first days of October the opposing armies remained inactive. Both sides were reorganising, replenishing, regaining strength. It was an especially trying time for Wellington and his troops, most of whom were still among the mountains, exposed to the wet and cold of an inclement autumn, while down below the fertile plains of France glittered in the warm sunshine, a veritable Promised Land. Duty was severe and unremitting, the outposts were ever on the alert, and a most stringent, irksome discipline was always maintained. The troops were discontented and lost heart; desertions became frequent ; the provost-marshal was kept constantly busy ; the halberds and the gallows found many victims. The forward move came not a day too soon, and was hailed with delight by all ranks as a prelude to brighter days.

All this time Wellington was being continually worried by the politicians to invade France, and so hasten the overthrow of Napoleon, now sorely pressed on every side. But the English general was reluctant to advance ; the time was not yet ripe. Soult, undismayed, with abundant forces, stood based upon two fortresses, Bayonne and St. Jean Pied de Port, holding strongly-entrenched positions between them. Another French marshal, Suchet, was in Catalonia with an army of 60,000, ready to act against Wellington's flank and rear if he made any forward move. There was much to impose caution ; yet the English general, yielding at length to the persistent pressure from home, resolved at least to place his left in a menacing attitude within the French territory. His right and centre, occupying the passes from Roncesvalles to Maya, were already well situated for attack, and it was on this side that Soult naturally looked for the next move.

To deceive your enemy is one of the first and most important of all military maxims, and Wellington did everything to encourage Soult's idea, although he had no intention of so acting. He continually disquieted Soult with feints in this direction, while he was preparing serious operations in the other. His plan was to move by his left, to force the passage of the lower Bidassoa, to drive the French out of their entrenchments there, and at the same time



move to the right, attack and, if possible, capture the Great Rhune mountain, a rocky peak rising some three thousand feet above the sea. This enterprise has been justly deemed by the historian to be "as daring and dangerous as any undertaken during the whole war." Let us now see how it was accomplished, briefly considering first the positions of the opposing armies.

Taking the French first from left to right, from Pied de Port to the sea: Foy was at that town and fortress, having, however, power to reinforce the right by the bridge of Cambo; D'Erlon stood next at Ainhoa, with an advance at Urdax and his right at the bridge of Amotz, on the Nivelle; then came Clausel, reaching as far as Serres on the same river, while redoubts covered his left front, and his right flan[k] behind the Great Rhune; finally, Reille oc[cupied] two long ridges that ran from the main [chain of] La Rhune towards the sea, one constituti[ng the] northern bank of the Bidassoa and rising [...] above the river's bed, the other in rear of [it], both crowned with many formidable works. Behind all, about Ascain, was [...] in reserve and keeping up the com[munication] between Reille and Clausel.

Wellington, on th[e other] hand, kept his e[xtreme] right still at R[once]valles, but with a p[reponderating] weight t[o] his centre about [...] where was Hill wi[th the] 2nd Division, havi[ng the] 3rd a little to its left. The 7th Division [...] Echellar, with the [...] support. More to t[he left] was Giron's Spanish [divi]sion, backed up b[y the] Light Division, an[d] again by the 4th, [on the] heights of Santa B[arbara]. Beyond Vera and [...] farther or southern [bank of] the Bidassoa were L[onga's] Spaniards, while th[e ...] of the river was h[eld by] the 1st and 5th Di[visions,] with Freyre's Sp[aniards] and two indep[endent] brigades, Aylmer's and Wilson's Port[uguese].

This was the [...] battle. Giron was [to attack] the right of the Rhune mountain, with [...] next and in the centre, while Longa [...]ing by the ford of Salinas and the br[idge of] Vera, was to assail the left. These [...] numbered 20,000 in all, and they had stiff climbing with hard fighting before [...] Wellington held 24,000 more for a [...] tougher job, the passage of the river low[er down,] where it was unbridged and where its few fords were raked by artillery placed on [...] in entrenchments strongly garrisoned. Wellington had heard of other fords, t[...] them secretly discovered near the mouth [of the] river; and it was on the existence of th[ese] he based the main part of his hazardous op[eration]. These last-named fords were only practi[...]

er. The tide hereabouts rose and fell eet; but when quite out, it left broad m for half a mile, good going, but in full the French positions on the northern To cross so near the mouth of the river med impossible, and the French were ed into false security, never dreaming of n that side. They had in consequence ed themselves most strongly about the vhere the Bildox or Green Mountain ed the known fords. Soult was himself

towards Andaye, on the right flank. Both passed the river before a shot was fired; then the English signal went up—a rocket, fired from the steeple of Fuentarabia—the English guns began to play, and the remaining columns entered the water. Now the French awoke and gathered slowly, but all too tardily, to the defence. Their artillery in the nearest redoubts—the "Louis XIV.," the "Café Républicain," and the "Croix des Bouquets"—opened fire, and the struggle commenced. The 1st British Division, with

SAN SEBASTIAN.

He had been warned by spies and of the movement contemplated, yet he ot believe it, and his subordinate were as negligent as he was incredulous. h of October was the day fixed for the and just before daylight a terrific storm r the French positions, which with tem- darkness helped to cloak Wellington's ts. He had left all his tents standing, rther deceive the enemy; and his seven of attack, embracing a front of five miles, ed their several points of crossing with- observed. The 1st and 5th Divisions sands at the lowest fords—pointing the rds the great redoubt of "Sans Culottes," ht rear of the French position, the other

Halkett's Germans and Wilson's Portuguese, quickly drove the French out of the two first-named redoubts into the third, which was really the key to the position, and here the fight raged fiercely. Both sides brought up guns and troops in reinforcement, but the day was gained by Colonel Cameron at the head of the 9th Regiment, who charged with such astonishing courage and impetus that he carried all before him. Meanwhile Freyre with his Spaniards had gone up against the Bildox and neighbouring heights, had gained them, and thus turned the French left; while the unopposed advance of the 5th Division towards the "Sans Culottes" equally compromised the French right. Reille, who was now in chief command, found himself beaten in

the centre and menaced on both flanks. A precipitate retreat followed; only the arrival of Soult with some of Villatte's reserves saved the flight from degenerating into a disastrous rout.

On this lower side Wellington triumphed easily; his losses were trifling, his success extraordinary. Yet with less masterly skill in disposition, less unhesitating boldness in execution, this "stupendous operation," as Napier calls it, might have had a far different ending. Had Soult guessed Wellington's real design and prepared to meet it, he could have opposed him with 16,000 men securely posted and protected with artillery sufficient to resist, or greatly delay, the passage. Any prolonged check would have been fatal, "because in two hours the returning tide would have come with a swallowing flood upon the rear."

The attack on the Great Rhune has still to be described; and here, although the French were also taken unawares, the fight was closer, more nearly balanced, and much more prolonged. The French general Taupin occupied the long saddle from the Rhune to the river, and had in his front a lesser hill, called the Bear's Back, which must be taken first. It was carried most gallantly by Colborne of the 52nd, who passed on to attack Taupin's right; while Kempt's brigade and, farther back, Freyre came up on the left, and all pressing forward, in spite of the steep incline and the enemy's desperate courage, succeeded at length in driving the French out of their entrenchments. Meanwhile Giron, higher up, had assailed the Great Rhune, where he was met with a stout resistance, and might have been repulsed but for the intrepid bravery of a young Englishman, Havelock, General Alten's aide-de-camp, who came to Giron with a message, and stayed to see the fight through. Havelock, seeing the check, nobly pushed to the front, and gave the Spaniards fresh spirit; with loud cries of "El Chico Blanco!" ("The fair-haired boy!") they willingly followed him, and were led on to victory. Now the French drew higher up the mountain, where bold staring crags just below the summit had gained the name of The Hermitage, and in this impregnable fastness made a last determined stand all through the night. Next day Wellington ordered a flanking movement, a strong demonstration by the Sixth Division round the rear of the Rhune, whereupon Clausel, fearing for his communications, abandoned the mountain and drew off entirely behind the Nivelle. Later on he vindicated his position and again occupied the Lesser Rhune, movements that had an important bearin[g] the next battle.

Wellington had now entered France. was still in the Pyrenees; victory had im his military situation, but his troops, mainly on high bleak mountains, suffered privations. Supplies came up with such di that the men were often half-starved clothing was insufficient, and their tents b protection against the snow and cold on t Many reasons urged Wellington forwa politicians were still clamorous for adva a stronger argument was the necessities troops. The next great effort promise reward. "The plains of France, so lo looked from the towering crags of the P were to be the prize of battle; and t famished soldiers in their fury broke thro iron barrier erected by Soult as if it we screen of reeds."

For Soult, after the passage of the B was more than ever limited upon a stric sive, hoping, behind a strong line of fortifi to revive the spirit of his troops. Since of the Bidassoa he had taken up a m centrated position between the Nive sea, and had strengthened it to the utm redoubts and forts and entrenched camps. formidable works, hardly inferior to Well celebrated lines of Torres Vedras, wh stopped Masséna in Portugal in 1810, thrown up with incessant labour and expense; they were strongly armed, by 60,000 men. To understand the and follow the operations on both si once more necessary to examine the po the opponents with the aid of the map.

Soult's line of defence was in thr portions, the Right, Centre, and Left, or less inter-dependent, although each commander had a special position assi him.

1. The Right, under Reille, in fro Jean de Luz, was nearly impregnable i fortifications upon the lower ground, ex from the sea towards Ascain.

2.—The Centre, under Clausel, occ range of hills from Ascain to the b Amotz, and as the Nivelle described curve behind him, both his flanks rested river. In front a brigade held the Lesser and another the redoubts of St. Ba Grenada, both of which acted as advan covering his front and his entrenched Sarre.

ie left, under D'Erlon, was beyond the
on its right or northern bank, and
that river and the Nive, so that his
sted also on rivers. His right connected
usel at the bridge of Amotz, his left was
Mondarrain mountain, and in between
had two lines of defence—the first, and
vard, a continuation of the Mondarrain
he second was a broad ridge farther to
, its right flank at Amotz, where it
upon Clausel.

weakest point was at this junction,
D'Erlon and Clausel, and Wellington
-knew that from the lie of land it could
strongly fortified as the rest of the line;
o, that if he could smash in there with
ble numbers he would separate these
lers, turn the right of one, the left of
r, and by the sole direction of this
s march oblige Reille on the right to
taking him in reverse. This was how
the great strategist, and his adoption of
true line of movement, was no less a
is military genius than were his masterly
ns to give it due effect. Throughout
cate combinations which followed he
himself Soult's superior in war, and a
ccessful exponent of its unalterable
.

leading axiom in generalship to bring
bear on an enemy's fractions; and
and wherever the allies had met the
Wellington had always the advantage
rs on his side at the decisive point.

ough October the English general had
ded to attack Soult's entrenched camps,
realised were growing stronger day by
want of supplies had delayed him, and
weather. It was not until the first
November that he began his movement,
ng Hill from the right to the centre
ne pass of Maya. It should be men-
ere that, in anticipation of the coming
operations, the whole allied force had
anised anew into three great army
nposed and commanded as follows:—

e Right Corps, under Sir Rowland Hill,
om were the 2nd and 6th British
also Morillo's Spaniards, Hamilton's
se, and some light cavalry.

e Centre, under Sir William Beresford,
odies—the 3rd, 4th, and 7th Divisions
g the right; while the left was made
Light Division, Freyre's and Giron's
, and the cavalry under Victor Alten.

3.—The Left, under Sir John Hope, consisting mainly of the troops who had forced the lower Bidassoa—namely, the 1st and 5th Divisions, with Aylmer's British and Wilson's Portuguese.

Wellington's plan being to thrust in at the centre, as already described, he collected some 40,000 men for the purpose on the night of the 9th November. Hill, with the 2nd and 6th Divisions, was to go against D'Erlon, striking him on his right or inner flank in the direction of Ainhoa and Amotz; Beresford, with the 3rd, 4th, and 7th Divisions and Giron's Spaniards, assembled on the mountains from Zagaramadi to the slopes of the Greater Rhune on the left, was to aim at the entrenched camp of Sarre and press on against Clausel's left, where it was strongly posted in redoubts above Amotz; C. Alten with the Light Division (part of Beresford's corps) were designed to attack Ascain and Clausel's right, and were to be aided therein by the Spanish generals Longa and Freyre. On the far left, beyond the range of the principal engagement, Hope had the less glorious but vitally important *rôle* of occupying Reille and Villatte all day, thus preventing them from working to their left to reinforce Clausel.

The battle began at daylight, when Alten, who had gained his positions during the darkness, sprang forward to assail the Lesser Rhune, the capture of which must necessarily precede any movement against Ascain. The 43rd went forward at a run, but were exhausted before they gained the summit; pausing there to recover breath, they pressed forward and drove all before them. The 52nd next turned the flank of the Rhune, and gained the Star fort behind. Meanwhile Cole with the 4th Division had advanced with scaling-ladders to the attack of Sarre, which, with the advance redoubt of St. Barbe, was speedily abandoned by the French, and then, the 7th Division joining in, the whole pressed forward against the main position and line of redoubts above. Hill with the 2nd and 6th Divisions, after a difficult night march, neared the enemy about 7 a.m.; the 2nd Division soon drove the French out of Ainhoa, while the 6th Division aimed at D'Erlon's right on the bridge of Amotz. Three divisions in all now attacked D'Erlon in his second and rearmost position, and the defence was but feeble. D'Erlon was, in fact, feeling the pressure of events on the other side of the river, where Clausel's approaching extremity was uncovering and weakening D'Erlon's right. Beresford's 3rd Division, under Colville, had edged away to the

right, while the rest assailed the front, and, aiming at Amotz, joined hands with the 6th Division, the two thus forming the wedge thrust in between the French commanders at the most vital and decisive point. Now D'Erlon yielded, and, fearing to be cut off, retreated upon St. Pé, where he was no longer of value in the fight.

But Clausel was not yet beaten, and still showed a bold front. He had two divisions intact: Morransin's, which held fast to the front

his garrison from the signal redoubt, left it to its fate. Through the mistak staff officer the 52nd were wasted in attacks upon this redoubt, which prese rendered to Colborne. This was the last act in the fight; the French were in full and although Soult came up with reser tried to rally the fugitives, the victory c longer be withheld from the allied tro the night Soult availed himself of the d

"COLE WITH THE 4TH DIVISION HAD ADVANCED WITH SCALING-LADDERS" (p. 539).

of the redoubt Louis XIV., but, being attacked in front and flank, was presently hurled headlong down the ravines; Taupin's, still firm on the right. With the latter Clausel essayed to form a new battle around the signal redoubt, and drawing his reserves to him from the right beyond the river. Now Alten with the Light Division, whom we left on the inner slopes of the Lesser Rhune, had shot forward to his front and smote Taupin, who tried to stand; but the Spaniards, under Freyre and Longa, had made an enveloping movement round by Ascain, and the noise of their battle in the rear struck Taupin's men with such panic that many fled. Clausel made a last unsuccessful effort, to withdraw

to draw off Reille from the right, a manœuvre impossible in daylight, f would have pressed the retreating colu Wellington could have struck with eff their flank.

The battle of the Nivelle was, strictly the last fought among the Pyrenees. decisive defeat, very costly to the ene lost 50 guns, 4,000 killed and woun 1,500 prisoners. On our side there 500 killed. No doubt this brilliant re mainly due to good generalship. We had superior numbers, but he wield with superior skill. Yet he was ably by the bravery of his troops; no othe

easily won works which Soult confi-
xpected would have repelled them or
m at least five-and-twenty thousand
force. As to the French, it was no
to troops dispirited by successive dis-
at they should be overmastered when
numbered and outmanœuvred.

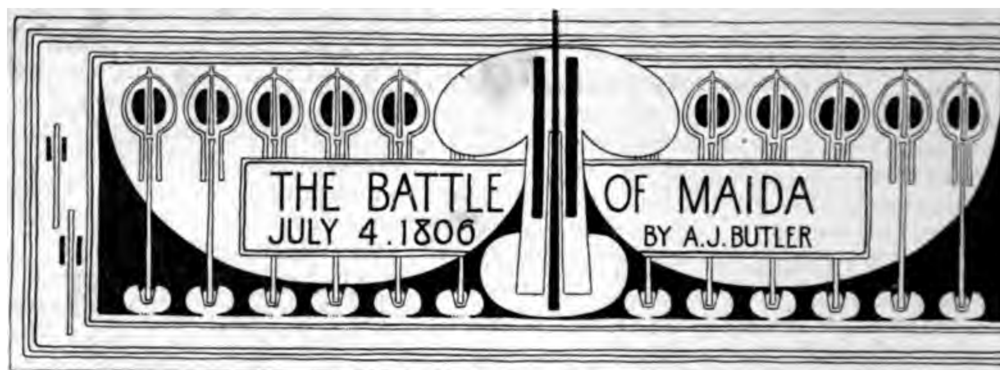
battles were still to be fought, and
t they hardly belong to the campaign
yrenees.

in December Wellington felt con-
to throw his army across the Nive
order to have access to the more
untry beyond. Hill moved by the
Cambo and the bridge at Ustaritz,
by Beresford; while Hope, still occu-
left, advanced close under the walls of
Soult was now well placed in the
d could act by the radii of a circle, on
circumference of which the allies were
d at some distance apart. He sought
boldly by this advantageous position, and sallied forth in strength to first overwhelm Hope. Foiled in this, after a hard-fought engagement, he turned next upon Hill, whom he hoped to find isolated upon the north of the river Nive. Wellington, anticipating this attack, had sent reinforcements across; but Hill's situation was for a time critical, and he had to stand the shock alone. The battle of St. Pierre, which he fought and won on the 13th December, was generally agreed by both French and English to have been one of the most desperate in the war. "Wellington said he had never seen a field so thickly strewn with dead; nor can the vigour of the combatants be well denied, when 5,000 men were killed and wounded in three hours upon a space of one mile."

After this the opposing armies went into winter quarters; the allies occupied cantonments, the French withdrew behind the lines of Bayonne, and nothing of interest occurred till the middle of February, when the spring weather returned.

LESACA.

(From a drawing made from nature by Colonel H. Maurice Scott, 6th Royal Warwickshire Regiment, during the operations.)



WHEN the year 1806 opened, it is probably not too much to say that the state of affairs on the continent of Europe was the most momentous which the world has ever seen. The victory of Austerlitz had, for the time at all events, laid all the lands from the North Sea to the Pyrenees, and from the Atlantic to the Adriatic, at the feet of one man. Half the old monarchies of Europe had gone down, and on their ruins new dynasties were being set up, new boundaries traced at the pleasure of a soldier of fortune whose name a dozen years before was unknown beyond the limited circle of his comrades and kinsfolk. In no part of Europe was the pressure more acutely felt than in Italy. In the closing years of the eighteenth century, not for the first or second time in history, French armies had overrun and pillaged that unlucky country. Compelled to withdraw for a time, they had soon returned in stronger force; and in 1805 Buonaparte assumed the title of King of Italy. For a while the Kingdom of Naples, which had always been regarded as a separate State, was allowed to remain under its former sovereign of the Bourbon family, Ferdinand IV., but in the early days of 1806 he, too, was expelled and forced to take refuge in Sicily. The kingdom was given by Napoleon to his own brother Joseph, and French armies were sent to overcome any objections which the inhabitants might have to being transferred without their own consent from one sovereign to another. The Bourbon government had indeed been about as bad as it well could be; but this fact did not make the task of the French appreciably easier. Under the lax and corrupt rule of their old kings the wild mountainous country of Calabria swarmed with brigands, with whose aid the partisans of the expelled monarch had no difficulty in keeping up a guerilla wa clever French man of letters, who by o odd turns of chance not unusual in times was then serving as an officer o in Calabria, gives the following pictu kind of opposition which the French ha and of the way in which they met it. " on the slope of some hill a detachme people, a hundred strong or so, march lessly along beneath rocks covered wit bushes and aloes. Why take any prec We have not had a soldier murdere neighbourhood for the last week. At of the slope runs a swift torrent which l crossed; part of the line is in the wat have got across, some are still on t Suddenly a thousand men jump up direction; peasants, brigands, escaped deserters, all under the command of a sol Well-armed, good shots, they open fir men before they are themselves see officers are the first to fall; those who d spot are the lucky ones; the others the next few days to furnish sport captors. Then the general or whoeve be, who has sent the detachment taking the trouble to ascertain the sta country, takes it out of the nearest villa sends an aide-de-camp with five hundr they pillage the place, ill-use the wo the men's throats; and whoever esc to swell the sub-deacon's forces."

In this fashion General Reynier's ar its way to the city of Reggio, which the tip of the "toe" of Italy. Sicily, Ferdinand was still king, lay on the o of the narrow strait, only a mile or tw But for Reynier that strait was as imp if the blue Mediterranean water had stream of fire. Here, as at Boulogne, t of Trafalgar was felt, and the Straits of

less surely than the Straits of Dover of Napoleon's power. Sir Sidney e brilliant yet wary admiral, whom feared and hated perhaps more than man on earth at that time, held the n Sea with his squadron—small indeed, ent to prevent any French transport ting out so long as he was within listance. Moreover, not very far up just where the "toe" passes into the the fortress of Amantea still held erdinand. Presently, too, Reggio itself tured, and Reynier thought it better ck.

English troops, under Sir James Craig, sent to co-operate with a Russian

THE MOUNTAINS OF CALABRIA FROM SICILY.

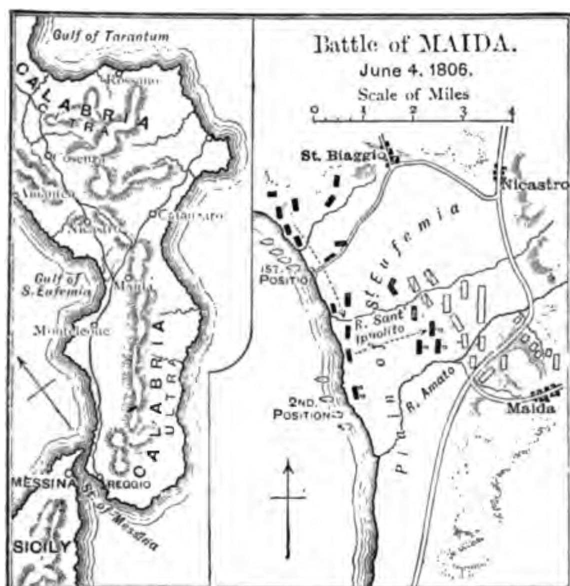
ding the Neapolitans to resist the first he French upon their territory; but f Austerlitz showed the hopelessness g their advance at this point, the ithdrew, and Craig saw that the stand t be made in Sicily. Thither he y transferred his force; but, being valided, he was in the course of the 1806 replaced by Major-General Sir rt, a gallant and able officer who had ed himself in the Egyptian campaign

Before the end of June, Stuart was in command of about 5,000 men, including a certain number of Corsicans, Sicilians, and others. Of English troops he had the 20th, 27th, 58th, 78th, and 81st Regiments. The flank companies of these regiments, after the fashion of the time, were detached and formed into a grenadier battalion and a light battalion respectively, the latter with the Corsican Rangers forming the light brigade under Colonel Kempt. Stuart's total force amounted to 4,795 men, with a strength of artillery consisting of ten 4-pounders, four 6-pounders, and two howitzers. Of cavalry he had none, unless some of Sir Sidney Smith's "young gentlemen"—who are said to have accompanied the army after its landing, on donkey-back — may be reckoned under that head.

On June 30th, the 20th Regiment was sent off from Messina, in some large open boats, to cruise along the coast to the south of Reggio, in order to draw off the attention of the French commander while the main body was preparing to land in the Bay of St. Eufemia, some fifty miles further to the north, and close to the still uncaptured fortress of Amantea. With a view of still further deceiving the enemy, the regiment was distributed among a much larger number

of boats than would have sufficed to carry the whole number ; a ruse which may possibly have contributed to the exaggerated estimates of Stuart's strength which French writers have chosen to put forth.

The general himself, with his main body, reached St. Eufemia Bay on the evening of July 1st, and began at once to disembark his troops. No opposition was offered. A sand-bag redoubt (afterwards magnified by French reports into an entrenched camp) was thrown up to protect his stores and supplies, of which a considerable quantity had been brought, with the intention of equipping the Calabrian insurgents.



Four companies of the light, and an equal number of the grenadier battalion, covered the landing ; and by daylight, or soon after, on the 2nd, the whole force was on shore, the stores being landed in the course of the day. On the same day the advance-guard pushed forward, dispersing a detachment of French and Poles, clearing the wooded hills on the British left, and establishing outposts as far as the village of San Biaggio.

The army was now encamped near the north-west angle of a horseshoe-shaped plain facing westward, and about six miles across in either direction. Mountains covered with forest and brushwood rise all round, sending down on the south side two considerable spurs into the plain The plain itself is intersected longitudinally by two streams, the Sant' Ippolito and the Amato, which flow nearly parallel from the upper end of the horseshoe in a W.S.W. direction, ar into the sea about a mile apart ; the A which is much the larger stream, skirt foot of the southern hills. Besides these are a number of smaller watercourses, a whole plain is marshy and covered with of myrtle and scarlet geranium. Behi more easterly of the two spurs above-me lies the town of Maida, through which runs to Cotrone, at the south-west corne Gulf of Tarantum ; while another an direct road to Naples crosses the plain ally, and leaves it at Nicastro. In th direction both roads unite a little south point where the River Amato falls sea, and runs near the coast toward By this road Reynier was retrea already stated; and he had got a Monteleone, just south of the Bay Eufemia, when he heard that the force had landed. Hastening his the French commander took up a position on the more westerly and of the two spurs. Below him and flanks were woods, and the Amato through marshy ground at the foot hill. He could hardly have posted better.

Towards evening on the 3rd, Stuart, while making a reconn discovered his enemy in this stro tion. It was hardly to be expec Reynier, who seemed to hold a the cards in the game, would deli choose to meet his adversary c terms. The French commander l to stay where he was, and allow the C sun and the exhalations from the ma produce their inevitable effect on the army. Moreover, though at that mon force was probably not superior to St that is, between 4,000 and 5,000 men, i cavalry—his second division, numberin more, was on the way from Montele might join him at any moment. It wa fore, his interest to stay where he wa Stuart's object was rather to force a l soon as possible.

At dawn on the 4th, accordingly, the troops were under arms and starting t along the coast in close column of subdi Sir Sidney Smith, in the *Apollo* friga two smaller vessels, sailing abreast o ready to give any assistance that migh his power. As a matter of fact, howe

"THEY BROKE AND FLED IN THE DIRECTION OF MAIDA" (p. 547).

action was fought nearly three miles inland, quite out of the longest range of any gun that went to sea in those days.

On reaching the mouth of the Sant' Ippolito the troops halted for a while on the long spit of land lying between the river and the shore. At this point they were in full view of the opposing army, and they were at once surprised and delighted, one may suppose, to see that it was moving. It is not easy to conjecture Reynier's motive in having thus thrown away the immense advantage that his initial position had given him. He may have feared that Stuart would turn his flank, and get him between the English army and the ships. The French writer above quoted thinks that the presence of Lebrun, the Imperial Commissioner, had a good deal to do with Reynier's decision to fight. "Reynier," he says, "found himself in presence of an overlooker, with directions to report. If he had won the battle, it would have been the emperor's genius, the emperor's idea, the emperor's orders. As he lost it, it is all our fault." Another French writer, writing some years later, mentions a belief current at the time that Reynier was decided by personal motives. He and Stuart had been opposed to each other during the Egyptian campaign in 1801, and Reynier had got the worst of it. Possibly all these reasons, combined with a sort of chivalrous feeling that so pointed a challenge ought not to be declined, may have urged him to take what proved so disastrous a step.

Crossing the stream, which is everywhere fordable, the English force deployed, and proceeded across the plain in echelon, the right wing in advance. The formation was as follows:—On the right was the light brigade, made up, as has been said, of the light companies of the various regiments, with the Corsican Rangers, under Colonel Kempt. To the left of them, and in rear of all the other brigades, came the 3rd, commanded by Colonel Oswald, and consisting of the 58th Regiment, and the foreign auxiliaries under Sir Louis de Watteville. In the centre, at the regular echelon distance to the left rear of the light brigade, was the 2nd brigade, comprising the 81st and 78th, under Brigadier-General Acland; while the left wing—that is, the 1st brigade—under Brigadier-General Lowry Cole, was made up of the 27th Inniskillings and the grenadier battalion.*

While Stuart's men are advancing the myrtle-scrub, it may be worth whil attention to a point which is apt to looked. The long subsequent series o between British and French troops wl minated at Waterloo, proved to the w our soldiers could, as a rule, hold tl against Napoleon's veterans. But in was far from being the case. It was five years since an English and a Frei had met in the Alexandrian campai though on that occasion our arms had cessful, their success was hardly enough the impression produced by the disaste mismanagement had brought upon our Holland and on the northern frontier c during the early part of the war. The e "prestige" which the collapse of tl military monarchies of Europe had con the French armies must also be tal consideration. Sir Sidney Smith, writi this time, had spoken of the idea—whicl he calls it mistaken, he admits was r prevalent—"that the progress of the armies is irresistible." It will be seen, t Stuart's little force had no reason lightly of the task that lay before it.

By half-past eight the French had c into the plain, and formed line on the and it was then seen that the expec forcements had come up, and that Re little short of 8,000 men at his dispo force was as follows:—(It must be rer that a French regiment contains ma men than one of ours, and in those difference was even greater.) On the the 23rd Regiment, then the 42nd, nex a brigade of Poles and Swiss, while the held by one of the crack regiments of tl service—the 1st Léger. The cavalry number, was at the beginning of tl posted on the left wing. Thousands of peasantry thronged the surrounding anxiously awaited the result of the stru

Some skirmishing seems to have tal before the main armies were fully between the light company of the 20th I —which, as has been explained, formed w light companies a part of Kempt's br our right—and some of the French tro were still fording the Amato when

* This account of the disposition of the force is taken from an admirable plan of the battle, published in the following April, a copy of which is preserved in the library of the Royal United Service Institut here express my thanks to the Secretary and of the Institute for kindly allowing me to it.—A. J. B.

ıp. Here Captain Malcolm McLean fell head of his company shot through the the only British officer who lost his life battle.

ıier began by a demonstration against the left ; but the first really serious develop-ıf the action took place on the other wing, that wing it was practically decided. As ht brigade advanced, the shakoes of the ger appeared through the brushwood. At oment it must probably have been, that the most dramatic incidents in modern : took place. Kempt's men had been ng for some hours over rough ground, the blazing sun of a Calabrian midsummer. ıiform of those days was not designed with eference to the soldier's ease in marching, ı addition, each man had his blanket d on his shoulders. Light companies, it e remembered, were besides composed for st part of smaller and lighter men, whose would be seriously hampered by having y bulky objects on their backs. Kempt, a little man, was doubtless all the more ı the state of affairs, and ordered his men and throw down their blankets. The ın spectators, as one of them told an ı visitor ten years later, "sweated cold ; e added, "we thought the English were to run." The 1st Léger thought the ıd pressed forward with a cheer ; but the troops, freed from their encumbrances, ready coming to meet them. Neither d till they were within a hundred yards of her ; then a few rounds were exchanged, : two corps, in perfect silence, advanced ch other with the bayonet. Of late years l been the favourite weapon of Napoleon's s. Our readers will not have forgotten ance of Suchet's division at Austerlitz. s time they had met their match ; and bayonets are said to have been actually the 1st Léger as a body shrank from the ıor could they be rallied by any efforts officers. They broke and fled in the ı of Maida, pursued by the light brigade. st simultaneously Acland's brigade had the corps opposed to it ; and Reynier, hat his left wing was hopelessly beaten, ı effort to retrieve the fortune of the day ight. Bringing his cavalry up to that here Cole's brigade was offering a sturdy e to the 42nd Regiment of Imperial ers, he attempted to outflank and turn ish left. But an opportune succour was at hand. As has been mentioned, the 20th Regiment had been despatched on a special duty, from which it had not returned when the expedition started. Just when Stuart's men were standing to their arms, the transport bearing the 20th had anchored in St. Eufemia Bay, it would seem, off the mouth of the river Sant' Ippolito. Here it was hailed by Sir Sidney Smith and informed of General Stuart's intention to attack that morning. An officer of the 20th (or XX, as its members like to write it) describes what followed :—"Without waiting for orders, our gallant chief, Colonel Ross, gave directions for the regiment to disembark soon after daylight. General Stuart had landed with a small army a few days previously, and they were now engaged, for we could hear the firing and see the smoke. We therefore cheerfully obeyed the order, and landed forthwith, after filling our haversacks and canteens ; for officers as well as men carried their three days' provisions, and their blankets and change of linen. We hurried across the country through woods and marshes, in the direction in which the music of cannon and musketry was heard, and we reached our little army just at the nick of time, for we came through a wood upon the left of the British line which the French cavalry were trying to turn. We immediately formed, and they attempted to turn our left ; but Colonel Ross threw back the left wing of the 20th, and after giving them a few shots, they relinquished the attempt. For a long time, however, they kept hovering about us, and made us change our position several times, but we were always ready to receive them." In fact, the 20th contributed very materially to the success of the day, and the sprig of myrtle which for years afterwards used to ornament the caps of the regiment on July 4th, in memory of the Calabrian myrtle thickets, was a well-earned decoration. Maida, it is interesting to observe, is the only pitched battle that British troops have ever fought on Italian soil.

The repulse of the French cavalry ended the action. Reynier, in spite of the intrepidity with which he exposed himself in the effort to check defeat—for if he was an unlucky and injudicious commander, he was a thoroughly brave man—could only join in the flight of his routed army, leaving over 3,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, the English loss being barely 300. Headlong they fled, losing many stragglers, and scarcely halting till they reached Catanzaro, at the head of the Gulf of Tarantum, and well on the other side of the Apennines. For the moment, the

district known as Further Calabria was abandoned by the French. Several of the smaller fortresses on the coast fell into Sir John Stuart's hands; and with an adequate force he might have cleared South Italy of the invader, and possibly anticipated or accelerated the results of the war which was soon to begin in the other peninsula; but divided counsels still prevailed in England. It had not yet become clear to our statesmen that until Napoleon was crushed Europe could not be tranquil or England safe, and no steps were taken to reinforce the heroic little army until just after it had been compelled, for want of support, to quit Calabria. Before many months had passed, the total collapse of the Prussian monarchy at Jena and Auerstädt had withdrawn attention from the remoter parts of Europe; and then the French invasion of the Peninsula pointed to that region as the vulnerable point upon which all efforts must be concentrated.

Yet Maida was not a battle without results. When Parliament met in December, the thanks of both Houses were voted to General Stuart, his brigadiers, and the whole army; and on this occasion Mr. Windham, the Secretary for War, pointed out how the victory of Maida had broken the spell of invincibility that for so long had been attached to French troops. The effect was all the greater that just at that moment no fighting was going on elsewhere, so that the armies which had been engaged on the little Calabrian plain might be regarded as the champions of their respective causes. The news, we know, had the effect of making Napoleon extremely angry; and French writers were for a long time driven to distort the facts considerably in order to account for what seemed to them, on any supposition even of equality of forces, an inexplicable disaster. On the other hand, the spirit Maida inspired in English troops had no small share in producing the confidence which, in spite of untoward events at the outset, never failed them throughout the Peninsular campaign; and the half-forgotten and apparently almost isolated battle fought in a remote corner of Europe, when rightly understood, takes its place in the glorious roll which comprises Vimiero, Talavera, Salamanca, and Toulouse.

CATANZARO

HE Mahratta power, founded in the seventeenth century by the great freebooter Sivaji, was one of the most formidable opponents to the extension glish sovereignty in Hindostan, and, in ive wars, severely taxed the best energies ablest and most daring generals and the iest troops that could be put in the gainst it. Assaye, Argaum, Alighur, and Laswaree are glorious names in Indian history; and in all these great besides many minor conflicts, Mahrattas ie foes whose courage and pertinacity only to the most heroic efforts. About the of the eighteenth century, the control of hratta kingdom had fallen from the hands i's descendants into those of the hereditishwas—originally ministers or *Maires de* of the sovereign—and, in all subsequent ie Peishwa of the day was the real ruler. territories conquered by the Mahrattas, ding feudatories had established themselves pendent chiefs—the Gaekwar, Holkar, and the Bhonsla rajah—but the nominal central authority was at Poona. Here shwa dwelt, and here was the origin of ntrigue and every warlike movement menaced other Indian States. In 1817 shwa was Baji Rao. Still the head of a dependent State, he was now obliged to he presence of an English Resident at who watched his policy, and he was to maintain in his dominions a subsidiary nder English officers, which dominated itary power. The Resident was Mount-Elphinstone, an Indian civil servant whose had, almost continuously through his brought him in contact with Mahratta and had given him full experience of the nd treachery practised by a most astute We shall see how he conducted himself at a very critical time, and we shall be able in some degree to gauge the character of one who was later known among the most eminent men whom our Indian Civil Service has ever produced.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century, the most fertile and prosperous districts of Hindostan were yearly scourged by raids made by a large and formidable agglomerate of freebooters called Pindarris. These Pindarris had originally been a class of irregular hangers-on of the great Mahratta armies; but, when the wars conducted by Lake and Wellesley had curbed the Mahratta power, they still formed separate and independent bodies, following the fortunes of any turbulent chief or lawless adventurer and occupying lands in Central India which had been assigned to them by Sindia and Holkar. Pindarri raids were for some years made by bands varying from 1,000 to 4,000 men, and were confined to the Deccan and the territories of the Nizam and the Rajah of Nagpore. Emboldened by success, and increased in numbers by the addition of every villain in India who had been expelled from his native community for crime or was disgusted with an honest and peaceable life, the freebooters of Central India had in 1815 begun to insult the British territories. One body of 8,000 horsemen swept southwards as far as the Kistna river, and another horde, numbering 25,000, entered the Madras Presidency, plundered and destroyed 300 villages on the Coromandel Coast. These outrages were repeated in 1816 and 1817, and Lord Hastings, who had just arrived as Governor-General, found it his imperative duty to take measures for the crushing of their formidable and savage perpetrators. The task before him was no easy one. The Pindarris sheltered themselves in the dominions of Sindia and Holkar, and it was more than suspected that the rulers of all the Mahratta States not

only winked at their enormities, but also profited indirectly by the large and valuable booty which they collected. The Governor-General, therefore, began at once to make preparations for a campaign on such a large scale as would ensure the destruction, once and for ever, of the marauding hordes. Besides his own military arrangements, he tried to form such a league with the Mahratta powers as might secure their assistance in his intended operations, or at least prevent them from interfering on behalf of the Pindarris. It is not now our purpose to follow the fortunes of the Pindarri war. Sufficient to say that the whole available forces of the three presidencies were put into the field, and that, among other troops set in motion, was the subsidiary force from Poona which marched northwards under command of General Smith.

Baji Rao, the Peishwa, was at this period smarting under the provisions of recent treaties with the English—provisions which were the result of previous enmity and duplicity on his part. His power had been greatly curtailed, three of his fortresses had been given up, and he was pledged to disband a large portion of his army. He still nourished hopes, however, that circumstances might turn in his favour, that he might be able to take the English at a disadvantage and that he might re-establish himself as an independent prince. He found himself compelled to disband his soldiery, but in doing so he still secretly retained their services ; for, when he sent them to their village homes, he gave them seven months' pay in advance and bound them to reassemble in arms whenever he should send them a summons.

In August, 1817, he besought Sir John Malcolm, the famous soldier-statesman, to visit him and by specious protestations of friendship induced him to recommend that the three fortresses should be restored. Malcolm was at the time making political arrangements with regard to the Pindarri war and allowed himself to be persuaded that the Peishwa intended to assist cordially in the Governor-General's plans. Mr. Elphinstone, the Resident at Poona, had, however, lost all faith in Baji Rao ; and, though he acquiesced, in deference to Sir John Malcolm, in the return of the fortresses, he remained thoroughly on his guard and prepared for the treacherous hostile movements which he was convinced would not be long delayed. As time went on, Mr. Elphinstone's foreboding became more and more grave. Baji Rao began putting his fortresses in a state of defence, strengthened their garrisons and stored them with pro
Under the pretence of collecting men
against the Pindarris, he recalled to his st
not only all the men whom he had recen
banded, but took large numbers of h
into his pay ; and yet he would not all
of them to march to the Nerbudda rive
it had been hoped that they would j
English army. It was discovered also
was tampering with the small English
Poona, making splendid offers to all m
would desert. Nothing in the annals
Bombay native infantry is a prouder
than the story of the fidelity then sh
the Sepoys. Some refused indignantly
money which to them represented great
some pretended to acquiesce in the offe
to them and at once told their offic
remained steadfast and true to their alle

But Mr. Elphinstone had already
that he should not be altogether depen
the fidelity of the Sepoys and had
ordered a battalion of the Company's E
to come to him by forced marches from
and he knew, moreover, that he could
upon the assistance of Captain Ford's
of the subsidiary force, which had b
behind by General Smith when he quitte
When the Europeans should arrive, t
force actually disposable to check the
if he carried out the intention of attac
troops under the English flag, of which
with good reason suspected, was abo
Sepoys and 800 Europeans. The o
command was Colonel Burr, a man wh
stitution had prematurely broken down
only forty-five) from the effects of twen
years' continuous campaigning. Few n
done so much valuable work as he, or h
distinguished themselves by ability or
but now, only partially recovered from
of paralysis, he was only the wreck of hi
self and apparently in little case to lea
turmoil and anxieties of active operatio
us glance at the characters of the Mahratt
with whom Mr. Elphinstone had now c
deal, whose doings he was keenly w
while they still protested friendship, even
moment that they were obviously treach
their intentions. Baji Rao, the Peishwa,
the most marked degree a coward. F
indolence were his two ruling passions.
cere, vindictive, and dissolute in his priv
he was capricious and changeable in his hu
but steady in the pursuance of his

He never forgot an injury, and spared
ıations to ruin the object of his resent-
ɔ balance his bad qualities, it must be
ıe was a devotee in his religion, though
ɔn was amply tinged with a belief in
digies, and omens. He was scrupulously
:uniary transactions, humane when not
ɔy fear or revenge, courteous and dig-
his manners. In short, he was an
ɔf many of the worst and a few of the
ties which are to be found among the
Hindostan. The man on whom the
at this time most depended, both in
military affairs, and to whom he had
powers of action, was a Mahratta of
type, Bappoo Gokla. The son of a
ther, he was personally brave and had
ɔle ability in handling the ill-discip-
es that composed a native army. He
d his master with distinction for long
l had lost an eye in war. He could
:e for political purposes, and with him
l the plan of attempting to corrupt the
:poys. But he had a strong feeling of
honour, he never forgot old friendships
dnesses and he disdained personal
.

the Peishwa's attitude was in the
legree suspicious, though he was col-
roops ostensibly to aid the English
ent but without moving a man in the
whither their assistance was required,
ɪinstone 'clung to the hope that the
Prince would not commit himself to
: act of hostility unless something went
the campaign against the Pindarris—a
probable contingency when the vast
the field were considered. He therefore
:d an appearance of perfect confidence,
orders which could betray uneasiness
self remained at the practically un-
English Residency in the Peishwa's
ɔona.

ɪcheme for corrupting the English
ɪaving met with small success, the
formed the wish to rid himself of Mr.
ɔne by inviting him to a conference,
taking the opportunity of murdering
ɪch a plan, however suited to the dis-
of the ruler, was utterly repugnant to
trusted servant. To his honour be it
poo Gokla strongly opposed it and, in
nce of his influence, no such dastardly
was made. The Peishwa's ill-feeling
ever, sufficiently apparent by the public
slights which he put upon Mr. Elphinstone and the menacing attitude of the large number of armed followers which he had assembled. We have said that the Resident had boldly resolved to continue as long as possible in his defenceless official home in Poona. The cantonments of the weak brigade of native infantry, all the troops on which he was able to rely, were also, in a military point of view, defenceless and exposed. They almost joined the environs of the city. Gardens and enclosures with high prickly pear hedges ran in many places within half musket-shot of the lines, affording every opportunity for easy attack, if attack was made. The Mahratta soldiery now showed every intention of making ready to throw themselves on the cantonments when the signal should be given. Large bodies of cavalry encamped in the neighbourhood and a strong corps of Gossein infantry took up a position on one of the flanks. Besides these, a mixed force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery encamped between the Residency and the cantonments. At the end of October the position of Mr. Elphinstone and the British force was critical in the extreme. On the one hand, it was most undesirable, for diplomatic reasons, to precipitate a rupture, which, after all, might be peaceably avoided. On the other, the Resident had grave fears that his troops might be attacked in their lines unprepared and be sacrificed to no purpose. It was a question whether it might not be best, in self-defence, to anticipate the threatened attack by a decided movement; but Mr. Elphinstone's knowledge that every day of prolonged quiet at Poona was of importance to the Governor-General's plans of operation in the north of India induced him to strain his patience till the last moment. He knew that the European battalion from Bombay was hurrying to his support and that its near arrival was yet unsuspected by the Peishwa, on whose lack of resolution he also counted in deferring the day of action as long as possible. But though he was a civilian official, Mr. Elphinstone was none the less a man of the highest military instincts and ability. It is one of the most remarkable features in our progress in India, how often soldiers have laid aside the sword and proved themselves the ablest of administrators and rulers; and how often, equally, civil officials have shown the greatest mastery of war, and both fought personally and directed operations of soldiers. Mr. Elphinstone would have been a remarkable man in any profession, and, in the position in which he now found

himself, he acted as the most prudent of generals, the ablest of tacticians. He had previously decided on moving his troops to a defensible position when it should become certain that they could no longer remain at Poona, and this had been found on a rising ground near the village of Kirkee, about four miles distant. He carefully reconnoitred this position, with all the approaches to it from Poona, satisfied himself that it had every advantage that he looked for and forecast with certainty the use that he would make of it.

The nagaras (war drums) of the Mahrattas daily and nightly sounded their roll of defiance to

the British troops; daily fresh contingents joined the Peishwa's army, and ever the threatening bodies of cavalry and infantry crowded their camps nearer and nearer to the British cantonments. But Baji Rao still delayed the treacherous attack which he had so long meditated. Two powerful chiefs had not yet joined him and still he hoped that some of the Sepoys might be corrupted by his lavish offers of gold and advantage. Gokla tried to induce him to move, but still he hesitated. His only chance of success finally passed away when the European regiment, after extraordinary efforts, marched into the British cantonments on the 30th October and gave to the native infantry brigade that confidence which, in Sepoy troops, the presence of European soldiers always inspires.

Mr. Elphinstone had sent a message to the Peishwa, requesting that the Mahratta troops should be withdrawn from the vicinity (British lines, and received in reply a ha and insulting answer. This was almost e lent to a declaration of war, and the Re judged that the time had at last come to his little army to Kirkee. Colonel Burr h some days kept all his men in readiness, a the 1st November the old cantonment quietly and steadily evacuated. Treasure, and provisions were all removed and ev flagstaff at headquarters was dug up and to the new position, lest a trophy of that falling into the hands of the Peishwa's w might be regarded by them as an aus omen. Mr. Elphinstone's mind was rest as to the safety of his force, himself, in pursuance of his policy tinued boldly to remain at the Re until the Mahratta Prince would further sign of his intentions. Nor long to wait. An insolent message w to him, demanding the meaning of h parations, and calling upon him t away the European regiment tha lately arrived. This was, of cours understood as a declaration of war. long-expected conflict was at hand a party at the Residency had barely t mount their horses and start in flig Kirkee, when the Peishwa's mas armed men began to pour out fron quarters in the city and its neighbou

It was only by reason of his th preparedness that Mr. Elphinstone a immediate staff were able to evad numerous enemies, who had thougl they would cut off all egress from the Re As it was, he, by his loyal resolution to at the post of duty till all hope of a peacef failed, gave up to sack and destruction th of his personal property, including a mag library of books and manuscripts whi money could restore.

It was towards the afternoon of No the 5th—a calm sultry day—that, as h along the line of slight eminences which the richly fertile plain lying between Poo Kirkee, Mr. Elphinstone looked upon the of cavalry, already arrayed for battle in picturesque panoply of Eastern war, ar endless streams of armed men which were ing out by every avenue. As the overwh force swept over the land, it was like t vancing wave of some great inundation, le and crushing all before it. Hedges and

ve way; the standing corn was own by the countless squadrons; the easantry fled from their work in the oullocks broke from their yokes in the id the wild antelopes in the pastures, om sleep, bounded off, ever and anon

"SOME DETACHED BANDS GALLOPED ROUND THE FLANK" (p. 555).

watch the glittering host which came the rushing and neighing of horses, nt shouts of men and the low rumbling eels. But the civilian-soldier appraised reatening appearance at its real worth d that he had grasped the true prin-ar with Orientals by ordering Colonel dvance and attack the enemy, instead ging their audacity by remaining on the By this movement, also, he would facilitate the junction with Captain Ford's battalion of the subsidiary force, which, when the alarm spread, with three guns would march to fall into line with Colonel Burr.

Then followed one of those scenes with which we are so familiar in Indian history. The few and weak Sepoy battalions, which had resisted steadfastly all attempts to corrupt them, now—supported by the presence of European troops and led by their own British officers—advanced with alacrity to meet the coming host and to add to the list of triumphs of discipline over irregular forces, however apparently overwhelming in numbers. Captain Ford's battalion was approaching, Mr. Elphinstone's party had joined, and all on the English side were ready

and eager for the shock of battle. Not so with the Mahrattas. The craven spirit of the Peishwa had had its influence on the courage of his troops. They had been told that the movement to Kirkee indicated fear and now they were surprised by this confident advance on the part of men whom they had believed to be panic-stricken. A damp had been spread over their army, also, before they left the city, by the accidental breaking of the staff of the Juree Putka, the national banner; and when their advanced skirmishers met a sustained and scathing fire from the British Sepoys, there was everywhere a wave of hesitation and distrust.

The Peishwa had betaken himself to the Parbuttee hill, where was one of the temples to which he was wont to resort for religious observance, and from that safe position intended to observe the combat in which he had not the heart to engage. Bappoo Gokla, in the true spirit of a soldier, was riding from rank to rank in the Mahratta army, animating, encouraging, or taunting his warriors, and striving to make them encounter the struggle before them in his own bold spirit. Even then, when he saw before him the powers which he had been at such pains to collect; when they were opposed to a weaker British force than they could ever hope again to have in front of them; when he knew that he had hopelessly committed himself to hostilities with the English Government, the Peishwa's heart failed him; and, before the conflict commenced, he sent a message to Gokla desiring him "to be sure not to fire the first gun." At this moment the English advance had momentarily stayed, to give time to their few artillery for unlimbering and coming into action. There was a pause of preparation and high-wrought anxiety on both sides—the lull before the storm would break forth in its fury. Gokla saw his master's messenger coming towards him and, divining that he was the bearer of some pusillanimous message which would hamper his action, he instantly gave the order to engage all along the line. A Mahratta battery of nine guns opened fire, a strong corps of rocket-camels was sent to the right and the cavalry masses, pushed rapidly forward, swept upon both flanks of the British brigade, threatening to charge if an opening became visible in the slender formation. Colonel Burr's force was almost lost to sight among the surging clouds of horsemen that wheeled and hovered around. But the Mahratta infantry had, in the rapid movements of their army, been left some distance in the rear and were not yet deployed, with the excepti strong battalion under the command of tuguese officer, Da Pinto, one of those adventurers who were so often found ser native armies and forming them into for troops of the European model. This b had been led by its commander under c some enclosures, and was now steadily fo line opposite to the first battalion of Bombay Infantry. The Sepoys, eager t with the enemy, whose standards flau their front, advanced rapidly, keeping heavy fire; and Da Pinto's men, shaken disciplined volleys and cowed by the lon line of levelled bayonets, began to give w whole front of battle was now ablaze. T of the artillery, the weird shriek of rock measured rattle of British musketry a scattered discharge of Mahratta matchloc the air and stirred the distant echoes; in the centre the English force seeme gaining ground, the cool observation Elphinstone could not help noting th time the fortune of the day was evenly b

The crisis of the day was at hand and manner in which that crisis was met d British prestige and influence in the India. The 7th Bombay Infantry, f up its advantage over Da Pinto's b had in their eagerness moved undul the front and detached themselves f immediate support of the rest of the lir opportunity for which Bappoo Gokla h on the look-out seemed to have arriv had prepared a reserve body of his choice men, 6,000 strong, and held it in readine left of his line. The bravest and ables Mahratta chiefs were its leaders, and waved the folds of the sacred Juree Putl formidable force was now ordered to cha Mahratta artillery ceased firing to leave free for the action of the cavalry, whic down at speed in a diagonal direction ac British front. But Colonel Burr had coming danger and provided that th should not burst unprepared for. The long been his own regiment. He had fo and had led it in many years of war. To in its ranks he was more than a com officer in whom they had confidence; the beloved chief, the father of his f whose greatest pride was to fight, and if fall, under his eye.

In this moment of stress, he made hi the centre of the battalion, and took his

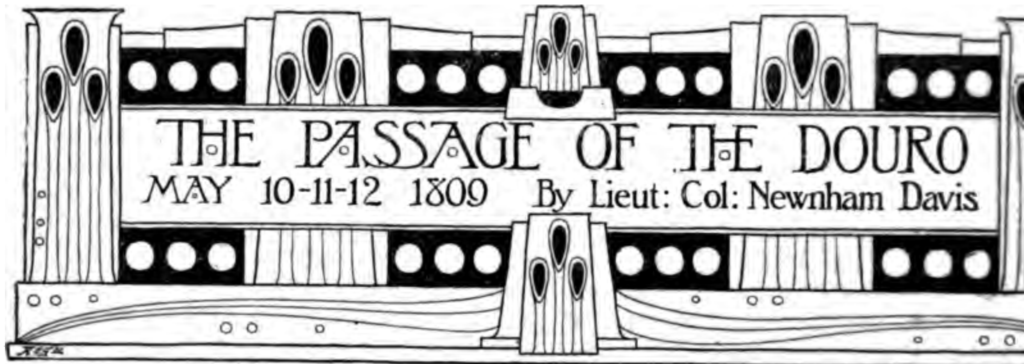
ılours. There was no time to form and :he ranks, disordered by their rapid ad- but halting them, he made them cease and reserve their volleys till he himself he order for another discharge. He called his "children to show themselves worthy care in bygone days." Truly, it seemed the instant annihilation of the 7th was ble as the thousands of their enemies straight at them with the rush of horses, aving of flags, and the brandishing of Many of the Mahrattas were armed ırbines and long horse-pistols, which they n their advance with some effect, but rovoked no return from the immovable .

nown to both British and Mahrattas, there piece of heavy ground immediately in f the 7th, and in this some of the leading stumbled and fell, creating a confused in the charging risalas. The delayed fire was at last poured forth and the ing volleys hurled man and horse to the The force of the Mahratta attack was tely checked, the confusion became ex- and only a few of the mighty force which arged so confidently came in contact with onet line which steadily presented itself. etached bands, finding their main attempt s, galloped round the flank and threatened ıp at Kirkee, but, easily driven back by ıder campguard and two small iron guns, ined the rest of their comrades in dis- ed retreat. Colonel Burr and the 7th a time been entirely enveloped and by the furious tide of foes which had itself upon them and it was with relief tense anxiety that Mr. Elphinstone saw lling back slowly on their supports, their ition expended and their ranks thinned, ı the pride of duty nobly done, and the of another victory to blazon on their

ailure of the great charge completely rted the Mahrattas. They hastily began r up the guns and withdraw them from the field; the whole of their infantry fell back on Poona and their great masses of horsemen melted away. If Mr. Elphinstone had had even a small body ot cavalry at his disposition, he might have struck such heavy blows in pursuit as would have at once ended Baji Rao's power for harm and saved the necessity for further hostilities. As it was, Colonel Burr's brigade followed the beaten foe up to the gates of Poona. Then, the sun having long since set, it was considered prudent to fall back to the camp at Kirkee and not to commit a weak force in the streets of a large city thronged with armed men.

It has been given to few men to show a finer example of soldierly conduct than that of Colonel Burr, when he, a crippled and suffering veteran, stood bravely by the colours of his old regiment in the shock of battle. The two men who stood by him were struck down, his horse was wounded, and a bullet went through his hat; but his infinite coolness and courage were never shaken, and he had the proud satisfaction of seeing that the men whom he had trained emulated his warlike resolution. But the real hero of the day was Mr. Elphinstone, and, by common consent of his contemporaries, its honour was assigned to him. His position as Resident gave him complete control over the troops. All the preliminaries of the battle were arranged by his direct initiative and authority, and even the ground where it was fought was of his choosing. He it was who had resolved to attack instead of remaining on the defensive, and, though he in no way interfered with the handling of the troops during the action, he shared in all their dangers, and showed himself worthy of their confidence as a supreme leader.

Baji Rao had collected round him at Poona 23,000 horse and 10,000 foot, but of these only 18,000 horse and 8,000 foot were actually engaged. The whole British force in the field, including the European battalion, numbered 2,800 rank and file. Seldom have armies so unequal in strength met in conflict, and never has disciplined courage more completely shown its mastery over the brute force of mere numbers.



LISBON shone with light on the night of the 22nd April, 1809, for a deliverer had come; and when the news of the landing of Sir Arthur Wellesley, the young general with the glory of Roliça and Vimiero still fresh upon him, spread through Portugal, every city not held by the invading French was illuminated for three successive nights.

Never was there a deadlier hate than the Portuguese, townsmen and peasants, had for the soldiers of Napoleon's armies. No Red Indians ever dreamed of more fiendish tortures than those that a straggler from the line of march, a wounded man left in the whirl of a skirmish, or a forgotten sick man, suffered at the hands of the Portuguese before he met his death; and for hate, hate was returned with interest. The olive trees were cut down, the ripe crops trampled, the farm animals and domestic pets slain and cut or torn limb from limb in wantonness; the blackening corpse of many a priest swung from a tree hard by the deserted village where he ministered and wherever the fierce peasants stood; and the might of the trained legions of France crushed their savage resistance, the cavalry killed and killed in the pursuit so long as horse could gallop and sword arm be raised to strike.

And now this stern young English general was come as a deliverer, and the Portuguese, ever variable as a weathercock, went mad with joy at his advent.

It was to a despairing country that he had come.

Up in the north, Soult, charged by Napoleon to hunt the English leopard into the sea, had swept like a whirlwind after Moore, to be mauled when the hunted turned and stood before Corunna; and now, rearmed and equipped from captured British and Spanish magazines, had swooped down on Oporto, captur held the town. The shrieks of the wretches on that day of storm, of mur rapine, when the flying Portuguese trampled a red way through the str the town glutted with frightened wom children, and the great gap in the b boats was filled with the heaped cor drowned, pushed on to their fate by th dened crowd behind, when forty thousa tuguese perished by sword or fire or dr still rang in the country's ears.

On the eastern frontier Victor had bee by Lapisse, and their joint armies, dista some eighteen marches from the Po capital, were being weakly watched rickety old Spaniard Cuesta, that stran ture of tenacity, faithlessness, pride, in who, clothed in a mediæval uniform, loo the spectre of Don Quixote, held upon h by two pages, or commanding his army heaped pillows in his coach drawn b mules, ever defeated, often the leader runaways, yet held a power no other S of the day had, and, however sorely b always appeared again with a fresh arm to run anew. On the 28th of March at M his wavering line, advancing over the the ridge, had been pulverised by Victo fifths of his men had been slain, and Maubourg's and Lasalle's dragoons wore, them, their sword arms in slings for day wards, so strained were they with the of the flying Spaniards.

Sir Arthur, however, entered on th paign under circumstances that at least p a chance of success.

Beresford, fiery, impulsive, full of en his genius and a stiffening of British offic shaken the Portuguese uniformed rabble desperate partisans whose fierceness wer

feeble leadership, and who always shrieked on!" as they fled, pausing only to murder nerals—into troops who with each day confidence in their officers and discipline, ith their eyes turned north, longed to yonets again with Soult's Frenchmen.

lock—a badly treated man, who had s head, though hustled by the impulsive rd, plucked by the sleeve by Frere, our ntative with the Spaniards, and by the ese regency, threatened by the rabble of and now superseded by a younger man— over to his successor a British army as or campaigning as the circumstances

OPORTO.

allow, with magazines tocked to supply the a march north or east.

einforcements Sir Arthur ed for had been given The confidence of the at home, who had at last made up their hold to Portugal, was his. The rank al in the Portuguese service had been l on him, in acknowledging which he a very fine letter"; and, above all, there Genius of the man, a Genius waited on andmaid Luck.

ck was with the taciturn young general. slept in his cabin aboard the *Surveillant* is first night out from Portsmouth—to wn he was not to return until in 1814 d there as Duke of Wellington, Sir George ame down to him and awakened him, telling him that the ship, then off St. Catherine's Head, had missed stays several times and must go ashore, and advised him to hold to the ship until she went to pieces; but as Sir Arthur came on deck a sudden slant of wind from the shore bellied the sails, and the great vessel tore away in the darkness to carry him to safety and glory.

And now in Soult's camp treachery was fighting for him, for Argenton, Soult's adjutant-major, of old days his aide-de-camp, had been to Beresford, and was strong on a plan for seizing Soult and carrying him back into France.

Sir Arthur, a little doubtful whether he had chosen the wiser course, left Mackenzie and a tolerable force to hinder Victor should he march on Lisbon, hoping something also from Cuesta should this come to pass, and himself, with Beresford always edging forward on the east of him, set forth against that noble adversary, Soult.

A few words as to the country in which the fighting had to be done, and as to the troops who had to do it.

The rivers in Portugal, speaking in general terms, run from north-east to south-west, with mountainous country in between them. Four rivers only are of importance in connection with the fighting I am going to write of: the Tagus, the most southerly of them; the Mondego next, south of which Sir John Craddock had been gathering troops and stores; the Vouga next, the right bank of which was held by the French

outposts; and the most northerly, the Douro, near the mouth of which is Oporto.

The troops with which Sir Arthur moved against Soult were a division of horse under General Payne, two divisions of infantry under Lieutenant-Generals Edward Paget and Sherbrooke, the German Legion, and twenty-four guns —sixteen thousand combatants in all, of whom fifteen hundred were horsemen. Beresford, who was to cut off Soult's retreat to the east, the only road by which he could take his train and artillery, had six thousand Portuguese, two British battalions, and some heavy cavalry.

Sir Arthur wasted no time in setting to work. Six days he stayed in Lisbon to get a firm hand on the strings that set the puppets dancing, and then rode up the north road, through villages where he was hailed already as a conqueror, to Coimbra, south of the Mondego, where the ladies showered rose-leaves and confetti down on him from the balconies.

On the 6th of May Sir Arthur reviewed his forces on a sandy plain some two miles from Coimbra, and his staff scanned anxiously enough the appearance of the men who had to meet Soult's veterans. It was by no means the *beau idéal* of an army. The Guards and the German Legion were all that any general could desire, but the ranks of the infantry of the line had been filled by drafts from militia regiments, and there were as many knapsacks with the names of counties on them as with the numbers of regiments. The Portuguese, four regiments of whom had been added to the force, were considered by lenient critics to present a "sombre" appearance, their dark complexions and single-breasted blue coats showing unfavourably alongside the fresh-coloured faces and red uniforms of their British brothers-in-arms; but Sir Arthur wrote to Beresford in stronger terms than that, telling him that his men made a bad figure at the review, that the battalions were weak, the body of men very bad, and the officers worse than anything he had seen. He spoke in kindlier terms of them when the three days' fighting which ended in the capture of Oporto were over.

In the early morning of the 10th May the two forces first came into contact. The country folk were with us and against the French—all their movements were known to us; ours were concealed from them. We were, guided by the peasants, to have surprised Franceschi, the French cavalry general, whose quarters were some eight miles to the north of the Vouga at Albergaria Nova, while Mermet with a division of infantry was a march furthe at Grijon. Hill had been ferried acr lake of Ovar, and was in rear of Fra Cotton with the light cavalry was to at the grey of the morning, thrust Francesc on to Mermet, and when the defeated made for Oporto, Hill with his fresh tro to keep up with them and seize the bridge

The lake of Ovar lies on the sea-coast, northern end was well behind the Fren posts. That it was not guarded by the was discovered by an officer who went to meet Argenton, the traitor in Soult half-way across the lake. In the darkn boats missed each other, and the Britis found himself unchallenged behind the picquets.

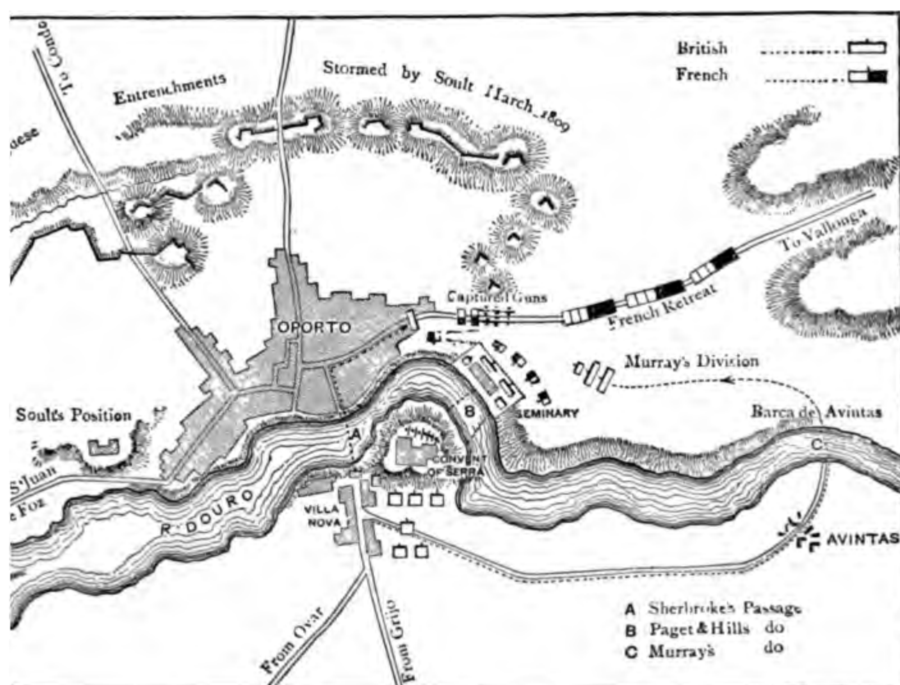
Hill, aided in every way by the Po boatmen, landed at Ovar at sunrise, but men failed in their attempt—most of th young fighters, a night march is always and the Portuguese guides were de afraid of falling into the hands of the The neighing of the horses of the Po cavalry put Franceschi's vedettes on t the 16th Light Dragoons lost their when Cotton came on Franceschi in br light, the Frenchman was quite ready There was a volley from the advance troopers, a charge on the English sid the young officers compared in its effect to a field-day manœuvre, and the found Franceschi waiting for him flan wood that swarmed with the tirailleu infantry regiment that Mermet had len

Cotton dared not risk the charge. Si himself brought up Paget's division, a the enemy from the wood, and Fr always showing his teeth, retired in go upon Mermet, seeing Hill's troops, w thought had been landed at Ovar f British fleet, on his way.

Soult learnt that night that the Brit advancing upon him in force. He al that he had treason in his camp; for had confided in Lefebvre, and the mars from that general for the first time of that had been dug under his feet.

On the 10th, too, though neither S Sir Arthur was to hear of it till after t of Oporto had been fought, Beresford ha back *Maneta* ("the one-handed"), Loi most hated Frenchman in Portugal, a the only bridge by which Soult could r the eastward.

ıe next day Mermet fought a rear-
He held a ridge covered with
ɔods, and held it so stoutly that
ıd to send the 29th British to
6th Portuguese, who were skir-
e woods. The French were so
, that they pushed a column down
gh the village of Grijon, and the
on the staff heard for the first time
.ct order from Sir Arthur's lips to
ı with the bayonet. It was not
ıe German Legion had already



ench left, and Mermet retired to
ı the heights of Carvalho, where
of the 16th, forcing their way out
oded ravine lined by the French
harged and broke the 47ème de
ɔd in line to receive the cavalry.
d retreating, Mermet wore out the
r cover of dark retired across the
ɔorto.
halted at dark ; his men slept on
)uring the night Hill's brigade was
istant roar and the shaking of the
earthquake. Soult in Oporto had
bridge of boats, and was getting
: powder.
of dawn on the misty morning of
he troops stood to their arms, a

little hairdresser, a refugee from Oporto, was brought before Sir Arthur by Colonel Waters, of the Adjutant-General's department; and as the force slipped away into the grey mist, a ghostly army of silent battalions and squadrons, the little trembling man told his story. And he had reason to fear should Wellington fail; for just outside the headquarter camp there swung in the cold morning wind nine shrivelled things that had once been Portuguese peasants.

Sir Arthur, stern and silent as ever, muffled in that white cloak that served him through his Spanish campaigns, listened. Soult had destroyed the bridge—he expected that ; but, what was worse news, all the boats on the river had been secured, were moored under the fire of French sentries, and the only boat on the near side was the little skiff in which the barber had rowed himself over during the night, and which, half filled with water, was hidden in some reeds.

That boat was to be found, and it was that frail little bark that lost Soult the day.

The discovery of the conspiracy had shaken Soult for a moment only. He assured himself that the men immediately about him were faithful, and then turned his mind to the preparations for delaying Sir Arthur's passage of the Douro. He knew that he could not hold on to Oporto for long, and intended to retire at his ease to the

eastern frontier of the country. During the night of the 11th–12th he had personally superintended the breaking up of the boat-bridge, and did not leave the quay to take rest until 4 a.m.

His quarters were on the seaward side of the town, and he believed that the next day he would see at the river's mouth the white sails of that fleet—of Franceschi's imagination—that had landed the troops at Ovar, and that with the fleet's help Sir Arthur would try to force a passage below the town. He intended to hold Oporto during the 12th, and then to retire leisurely with Franceschi as his rear-guard.

The mist had thinned and lifted, and the morning sunshine of a fine spring day was pouring on a landscape beautiful, except where the smoke still hung above the villages burnt by the retiring French, as Sir Arthur mounted, and, with the staff clattering behind, rode after his troops.

At 8 a.m. he was at Villa Nova, the suburb on the south side of the river from which the boat-bridge had stretched across to Oporto, and found its narrow streets choked with his troops. Sherbrooke and Paget were both there waiting.

Sir Arthur rode at a walk through the crowded streets, and, turning to his right, set his horse at the hill on which the Serra convent stands, and round the rocky cliffs of which the broad rapid stream of the Douro makes a bend.

Walking through the convent garden, the staff and monks following a dozen paces behind, he stood on the highest point and looked across the river to where the terraced town clustered round its granite cathedral.

It was almost as if it had been a city of the dead. His quick eye caught the boats moored on the far shore, the sleepy sentinels mechanically pacing their beats, the leisurely patrols, the silent squares, the deserted streets, the houses where no trace of life was seen. No Portuguese dared show at the windows, and the Frenchmen were waiting in their billets for the call that was to send them marching towards the river's mouth to beat back the English.

Sir Arthur's eye rested on an unfinished building, a long brick palace for the bishop, three storeys high at one part, which stood on high ground across the river. On the water side it was reached by a zigzag path up the rocky cliff; on the other three sides it was enclosed by a stone wall, with one iron gate leading on to the *prado*, now a cemetery, on the side farthest from the river. The French had left this building unguarded, and as he looked a daring [plan] formed itself in the great general's mind.

He saw the long column of dust risi[ng from] the baggage waggons that Soult was se[nding] eastwards; he feared for Beresford's sa[fety] until the river was passed he could giv[e no help] to the fiery commander of the Portug[uese. It] was a time for a gambler's throw, and [he was] ready to risk it.

He ordered Waters to go with the ba[rber and] a priest, the Prior of Amarante, who wa[s eager] to help against the French, to find t[he] skiff and, crossing over, by some means [bring] boats from the other side.

The strangely matched trio, with two [peasants] rowing them, passed over the rapid str[eam, while] Sir Arthur made his dispositions. Mur[ray, with] the German Legion, the two squadro[ns of the] 14th Dragoons, and two guns, was se[nt three] miles up the river to attempt a crossin[g at the] Barca de Avintas, should he find boat[s there.] Paget massed behind the convent hill[; Sher]brooke was ready in Villa Nova.

The sun climbed up the heavens; [and] across the swirling yellow river, whic[h was] the rising tide from the ocean, slept [in] peace. Behind the solitary figure of t[he com]mander who stood and waited and [watched,] there was the rumble of wheels as the [gunners] brought eighteen guns into position, [hidden] by the fir-trees of the convent enclosure.

The bells of the Serra convent struck t[he hour] of ten, and the bells of half a hundred c[hurches] across the river echoed them.

It was reported to Sir Arthur that so[me boats] had been secured, and that one of th[em was] already at the landing-place.

"Well, let the men pass," was the [laconic] order that he gave, and Paget with th[e Buffs,] the first regiment of Hill's Brigade, w[ent cau]tiously down the rocks to the water's ed[ge.]

Twenty-five men and an officer wer[e ferried] over, and, reaching the further bank, [went up] the zigzag path and into the seminary-[as the] great unfinished building was called; [the] enemy took no notice. A second boat [crossed,] and then a third, which had Paget on b[oard of] it; and as the men from this toiled up th[e steep] ascent, the drums beat the *générale* in t[he town,] and Oporto woke to sudden life.

The crossing of the boats had not b[een un]noticed; a *chef de bataillon* had told his [general] that the English were crossing the riv[er, and] had been laughed at for his pains. Sou[lt him]self, hearing that against his orders the

THE PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.

boats passing, had asked the French governor of the city for an explanation, and had been told that stragglers left on the far side when the bridge was destroyed were being ferried over; but it was not till Foy climbed a steep pointed hill that overlooked the seminary and saw the redcoats moving in the building, that Sir Arthur's bold plan of thrusting a handful of Englishmen into the heart of the French army was discovered, and that, rushing in masses from the town and throwing forward tirailleurs as they advanced, Soult's men dashed at the building to drive the redcoats back again into the river.

On the British side as well all was life. Hill's men crowded down to the river's bank waiting to pass, Sherbrooke's men showed themselves at Villa Nova, and the eighteen guns amongst the fir-trees spoke. The Portuguese, here and there, waved an encouragement from the windows of the town.

The Kentish lads in the seminary held firm, though the 17th, led by Foy and supported by the 70th, with a fury of musketry and artillery fire attacked the building. The iron gate in the enclosure wall was where the storm of lead struck fastest. The French brought a gun up to it and through it to batter the building, but were charged and driven back.

The odds were tremendous, though as each minute passed the English grew stronger. All the Buffs were across, and the 48th and 66th and a Portuguese battalion were crossing; but it was more than doubtful whether the men in the seminary could hold out against the fierce attack, and anxious eyes were directed up the river in the direction whence Murray, who had found boats at Barca de Avintas, should come.

Paget had been deeply wounded while directing the defence from the roof of the seminary, and Hill took his place. Sir Arthur, feeling how critical the moment was, would have crossed himself, but his staff were urgent that he should not, and, knowing that Hill, in whom he had the firmest confidence, was commanding on the other side, he forbore.

Sharper and closer grew the conflict as attackers and attacked increased in numbers; when, moving along the river bank, his files opened out to make as much of a show as possible, Murray appeared, and at the same time a great burst of cheering and a waving of handkerchiefs from the windows told that the French had evacuated the lower town, and the inhabitants, rushing down to the quays, rowed their boats over to Sherbrooke.

It was an impressive sight. The tide
and the river full; the boats laden with
men and men of the 29th covered the
stream; from every window facing the
handkerchiefs were waved; the cheeri
continuous; and on the left bank ami
clustering troops a great white banner
the sign of the cross was hoisted and
lazily in the breeze blowing up from the

Hill advanced his men from the buil
the stone wall of the enclosure, and
bullets on the stream of fugitives that
out of the town; for Sherbrooke was
them through the narrow streets, and
men were flying for their lives in full rou
army of Soult was beaten and retreating.

Five guns caught between two fire
taken, and when the stream of fugitive
past Murray, giving him an opportunit
"might have tempted a blind man," his
fretting under his inaction, charged with
Stuart at their head, unhorsed Laborde,
Foy, and took two hundred prisoners.

That night in the Carrancas Sir Art
down to the banquet that had been co
Soult; the town was illuminated as fo
public holiday, though the streets were
with the bodies of dead horses and men
the darkness beyond the savage peasants
like wolves, stripping the corpses and m
the wounded men.

The sequel is soon told:—

Sir Arthur halted at Oporto the nigh
12th and during the 13th to bring up
and baggage.

Soult, moving eastwards and reorgan
forces as he went, heard on the 13th tha
had been beaten back by Beresford, and
only line of retreat by which he could
guns and waggons was in the hands of h
saries. "The weather was boisterous, t
worn with fatigue, was dismayed, an
were heard calling for a capitulation.
that terrible crisis the Marshal Duke
fortune for having raised him to such
He had accidentally fallen from his ho
his hip, formerly broken by a shot at t
of Genoa, was severely injured; but
pain, nor weakness of body, nor peril cou
the firmness of his soul." With a fierce
silenced the traitors, he destroyed his g
baggage and military chest, put his si
and ammunition on the mules, ordered
and some outlying cavalry to join him,
to the mountain paths.

morning of the 15th he drew up his ·w 20,000 strong, in battle array on the Braga, where, two months before, he ered the Portuguese, and then, with r and Beresford at his heels, continued . Sir Arthur, when he heard that Soult oyed his guns and baggage, knew sford must have succeeded, and pressed it, while Beresford, anticipating orders, chase.

h torrents of rain, along paths on the side where the waterfalls came stream- to the thundering torrent in the abyss ult forced his men, starving and shoe- the peasants from the heights swept le files to death by rolling stones, and every straggler and sick man left on i. Behind, the British cavalry pressed l the guns opening on the massed Frenchmen crowding to cross the Ponte Nova—where Sir Arthur stayed the pursuit—heaped the bed of the torrent with corpses.

Sir Arthur, with a pardonable touch of pride that Moore had been avenged, wrote that "in everything, even weather," Soult's retreat was a pendant of that to Corunna, and then with the characteristic wish as to his own men—"I hope this army will not lose their heads"—turned his thoughts towards Victor.

Soult, with his men bowed with fatigue, without shoes, many without accoutrements or muskets, his artillery, baggage, and military chest destroyed, with a loss of 6,000 good soldiers out of the 25,000 he had led into Portugal, reached Ney in the north. "He had entered Portugal with fifty-eight pieces of artillery, he returned without a gun : yet his reputation as a stout and able soldier was nowise diminished."

MONTSERRAT CONVENT · OPORTO.

ON the night of the 21st of March, 1849, the Piedmontese and the Austrians lay facing each other in the Lomelina, a fertile province of Piedmont which lies along the western bank of the Ticino. On the Piedmontese left there had been sharp fighting throughout the day, and the bivouac of the King of Piedmont was formed near the village of Sforzesca, on a plain covered with the bodies of the dead. The villages were filled with wounded men: the sky was red with the glare from burning farms and from the camp-fires, round which the troops waited for daylight to recommence the fray. As far as the king had been able to learn the result of the various scattered combats which had taken place during the day, his troops had been successful; his infantry had shown steadiness, his cavalry great dash. A Savoyard regiment, though much harassed by the enemy's skirmishers, coolly reserved their fire until the main body of their enemy were within easy range. Then they poured in a storm of bullets, which they followed up with a charge so desperate that the Austrians fled, panic-stricken, before them. When the officers succeeded in halting the Savoyards, the men had angrily inquired why they were not allowed to pursue; and, in reply to the explanation that there were no regiments in support, they had retorted proudly: "Do Savoyards ever need supports?"

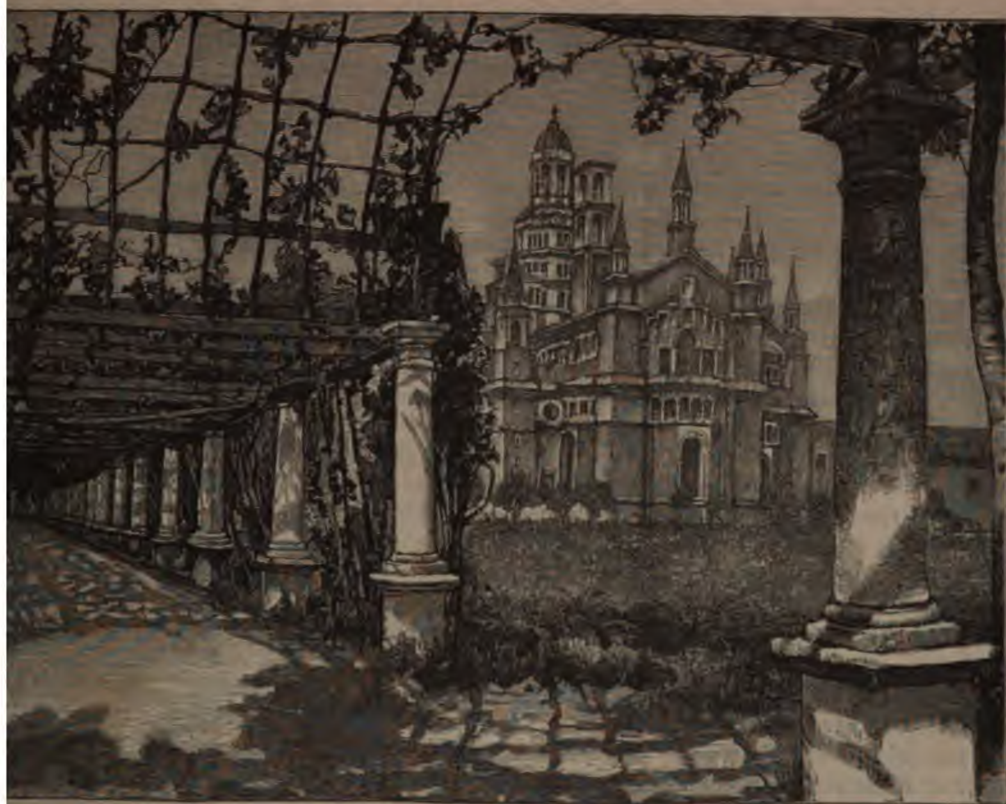
Close to Sforzesca there had been a brilliant little *mêlée*. A battalion of Piedmontese, after routing a body of Croatian infantry with the bayonet, were caught in disorder by Hungarian hussars, who, charging like a whirlwind, compelled the Italians to take refuge behind a battery of artillery. So straight did the Hungarians ride that they were almost among the guns when, in their turn, they were defeated by a well-delivered counter-stroke. In the very nick of time two squadrons o cavalry took them in flank, and, after e many saddles, drove the survivors h back.

But Charles Albert and his staff were with anxiety about their right. Early day two divisions had been ordered to town of Mortara before the Austria occupy it; and although heavy firin afternoon and evening showed that h were hotly engaged with the enemy neighbourhood of this town, no news him of the result of the fighting. De to set a good example to his men, the down on the bed of empty sacks which h extemporised for him; and he even slept, ill and fitfully. At his head stood two servants, whose Court livery of crimson a looked strangely out of place amidst the of the battlefield. An aide-de-camp sat to replace the rug which the king co threw off, as he tossed and muttered, and his right arm out threateningly in the di of the Austrian army. Around him l staff, encircled by a ring of sentries, who, on their arms, watched the disordered sl of their monarch with superstitious awe.

In order to understand the short ca which ended at Novara, it is necessary moment to glance at the state of Italy in Early in his career the Great Napoleon ha run and conquered the peninsula. Much advantage of her people, he had repla miserable princelings who tyrannised o various States, by a strong and energetic g ment, under which Italy became mor perous and more contented than she ha for centuries. In 1815 the Congress of V had undone the material good which Na had accomplished. The temporal power Pope was restored; Lombardy and V

ced under the Austrian yoke; and Piedmont, Naples, and Tuscany were to their former kings or dukes. As nces were all connected by blood or with the house of Hapsburg, Austrian was predominant at their Courts, and me in all but name a province of the Empire. Like their Bourbon cousins, n princes returned from exile "having othing and forgotten nothing." Their of government was a despotism. In their re were no parliaments or representa-tutions, and as the press was gagged no means of calling attention to the because they marked what the populace termed "French time." Throughout the peninsula the police and their spies were omnipotent, and sought to regulate men's thoughts and actions, from their political opinions down to the cut of their coats.

The Austrian officers of to-day, as we see them in their own country, are high-bred and courteous men of the world. But in the first part of the century their manners were by no means as agreeable as they are now, and their conduct towards the Italians, whom they chose to consider as a conquered race, was brutal, and greatly increased the hatred of the population



THE UNIVERSITY, PAVIA.

nd the abuses which everywhere were Every possible difficulty was placed in those who wished to visit other parts s it was considered undesirable that d upset their minds by travelling. In s it was made penal to pronounce the Napoleon! In Rome it was proposed lighting the streets at night because n owed its origin to the French, ces of the public clocks were altered towards the rulers who surrounded themselves with foreign bayonets in order to be able to oppress their native-born subjects with impunity. A shrewd English traveller thus describes a typical scene in one of the many towns garri-soned by Austrian troops:—

". . . . . . Several white-coated Austrian officers came into the dining-room of the hotel clanking their swords and speaking in a loud overbearing tone. They were, fortunately, too

far off for us to be annoyed by overhearing their conversation, except when they raised their voices to abuse the waiters, which they did in execrable Italian, but with a surprising volubility of expletives. These remarks were generally prefaced with 'You beast of an Italian,' or something equally remarkable for good taste and feeling. After a little time their mirth grew louder, and reached an unwarrantable height when one of the party, loudly apostrophising the unfortunate waiter, asked him if he could tell him in what light he and all other Austrians regarded the Italians. The man's sallow cheek grew a shade paler, but he made no reply as he busied himself in changing their plates. 'Do you not know, you beast?' reiterated the officer, stamping as he spoke, 'then I will tell you: we all of us look upon you Italians as the dust beneath our feet—as the little creeping beasts we crush at every moment of our lives, at every step we take. Ha! ha!'"

The degradation of their position raised among the Italians a passionate desire for liberty and for national unity. To this yearning for freedom is due the long series of wars against Austria, which, though at first unsuccessful, finally achieved the complete independence of the Italian people, and changed a country formerly contemptuously termed "a mere geographical expression" into one of the Great Powers of Europe.

In 1847-8 Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, astonished the world by granting to his people a constitution modelled on that of England. By this act he at once placed himself at the head of the movement for national unity; and early in 1848 he proclaimed war against the Emperor of Austria, and invaded Lombardy with the avowed intention of expelling the Austrians from Italy. At first things went well with him, but after a few weeks the tide turned in favour of Radetzky, the war-worn veteran who commanded the emperor's troops in Italy. After a series of reverses, which culminated in a severe defeat at Custozza (name of ill-omen for the Italians, for the Austrians again defeated them there in 1866), Charles Albert was compelled to sue for an armistice, while the remnants of his army—a mere mob of starved, demoralised, and ragged men—painfully regained the frontier of Piedmont.

By dint of immense exertions during the truce, which lasted for seven months, the King of Piedmont partially reorganised his troops and rendered them (in point of numerical strength) respectable for a little country of about million inhabitants. In March, 1849, just b the commencement of the five days' cam which ended at Novara, 148,000 men s under Charles Albert's colours; but th they presented a creditable appearanc parade, the composition of the infantry left to be desired. A third of them were rese who, after about a year's service in the r had been allowed to return to their h Of these, 30,000 were married; and all strongly objected to the idea of active se Another third of the infantry were abso raw recruits. The remainder had been a or eighteen months under arms, and ha doubt, profited by the experience gain the campaign of 1848; but they had not sl off the feeling of disbelief in themselve in their officers engendered by defeat. cavalry, artillery, and engineers were but the commissariat and transport se were indifferent, the medical corps was i quately supplied with ambulances, and was a deficiency of no less than 400 offic the various branches of the service. Not among a large number of the soldiers, bu among many of the higher ranks, the i recommencing the conflict was unpopular- some on political grounds, with others b they recognised the impossibility of wagir single-handed against the Austrian E The king recognised the difficulties c military position; but he knew that if l not renew the war with Austria the wh Italy would consider he had betrayed cause, and the majority of his own su would rise against him. He, therefore, the lesser of the two evils—a war in Lom rather than a revolution in Piedmont although after deducting from his str 18,000 men in hospital and 40,000 for ga duty he could only count on some 85,000 for service in the field, he "denounce armistice," and intimated to the Austrian hostilities would recommence on the 2c March, 1849.

The king's military capacity had be much questioned since his defeats in the paign of the previous year, that he decid delegate the supreme command to some ge of wider experience than his own. The c fell not upon a Piedmontese, but upon a l adventurer, Chrzanowski, who had served the Russians in their Turkish campaign in and against them in the Polish insurrecti

Deeply did the Piedmontese generals their supersession by a foreigner, and us was the friction between the general-:f and the commanders of his divi-throughout this short and mismanaged ign.

ıough the Emperor of Austria possessed provinces each as large and as populous dmont, he was unable to send any re-:ments to Radetzky, for the rebellion in ıry absorbed all the resources which the of Vienna could then command. There-ıfter providing for the investment of :, which had risen against her Austrian sors, and securing the safety of his lines ımunication, Radetzky could only place field an army of the same strength as f the Piedmontese. But though the rs were equal, in *morale* the Austrians reatly superior. Proud of their victories 8, they entered upon the campaign of ı with thorough belief in themselves and ıe utmost confidence in their old general, : the age of eighty-three, was still strong r and vigorous in mind. The knowledge al warfare which Field-Marshal Radetzky :d was remarkable. Towards the end eighteenth century he first saw active in a campaign against the Turks, and tered Napoleon at Montenotte during ure emperor's Italian campaign of 1796. s present at Marengo; he shared in aster of Hohenlinden; he commanded s at the battles of Eckmühl, Aspern, and n, where the Austrians fought with their ourage and their usual ill-success. At nd Leipzig he held important positions general staff; and he served in France in hen Napoleon displayed such marvellous his campaign against the overwhelming ›f the Allies.

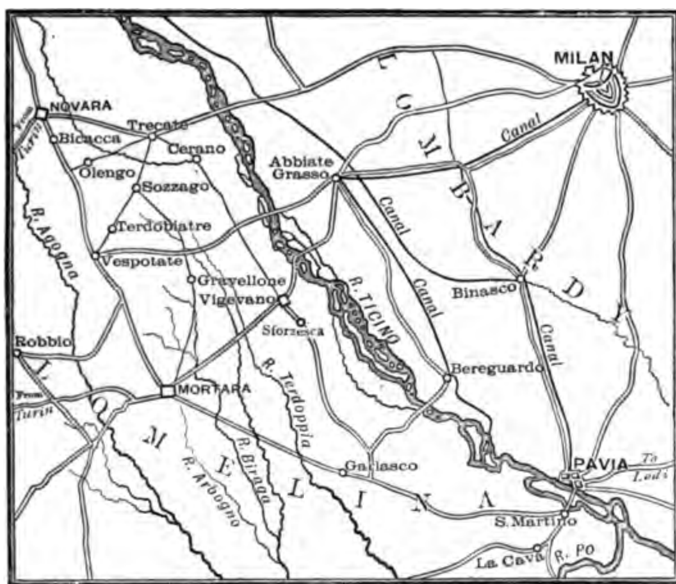
ıany of Radetzky's troops were Hun- —men whose brothers were then at ·ips with the Austrians on the plains of y—their fidelity would have been doubt- the old general not been the idol of his . His personal influence kept them so their colours, that on the resumption of es the Magyars sent him a deputation o be allowed to go to the front at once, they might show their loyalty to the : by deeds and not by words!

ı the armistice expired, the hostile armies ›arated by the swift, deep current of the a river which in its course from Lake Maggiore to the Po forms the frontier between Lombardy and Piedmont. As the objective of the Piedmontese army was Milan, the greater part of Charles Albert's forces were concentrated about Novara, a prosperous country town from which the white spires of Milan Cathedral can be seen glittering in the sun. A division of 8,000 men, under General Ramorino, had been detached to the south-west, with orders to watch the bridges near Pavia, the old university town which stands close to the junction of the Ticino and the Po. Pavia is about thirty miles from Novara, and about halfway between them a little town, Mortara, marks the point where most of the important roads in the district converge. Two or three considerable streams flow parallel with the Ticino, and feed the numerous canals which irrigate the country to the westward of this river. Plantations of mulberry trees, with vines trained in festoons between their trunks, mark the boundaries of the soft deep rice-fields; and causeways, often raised above the level of the ground, connect the solidly-built towns and villages which dot the surface of the fertile plain.

Radetzky's Intelligence Department was far superior to that of Charles Albert; for, while the Austrian staff was fully acquainted with all the movements of the Piedmontese, the king obtained no tidings of the rapid concentration which the old field-marshal had effected at Pavia. On the morning of the resumption of hostilities 60 battalions, 40 squadrons, and 186 guns arrived outside its gates, and streamed through the dark and narrow streets which lead towards the Ticino. As the troops defiled past the balcony in which the old general had placed himself, German artillerymen, Polish lancers, Tyrolese riflemen, Hungarian hussars, and Croatian infantry vied with each other in the enthusiasm with which they cheered their octogenarian chief.

Greatly to their surprise, the Austrians passed the frontier without difficulty. They were not even seriously opposed at the strong position of La Cava, which Ramorino had been specially ordered to defend; for this general, who was either a traitor or a fool, had left his post and transported nearly all his division to the southern bank of the Po, where they were absolutely useless for the rest of the campaign. After the war was over, Ramorino was tried for disobedience of orders and shot; but his death in no way atoned for the injury he had inflicted upon the Piedmontese cause. Owing to his

misconduct, the Austrians gained so great a start that by the afternoon of the 21st, Radetzky had been able to direct the main body of his army on Mortara, and thus seriously threaten Charles Albert's communications with Turin, his capital. Chrzanowski sent off two divisions to hold Mortara, while with the rest of his troops he attempted to make his way southward, down the right bank of the Ticino, and thus menace the field-marshal's line of communication with Pavia. To paralyse this movement, Radetzky covered the roads between himself and the Ticino with detachments of all arms, with orders to drive back the Piedmontese wherever they



encountered them. In several places along the line, as has already been stated, there was sharp fighting; and not only at Sforrezca, but in other points on Charles Albert's left, the troops o Piedmont distinctly held their enemies in check.

And now to resume the account of the five days' campaign. In the middle of the night of the 21st the Duke of Savoy—Charles Albert's eldest son, best known in history as Victor Emanuel, the first King of Italy—rode into his father's bivouac to break to him the disastrous news that Mortara had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Chrzanowski had entrusted to the young prince and to General Durando the defence of this town, an all-important spot on the series of roads between the army and the fortresses from which it drew supplies. The strength of their combined divisions was respectable. Twenty-nine battalions, 16 squadrons, and 48 guns should have sufficed to hold the
in check until Chrzanowski could atta
in flank from his own left ; but, owing
neglect of proper military precautions, t
montese lost the day. Durando to
position too close to the town, and in
by canals which rendered it difficult fo
reinforce his fighting line or to move hi
from one flank to another. The Duke o
division, in second line, was drawn u
right of the town, where it could be of
in the battle. The outposts were bad
and badly handled. No adequate st
taken to fortify Mortara—no loopholes
no walls crenellated, no b
prepared to defend it
against a sudden rush.
stragglers, muleteers, ca
lowers, and all the non-co
of the army were allowed
gregate in the little town
impede the movements
troops through its narrow

Although heavy firing h
heard at intervals during
on the Piedmontese le
curious infatuation the
came to the conclusion t
Austrians would not atta
tara till the morrow. D
became relaxed ; many
officers left their regiments
at the village inns ; the m
foraging on their own
when suddenly a picket of
cavalry galloped wildly i
camp, shouting that the Austrians we
them. From the south and south-ea
columns of white-coated infantry c
seen converging upon Mortara, an
the Piedmontese troops had all b
lected, a heavy fire of artillery was po
their disordered ranks. The Duke
and Durando were as completely sur
were the French at Beaumont in 1870,
the same result. After several hours
they were badly beaten, and the Aust
tained possession of one of the most i
strategic points in Lombardy. In thi
ment, begun at dusk and continued t
night, the generals soon lost all control
troops, and each colonel fought entirel
own hand in the combats which raged f
to field and from house to house. Th
the fighting fell on Durando. A co

right of his line rested was stormed strians, retaken by the Piedmontese, recaptured by the Austrians. His demoralised by the fire of guns of y could see nothing but the flashes, and in their retreat fired heavily upon ents which the Duke of Savoy was

walls. Benedek instantly flung part of his men into the buildings which commanded the street, down which he slowly led the remainder to the attack, when suddenly a fresh danger burst upon him. Out of the murky darkness of the side streets appeared the gleam of bayonets, warning him that other columns of the

MARSHAL RADETZKY AFTER THE BATTLE OF NOVARA.

to their aid, and then fled in panic n. They were closely pursued by two of Hungarians, who had already pene-ne distance into its dark and winding ore Benedek, who commanded them, that six fresh Piedmontese battalions ncing upon him. In the small Lom-s the houses are well adapted for r they are strongly built, with small and few windows set high upon the

enemy were threatening him in flank and rear. The position was desperate, but Benedek was equal to the occasion. The streets and lanes were encumbered with broken carts and with the bodies of dead horses, and with these materials his handy troops rapidly extemporised barricades, behind which they entrenched themselves, while with sublime audacity their chief sent an officer to summon his assailants to surrender, as "further resistance

would be useless!" This *ruse de guerre* was successful, and 1,700 men laid down their arms to Benedek at the very moment that they should have been making him and his brave men their prisoners. Two squadrons of the Nice regiment, however, scorned to surrender; and selecting the moment when the Austrian ranks had become disordered by victory, cut their way safely out of the town and joined the Duke of Savoy. Durando's division had melted grievously away in this engagement, but Victor Emanuel, by dint of immense exertions, succeeded in keeping in hand a large number of his troops.

In this affair the Piedmontese lost 2,000 prisoners, 500 killed and wounded, and 5 guns; while the Austrians had only 300 soldiers placed *hors de combat*. The decisive character of the action, which greatly affected the *morale* of the Piedmontese two days later at Novara, was chiefly owing to Benedek's resolute conduct. It earned for him the Cross of Maria Theresa, the highest military decoration which an Emperor of Austria can bestow.

During the 22nd the whole of the Piedmontese army fell back upon the town of Novara, where Chrzanowski decided to give battle to the Austrians. For a defensive action the ground to the south of the town presented considerable advantages. On the flanks the position was protected by canals and rivulets; while to the front was cultivated land, much cut up by wet ditches, strong stone walls, and long rows of mulberry trees, with farms and country houses, each capable of being converted into a little fortress, dotted over the surface of the plain, which sank gently towards Mortara. The main road, which connects Novara with Mortara and along which the Austrians must of necessity advance, was commanded by rising ground near the hamlet of La Bicocca.

So rapidly had Charles Albert's army dwindled away under mismanagement and defeat, that not more than 50,000 men could be brought into the field on the morning of the 23rd. Three divisions were placed in the front line: Durando commanded on the right, Bes in the centre, and on the left the veteran Perrone was entrusted with the defence of La Bicocca and the Mortara-Novara road. Behind him in second line stood the Duke of Genoa, while the Duke of Savoy supported the divisions on the right and centre. Three battalions of sharpshooters (*bersaglieri*), extended as skirmishers, covered the front of the position, which was not much more than 3,000 yards in length. These dispositions w completed by nine o'clock, when, in driz rain, dispirited by their reverses and half-sta by the breakdown of their commissariat, Piedmontese formed up to await the Aus attack. In less than two hours their outp were in contact with the advance-guard of three army corps, commanded by D'Aspre, was marching along the Mortara-Novara r At first D'Aspre imagined he had only to with a rear-guard, covering a retreat, but soo discovered he was in presence of the whole o Piedmontese army. He instantly informed generals who were moving on the roads t right and left; and then, remembering the with which before he had conquered at Mo without waiting for reinforcements, he b attacked the army of Charles Albert.

On the Piedmontese right and centre, th there was desultory skirmishing all througl day, nothing of importance took place; fo battle was fought out on their left, round villages which command the Mortara Chrzanowski's plan seems to have been to out the Austrians at La Bicocca. He f that mere passive resistance never gains a sive victory, and that a general must be pre to counter-attack his enemy with vigou brilliant opportunity for such a counter-s presented itself in the course of the engage but Chrzanowski, too slow of intellect to a ciate it, lost his chance and, with it, the for Charles Albert.

The engagement began with a vigorous a upon Olengo, a hamlet on the road hundred yards to the south of La Bi Perrone had strongly occupied it as a det post, to bar the approach to the more imp village in its rear. By a sudden dash Hungarian battalions of Prince Albrecht' vance-guard seized some of the outlying h then, turning fiercely upon a regiment of montese, they captured their colours and them in confusion out of the village. But l the Hungarian officers could restore order this hand-to-hand combat, the tables turned. A corps of sturdy mountaineers Savoy fell upon them, and handled the roughly that, to save his favourite Ma from destruction, the archduke had to t the whole of his reserves into the fray. several hours reinforcements reached D'. very slowly, for the narrow roads blocked by the baggage-waggons of his corps. As fresh troops came up they

into the fight, which eddied round ;es on the Novara road. Early in the ı the Austrians stormed La Bicocca, and ' took Charles Albert prisoner that his ·ossed bayonets with the Hungarian Soon the Duke of Genoa, with two gades from the second line, recaptured let at the point of the bayonet; and nging up several batteries, he poured so re upon Olengo, that the Austrians who it became demoralised, and made but a sistance to the bayonet attack with e followed up his cannonade. During ing of this village incidents occurred ıow of how good material the Pied- officers were made. The captain of a ell, hard hit, with his arm carried away ınd shot. He did not leave post, he ɔ be carried to the ambulance, and he ought his battery as long as the action A young subaltern, fresh from the school, was laying a gun on a rapidly- ing infantry column, when he staggered ɔst fell. His father, a general officer, his son to ask if he was hurt. The lad order to fire with a steady voice, then, ıe bleeding stump of his arm above his shouted, "*Viva il Re*" (God save the ıd fell senseless upon a heap of corpses. uke of Genoa was arranging his troops her advance against the Austrians, who ch weakened by their losses and badly l by their reserves, when Chrzanowski, tupid to realise that the crisis of the d arrived, peremptorily ordered him to La Bicocca. Had the young general wed to continue his attack, he might n the day; for Radetzky himself has at at this moment he had thrown his able man into the fight, and had no eserves at hand with which to meet nontese, "who fought like devils."

Italian soldiers forty years ago were ful in war, or when they received an ed or unwelcome order, they instantly d that there was treachery at work ıeir ranks. The troops at Olengo saw ɔry was within their grasp; they knew half the army had yet been under fire; ised that a general advance along the ld have completely overwhelmed the ı. Therefore, this inexplicable retreat heir suspicions against the foreigner ımanded them. From that moment lost heart; and though many of the regiments fought on most gallantly, others cried "Treason," and, disbanding themselves, fled to the town. Charles Albert, seeing one of the doubtful regiments wavering on their march, rode up to them and, taking their standard in his hand, offered to lead them to the front—in vain!

"Sire, it is too late," muttered the colonel; "half an hour earlier, they would have followed you anywhere!"

The officers—high and low, old and young—set a brilliant example to their men, and showed how soldiers should fight for the honour of their country. The aged General Perrone, the commander of the left wing of the army, while rallying his men for a charge fell mortally wounded. He ordered the men who supported him to lay him at the feet of the king, to whom he murmured: "Sire, I offered to you and to my country the last days of my life. My duty is accomplished."

About four o'clock in the afternoon, some time after the pressure on the Austrians had been removed by the recall of the Duke of Genoa, Radetzky's reinforcements began to arrive from all directions; they relieved D'Aspre's overtasked troops, and formed up in heavy columns for the final assault upon La Bicocca, the luckless village which had changed hands already so often during the day. They carried it, but not without fierce fighting and heavy loss. The king and his sons were in the thick of the combat, urging their men to do their duty to the last. Near Charles Albert two gunners were shot dead, the head of one of his escort was carried away, three of his aides-de-camp were killed, and a soldier was pierced by a musket-ball close to his horse's head. In his despair at seeing the Austrians sweeping like a torrent through the left of his line, the king cried out: "Is there no cannon-ball left for me?" The loss of La Bicocca and the rout of Perrone's division were fatal to the Piedmontese, for their centre and right were enfiladed from the heights on which the village stood; there was a general retreat, which the efforts of the Duke of Savoy were utterly unable to prevent. It is said that late in the evening he sat on his horse and faced the enemy in dumb despair. The Austrian guns were briskly shelling his troops to hasten their flight, as they streamed past him, a hopelessly broken army; behind him was the little town of Novara, where Piedmontese stragglers, throwing discipline to the winds, had already begun the work of

plunder. Suddenly he raised his sword above his head, and swore a mighty oath that Italy should yet become a free and united nation.

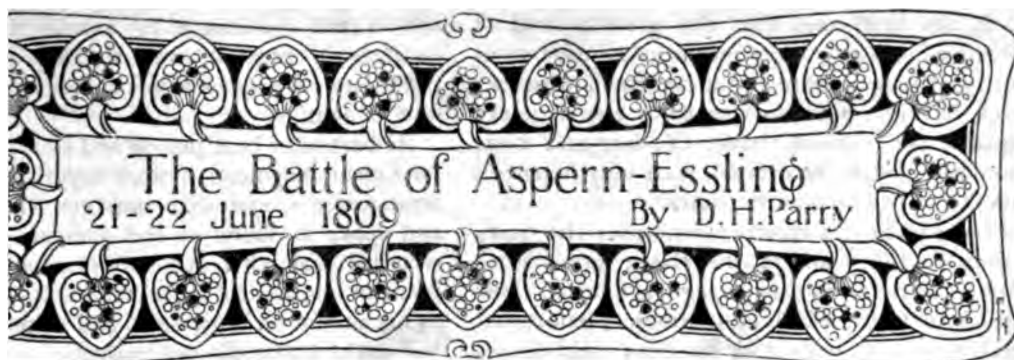
After experiences more remarkable than those which usually fall to the lot of kings in the nineteenth century, he lived to see his oath

THE PARTING OF CHARLES ALBERT AND VICTOR EMANUEL AFTER THE BATTLE OF NOVARA.

fulfilled. His reign commenced in the most picturesque manner, for on the very night of the defeat Charles Albert summoned all his surviving generals to Novara, to announce to them that he had abdicated in favour of his eldest son, Victor Emanuel. Then bidding an eternal farewell to the young king, who knelt weeping before him, Charles Albert, accompanied by only

one faithful aide-de-camp, quitted the arm[y] passing unrecognised through the Austria[n] posts, reached the Mediterranean and too[k] for Portugal, where in a few months he di[ed of a] broken heart. When his successor realise[d that] he had inherited a demoralised army, an [empty]

treasury, and a population ripe for re[volt,] he can have had but little hope [of] seeing the Italians freed from the A[ustrian] yoke; but he did not despair, and, [thanks] to his own steadfast courage and the [genius of] Cavour and of Garibaldi, twenty-one yea[rs later] he was crowned at Rome, as Victor E[manuel,] first King of Italy!



ITH Austria's gigantic preparations for war, presuming upon the absence of the bulk of Napoleon's veteran troops in Spain ; with
i's wild gallop from Valladolid to Paris,
·hich he is said at one time to have
›hed seventy-five miles in five hours
.lf ; with the complicated political con-
ıs ; the masterly activity of the French
; the short campaign, opened by Austria,
her capital at Napoleon's feet in a
we have little to do in the scope of this
Our mission is to describe the battle
rom the two little villages of Aspern
ing, in and about which a series of
ry combats was waged during two
d two days, resulting in a severe check
rande Armée, which check had a wide
among German-speaking peoples ; a
ıght now in the blaze of the hot May
w in the river-mists of early morning,
inued into the dark hours by the light
ıg houses and the silver moonshine—
·hile under a cannonade that strewed
ing corn with countless slain !

the French victories of Abensberg,
:, Eckmühl, and Ratisbon, there had
ce between Napoleon and the Austrian
ler, Archduke Charles, with Vienna as
; Napoleon pressing along the southern
ıt—bank of the Danube to take it, the
hastening from Bohemia on the other
; defence.
lly halting for three days at Budweis,
·ians arrived to find the French in pos-
·ith more than 80,000 troops about the
isting of Lannes with the 2nd Corps :
with the 4th, the Imperial Guard, and
cavalry reserve ; while Davout held St.
ith the 3rd Corps ; Vandamme, farther away at Enns, Ebersberg, and Lintz, only waited for Bernadotte to relieve him ; and Prince Eugène was expected from Italy with 40,000 more.

It was not sufficient to have seized the Austrian capital, to dictate his despatches from the imperial palace of Schönbrunn, where twenty-three years later his then unborn son was destined to expire ; a decisive battle was necessary for Napoleon's aims and projects, and the "god of war" set about without delay to cross the Danube and meet the enormous Austrian army on the opposite shore.

Rising in the Black Forest, and fed by a thousand tributaries, the mighty Danube rushes through some of the grandest scenery in Europe until it enters the plain above Vienna, where, broken by innumerable islands, it flows down past the city.

Like all rivers that receive the melted snow of the mountains, it is subject to sudden risings ; and it lay, with its myriad isles and channels, a formidable barrier between the two enemies.

At Nussdorf, a mile and a half above Vienna, were the remnants of a broken bridge, but the stream was very rapid there. A better spot suggested itself, in front of Kaiser-Ebersdorf, about six miles below the city, where the river flowed in four channels, its fury somewhat broken and divided, and having the large island of Lob-awe, or Lobau, in its centre, where the whole army could find shelter in the event of a reverse.

At first it was decided to make the passage at both places ; but two battalions being taken by the enemy in an island near Nussdorf, the operations there were only conducted as a feint, to cover the real site in front of Ebersdorf, where Generals Bertrand and Pernetti began to construct a series of long and difficult bridges, with very imperfect material at their command.

It has been said that the great arsenal of Vienna furnished every means required, but, as a matter of fact, there was a dearth of cordage; and, having no anchors to moor the structure against the current, boxes of shot and huge boulders had to be utilised, with very imperfect results, as will be seen hereafter.

Long lines of waggons wound over the dusty roads to the bank of the river; grey-coated drivers of the *train des equipages* conducted their teams to where the blue pontoniers hammered and sawed at piles and trestles; field-forges glowed, and all was hum and bustle, for Napoleon himself rode hither and thither, with a keen eye to the smallest detail; and the scene was one of the most picturesque activity.

Sixty-eight large boats—some say eighty—were discovered sunk in the river, and these were hauled out and brought along-shore, with nine huge rafts.

Marshals, generals, aides-de-camp, smart light cavalry, and heavy cuirassiers covered the plain in all directions; the sun shining brightly on a multitude of uniforms and gigantic plumes, on the mighty blue Danube, the wooded islands that everywhere dotted its surface, and the myriad spires of that land of churches peeping above the tree-tops on every side.

It was the second time the French army had spread itself about Vienna; the second time that Napoleon's escort of gay chasseurs had clanked their brass scabbards on the steps of the summer palace of the Austrian emperor. It was a remarkably ubiquitous army, finding itself in Berlin to-day, at Madrid to-morrow, visiting most of the capitals of Europe in turn, but, as even its most devoted admirers are obliged to admit, not greatly regretted by any of these cities when it had taken its departure.

The engineers found that no easy task awaited them, for first they had to encounter an arm of the river, five hundred yards wide, between the Ebersdorf shore and a small island, beyond which flowed the main channel, very swift and turbulent, and divided into two branches of three hundred and twenty and forty yards respectively; while beyond Lobau, again, was the last branch, a hundred and forty yards in width; and to cover the construction of this bridge, which was in reality a succession of four bridges, Molitor's troops were passed into Lobau in boats as soon as darkness fell on the 19th May.

The Austrian sentries gave the alarm, but their post retired, and the French were in possession of the island, which was two miles and a half in length by a mile and quarters in breadth, well wooded anc pheasants, the gamekeeper's lodge be only habitation.

As boat after boat put off and steered for Lobau, Napoleon himself superinter arrangements, saw that muskets were and spoke to many of the soldiers: it recorded that when reconnoitring on t Marshal Lannes fell in, and the empero to his assistance, waist deep, and helped before the staff could get to them.

Although the river was rough, the n a glorious one, and Savary, who had be over by two pontoniers, brought the gc that Lobau was occupied, without resist

On the morning of the 20th, intellige that the enemy had landed on the right Nussdorf, above Vienna; and Savary post-haste with a brigade of cuirassier that they had recrossed again.

The bridge was not finally comple the 21st, but at four o'clock on the aft the 20th the scarlet *flammes* of the *d'élite* of the 3rd Chasseurs passed ove enemy's side to join Molitor's men; an as their green jackets had penetrated undergrowth of briars that fringed tl the last bridge, made in three hours b Aubry with fifteen Austrian pontoon and the squadron bivouacked in the parated from the rest of Marulaz's which remained in Lobau until next m

That night Napoleon and Lannes sle gamekeeper's lodge, the staff campin turf outside in the brilliant moonlight among things "Partant pour la Syrie," d'Albuquerque's fine voice rising in wh prove in a few hours his "swan's song"

The gurgling waves rolled unceasin the alder-fringed shore; the bridges right bank resounded all through the sh with the tramp of infantry and the clat horses' hoofs as division after divisio into the island; and with the first faint morning, which came about two o'cl crossed the now repaired pontoons bouched on to the battle-ground.

An English mile apart, and each al that distance from the Danube's edge, villages of Gros-Aspern to the left, anc to the right, the land sloping gently up and merging into the level pastoral plai as the Marchfeld.

The corn was growing green and very

d instead of the circle of fires that all
l spread along the wooden Bisamberg,
t beyond Aspern, nothing was seen of
ıt a few cavalry patrols dotted on the

; declared his conviction that only
of ten thousand men lay before them;
Masséna, whose powers of vision were
llous as the emperor's were defective,
to the summit of Aspern steeple, and
that the whole of the Austrian army
ve to be faced, to which correct opinion
ror also inclined.*
st day's battle may be roughly summed
ıccession of attacks on the villages, the
rawn up between the two, and cutting
ir comrades' relief time and again.
ıa held Aspern; Lannes was responsible
ıg, and Bessières, who commanded the
was placed under him, to Bessières's
hagrin.
ı, a stone-built village with a walled
rd overhung by fine trees, was rather
the bridge than was Essling, which latter
ad a large enclosure, a three-storeyed
and was more closely built than
g Aspern; while connecting the two
ıing from Aspern into the river was a
itch, cut for drainage.
r's division had occupied Aspern on the
l was the first attacked; for about two
ı the afternoon of the 21st the Austrians
in five massive columns, supported by
nd the fire of 288 guns!
Bellegarde, and Hohenzollern rushed
'n, Rosenberg made for Essling, and the
mn, also under his command, moved by
round Essling to take Enzersdorf in
ıe French right flank.
et this force the French had between
ıd 50,000 men on the left bank during
day's battle; for though the others were
up with all speed and passing into
he bridges broke no less than three
'hile the Austrian numbers were 80,000,
ıagnificent artillery which played most
ne at musket range!
y at one o'clock, with loud cheers and
f Turkish music, the archduke's army
s march under a hot sun that poured
rcely on the plain dotted with white-walled hamlets and glistening spires, and an hour or so later smoke was rolling across the marshy meadows as the guns opened, and the skirmishers slowly retired.

"The principal object in view," says the archduke's plan of attack, "is to drive back the enemy entirely over the first arms of the Danube, destroy the bridges he had thrown over them, and occupy the bank of the Lobau, with a numerous artillery, especially howitzers."

Dust, shouts, and grape-shot drew closer and closer to Aspern, and when the bayonets crossed, which they soon did, the struggle became terrific.

Masséna, "cherished child of victory" as they called him, who combined the bravery of Ney with much of Napoleon's own skill, was seen everywhere, sword in hand. The heavy Austrian columns poured over the banks and hedges into the village street, and Molitor's weak regiments had their work cut out!

The trumpets of Marulaz's light cavalry sounded the charge, and the Chasseurs spurred on the enemy with flashing sabres—again, again, a third time! The baron's horse fell under him in an Austrian square, but his men brought him off, and the same thing was repeated so often that the number of the charges has been lost!

Language has little power to render any adequate description of the carnage—the hand-to-hand *mêlée* in the gardens and houses at Aspern, all through that long day!

Leaves fell in showers over the combatants as shot tore incessantly through the trees; sword, bayonet, gun-butt, even teeth and fists were used for hours with barely a moment's pause, varied only by the sudden rush of the cavalry into the fields, an instant of mingled shakoes and bearskins, or the yellow schapskas of Meerveldt's uhlans, and a disordered return to their former position, riderless horses tearing madly back among the shattered squadrons, and the whole under that whistling storm of balls from the Austrian batteries, 18 of which were of brigade, 13 of position, and 11 of horse artillery, and which dealt havoc among friends and foes alike.

The first attack by the advance-guard was partially successful; but the gallant French linesmen drove Guylay's battalions out again, only to be pressed back to the lower end of the village by sheer weight and numbers.

Again they rushed forward and cleared the streets, but the 2nd Austrian column joined in, and also the 3rd, while in the marshes on

authorities say that it was Berthier who
the steeple, and, as he had himself injured
left eye out hunting not long before, there would
some grounds for the statement.—D. H. P.

Masséna's left a stubborn fight was in progress among the woods and ditches, where the 16th of the Line strove to keep the enemy from a small island which commanded the pontoons.

Aspern caught fire, but they fought on in the flames; Masséna had orders to hold it at all costs, and anxious glances were cast to rearward for the reinforcements so long delayed by the breaking of the bridges.

Meanwhile, the 4th column, under Prince Rosenberg delayed its attack on Essling, to allow the 5th time to work round on Enzersdorf.

Enzersdorf fell an easy conquest to Stipsic's hussars, and the Wallacho-Illyrian Frontier Regiment, who found it partly evacuated and only took thirty prisoners, which done, both columns flung themselves on Essling, held by Boudet with the 3rd Light Infantry, some guns, and the 93rd and 56th of the Line, the attack taking place about five o'clock.

The defence of Essling was as gallant as that of Aspern, and the odds there were, if anything, greater.

MARSHAL MASSÉNA.

The cuirassiers of Nansouty and d'Espagne went in with a roar of shouting and a mighty whisk of horsetailed helmets against the Czartorisky, Archduke Louis, and Cobourg Regiments; but though they smote deep with their long swords, they were twice repulsed, and the wood behind the village being also cleared of the French by two battalions of the Bellegarde Regiment, the fighting there was concentrated immediately about Essling itself.

Napoleon's position was one of extreme peril: attacked with great fury at each extremity of his line, with nothing but cavalry to connect those extremities and cover the bridge, which was in so precarious a condition that it retarded the approach of succour from Lobau and the right bank, he had to maintain himself with three divisions of infantry and four of horse against the whole Austrian army, led by a man of whom the Duke of Wellington once said, when asked whom he considered the greatest general of that epoch: "The Archduke Charles, until attacked by fits of epilepsy, which afterwards altogether changed his character and his fortunes."

The bridge-head, it is true, had been partially protected by entrenchments hastily thrown up, but the Danube rose and brought huge trees and other *débris* against the pontoons and piles that formed the bridge itself, and the enemy also floated out fireships and heavy baulks of timber for the current to dash against it.

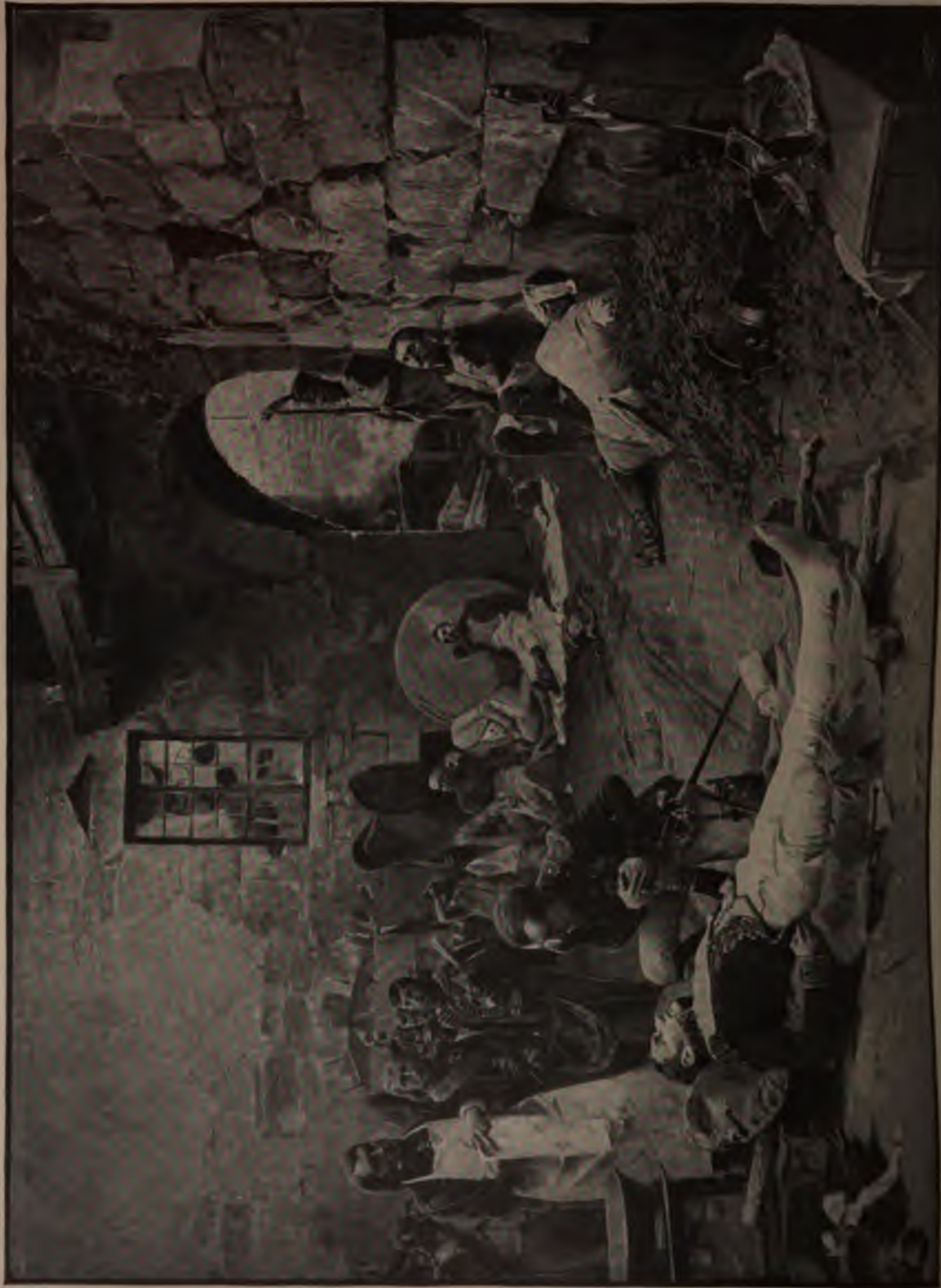
Aspern was blazing fiercely, and the Austrians had carried the churchyard and part of the village; Boudet held Essling with difficulty, and the enemy began to advance his centre.

About this time a splendid charge was made by General Marulaz, by Nansouty's orders, and that general, who had entered the hussars thirty-one years before, led in with the 23rd Chasseurs, followed by the 3rd, 14th, 19th, and two German Regiments.

In the middle of the enemy his horse went down, Marulaz beneath it; but raising his powerful voice, he encouraged his men, who rallied and extricated him, and Lieutenant Carron of the 14th lending him his own charger, the general killed two dragoons, wounded another, and upset a fourth, himself bareheaded, for his hat lay slashed to ribbons on the ground.

When this, to English readers, little-known officer died at his château of Filain in 1842, his record was nineteen wounds and twenty-six horses killed under him!

Bessières, by Lannes's direction, poured his cavalry of the Guard, Lasalle's light horsemen,



THE DEATH OF MARSHAL LANNES AT

Cuirassiers on the advancing columns, d repeatedly to form square; and these across the water-ditches and through :orn, checked, although they could not eak, the enemy.

;, like Aspern, began to blaze as shells it ; but Boudet retained his post all id the flanking fire from the two rrested the general advance as evening ed.

the time when the sun was slowly Marshal at in his ceiving re- n his aides- who were n a circle him with ks to the hen a shot Captain erque—he id sung s song so night be- id taking the loins, over his ead, stone- the mar- t, a shat- ss of crim- gold and cket!

: is an end or lad's ro- uid Lannes, las, at any nobly."

immediately a second ball passed the spine of another aide-de-camp's the back of the saddle without touch- r, but driving part of the saddle-tree iigh and inflicting a painful wound.

, another of Lannes's aides, who tells , left for assistance to remove La aye, when, a messenger from the brave iking his place, a third ball carried ead, and the marshal rode away to a reater safety.

ustrians had practically taken Aspern, h dense columns of smoke rolled over pled plain. Boudet was forced into and held his ground, and, seeing a n on the part of the enemy to retire their left, Lannes sent to Bessières to charge with his cavalry again, a command that gave rise to a serious quarrel between the two marshals.

For years they had been unfriendly, and Lannes chose the present moment to inflict a decided snub upon the Duke of Istria.

"Tell him I order him to charge home!" he said to an aide; but on questioning the officer he found that he had softened down the message on his own responsibility, and consequently Lannes despatched another in his place, who also gave the command in gentler phrase.

Austrian Infantry. Austrian Cavalry. French Infantry. French Cavalry.
(1) *Night of 20th.* (2) *During actions.*

Turning to Marbot, the marshal repeated the message, laying stress upon the words *order* and *home*; and Marbot rode off, hoping, as he tells us, that a shot might bowl his horse over, and so rid him of the unpleasant task.

But it was to be. The message was given correctly. The Marshal Duke of Istria stormed in his saddle, vented his wrath on Captain Marbot, and launched his squadrons on the enemy. They charged home with a vengeance, Lasalle's chasseurs and hussars, under Bruyère and Piré, and the splendid cavalry of General D'Espagne's division, the 4th, 6th, 7th, and 8th Cuirassiers, against the Austrian cuirassiers of Kroyker, Klary, and Siegenthal.

Dressed in white, with black breastplates, on the Austrian side, the French wearing the familiar uniform of their arm, which hardly changed during the whole of the Empire, the heavy horse met together with a terrific shock in the mellow glow of evening.

Guns there were in the corn, and the French claim to have taken fourteen. However that may be, they lost the brave D'Espagne, and many more beside him, for the Blankenstein

and Riesch Regiments attacked their flank; and they had to retire after inflicting heavy loss upon the foe.

It was growing dark, to the relief of both sides. Masséna had recovered Aspern with the exception of the churchyard, Molitor's shattered regiments having been put in reserve about eight o'clock, and their place taken by the 1st Division; Boudet was still in Essling, but the gardens were full of corpses: if anything, the advantage was with the Austrians—certainly Napoleon had gained nothing up to that time.

Sleep there was little that night; for though the battle ceased about ten, as if by mutual consent, the firing was continued at intervals, especially at Aspern. Men lay down among the dead, and the wail of pain was blended with the murmur of the river, hidden in the mist.

Napoleon bivouacked in the sand; and Lannes, going over to the left, found the angry Bessières pouring out his tale to Masséna.

Lannes—who once, when enraged with Napoleon himself, deliberately slashed a glass chandelier to atoms—strode forward, and there was a violent scene.

"When did you ever find me neglect to charge home?" demanded Bessières, both marshals drawing their swords, and restrained by Masséna with great difficulty from using them!

There were only a few short hours of darkness at that season, and the pontoons creaked and trembled as the remainder of the Guard, together with Lannes's corps, came out of Lobau and marched up the left bank; but even then another delay occurred, as the bridge broke again at midnight, and the river was rising.

Archduke Charles, on his side, ordered up the Grenadier Division to Breitenlee, and the red glow from burning Aspern faded away as dawn came.

Creeping stealthily up with the first pale breath of morning, before the sun rose, the Austrians burst into Essling with bayonets fixed at the same moment that Masséna rushed the churchyard of Aspern with St. Cyr's division and four guns.

The second day's battle had begun by simultaneous action on each side, and, strangely enough, for the moment each attack was crowned with success.

The white-coats swarmed through the yards and alleys of Essling, driving Boudet into the granary for shelter; while Cara St. Cyr's brass drums kept up a dull roll as Vacquant was pursued out of Aspern into the meadows.

This, however, did not last long. Na reinforced by the Guard, Lannes's cor Oudinot's men, had something like troops in hand on the 22nd, and was, sequence, superior in numbers to his ad whose losses had been heavy.

St. Hilaire, to whom the French Bayard's sobriquet of "*sans peur et sans re* rode up with his infantry, among th renowned 57th, known as "the terribl the 105th (who afterwards lost an E Waterloo), and Essling was retaken, re in Lannes's hands until almost the clima

Heavy fog hung about the bridge river, as Napoleon inspected the ba ranged in waiting there; the soldiers r shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" heard far o plain above the musketry, and drawing of the Austrian batteries, a shot from which killed General Monthion, who was in Napoleon's suite.

The fire was terrible, and did shocking tion, being concentrated for two days small a space, crowded with men and but those men stood firm, waiting the and it soon came when the emperor the offensive a little after seven in the m

Essling, we have said, had been recapt St. Hilaire, but Aspern was still the the continued struggle.

Scarcely had St. Cyr bayoneted V out than the regiment of Klebeck fc way among the burning houses and ground for an hour; and when Kleb been disposed of, Benjovsky took hi seizing the ghastly graveyard, which exaggeration was covered with dead i attitude of agony just as they had pass writhing on the steel or stricken dow balls that lay everywhere, thick as app windy day.

Orders were given by the Austrian Hiller to throw down the walls and b church and parsonage, and Bianchi sup the head of the village was held for som

To follow the varied fortunes of each division, and column would be tedious a cult; but a new phase of the battle w mencing—a grand advance by Lannes t the enemy's centre, which Napoleon s too much extended.

Between the commands of Rosenbe Hohenzollern was the weakest spot, an ing in *échelon* the French army ad Lannes's corps leading on the right, (

ıt later, followed by the cuirassiers, the Guard in reserve, and the whole pre- the crash of 200 cannon!

ıed at first that the tide had turned in 's favour: Lannes broke through the ›ok five guns, a colour, and captured a The Austrians at that point slowly ı good order at the outset, but after- disorderly fashion, their officers being seen using their canes to keep the ther.

aire, Tharreau, Claparède, were march- llly on, dealing destruction right and opening a path for the cuirassiers, who rday's scores to repay.

'ench cavalry even penetrated as far as e, a good four miles off, where the ıtenant Bertin was taken prisoner with ı of the 23rd Chasseurs, and the heavy raged round the enemy's squares as 'wards did about our own at Waterloo. ıstrians had adopted a novel formation irst time—the chequer of squares, of rchduke Charles had read in Jomini w weeks before. Marulaz—who, har- *ıreur* as he was, had wept the previous the death of Adjutant-Commandant :t—charged with Lasalle under Aspern, sat exposed to a fearful fire for three ıspern was still contested, but Masséna best of it; Boudet remained in the ›f Essling, and the Austrian rear was ţ.

· was within the French grasp, but the ·e to be turned again for the last time, ıes received orders from Napoleon to l take up a position between the two *The bridge behind them had broken* ɜ best part of Davout's corps was still ɜ river on the other bank, and, what tal significance, ammunition began to .

vance became a retirement—masterly, l Lannes's movements in the field, but ıent notwithstanding—of which the ade good use. The archduke rallied ·es and the fugitives that had been panic to the rear, seized the standard regiment, and surrounded by a bril- ng of officers, brandishing their swords, k against the French, waving the folds head.

ɔct hurricane of white dragoons, their urmounted by nodding plumes, swept Hilaire's division, the most advanced of all; and as Marbot reined up with a message from Lannes, a discharge of grape-shot hissed into the staff, felling them in all directions, brave St. Hilaire among them, who died afterwards under amputation.

The marshal galloped to the division and withdrew it, under a fearful fire, often facing round when Lichtenstein's troopers came too close; and about the same time, when the French cuirassiers and cavalry were vainly slashing among the chequered squares, Hohenzollern espied a flaw in the enemy's front on the right near Essling, and penetrating with Frölich's regiment, maintained himself until the grenadiers of the reserve arrived to his assistance.

Matters were growing very serious. Never had Austria fought better. The magic spell that had hung about the very name of the Grande Armée seemed to have lost its power, and the "Kaiserlicks" were pressing it closer and closer to the river.

Masséna's hold over Aspern was now relaxing. The remains of Molitor's division protected the island that commanded the pontoons, warding off the logs and dangerous masses sent down on the current by the Austrian engineers; but their loss alone had been 79 officers, 2,107 *sous-officiers* and men, and not a regiment or a squadron but had its bleeding quota under the trodden crops, mangled by the battery wheels or charred and smoking in some corner of the burning villages.

At half-past eight Napoleon had learnt of the disaster that had befallen the bridge across the main arm of the Danube. Boats full of stones, fireships, everything that ingenuity could suggest, had come whisking against the piles; the river foamed angrily and had risen; in spite of the ceaseless efforts of the pontoniers the largest section of the bridge was destroyed, and the army cut off from the right bank!

A whisper reached the enemy that all was not well with Napoleon: his troops were retiring, and the attack upon them was redoubled.

Grand as had been Lannes's onslaught, it had not sufficiently crippled the Austrian resources. The French, moreover, being in column, were not able to deploy, and every shot that struck did terrible havoc. The plain was hideous with the carnage. Horses of all colours were piled up where the cavalry had charged. How the wounded fared is better left to those who care to dwell on it.

Instead of a triumphal return, the columns

brought the foe back on their heels, and, to crown all, a sudden Austrian renewal on Essling was successful, and again the three-storeyed granary was all that remained in Boudet's hands!

Heroic had been defence and attack; barricades were made of furniture and even corpses; Essling ran blood, and its gallant garrison were black as negroes from biting cartridges.

volunteered to storm it again, it was us
the French were then in retreat.

Lannes faced the foe like a lion, and k
back. Davout, unable to come with hi
sent boat after boat with cartridges,
guns were many of them mute, unable
to the redoubled fury of the Austrian
now drawn in a semicircle nearer tha

THE YOUNG GUARD IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ESSLING.

Then the Young Guard went up to the rescue, led by Mouton, who won his title there; four battalions of the "Fusiliers Grenadiers," with the narrow red piping round their shakoes to distinguish them, their epaulettes of red and white, the rest like the grenadiers; and the first thing they did was to stretch seven hundred Hungarians dead in the churchyard there!

Desperate, hideous, diabolical were those last fights in Essling; for five times the grenadiers of Kirchenbetter and Scovaux, Scharlach and Georgy, penetrated to the very walls and thrust their bayonets through the loopholes.

Other battalions of the Guard came up under Rapp; Gros was wounded, Mouton was wounded, few indeed escaped, but they held Essling; and when the gallant Austrians later in the day

and under these terrible conditions,
bridge into Lobau threatened every mo
the boiling torrent, the rear-guard kept
from nine until midnight.

After repulsing the last attack by a t
ous volley of muskets, which taught the
grenadiers a lesson and burnt their fierc
taches, Marshal Lannes dismounted, wea
so many hours in the saddle, and walked
fro a little in advance of the tile wo
Essling, talking with General Ponzet,
comrade, who, when sergeant in the regi
Champagne, had been Lannes's instructo

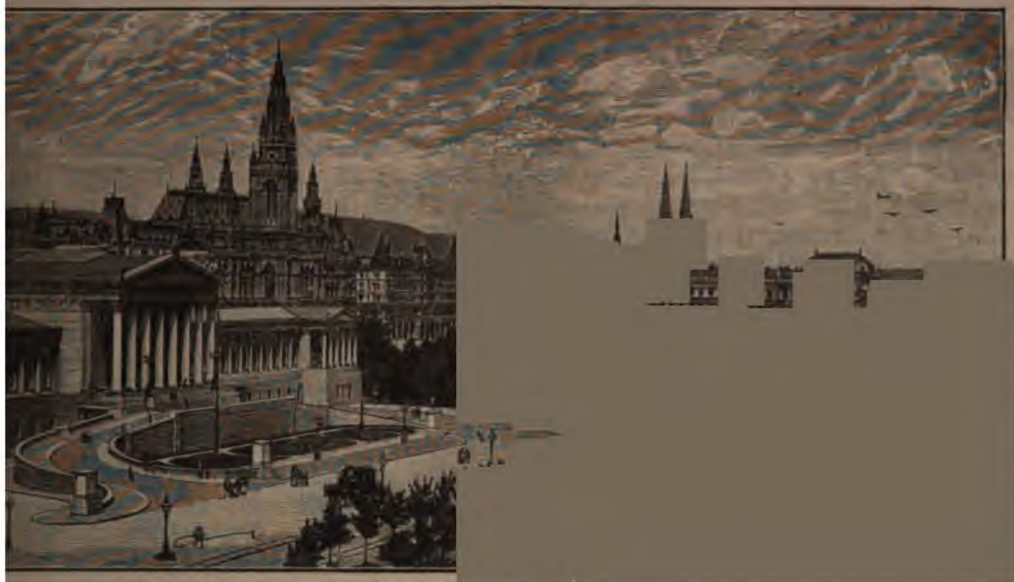
A ball came by, struck Ponzet in th
and in a moment his earthly troubles we

Greatly affected, the marshal walked
Enzersdorf for a hundred yards and sa

thought on the edge of a ditch; but r of an hour later four soldiers rested a they carried before him, and, the cloak pen, Lannes saw the features of General again!

his terrible sight going to follow me here?" he exclaimed; and, getting up, he another ditch, where he sat with his er his eyes and his legs crossed.

all three-pound ball fired from Enzers- ochetted and struck him exactly where



THE FRANZENSRING, VIENNA.

rested on the other, tearing the back of one, smashing the knee-pan of the Jean Lannes had fought his last

ot will tell you how they carried him on into Lobau; his interview and fine fare- his beloved master the emperor are . Nowadays he would not have died, se were times of kill or cure. Larrey to amputate one leg; another surgeon ious to take off both; Yvan was opposed r opinion. But Baron Larrey prevailed, and, the weather being very hot, the Marshal Duke of Montebello died.

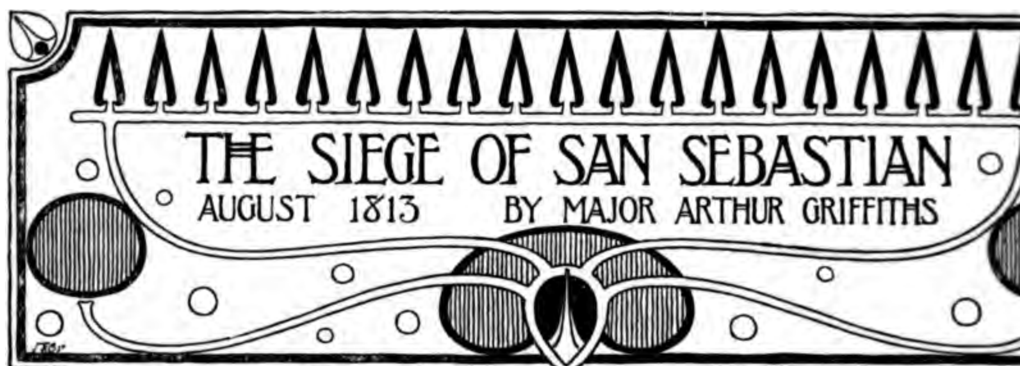
At his obsequies they played Beethoven's sublime "Funeral March of a Hero," a worthy tribute to a worthy man.

* * * * *

The Tenth Bulletin, which describes the battles of Aspern and Essling, is more amusing than instructive. Like all Napoleon's narratives, it is an official lie, and the truth is not in it.

Fifteen hundred is the number of slain given in it for those two days of carnage. As a matter of fact, 7,000 were buried on the field alone, and 29,773 wounded were conveyed to the hospitals of Vienna! Of the Austrians, 87 superior officers and 4,200 privates were killed, and 16,300 wounded.

Although the archduke did not succeed in capturing Lobau, Napoleon was decidedly beaten, and, passing into the island, his army remained there six weeks, binding its wounds and filling up its gaps until the July day when it issued forth to write Wagram on its standards.



THIS was the last and not the most creditable of the many great sieges of the Peninsular War: it was long protracted: the first serious assault failed; if the second proved successful, it was more through good luck than good management—a happy accident, the chance ignition of a quantity of explosives behind the French line of defence, which turned the scale just when the British stormers were on the verge of a second defeat. Finally, capture was followed by pillage and plunder and a series of atrocities, of "villainy which would have shamed the most ferocious barbarians of antiquity." The horrors of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz were outdone; murder, rapine, the most revolting cruelty signalised the taking of San Sebastian; cruelty which, as Napier puts it, "staggers the mind with its enormous, incredible, indescribable barbarity." Discipline disappeared in universal drunkenness. The men when checked chased their officers away with volleys of small arms. A Portuguese adjutant who dared to interfere was deliberately put to death by a party of English soldiers. The sack did not cease until a general conflagration, following in the footsteps of the brutal and abandoned soldiery, completely destroyed the town.

The possession of San Sebastian, or of some good seaport upon the Bay of Biscay, became absolutely necessary to Lord Wellington in the closing campaign of the Peninsular War. When he left Portugal to march across Spain, driving the French before him, he abandoned his only base of supply at Lisbon. A new and nearer port was now needed; a good harbour at which food, stores, and reinforcements coming from England could be landed, and by which he could keep up his direct communication with home. The small port of Pasages he held already, but it was inconveniently near his active and enterprising enemy, Soult, who, crushing defeat of Vittoria, had replac Joseph as the French commander There were Bilbao, Santander, and fu Corunna, all very remote; Santoña wa hands of the French. San Sebastian most suited to Wellington's purpose, an or later, cost what it might, San Seba meant to have. He made no secret determination, and his anxiety no doub lated those entrusted with the si Wellington was not constantly pre personal command—to premature effo an unwise departure from the instruc gave. Had the plan of which he appro followed exactly, history would not record the delays, disappointments, and which have made San Sebastian m among the sieges in Spain. Wellingto to lose no time in gaining the fortres still wished it to be besieged according Sir Thomas Graham, who was in chief c although one of his ablest lieutenants, w times over-persuaded into errors tha an undue and costly expenditure of material.

And first as to San Sebastian itse days the most fashionable of Spanish places, the favourite resort of the Queen youthful son, and occupying the whole of its spacious bay. In 1813 it was to the low peninsula running north a on which stood the small town surro its fortifications. These defences to the or southern side of the isthmus were important, and consisted of a high ran "curtain," 350 yards in length, at e of which were half-bastions giving or side fire along the ditch. In th of the curtain a complete bastion was out to the front, and in front of that a

re salient, more advanced work, called a work, which was covered by a ditch and in the regular way. East and west of the the only defence was a simple wall, indifly flanked and unprotected by obstacles ınt of it, while the waters washed its -to the westward those of the sea, to the ırd of the river Urumea, a tidal shallow ı that ran out twice a day, and left a long strand exposed. The latter undoubtedly tuted the weakest part of the fortress, and within full view and easy reach of high and commanding sand-hills, the Chofres, ; far side of the river.

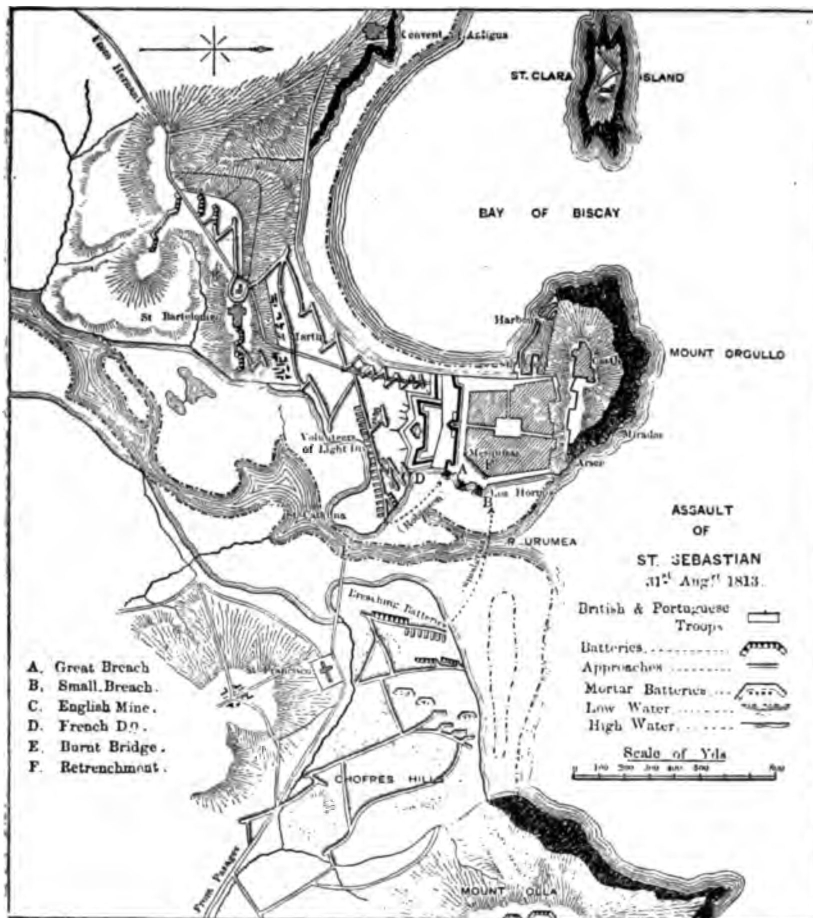
Sebastian had a second and a third—an and an inner line of defence. The first was gh ridge called San Bartolomeo, which d the isthmus at its throat; the other was ky height of the Monte Orgullo, or "Moun- Pride," that rose steeply behind the town end of the peninsula. San Bartolomeo had ortified directly the siege became imminent. doubt was constructed on the plateau cted with the convent buildings, and this ot was supported by a second made of nearer the town, and by strengthening the s in the suburb just under and on the side of the ridge. The Monte Orgullo was ed by the castle of La Mota, a small ed fort with batteries on each flank, the raised on such an elevation as to comthe town and the length of the isthmus d. This La Mota formed the last refuge, ınermost kernel and key of the whole e. It will be seen, then, that there were ally three lines of fortification to be overand taken, one after the other—the San omeo ridge with its supporting works, the body of the place, and lastly the Monte o with its citadel.

Sebastian sprang into sudden and great tance directly after Vittoria. When the es of the French were at their lowest, any : was seized of restoring them, and al Emanuel Rey, returning from the battleith the escort of a convoy he had taken ng Joseph, entered San Sebastian, deıed to hold it at all hazards against the ous English. Rey was a man of strong, like character. Although of a stout habit ly, fat and unwieldy in figure, there was ıg indolent in his nature, and his someharsh, overbearing demeanour had a nce of indomitable energy well suited to resent crisis. He was, like Phillipon of Badajoz and many other French governors of fortresses, the product of Napoleon's famous ordinance that a place of arms must never be surrendered until it has endured at least one open assault. Stirred and sustained by this doctrine, and knowing full well the value of San Sebastian to both sides, Rey strained every effort to reconstitute the fortress and develop its resources. The war commissary was sent off to Bayonne in an open boat, braving the English cruisers, to beg for substantial help. San Sebastian itself had been nearly dismantled. Many of its guns had been removed to arm other smaller places along the coast. It was very short of ammunition, food was scanty, the wells were mostly foul, brackish, and thick with mud, the only fit drinking-water was supplied by an aqueduct which was very soon cut off by the besiegers. Fortunately for the French, the British blockade in the Bay of Biscay was very ineffective, and sea communication was maintained between the fortress and Bayonne almost to the very end of the siege. In this way munitions of war, reinforcements, food, and all other necessaries were constantly received.

At the same time Rey set his garrison, which was now continually being strengthened by the arrival of fresh detachments, to labour on the fortifications. It was now that the redoubt was built on San Bartolomeo; the bridge across the Urumea was burnt down; and as guns began to arrive the batteries were armed and strengthened. When the siege actually began Rey could dispose of 76 pieces of artillery: 45 were in the main works, 13 on Monte Orgullo, 18 were held in reserve. Gunners were short; so drafts from the infantry were instructed in artillery drill. Still the garrison was without bomb-proof cover and very much exposed; so were the magazines. Another drawback which Rey dealt with in a very peremptory fashion was the non-combatant population. San Sebastian had been filled with a crowd of refugees from Madrid, the fugitive grandees of King Joseph's Court, and these helpless people—so many useless mouths encumbering the town and adding nothing but trouble to the defence—were promptly expelled.

Rey was pursued within a few days by small parties of Spaniards, but just a fortnight elapsed before the besiegers appeared in force before San Sebastian. Wellington, accompanied by his senior engineer officer, Major Smith, visited and reconnoitred the place upon the 12th of July, and with him concerted the plan of operations; but the actual conduct of the siege was

given to Sir Thomas Graham, who had under his orders the 5th Division of British troops, two brigades of Portuguese, some bluejackets from H.M.S. *Surveillante*, and a party of sappers and miners—the first occasion on which these valuable soldiers were employed in a siege in Spain. The total force amounted to 10,000 men, being about three times the strength of the garrison.



Forty pieces of artillery were available, part of them belonging to the battering-train prepared for Burgos, the whole being under the command of Colonel Dickson, a favourite artillery officer of Wellington.

The plan of attack was to be the same as that adopted by Marshal Berwick nearly a hundred years before. The weakest part of the defences was to be breached—namely, a point in the eastern wall of the town, which was, moreover, within easy range of the Chofres, or sand-hills, beyond the river. When the breach was formed, the assault was to be delivered, the assailants advancing at low water between the walls the river. It was soon afterwards seen that San Bartolomeo ridge must be wrested from enemy: its works would have greatly harassed attacking columns; moreover, its possession an indispensable preliminary to the openin trenches and forming a left attack on the isth or landward side. The capture of San Bart meo was accordi the first enter undertaken. It duly bombarded, attacked on the n ing of the 17th Ju two columns—on British, the oth Portuguese troops latter moved so that Colonel Can leading the 9th Royals, raced fo and charged with impetuosity tha French were straight out o redoubt. Down in San Martin rallied, but, Ca being reinforced suburb was pre won. Not so th redoubt beyond, was next storm all the troops in but without It was, however, a couple of later. The net of the first affai the capture of the and room to wo the isthmus.

The fire from the breaching batteries wa tinued without intermission, and effected damage; the stone embrasures were desti the guns dismounted, the walls shaken sev Meanwhile the garrison met the bombarc bravely, and laboured hard to repair damag neutralise them. On the 22nd a breach appeared to be practicable was formed, alth to foil the besiegers inner cuttings or retr ments had been formed. Moreover, Genera had posted guns to bear upon the open p and impede movement along the breach. the 23rd a second breach was commenced be

Sir Thomas Graham had heard that the ·e was weaker (as it was), and he hoped second opening to "turn," or get round er entrenchment. About this time our nited certain houses in the town, and a conflagration was imminent, but it came ing, beyond delaying the British attack, ad been fixed for the 24th.

thing seemed ready for this the last act ege. It was, of course, to be made by the s in the eastern flank wall. The storming

opening and followed the passage right up to the counterscarp of the hornwork, where he was stopped by a closed door. Returning to report, it was decided to form a mine at the end of the drain: the explosion in this confined space of thirty barrels of powder lodged amongst sand-bags would, it was thought, force the dirt and rubbish into the ditch and so help the upward climb of the attacking column (Portuguese) on this side.

Mistake and misadventure waited on this first

"THE GARRISON MET THE BOMBARDMENT BRAVELY" (p. 584).

:,000 strong, was composed of General rigade of the 5th Division, for the first while another battalion went at the second The whole of the stormers were to e in the foremost trench on the inner or de of the isthmus. The signal for the was to be the explosion of a mine or of compression" on the far left flank, a due to the intrepid conduct of a young of engineers, Lieutenant Reid. On the hile digging at a parallel across the , he had come upon a pipe or drain t by three wide, which was actually the t conveying the water into the town. d entered the mouth of this narrow

attack from the very outset. Its postponement alone did great mischief, for it unsettled the minds of the stormers and gave them an impression that the delay was due to the dangerous and desperate nature of the business before them. Again, the tide would have served well at daylight on the 24th: it was then, according to the local fishermen, to be at the lowest ebb, and the wide strand would have given ample space for the advancing columns. By moving to the attack too early on the 25th in the night, practically all such advantage was lost; the tide at that hour was only falling. Moreover, Wellington had expressly ordered that "fair daylight should be taken for the assault," owing to the intricacies

of the fortifications. Nevertheless midnight found the whole body assembled in the advanced parallel. The troops employed were the Royal Scots, under Major Frazer, intended to assail the great breach, supported by the 9th Regiment, and the 38th, whose goal was the lesser breach beyond ; in front of the Royals was a forlorn hope under Lieutenant Campbell, and a ladder party under Lieutenant Machel, of the Engineers.

About 5 a.m. the column filed out of the trench on the signal given by the exploding mine. There were three hundred yards of the open to cover, and so great was the confusion caused by the mine that the assailants suffered little from the enemy's fire ; but the signal had not been heard by our batteries on the sand-hills, and all the way our own batteries continued to play upon our own men. The advance was very arduous, the ground most difficult, much narrowed between the wall and the waters, very slippery from the receding tide, which left the rocks covered with sea-weed and here and there deep pools ; besides, the fortifications on the flanks were still entire and were now lined by sharpshooters, who kept up an incessant and most telling fire. The first to reach the breach were Major Frazer of the Royal Scots and Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Harry) Jones of the Engineers ; a few men closely followed, but only a few, and they came up in disorder, straggling and out of breath. On the far side, down below was the yawning breach, filled with smoke and flames of the burning houses beyond. By this time a small handful of the most intrepid had gathered round their leaders, but quite two-thirds of the main column had turned aside on their road to the breach, and were engaged in a musketry battle with the enemy on the rampart. The rear was thus already in confusion, and the van would not advance. Frazer now was killed, so was Machel with the ladders ; Jones was wounded and taken prisoner ; the rest of the leading assailants were either slain or dispersed. The Colonels of the 38th and 9th, Greville and Cameron, and Captain Archimbeau of the Royals, strove hard to encourage and urge on their men; but all were dispirited and in inextricable confusion, and now a perfect hail of shot and shell fell upon them from the whole of the enemy's artillery, while continuous musketry fire with showers of grape and hand-grenades smote the struggling pent-up mass, which could neither advance nor retire, causing the most frightful slaughter. Some of the English wounded were stabbed where they lay by the infuriated French. Jones was only saved by the interven humane sergeant, and soon afterward generous enemy, a captain of the G lifted him from the ground, kissed him, him carried off to hospital. Such are contrasts, the barbarities and the am war.

According to the French account last supreme moment, when defeat w takable, "the bravest English rushed French bayonets to find an honourabl the rest sought safety in flight, still deci the furious fire, so that few escaped aliv

The attack had proved a most sign costly in valuable lives, of officers out o portion to men. Many reasons and som were offered for the disaster ; the most were that the attack had been badly pla feebly executed. Jones in his "Sieges o says, "The efforts in the breach were neither very obstinate nor very pers and his is the verdict of an eye-witness Thomas Graham, in reporting to W declared the troops behaved "with th gallantry, and only retired when I t further perseverance in the attack wc occasioned a useless sacrifice of bra Napier, the great historian, is, however, that "a second and more vigorous assa great breach might have been effec recognised leader ; but no general or s went out of the trenches, and th exertions of regimental officers failed."

Lord Wellington, although full of ot ing anxieties, repaired at once to San and was inclined to immediately r attack. But the besiegers were short nition, which was daily expected from and he thought it better to await i Then momentous events followed Soult advanced and began the serious m that produced the first set of the batt Pyrenees, and Wellington was pe called away from San Sebastian. The suspended for several weeks and conv a blockade. Now the French, elate respite, were constantly alert and m mischievous sallies ; moreover, while operations languished, the garrison wa engaged in preparing for the next attac forcements and supplies came in c from France. At the same time un energetic impulse the damaged defen repaired and strengthened, the magaz refilled, guns were got up on the batt

'esh troops made up a garrison of 2,600 ldiers, all animated with the sturdy, pirit of their stout-hearted commander. nabated confidence was shown on the of the emperor's birthday, when a great with the words "Vive Napoleon le was exhibited in fiery letters in front ortress and was plainly legible to the ;.

t, however, Soult was beaten. On the August the trenches were reoccupied siege was resumed on much the same before. The new battering train had from England, although very scanty of ammunition had been sent with it, batteries were enlarged to take more uch diligence was employed that on ı, 57 pieces of ordnance of all kinds ire from the two attacks. The points for breaching were much the same as in ous bombardment, and the results were l satisfactorily apparent. Rey reported that great damage had been effected the fortifications and town, and this went ly increasing as the hot and incessant is kept up. Yet the blockade was ctive that help constantly came in ince, and to check this the island of lara, lying to the westward of the ı, was attacked and captured. A battery ı this island caused very great annoyance castle, which it enfiladed, and with l batteries on the isthmus contributed o prepare the attack. On the 30th it was found that the eastern flanking the left or eastern half-bastion of the ipart were in ruins, and that the breaches cticable. That afternoon about 3 p.m. ellington arrived, and having made a mination of the condition of the fortress, ed that the second assault should be 11 a.m. next day.

ıe way even now was by no means l easy for the assailants. Throughout ble bombardment, in the teeth of a ıs fire, the garrison had laboured inly. The courage of the troops had nulated by ample rewards of the kind nchmen love—crosses of the Legion of were freely distributed, and many were l to the *Corps d'Élite*. Moreover, their ere kept up by the feeling that they cut off from France, with which a daily ication was now maintained. Yet they many terrible hardships—the want of hospitals, and the constant exposure of the sick and wounded to the enemy's fire, the scarcity of good rations, and especially of water.

The second assault of San Sebastian, like the first, was of the kind called *brusquée*, or abruptly made, as distinguished from the attack *en règle*, which is deliberate, and according to rule. There was the risk of a second failure, of course, but Wellington was prepared to take it, while sparing no effort to succeed. His eagerness in this respect led him to do a grave injustice to the brave but unfortunate men who had been beaten back in the first attack. He would not again trust to the 5th Division alone, but he called for volunteers from the 1st, 4th, and Light, asking for "men who could show others how to mount a breach;" and 750 under intrepid officers at once responded to the appeal. But the commander of the 5th Division, Sir James Leith, who had general charge of the assault, would not suffer his own men to be put aside by the volunteers, and gave the main attack to one of his own brigades. Some of the volunteers he distributed along the line of the trenches to keep down the enemy's fire; the rest were in reserve with Leith's second brigade, held to support the attacking columns. A diversion from the main attack was to be made by a body of Portuguese, who would ford the Urumea at low water, and go up against the further and most distant breach in the eastern wall. At the same time the rear of the castle was to be threatened by a battalion embarked in the boats of the squadron.

In this second attack there was to be no doubt about daylight. The hour fixed was 11 a.m., when the tide was low, and there was room for the troops to move between the walls and the water. The British batteries were to have harassed the garrison from early dawn, but a thick fog hung like a screen till 8 a.m., and only from that time until the columns started was all possible mischief done. The first to move out was a brave sergeant, who, with a dozen men, had volunteered to run forward and cut off the slow match of a mine the French had ready to fire. These heroes failed; the train was exploded prematurely, and a mass of wall fell upon the advancing column, killing many. The forlorn hope had, however, got past before this catastrophe, and made for the breach, headed by Lieutenant Macguire, who, "conspicuous from his long white plume, his fine figure, and his swiftness," soon, alas! met his death, and the stormers swept onward over his corpse. The main column

now followed and ascended the breach, but their foremost ranks were at once annihilated by the destructive musketry from the inner retrenchment. Those behind pressed forward undaunted, to suffer terribly, for there was no clear road, no descent possible, into the body of the place. Inner defences had been thrown up to bar progress beyond the breach, and the stormers when thus detained were exposed to a fierce fire from the ramparts, and from the far-off guns on the castle heights. The most favourable inlet was found at the breach in the left half-bastion; but here the dense masses of the assailants offered a fine mark, and hundreds were shot down. At the breach in the wall the sappers vainly strove to throw up some cover, and the loss was appalling.

Fresh troops were, however, sent constantly forward to keep the attack alive, and ere long more than half the 5th Division and all the volunteers were either actively engaged in the breaches or were already stricken down. About 1 p.m. the Portuguese made their attack: they crossed the sands in beautiful order and gallantly assaulted the third breach. This successful passage was speedily followed by that of a second column, who reinforced the assailants at the main breach.

And yet no substantial impression was made. All these heroic efforts proved fruitless. "The French musketry," says Napier, "still rolled with deadly effect; the heaps of slain increased, and once more the great mass of stormers sank to the foot of the ruins unable to win. Success seemed more than doubtful. Nothing but a happy accident could give us the victory, and every moment failure loomed nearer, for the tide was rising, the reserves were all engaged, and no greater effort could be expected from men whose courage had already been pushed to the verge of madness."

In this desperate situation Sir Thomas Graham, having consulted with the chief of the artillery, determined to concentrate the fire of all our available guns upon the high curtain or rampart above the breached bastion. Forty-seven guns thus brought to bear spread dire havoc, and cleared away the defenders: they did far more, for being now well practised, the gunners knew the exact range, and pitched their shot and shell plump into the magazines and stores of combustibles—live shells, fire-barrels and hand-grenades—which speedily took light, explosion followed explosion, and a general conflagration ensued. "Hundreds of the French defenders were destroyed, and the rest were thrown i confusion, and while the ramparts were enveloped with suffocating eddies of smoke, British soldiers broke in." But the garri although at a disadvantage, were not yet quered: a fierce hand-to-hand conflict ensu the French held their ground inch by inch, only yielded to the overwhelming numbe their assailants. About the same time the tuguese made good their entrance at the l breach. Then the stormers swept forwa resistibly; although the streets and squares barricaded, the French, being instanta attacked in every direction, made no fi resistance in the town. Several hundre taken prisoners; the rest were withdraw still indomitable Rey into his citadel Monte Orgullo.

The last phases of this stubborn str been fought amid the most terrific w elements; the thunder-clouds that ha all the day, producing pitch darkness broke at last in a fury of thunder and and blinding drenching rain. Still w the unchaining of the ungovernable p humanity which now disgraced the co and soon made San Sebastian a the scene of the most hideous debauc the valour that won the fortress was record, the wild excesses that followed were an everlasting disgrace to the Briti Plunder and rapine stalked rampant; d ness was universal, and it was said that French come down from the castle abo might have retaken the town. Next the wreck was terrible to behold: ho ruin, the furniture smashed, rich h torn down, clothes, rags, refuse throw and there amid corpses and starved cat drunken soldiers decked out in any tawdry they had picked up in their pillage. The was in flames, even the churches, now conv into hospitals, were on fire. The wretche habitants—friends and non-combatants—ste in misery, went about pale and squalid w look of glazed horror on their faces, or s undisturbed with lack-lustre eyes, when a h crashed down close to them and others away. To show how all were enveloped in recklessness of the marauders the story m quoted of some master of a transport ship, came on shore and fell among the thie captors. He complained that the soldiers robbed him of his coat, shoes, money, ev thing but his shirt. "What shall I do?"

eously. "Hurry back to your ship, or lose your shirt too," was the answer.

ege was not ended, however, with the of the town. Rey, with the remnant ave garrison, held out for many days in

now at San Sebastian in person, and he resolved to assault the castle by escalade, after concentrating on it the fire of all his guns. Fifty-nine heavy pieces opened simultaneously from all parts, and within a couple of hours nearly

"THE BRAVE GARRISON MARCHED OUT WITH DRUMS BEATING."

el, and he would neither surrender nor be dislodged. He might have resisted ut his strength was shattered; his engi- l been slain, the troops had no cover or , and water was scarce. A murderous ire was vigorously maintained, and did xecution, not only among the French, ngst the English prisoners, of whom e many in the castle. Wellington was

destroyed the works on the Orgullo hill; the batteries were broken down, magazines exploded, the ground around was torn and furrowed with shot and shell; the castle itself was untenable.

Then, at the eleventh hour, Rey surrendered and was granted the most generous terms. The next day he and his brave garrison marched out of their last stronghold with drums beating and flags flying, and all the honours of war.

WHEN France was whetting her sword in the reckless July days of 1870, it was not in the nature of things—notwithstanding that the emperor had an ignoble grudge against him, and that he had haughtily held aloof from the courtly coteries of Compiègne and Saint-Cloud—that the brilliant soldier who had stormed the Malakoff and had saved the day at Magenta should not hold high command in the impending struggle. MacMahon was no heaven-born general—indeed, his true place was that of a divisional commander—but he had long and varied experience of war, and France had no more prompt and staunch fighting soldier. He carried with him to his sphere of duty in Alsace the knowledge, which he shared only with Le Bœuf, of the emperor's plan for an offensive campaign, which was destined never even to be begun, but in which, had it taken shape, he was to have led the van. Appointed, meanwhile, to the command of the 1st Corps, in course of concentration about Strasburg, where he arrived on July 22nd, it befell him but too speedily to realise how faint was the prospect that he should head an invasion into the hostile territory on the further bank of the Rhine.

On paper his command was imposing, with its four infantry divisions, its cavalry division three brigades strong, and Bonnemain's reserve cavalry division, consisting of four regiments of cuirassiers. But, with the line troops coming in from the eastern departments he had the task of incorporating, as they arrived piecemeal from Algeria, wild regiments of Zouaves and battalion on battalion of half-savage Turcos; and he had also to requisition, beg, discover, or invent the mass of *matériel* and equipment requisite for a campaign. Presently, with the object of giving the marshal unrestricted disposal of all the forces in Alsace, the 7th Corps, whose headquarters were in Belfort, wa under his orders. This nominally su reinforcement proved curiously delusi infantry division and a cavalry brigade be to this corps were detained at Lyons t the seditious population of that turbule another division, garrisoning Belfort, was in course of formation ; and its third d gradually filling its ranks at Colmar, poorly prepared to take the field.

By the end of July the offensive inten the part of the French had been wholl doned, and the emperor had ordered Ma to close in from Strasburg to the no upon De Failly, commanding the 5th (the neighbourhood of Bitche. In doin had to approach the point of the angl the French frontier on the Lauter str Rhine, thus exposing his outward flank t tile stroke from beyond the former rive the German 3rd Army was suspecte massing. To guard against this, Abel division was pushed out a day's march sembourg—a feeble and inadequate prote the event speedily proved. On the mo August 4th the army of the Crown Prin the frontier in strength, and surprised division in the act of breakfasting. Wiss was shelled and occupied after several r and the adjacent heights of the Geisber were occupied by the mass of Douay's soldiers, were furiously assailed by a c German divisions, supported by a heavy fire. General Douay had early ordere treat from the manifestly untenable p but that retirement was seriously obstru the vigour of the German assault on th berg ; and the château of that name—a v fensible building—was most stubbornly d by its garrison to cover the movement King's Grenadier Regiment—one of th

:he German line—assailed it furiously, epulsed with heavy loss; nor did the enders of the Geisberg surrender until d been dragged up on to the height. Douay fell fighting, 1,200 of his 8,000 struck down; and the Germans, who a loss of 91 officers and 1,460 men, unwounded prisoners. The respon- the virtual destruction of this fine es not rest on MacMahon, who had itted Strasburg, but on Ducrot, who ionally in command in the absence f, and who, when Douay complained osed and unsupported position, gave eremptory order to accept a combat

y this misfortune, and in utter ignor- of his enemy's strength and of his line ı, MacMahon resolved to fight a battle f the northern passes of the Vosges. his troops into a position on the un- ours which, clad with vineyards and is, extend between the Sauerbach and ch. His front line—from Neehwiller, h, to Albrechtshäuser, on the south— th of about three-and-a-half miles. e greater part of this length Mac- ont was covered by the Sauerbach— very difficult to cross except at the The meadow-land, averaging 1,000 eadth, through which it flows, afforded in the approach, so that the French ould profit by all the advantages of rior position and superior weapon. n slope of the valley is commanded s from the western. In front of the itre lay the town of Wörth, with its r the Sauer. That country town, as her villages within the position, con- spacious and well-built houses, capable strongly defended. Thickly-planted id vineyards extend up the heights estern exit of the town.

ge of Fröschwiller formed the crown- of the French position. Command- und in all directions, situated at the int of the hilly plateau, it constituted icious church and other strong build- on-like redoubt to the entire line of To the southward, on somewhat lower the village of Elsasshausen—a very point. The undulating character of , and the cover it afforded, favoured ment of a large number of skirmishers, led the position and movements of the reserves from the enemy's view. The French, moreover, had not neglected to strengthen the position by well-placed field entrenchments and other obstacles. Morsbronn, a village south of the extreme right, did not at first form part of the position, but was perfectly commanded. The passages of the Sauer at Gunstett and Dürrenbach, on the enemy's left flank, were within effective cannon-range. Both of the French flanks were somewhat re-fused.

MacMahon had summoned up from Colmar the 3rd division of the 7th Corps, which reached him on the morning of the 6th; and, having the 5th Corps also placed at his disposition, he called on De Failly, its commander, to make haste to join him—none of whose troops, however, could arrive in time to take part in the battle. The troops actually in the marshal's hand for the impending fight consisted of the four infantry divisions of the 1st Corps and the 3rd division of the 7th Corps, and of the following cavalry: the cavalry division of the 1st Corps, composed of Septeuil's brigade of hussars and chasseurs; Michel's cuirassier brigade; Nansouty's brigade of lancers and dragoons, employed as divisional cavalry; and Bonnemain's reserve division, consisting of four regiments of cuirassiers.

The disposition of MacMahon's forces was as follows:—The 1st Division, commanded by Ducrot, formed the right of the line. It faced almost due north, and, therefore, constituted the defensive flank against Lembach, its left wing resting on the Grosswald, its right wing on the village of Fröschwiller. Beyond its extreme left, the villages of Neehwiller and Jägerthal were each occupied by a company. The 3rd Division, commanded by Raoult, faced due east, its left brigade resting on Fröschwiller, its right on Elsasshausen. The dense forest of the Niederwald made a gap in the line of front; behind the forest was posted in reserve the 2nd Division, now, in consequence of Douay's death on the 4th, commanded by Pellé, and materially weakened by its losses at Wissembourg. South of the Niederwald stood the 4th Division (Lartigue's), its left brigade facing Gunstett on the opposite bank of the Sauer, its right brigade looking south-east towards Morsbronn. In rear of Pellé's division were the 3rd division of the 7th Corps, just arrived from Colmar, and Michel's cuirassier brigade. Further northward, about the sources of the Eberbach and behind Raoult's division, were Bonnemain's reserve cavalry division and Septeuil's brigade of light cavalry. This was the French disposition on the morning

of the 6th. The heights eastward of Elsasshausen gave the best *point de vue* of the entire neighbourhood, and it was here that MacMahon remained during the greater part of the battle.

It was a curious coincidence that neither side had intended to engage until the 7th. But MacMahon, standing on the defensive, was ready on the morning of the 6th ; and that same morning a subordinate commander of the hostile army, part of which was within striking distance, took the liberty of forcing the hand of the commander-in-chief, with the ultimate result of an unpremeditated battle. Major-General von Walther, commanding a brigade of the 5th German Army Corps, while making a reconnaissance at daylight, remarked an unusual noise and movement in the French camp, which led him to suppose that MacMahon was evacuating his position. In quest of information on this point Walther pushed his reconnaissance in force beyond Wörth. He found the bridges destroyed and the town unoccupied ; but his skirmishers waded the Sauer and presently found themselves involved in an engagement with very superior forces. Walther therefore broke off the action and withdrew into bivouac. Meanwhile a French detachment had taken the initiative against Gunstett; but no real attack resulted and the affair was merely an interchange of artillery and musketry fire.

The 2nd Bavarian Corps held the right of the German army. Its 4th Division had been in readiness at Mattstall since daybreak, charged with the specific duty of outflanking the French left and of participating in any action which might take place on the part of the German centre opposite Wörth. Hearing the sound of a cannonade, which covered the withdrawal of Walther's reconnaissance, and regarding that sound as the signal for his advance, General Hartmann, the commander of the 2nd Bavarian Corps, ordered his 4th Division to move forward from Langensulzbach and engage Ducrot's division in position on the extreme left of the French line. The fighting in this quarter soon became very hot ; for a time the Bavarians seemed to have the best of it but later were able only to maintain a defensive attitude against the French division, and that with difficulty. Meanwhile a French detachment had retaliated by a counter-stroke in the direction of Gunstett against the vanguard of the Prussian 11th Corps, which had come up into position on the German left. The French effort was repulsed ; but the cannon-thunder on his right and left inspired General Kirchbach, commanding the 5th which constituted the German centre, wi conviction that he must strike in vig to hinder the enemy from concentrati strength against one or other of the G flanks. Kirchbach, therefore, took it upo self to engage in the serious offensive ; 10 o'clock a hundred German cannon action on the eastern slopes against the centre behind Wörth, while, after sharp fi considerable bodies of German infantr already gained a foothold beyond the Sau stream and were in occupation of the t Wörth.

The Crown Prince, as Kirchbach kne not wish to fight a battle until his forc concentrated, which was far from being t on the morning of the 6th. Informed incipient action was already in progress, the sent from his headquarters in Sulz, sever behind the front, a firm order to General bach, and also to Hartmann, the Bavaria mander, "not to continue the struggle, avoid everything which might bring on one." Kirchbach then took upon hi almost unique responsibility. On one h the specific command that he should de further action. On the other hand, he nised that the fighting could not be bro under existing conditions, without e heavy losses to no purpose, and that hi drawal would give the adversary und right to claim a material victory, involvi of prestige to the German arms at the ou a momentous campaign. He considere with his own corps alone he could exp cisive results, even without co-operation the force on either flank. Accordingly mature consideration, he ordered his tro continue the offensive, reporting this deci the Crown Prince, and desiring the co either hand to afford him their co-operatio

Kirchbach had greatly dared ; and fortu a time was only partially propitious. Von commanding the 11th Corps, reached the at Gunstett about 11 o'clock. He had informed of the commander-in-chief's prohi against continuing the fighting, and pre there came to him Kirchbach's request f operation in the continuation of the fighting Bose calmly disregarded the order of the Prince. He promptly assured Kirchbach he would not fail to support his comrade he proved his comradeship by ordering corps artillery, and by sending word t

"THE BATTERIES PRESSED THROUGH THE STREETS ENCUMBERED WITH TROOPS" (p. 595).

leading division to cross the stream and assail the right flank of the enemy's position. Kirchbach, therefore, was at ease as regarded prompt and full co-operation on his left; but he had to undergo a disappointment in respect to the Bavarian Corps, on whose support on his right he had also considered himself entitled to rely. Following on his determination to put aside the order of his superior and to continue the fighting, he had sent to Hartmann, the Bavarian Corps-commander on his right, a request for the latter's co-operation. But this request reached Hartmann tardily. Already, at half-past ten, a Prussian staff officer had brought him verbal instructions to suspend the contest and fall back from the positions which he was holding. With great skill and celerity Hartmann conducted the unpalatable duty, and the larger part of his troops were withdrawn out of action by half-past eleven o'clock and were retreating behind Langensulzbach. But, while those movements were only partially completed, a communication reached him from Kirchbach at a quarter past eleven, intimating that the battle was to be prosecuted vigorously, and that the co-operation of his Bavarians against the French flank was expected. Hartmann replied, not without a little temper, that he had broken off the action by superior orders, but would resume the attack with the least possible delay. But it was not until the afternoon that Hartmann's command was able to make itself again present in the front.

Soon after ten o'clock, when the infantry of the 21st Division were engaged in the action about Gunstett, when the other portions of the 11th Corps were fast coming up, and when the superiority of the German artillery was apparent, Kirchbach considered that the time had come for the advance guard of the 5th Corps to cross the Sauerbach, occupy Wörth, and attempt the seizure of the heights beyond. The leading companies of the 37th Fusiliers crossed the stream on an improvised bridge in lieu of the one previously destroyed, and found Wörth again unoccupied; while other companies waded the stream above and below, the men breast-high in the water and exposed to a heavy musketry and shell-fire. At first, although suffering from a crushing fire, the companies climbed the heights beyond the town, and met with success until the enemy brought up strong reserves and drove them back into Wörth. The reinforcements sent across lower down took up a position in a hop plantation; but the enemy dislodged them, and they had to incline to the left and connect themselves with the battalions 50th Regiment, which had crossed b Wörth and Spachbach. Those battalions their way under fire on the Hagenau r the upland; and one battalion advanced attack of the Elsasshausen heights, b forced back as far as the Hagenau road company connected itself with the righ of the 11th Corps, but all the others were down on to the road, in the ditches of wh battalions found cover and checked the advance with an effective fire. Several panies of the two gallant regiments of t vanced guard—the 37th Fusiliers and tl —held on to Wörth and its vicinity wit difficulty, under the murderous fire a repeated and violent onslaughts of the The latter had a firm hold of the slopes l the town, whence they were able to ba Prussian infantry whenever they tried to a and to overwhelm them with withering s of projectiles. At no point were the Pr successful in making any progress beyond and their rearward movements were a with especially heavy loss. Once Maj Sydow gathered all the available men Fusiliers in Wörth for an offensive atte succeeded, indeed, in ascending the slo advancing some hundred paces beyond, l promptly hurled back on the town by a ful counter-attack on the part of the Attempt after attempt to do more than l town proved futile, and the occupancy o maintained with no little difficulty aga pressure of the enemy, notwithstanding whole brigade was added to the previous of the place. By 12.30 the aspect of became more and more threatening, and battalion had to be brought up in support

Of the 11th Corps, the first troops to c Sauer were six companies of the 87th Re having first advanced to Spachbach, some waded, others scrambling over hasti tree-trunks. The enemy's fire was sever was no cover at the landing-place, a officers, with rapid resolution, rallied th and hurried them across the meadows, o Hagenau road, and into the Niederwald suit of the French skirmishers who ha holding its fringes. A battalion follow halted after having crossed the stream companies of the 87th fared ill in the l wald, having encountered very superior detachments; and after strenuous and fighting in which several officers were sla

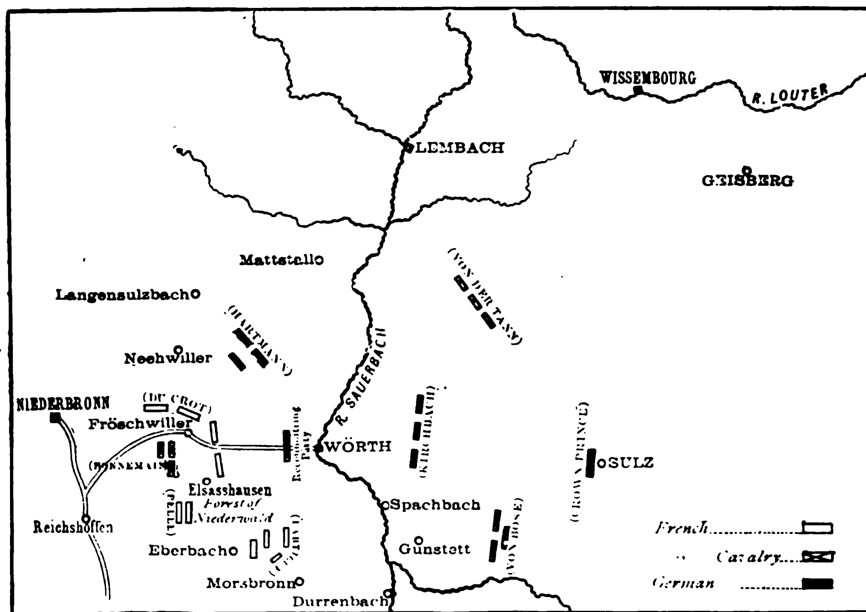
companies were repulsed from the . there occurred a headlong rush back Sauer and as far as Spachbach. A later ɔ cross the stream at the Bruch Mill, stett, was temporarily successful, but failed, the detachment making it ıetuously attacked and driven back to ank, the occupants of which were ,' annoyed by the French musketry other side.

n. the Crown Prince—who, on his way nt, had received General Kirchbach's ached the high ground opposite to s position, which dominated the whole being under a tree on a little hill way between Spachbach and Gunstett. e realised that, independently of the he struggle could not at this advanced now broken off, he could scarcely e expectation of fighting later under .ntageous conditions than now pre- mselves. He might well apprehend, trary, that Marshal MacMahon should gnised the danger which threatened n, and would evacuate it as soon as ırred some relaxation of the German The Crown Prince, after a short study ation, decided on pressing the battle ısion. Prior to his arrival, Kirchbach contented with utilising merely his gade in the fighting about and beyond ıtil the whole of the German army re come up. The Crown Prince's first o infuse harmony into the attacks of ɔst fighting line, and to direct rein- as they arrived to the points where :ions would be most effective. He ırs that the 2nd Bavarian Corps ccupy its position of the morning, and ıe French left flank so as to gain a ı the latter's flank and rear. The an Corps came into line between the ian and the 5th Corps, while the ; was directed to cross the stream, rench right, and advance by way of en and through the Niederwald upon ır, the Würtemberg Division to follow Corps. Kirchbach was instructed to main attack on the heights beyond some time, until the 1st Bavarian the mass of the 11th Corps should up.

ıle of the infantry of the 10th Division Corps, with the exception of detach- in reserve, was already employed in the foremost fighting line beyond Wörth. The 9th Division was brought forward, and of its two brigades the 18th crossed at Spachbach, the 17th at Wörth. The leading regiment of the former advanced across the meadow-land, but its attempts to gain the Elsasshausen heights and the Niederland forest were checked by a forward movement of superior hostile forces. But the repeated offensive movements of the French towards the Hagenau road were nullified by the resolute bearing of the four battalions holding that road, which with great tenacity held the enemy's superior force at bay. On the arrival in the field of the 1st Bavarian Corps, Kirchbach determined to lead forward the whole of his troops now on the western bank of the Sauer to the attack of the heights in possession of the French. The advance was made in com- pany columns, under the hottest fire from the enemy. The skirmishers succeeded in gaining a firm position on the slopes; but all attacks on the heights were fruitless, until a fortunate diversion was made on the right flank of the broken and jagged line. A fusilier battalion drove in the enemy's skirmishers lining the slopes, and with a charge reached the heights, where it received a murderous fire at close quarters from two half-moon breastworks. Those were both stormed and occupied, and the gallant fusiliers chased their adversaries at the bayonet- point to the edge of the opposite wood. As the open crest of the heights was everywhere within close musketry range, and the intervening valley was swept by mitrailleuse fire, no further pro- gress was at this juncture possible; but the cap- tured breastworks were maintained, and the crest remained in German possession. Successes were also achieved on the other flank, and in the centre the upper edge of the sloping vineyard ground was surrounded by German skirmishers. In order, however, to maintain the ground gained so dearly against the unceasing and ener- getic French attacks, Kirchbach found himself compelled to bring up his last reserves from the eastern bank. The whole of his infantry was brought over and drawn into the foremost fight- ing line. Hitherto his artillery had been in a great measure masked by the advance of his infantry on the western bank. Now the divi- sional batteries of the 10th Division, and half his corps artillery, crossed the hastily-restored bridge of Wörth, and pressed to the front, through the streets encumbered with troops, dead and wounded men, scared townspeople, and miscellaneous wreck. The artillery of the

9th Division remained on the eastern bank, opposite to the Wörth position, and was reinforced subsequently by batteries of the 1st Bavarian Corps. Thus, the whole strength of the 5th Army Corps, constituting the German centre, was employed in gaining a firm footing on the western bank of the Sauer, and in occupying the adversary in front until the corps on either flank should attain positions enabling them to operate effectively against the hostile flanks.

It had been only by degrees and by dint of hard fighting and bloody sacrifices that Kirchbach's brave and staunch soldiers made any



progress. Their battalions had become mixed ; the greater part of the officers had been killed or wounded ; while, on the other hand, the enemy brought up fresh reserves unceasingly. The successful attack of the 11th Army Corps against the French right flank, now to be briefly described, was to be the first signal to the sorely-tried 5th Corps of the long-looked-for support.

It has been already told how in the morning the 41st brigade of the 11th Corps had been driven back to the east bank in considerable confusion. Towards the forenoon the 88th Regiment crossed the Sauer at Spachbach, having rallied the companies of the 80th and 87th, which had been driven back into that village ; and the united body advanced across the meadows, under a brisk fire of musketry and shrapnel, towards the eastern border of the Niederwald, which was lined by hostile skirmishers. The

skirt of the forest was carried, and its
edge was reached in rather loose order.
woodland, between the Niederwald an
hausen, retreating detachments of the
made a successful stand against the
efforts to expel them. From the centr
11th Corps at Gunstett, six companies of
Regiment crossed the stream by the Br
and headed in the direction of Eberbac
skirmishers, followed by the main body
gained the Hagenau road at the fir
The French of Lartigue's division n
obstinate defence on the heights, the slo
which
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of fire, w
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thence
flanking
Albrecht
Hof. Th
did not evacuate the place until the
had been fired by the German artillery,
a musketry fire at close range had been
to bear on the stubborn defenders.

From the left of the 11th Corps the 32
ment marched through Dürrenbach, an
for the village of Morsbronn, an outpos
extreme right of the French positio
advance against the place was made by t
and 94th Regiments, the left of th
ment covered by the 13th Hussars. The
which was but weakly occupied, was cap
the first rush by a battalion of the 32nd,
battalion of which regiment seized the
further to the left. Morsbronn and
brechtshaüser-Hof thus in German pos
preparations were in progress to mov
north-westerly direction against the Nied
into which the French right wing was g

lrawing, when the German troops about bronn had suddenly to confront a furious : on the part of hostile cavalry. General gue, commanding the French right flank ion, recognised that a German advance Morsbronn would seriously compromise French position, and had given orders for el's Cuirassier brigade, which was posted

The ground to be traversed, which had not been reconnoitred in advance, was extremely unfavourable for cavalry. Rows of trees cut down near the ground and deep ditches were calculated to dislocate the movements of large bodies in close formation, whereas the fire of the German infantry had a free range over the gentle slopes of the comparatively bare heights.

MARSHAL MACMAHON.
(*Photo, E. Appert.*)

bottom eastward of Eberbach, to send d a regiment against the left flank of the n force about Morsbronn.

hel's massive troopers were burning with ence for the fray, and their officers, the ry of France, were yet more ardent than nen. "A regiment" was Lartigue's order; ichel read "brigade" for "regiment," and on his own version of the order. His e consisted of the 5th and 9th Cuirassiers; whether by intent or by chance, there had itself to the Cuirassier brigade the 6th ent of Lancers from Nansouty's command.

Behind Michel there rode in first line the 8th Cuirassiers in column of squadrons; on their right rear three squadrons of the 9th Cuirassiers in line, the fourth squadron in column of division behind; still further to the right rode the Lancer regiment—in all a serried mass of more than a thousand horsemen. Michel's loud word of command had for response a wild shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and then the massive squadrons, glittering in their steel, swept headlong down, through and over the incumbrances of tree-stumps and ditches. The devoted troopers rode swift and straight to their ruin. As the avalanche

of mail-clad riders and straining chargers came thundering on, the German companies halted and braced themselves. Only when the leading cavalry column was in close proximity, when the fierce breath from the nostrils of the war-horses was dimming the sheen of the bayonets, were the lines of infantrymen veiled for the moment in flame and smoke. As the wind wafted the smoke aside, a weltering mass of men and horses was disclosed covering the ground. It was a strange and lurid spectacle. The French infantry were pouring showers of Chassepot bullets on the German linesmen ; while the latter, disdaining the obsolete order of "form square to prepare for cavalry," stood in open order striking down into the dust the mail-clad French horsemen. Michel's Cuirassiers and the Lancers were almost utterly destroyed ; the losses of the German infantrymen were very inconsiderable.

The devoted charge of Michel's cavalry had enabled Lartigue's infantry of the French right wing to withdraw unmolested towards Eberbach and the contiguous portion of the Niederwald, toward which they were presently followed by the German troops from Morsbronn and its vicinity. This advance was headed by the 32nd Regiment in line. One battalion of the 94th captured the village of Eberbach, but could get no further until later, and its other two battalions followed the road leading from Morsbronn to Fröschwiller. The line thus constituted encountered no resistance at first, and joined the troops about the Albrechtshaüser-Hof, where, in all, there was a German force of about the strength of a brigade, but in a very mixed-up state owing to constant hard fighting. The final assault of the French on the Albrechtshaüser-Hof position was ultimately repulsed, and MacMahon's troops on the right wing were thrown back into the Niederwald. The foremost fighting line of the German 11th Corps followed, and, to support it, General von Bose threw into the fight his last reserves brought across from Gunstett, and also brought up the whole of his artillery. With stubborn fighting, ground was gradually gained in the Niederwald, until at last its northern edge was attained ; but between it and the hamlet of Elsasshausen there was an intervening copse, occupied in strength by the French, with strong reserves between the copse and the village. The battle hereabouts swayed to and fro with great slaughter. At length von Bose brought up into line seven batteries, whose fire crushed the French guns and overwhelmed the village and its staunch occupants. Elsasshausen was set on fire, yet its defenders still held out. At l[illegible] von Bose gave the order, "The whole advance !" and a dash was made on the vi[illegible] some detachments of the 5th Corps taking with troops of the 11th in the attack. [illegible] village was carried, but the French pro[illegible] made a counter-stroke, which drove the Ge[illegible] captors of Elsasshausen back into the shel[illegible] the Niederwald. But there the counter-attac[illegible] checked ; the German troops were re-fo[illegible] and the blazing village finally remained i[illegible] possession of von Bose's forces.

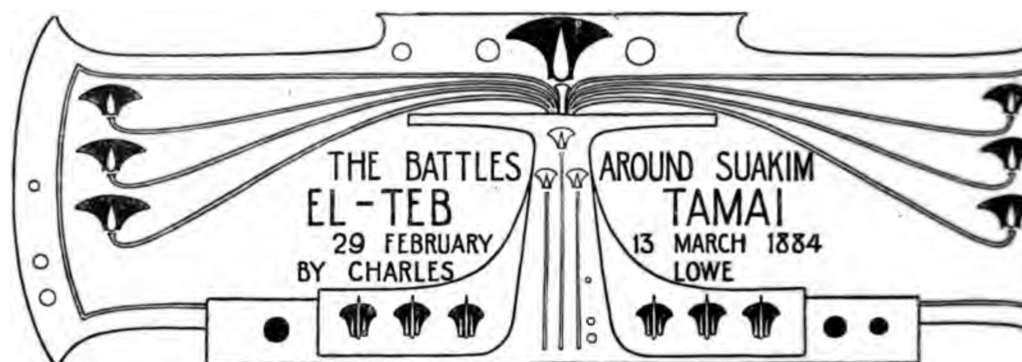
From Elsasshausen the advance battali[illegible] the 11th Corps, having in a measure re-f[illegible] the dislocation in their ranks, were followi[illegible] the French withdrawal in the direction of F[illegible]willer. As a last resource, MacMahon call[illegible] Bonnemain's cavalry division, consisting o[illegible] regiments of cuirassiers, to stem the ti[illegible] French disaster. It was an heroic but f[illegible] expedient. When the order to attack r[illegible] Bonnemain, his division was in a fold of g[illegible] somewhat northward of the source o[illegible] Eberbach, his 1st Brigade on the right fr[illegible] the 2nd—both brigades in close colu[illegible] squadrons. The ground over which he [illegible] attack was extremely unfavourable, as t[illegible]merous ditches and tree-stumps were cal[illegible] to impede the movements of bodies of [illegible] But the gallant horsemen recked not of ot[illegible] A sudden thunder of horsehoofs domina[illegible] the moment the roar of the cannon, as th[illegible]clad squadrons came crashing through t[illegible]yards and hopfields. Shells tore throu[illegible] serried ranks, and at every stride men an[illegible] went down. Still the squadrons rode str[illegible] their doom, until the belching volleys [illegible] shot swept down the files in great swaths [illegible] and dying. Of the four splendid regim[illegible] single squadron cohered to strike h[illegible] deadly was the file-fire encountered, yet [illegible] trooper who came out from that massacre [illegible] a bloody sword. The division was all [illegible]stroyed ; while the German infantry did [illegible] to form square, but shot down the horse [illegible] group-formation, supported by cannon fir[illegible]

The end of the long, fierce struggle [illegible] yet. Although MacMahon's valiant [illegible] must have realised that the situati[illegible] desperate, they were none the less [illegible] to fight to the bitter end. After [illegible] hours of deadly strife the Germans, wit[illegible] great preponderance of numerical strengt[illegible] succeeded in driving in the French army [illegible] keystone of its position at Fröschwil[illegible]

:he French cavalry, and in threatening
›f French retreat upon Reichshoffen.
hree and four o'clock in the afternoon,
gap to the westward, the entire Ger-
of battle, from Eberbach and Mors-
the south-east and south-west, round
›hwiller heights on the north-west, was
ı encompassing the French army in and
schwiller in a ring of German soldiers,
in their hands which they were plying
; and in forming an almost entire
f batteries from which poured steadily
'rench position a rain of shell-fire ; while
ı fought on the defensive with a resolute
which elicited the admiration of their
;. Many details of the momentous
or this final stronghold of the French
all description ; for German troops in
etachments reached and stormed in
common goal almost simultaneously,
nvulsive surging of intermingled friend
recluded any precision in fixing the
events, and in attempting with any
ɔ establish any cohesion of recollection
he various isolated collisions. Von
and Hartmann, the commanders of
ıd 2nd Bavarian Corps, on the right-
l right of the German line of battle,
›ir respective commands through the
›und on the slopes stretching upward
röschwiller, to where Ducrot was still
ι resolute front on the partially re-
nch left flank. At length, by four
e Bavarians succeeded in overcoming
igorous resistance on the slopes of the
er heights, and in forcing him back on
; and they reached its northern and
ıfines almost simultaneously with the
foe.

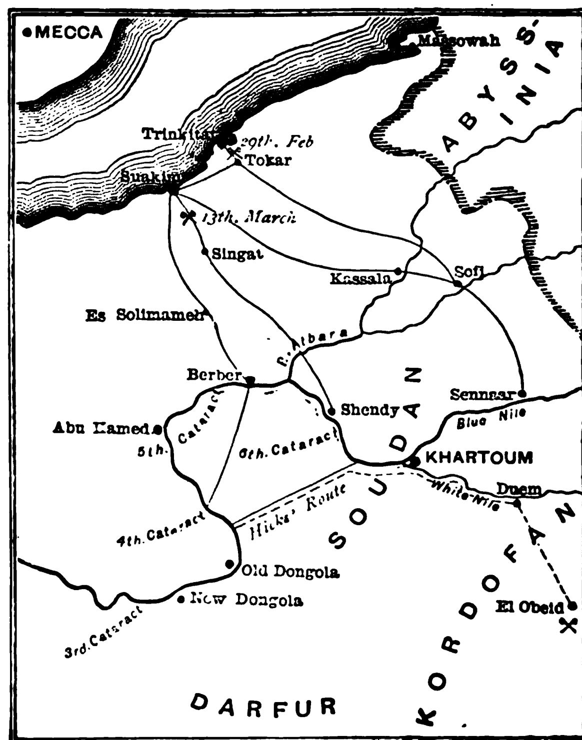
nch maintained for some time a fierce
ss street-fight in the village of Frösch-
art of which was already in German
It ended in a general storm on the
e Germans, as the result of which the
ops who had not been taken prisoners
ge fled in complete disorder along the
ɜn and Niederbronn road, in doing
· came under the guns of the German
he fire of which swept that main line
ench retreat. By five o'clock the
struggle at Fröschwiller was at an
prisoners—who amounted to some
9,000—stood downcast and sombre in the village street, many engaged in roughly bandaging their wounds. Dead and severely wounded lay thick, and blood was running in the gutters. Von der Tann came riding in at the head of his 2nd Division, having despatched in pursuit, by way of Niederbronn, artillery, cavalry, and infantry. The Würtemberg infantry halted at the south-western exit, until they got their orders to intercept the retreat by way of Gundershoffen. But the chief line of retreat was by Niederbronn ; and the Crown Prince, when assured that the issue of the battle was no longer doubtful, gave immediate instructions for a vigorous pursuit in that direction. The Würtemberg cavalry were early on the track of the rout, and their batteries soon followed. The pursuit presently degenerated into an utter *débâcle*. The Bavarian cavalry spurred fast in chase of the fugitives. The disintegration of the French army was complete, and there was no halt in the panic-stricken rout until Saverne was reached. The Prussian 4th Cavalry Division was a march in the rear, and could not, therefore, immediately take part in the pursuit. But after a hard ride from Wörth Prince Albrecht overtook the rear of the fugitives on the evening of August 7th, near Steinberg, at the foot of the Vosges. The sight of his troopers imparted to the panic-stricken fugitives a fresh impulse of flight, and a hasty and scattered retreat on Luneville followed.

The German victory was a decisive one. The prisoners of war were 200 officers and 9,000 men. The trophies were an eagle, 4 standards, 28 guns, 5 mitrailleuses, 23 waggonsful of rifles and side-arms, 158 other carriages, and 2,000 horses. The German losses were 489 officers and 10,153 men. Wörth was an unquestionable victory, but scarcely a triumph. MacMahon's strength, at most, was under 50,000 ; the German strength actually engaged did not fall short of 90,000. MacMahon, it is true, had a commanding position, of which he made the most ; but it had serious defects, of which in this their earliest important battle, the Germans did not take full avail. Moltke was not present at Wörth, and Blumenthal, the military adviser of the Crown Prince, did not appear to advantage. The man who really won the battle was old Kirchbach. In any other service than the German he would have been broke for disobedience to orders.



IN three previous articles on the Nile campaign it was shown what heroic but unavailing efforts were made by a picked expeditionary force of British troops under Lord Wolseley to relieve Khartoum and save General Gordon from the vengeance of the rebellious Mahdi, the usurper of the Khedive's rule in the Soudan.

But several months before it was decided to send this expeditionary force under Lord Wolseley to the relief of Khartoum, it had been necessary to despatch a little British army to the relief of Tokar, near the port of Suakim, on the Red Sea shore. For everywhere throughout the Soudan the Mahdi, or False Prophet, had been triumphant in his rebellion against the authority of the Egyptian Government, of which England, ever since she crushed Arabi Pashi at Tel-el-Kebir, had become the guarantor and the guide. The Soudan had always been the stronghold of the accursed slave trade; and, as Lord Wolseley said, if any part of God's earth was dyed with human blood, it was this.



But it had recently been ensanguined by more than the gore of slaves. For at El-Ob capital of Kordofan, a large Egyptia under Hicks Pasha and several other officers had been treacherously led i ambush, and, after three days' hard figl had been as completely annihilated : the legions of Varus by the German of Hermann, the chief of the Cherus O'Donovan, the daring correspondent *Daily News*, was one of the victims general n But Hicks Englishmen like heroes. ral Hicks,' writer in th "charged head of h They gall wards a supposed Egyptians t Mahdi. Hicl on him sword, and face and a man had o four steel m Just then thrown stru ral Hicks head and him. The of the sta speared, h (English) fought on all were Hicks was the last to die." The himself was not in the battle; but he to see the body of Hicks, through

to Arab custom, every sheikh thrust

bellion, thus triumphant in Kordofan, k to spread to the Eastern Soudan, sman Digna, *i.e.* Osman the Ugly, on behalf of his master, the Mahdi, he blood-red standard of revolt. Osman lave-trader and general merchant of who had been ruined by the Khedive's n of the traffic in human beings; and ppeared in the field with ng of ferocious Haden- ho slaughtered and slew exterminating hordes of Force after force of Egyp- ps was wiped out of being n and his warriors as y as if they had never This, for example, was which befell 500 soldiers hedive who, accompanied nander Moncrieff, R.N., Consul at Suakim, were way from that port to nd this was followed by cre of 700 Nubian troops

hat Osman Digna invested nd Tokar, and then the ent at Cairo began to lf in earnest. To relieve towns it hastened to Baker Pasha with a force men and 6 guns. Then ing the Egyptian gen- Valentine Baker had been Colonel of the 10th nor had any more daring nplished officer ever won ons of British soldiers. arking his troops at some distance to the south of Baker, without loss of time, at once ed to move on Tokar; but he had far before his whole force was over- with disaster as complete almost as h had overtaken the army of Hicks. advance of about three miles, the e seen about 3,000 yards off, and the scouts at once began firing wildly. ry were then ordered to charge a small e enemy on the right flank, but, seeing returning, also turned tail, and rushed confusion on the main body. This nce became stricken with panic-terror, and could not even form square properly. The enemy, about 1,200 strong—Baker's force was 3,650—then rapidly rushed and surrounded the Egyptians, when there ensued a scene of butchery which has probably never been equalled.

"Inside of the square," said an eye-witness, "the state of affairs was almost indescribable. Cavalry, infantry, mules, camels, falling baggage, and dying men were crushed into a struggling, surging mass. The Egyptians were shrieking madly, hardly attempting to run away, but trying to shelter themselves one behind another." "The conduct of the Egyptians was simply disgraceful," said another English officer. "Armed with rifle and bayonet, they allowed themselves to be slaughtered, without an effort at self-defence, by savages inferior to them in numbers and armed only with spears and swords."

SIR GERALD GRAHAM.
(Photo, Fradelle & Young, Regent Street.)

No efforts of the gallant Baker and his British officers could induce these Egyptian poltroons to rally and face the foe; so, seeing that matters were utterly hopeless, he himself and his staff, including Colonels Burnaby, Sartorius, and Hay, Major Harvey, Mr. Bewlay, etc., put spurs to

their steeds and charged the enemy, hewing their way out towards the shore through a forest of Arab swords and lances. The Egyptians

HICKS PASHA.

fled and were slaughtered by their pursuers as they ran, leaving a long trail of corpses from the main shambles to the shore. The Egyptians lost no fewer than 112 officers and 2,250 men killed and wounded, besides their machine- and Krupp-guns and 3,000 rifles.

Such was the massacre of El-Teb (4th February, 1884), and four days later it was capped by the butchery of Sinkat. Refusing to yield or to capitulate on terms, the brave defender of this town, finding his provisions on the verge of exhaustion, resolved to fight his way out; so spiking his guns, burning his camp, and destroying all his spare ammunition, he sallied forth with his garrison of 400 men, encumbered with women and children, and was soon engulfed by the enemy. He himself fought with most exemplary valour, but he was overpowered by numbers, and of his whole force only about six men and thirty women were left to tell the tale.

Quousque tandem? How long was massacre of this sort to be endured? Were Osman Digna and his ferocious tribesmen to be thus allowed an unbroken record of butchery and victory? Was the authority of England's *protégé*, the Khedive, to be thus for ever flouted and set at naught by Osman the Ugly?

Holla there! Highlanders to the front! The Black Watch and the "gay Gordons," and burly Bluejackets, and the Royal Irish, and the 60th King's Own Rifles, and the York and Lancaster men—all our three nationalities shall have an equal share in quelling the pride of Osman and his hordes, and showing that courage, in of John Bright's dictum, was a thing that *not* be bought in lots of equal quality shilling a day on any market-place of the w

In Cairo at this time there was a B army of occupation under General Stephe C.B., and to him, after the massacres of E and Sinkat, there was flashed a London gram directing him to detach a portion force, under Sir Gerald Graham, a man of culean stature, for the purpose of relievin still beleaguered Tokar, and otherwise infl vengeance condign upon the Hadendowas.

This order reached Cairo on the 12 February, and by the 28th of the same m Graham's little army of chastisement was centrated at Trinkitat. Drawn from the B garrison at Cairo, the squadron under Ad Hewitt at Suakim, and the home-coming ships from India, this little army was org with a speed and completeness which impressed other nations with the power British Empire to prepare and deliver a cr blow at any given point in a wonderfully time. Among the home-coming troops from were the 10th Hussars, Baker Pasha's ol ment, who were waylaid in their passage Red Sea in the *Jumna*, and landed to their sabres on the heads of the Haden and it was a never-to-be-forgotten scene the Hussars, on landing, were met and we by their old commander, whom they with such a rousing British cheer as had before rent the sky in those wild Arabian

When massed at Trinkitat, Graham' consisted of 2,850 infantry, 750 mounted 150 Bluejackets, 100 Royal Artillery, 80 Engineers, 6 machine-guns, and 8 7-poun

This eager force, on landing, was de by the news that Tokar had already surre but the gallant Graham nevertheless dec push on and give Osman the Ugly a lesso it would take him long to forget.

Yet the rules of war demanded that he give the rebellious Arab butchers a fair how to escape the wrath to come. Wi intent he sent out Major Harvey, of the Watch, under a flag of truce, with a lette sheikhs, summoning them to "dispers fighting-men before daybreak to-morrow, consequences will be on your own heads.' letter, writ in choice Arabic, was tied to fixed in the sand and left there, as one bait a hook at night with intent to hau next day. On the following morning

it was found that the summons had n from its staff, but that its place had lied by no answer from the sheikhs. So *s im Gottes Namen!*" as old Marshal ised to sing out to his soldiers, was of the order which General Graham essed to his eager troops.

days had already been occupied in reparations and in feeling for the foe, he morning of the 29th of February advanced to lure them on to battle. of departure was Fort Baker, situated dward side of Trinkitat, from which it ated by a salt marsh; and across this e troops had previously had to swash r to their bivouac of the 28th as best l.

rce advanced in the form of a square, of an oblong, having an interior space 200 by 150 yards. In front were the ons, in rear their kilted comrades of ty-Twa"; on the right the Royal Irish supported by four companies of the ifles (60th); on the left the York and s, supported by 380 of the Royal rtillery and Light Infantry.

ls were left at the angles for the guns ings, the Bluejackets occupying the the Royal Artillery the rear corners. marched with their water-bottles filled day's rations. The only transport vere those carrying ammunition and ppliances, all being kept together in of the square.

dron of the 10th Hussars was thrown o scout, the rest of the cavalry (10th Hussars) being on the rear of the nder Brigadier Herbert Stewart, who wards, during the Nile campaign, to the Desert Column, and receive a ound at Abu-Kru.

huge square continued its advance arren sandy soil, it came upon ghastly of the butchery of Baker Pasha's force. The corpses studded the route ing about in hundreds and polluting Swarms of carrion birds," said an eye- flew off on our approach. By half- e had marched three miles from Fort d here we could plainly see that the d built some sort of earthworks, in y had mounted guns and set up stand- ir outpost fire had almost ceased; only ts were popping off on our extreme left, and these were aimed at our scouts. It was a fine sight to see our fellows step out as if on holiday parade. It gave a grand idea of the power and pride of physical strength. The bagpipes played gaily, and the Highlanders, instinctively cocking their caps and swinging their shoulders, footed the way cheerily."

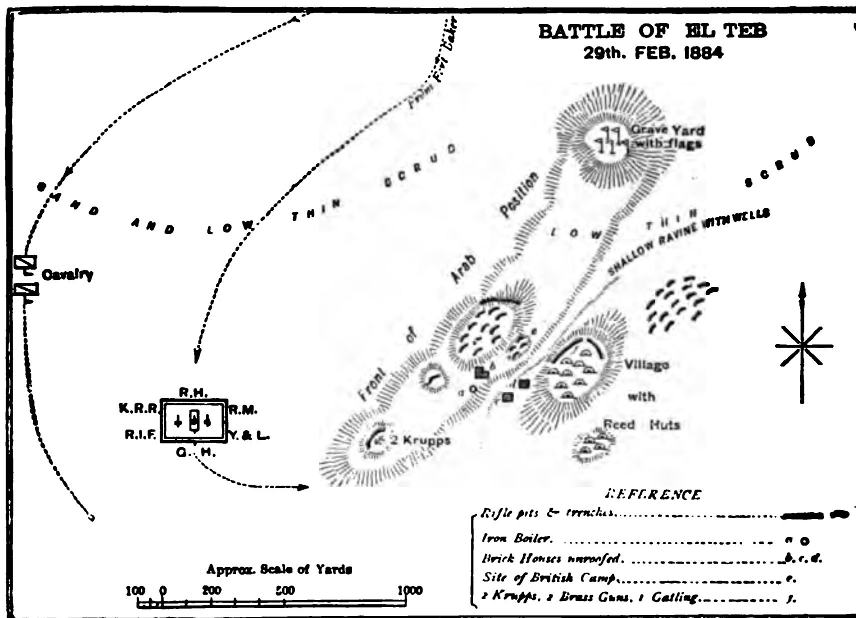
Forward—with General Graham, Admiral Hewitt, and Baker Pasha in its centre—steadily tramped the square, keeping well together and halting from time to time in order to give the men a little rest. At last it reached a point, about 800 yards from the Arab position. An old sugar-mill had evidently once stood here—a building of sun-dried bricks and a large three-flued boiler marking the site—with a number of native huts; a kind of fort was also discernible. The mounted infantry and the Hussars, having done their work and run the foe to earth, fell back on the remainder of the cavalry half a mile in the rear. The square was halted. Many of the men sat down, quite indifferent to the presence of the rebels, whose black faces could be seen peering from behind every knoll of sand.

Having now decided on his plan of attack, Graham again ordered the square to advance by making something of a détour to the right, his object being to turn the left of the enemy's entrenchment. As the bugles sounded the advance and the bagpipes struck up again, a storm of bullets was poured on the square, accompanied by shrapnel shells thrown by the Krupp guns which had been taken from Baker Pasha's massacred force, and which were served by gunners

BAKER PASHA.

from the very Tokar garrison which Graham's expedition had been despatched to relieve.

The first shell went wide over the square, and threw up a cascade of sand half a mile beyond it, but the correct range was soon found, and the shrapnel began to burst over the oblong, striking down several men. Baker Pasha himself was severely wounded in the cheek by the fragment of a shell, but he managed to remain in the saddle till the end of the fight. The square meanwhile reserved its fire till the north face of the enemy's earthworks was passed ; then after it had moved on about a thousand yards, a halt



was ordered and the men were directed to lie down. During the flanking movement the York and Lancasters on the left flank had become the front side of the square, and suffered rather severely, the stretcher-men and the doctors having their hands already full.

It was now about noon, and several guns were brought into action at a range of about 900 yards. The practice with these guns was carried on with great deliberation and remarkable accuracy, and with the help of the machine-guns, which poured in a stream of bullets, the two Krupps of the Arabs were completely silenced. Graham's soldiers were now becoming impatient as the stretchers got filled with the wounded, and some were heard to exclaim, "If they won't attack us, why don't we attack them ?"

Thousands of the enemy were there in front—grouped about among the wells, villa[illegible] earthworks of El-Teb, while clouds of hung about on either flank of the square now, to the stirring notes of the bugl straight for the Arab position. "It i charge," wrote an eye-witness, "but a solid movement in the formation which along been observed. It looks, however, more formidable, for enthusiasm and disci[illegible] equally marked, as the whole of the tr cheering, while the square sweeps down the enemy."

The brunt of the enemy's onset fell Black Wat by the [illegible] manœuvre the squar needs exec now beco front inste rear face as It was [illegible] slight feel mingled [illegible] disappoi that the [illegible] had obse tactical sit the squa suddenly to the a of their ki rades of th Twa," wh now lifted loudest [illegible] exultation regiment thus accidentally falling into front of the battle.

When the square had attained to a of about 200 yards from the main positi enemy the latter ceased firing. Throwi their rifles, they grasped their spears or l hilted swords, and, starting up in a bod themselves upon the advancing square. and brandishing their weapons and wavi banners, they flung themselves like a flood straight on the levelled bayonet square, and many came within five pa ere they fell. "So hotly do the Arabs p ward," wrote Cameron, of the *Standar* the troops pause in their steady adva becomes a hand-to-hand fight, the soldie ing the Arab spear with cold steel, their fa weapon, and beating them at it. There

shouting, and only a short, sharp exclama- brief shout or an oath, as the soldiers with their foes. At this critical moment enemy, the Gardner guns open fire, and eaden hail soon decides matters."

of the Grecian leaders at the siege of Troy, his huge and broad-shouldered figure—six feet four in his stockings—towering like a beacon-light among the roaring breakers of the battle. His only weapon was a double-barrelled shot-gun, and with this he kept on bowling over Arab after Arab, as calmly and with as much

"THEY WERE HARASSED THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT BY A DROPPING FIRE" (p. 608).

n the Martinis had cleared the front, the resumed its onward march at the *pas de* and "went for" the Arab position. The Colonel Fred Burnaby, of ballooning as the first to clear the breastwork with men of the Black Watch. The colonel's ad been shot under him, while he himself nded in the arm. But, heedless of these , the heroic guardsman had banged his feet again and burst forward with ck Watch, laying about him like one

intense enjoyment of sport as if he had been engaged in a battue in some game-abounding glade of sylvan England.

Burnaby had a worthy compeer in the person of Captain Knyvet Wilson, of the *Hecla*, who was present as a volunteer. As the advancing troops closed on the Arab battery, the rebels moved out on the corner of the square against the detachment who were dragging the Gardner gun. At this moment Captain Wilson sprang to the front and engaged in combat with five or

six of the enemy, in the course of which he broke his sword at the hilt—it had probably been "made in Germany"—over the head of one of them. The others closed round him, but he kept them at bay with his fists, and did terrible execution with his sword-hilt till aid arrived and he was rescued. By almost a miracle he escaped with a sword-cut on the head which laid open the scalp, but after having his wound dressed he kept on with the troops. For this special act of bravery Captain Wilson, on returning home, was publicly decorated with the coveted Victoria Cross at Southsea.

The first position of the Arabs having now been won, the square was halted and readjusted preparatory to an assault on their second line, from which an active, galling fire was still kept up. This second position consisted of trenches and numberless holes or rifle-pits, each containing two, three, or four men. Out of these holes the Arabs started as the column advanced slowly but steadily, and flung themselves upon the bayonets to die; and now so confident had Graham's men become, that their square formation was abandoned, the flank forces were deployed, and the attack was continued in two long lines. The Black Watch fell somewhat out of hand in their eagerness to close with the foe and to pour a converging fire on a house—the old sugar-mill before referred to—which continued to be held with the utmost desperation by the enemy.

As the guns proved to be of too light a calibre to break down the walls, the building was at length carried by a brilliant charge of the Bluejackets, those ubiquitous and irresistible sea-dogs, under Lieutenant Graham. The adjacent ground was contested inch by inch by the Arabs, who seemed to swarm behind every bush, springing out of the ground like rabbits in a warren, and they could only be killed, but not driven off. Scores were waiting under cover to charge with sword or lance, but only to get shot down or bayoneted. Their death-despising bravery was beyond the power of words.

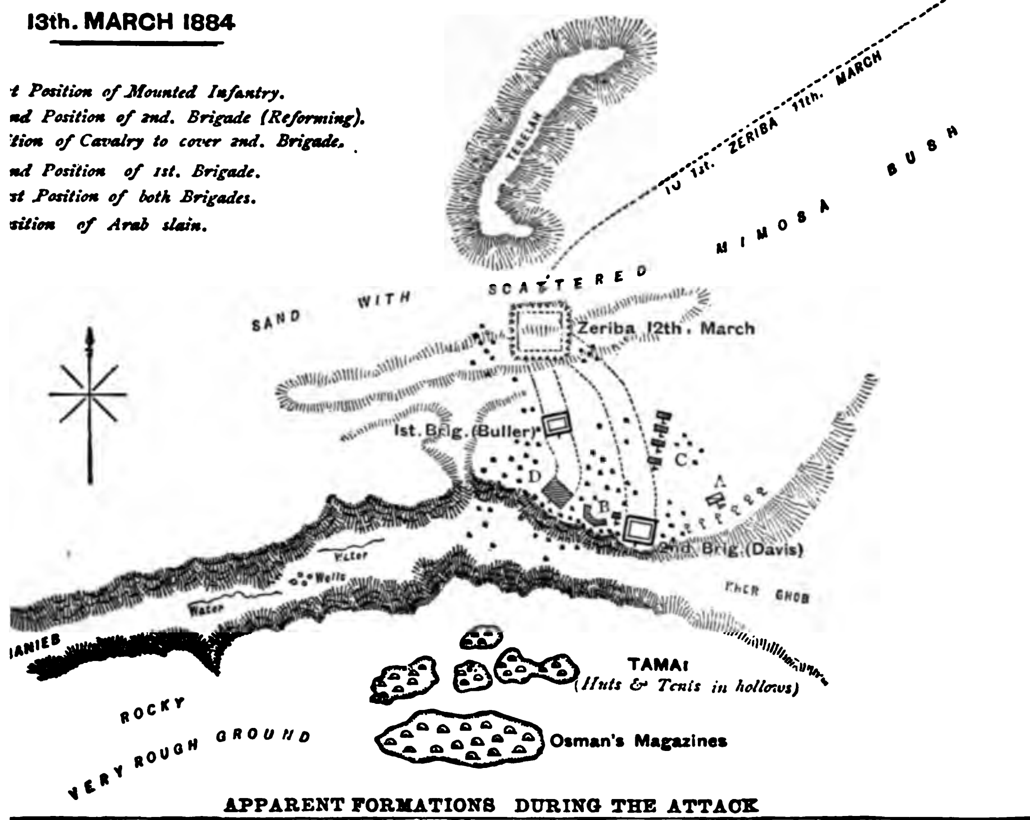
Ever pressing them, Graham's men headed towards the wells of El-Teb, where the Arabs made their last stand—in a position protected by a breastwork of sandbags and barrels. It was crescent-shaped and facing south; but as the troops advanced on it from the north, the guns with which it was mounted were wheeled round in that direction. But they had scarcely begun to belch forth death and destruction, when two companies of the Gordons, under Captain Slade, were upon them like the Philistines; an[d] the pipers now skirled up a loud pæan of the enemy were at last seen, with all th taken out of their magnificent courage, st away towards Suakim and Tokar.

But during the latter portion of the fight the cavalry had not been idle—had contributed in no small degree to the (and crushing victory won by Graham. the square had begun to advance to th attack, Stewart swept round its right fl in three lines went slap-dash at a mas enemy away on their right front. B this triple hurricane of horsemen comi upon them, the rebels split into two lar —one to the right, the other to the lef cost the Hussars a gallop of three go before they could come within sabre's l the retreating foe. The Arabs themselve out as the cavalry rushed on, crouching the scrub, hamstringing the horses, and their dismounted riders. It was aln possible for the Hussars to reach the c or prostrate Arabs with their sabres; a felt that the proper kind of cavalry to against such foes were Lancers. Recogn after the fight, General Stewart procur 600 of the Arab spears and armed his with them. These spears were like Zul in form, save that, being weighted w of iron at the extreme end of the shaft, greater momentum and piercing power

Colonel Barrow, while charging Hussars, was struck down by a s pierced his arm and side, yet on he r his horse came down. The trumpet to his rescue was so terribly cut al spears that he was only brought ou *mêlée* to die. Two sergeants and a however, with great courage succeeded their colonel's life. One, Sergeant caught the colonel as he fell, and, seizir horse, sought to place him upon it. T however, fell, and at this moment it Trooper Boosley, came up, and on foo a heavy fire, aided by Sergeant Fenton ported the wounded officer through r the enemy into the infantry lines. A of the 10th had four horses killed unde three by bullets and one by spears.

The three lines of Hussars did not lon tain their original formation, but oper parted, and attacked according to the exigencies of the moment, so that the portion of the battle resolved itself into

Some thirty rebel horsemen, armed
›-edged swords, rode fearlessly against
›le advancing squadron. Three came
through safely, and undismayed by the
ey had survived, or the equal peril of
ıd line sweeping down on them, wheeled
ses, which they were riding bare-backed,
ıderful rapidity, and hesitated not to dart



ursuit of the squadrons whose superior
ıey had so narrowly escaped.
ıost mournful casualties occurred among
ı Hussars during one of their charges,
ieutenant Probyn, of the 9th Bengal
was among the first to fall. Of General
s four orderlies, one was killed and two
l. Major Slade, as gallant a soldier as
athed, was found lying dead, pierced
ren spears, and his horse hamstrung to
:. Another promising young officer who
Lieutenant Freeman, of the 19th Hussars,
l just passed "with distinction" for his

The action had lasted three hours, and resulted in a complete victory for Graham, though at the cost of 34 killed (including Quartermaster Wilkins and Lieutenant Royds, R.N.) and 155 wounded; while the Arabs, who were estimated at about 6,000, left considerably more than a third of this number dead upon the field.

In addition to running up so long a slaughter-list of the foe, Graham's men had captured four Krupp guns, two brass howitzers, and one Gatling, besides great store of arms and ammunition, the spoils of El-Teb, Sinkat, Tokar, and other Arab victories.

Osman the Ugly explained his defeat by saying that he had given his men the wrong fetish against steel and lead, but he was presently to be furnished with another opportunity for repairing this disastrous error of judgment.

On the 4th of March, after reaping all the harvest of his victory at El-Teb, General Graham and his force returned to Trinkitat, bringing with them the inhabitants of Tokar. On the

following morning the force embarked for Suakim, where the Government had resolved to concentrate it with the view of giving effect to a proclamation issued by General Graham and Admiral Hewitt, denouncing Osman Digna, and calling on the rebel chiefs to submit. To this came a defiant reply signed by a large number of sheikhs. Accordingly on the 12th of March the force, which had been marched out to a zareba formed by Baker Pasha about eight miles from Suakim, advanced on Tamai and bivouacked about 1,400 yards only from the enemy's position, whence they were harassed throughout the night by a dropping fire, as well as by "excursions and alarums" on the part of the foe, the casualties on the British side being one man killed and an officer and two men wounded.

Sunrise brought no relief from the enemy's fire, whilst the immunity they had hitherto enjoyed from retaliation now emboldened a considerable body of them to advance within three or four hundred yards of the square. This was more than British flesh and blood, however patient, could endure, and at about six o'clock a Gardner and a 9-pounder were brought into play, which soon had the effect of dispersing the Arabs, who now retired to their main position near the wells of Tamai.

At seven o'clock, after the troops had breakfasted, the cavalry were sent on ahead to reconnoitre, and after searching the bush well in front, and discerning only small parties of the foe, the opinion began to prevail that, after all, the tribesmen did not mean to fight. Erroneous inference!

An hour later the infantry formed up in two echeloned squares—*i.e.* one in advance of the other, like the black and white checks of a chess-board, the distance between them being about 1,000 yards. At El-Teb, Graham had formed his force into but one square, or oblong; but now, owing to the different nature of the ground and for other tactical reasons, he preferred dividing it into two, each square being composed of one brigade. Foremost on the left in the line of advance was the 2nd Brigade, under General Davis, consisting of the Black Watch, the York and Lancasters, and the Naval Brigade, Graham himself and his staff being in the centre of this square; while the 1st Brigade under General Redvers-Buller, a very cool and capable leader which followed on the right rear of the other, was made up of the Gordons, the Royal Irish, and the King's Rifles.

The squares moved steadily on over ground intersected by watercourses, towards hollow full of boulders and rugged rock a nullah. When the cavalry, pressed i the Arabs, retired on the left, Davis's halted and opened a heavy fire with ri machine-guns on the advancing mass of As the edge of the ravine was won, the fire became inconceivably hot, while the now began to make rushes with sword an Despite the bugle-calls and orders of the the men could not be got to reserve their aim steadily. Thus, in a few minutes, troops became hidden in the dense sm their own rifles, and under its cover the crept up the rocky side of the ravine and a succession of furious rushes at the front

"And now, as the pressure increased, th points of a square formation became visibl an eye-witness. "The companies of th and Lancasters and Black Watch, formi front face, swept forward against the foe; remaining companies of those regiments formed the sides of the square, and expecting an attack, did not keep up rapid movement of those in front, th quence being that many gaps appeared should have been a solid wall of men."

Every effort was made to close the steady the men to receive the Arab but the rolling fire which now burst fo front and flank drowned the voices of th and even the notes of the bugle. " (York and Lancaster) gave way," w Bennett Burleigh, of the *Daily Telegra* fell back on the Marines, throwing th disorder, though many men disdained their backs, but kept their faces to the f and thrusting with the bayonet. But b ments were inextricably huddled toget through the smoke at this dire crisis and demon-like figures of the foe could rushing on, unchecked even for a mo the hailstorm of bullets, and then the came hand-to-hand." Crawling on the and knees beneath the bayonets and m the Gatlings and Gardners, the Arabs the square, when they commenced stab slashing, doing terrible execution. quarters with the cold steel the troops in were no match for these powerful savag would dodge the bayonets or turn the with their shields and then deliver two spear-thrusts before the wielder of the could recover.

But in some of the Highlanders th

"THE ARABS CROUCHED AMONG THE SCRUB, HAMSTRINGING THE HORSES" (p. 606).

found more than their match. The officers of the Black Watch slew several of the enemy with their claymores, running their blades up to the hilt; and one of the finest and strongest men of the regiment, "Big Jamie Adams," with nineteen of his comrades, having charged up to the brink of the ravine where the bulk of the Arabs had been lying concealed, opposed steel to steel, fighting with a prowess superior even to the swarthy savages opposed to them. He and Colour-Sergeant Donald Fraser made over a dozen of their adversaries bite the dust before they fell from loss of blood due to wounds from spears thrown at them.

Another man of the same company, Private Drummond, was in the act of bayoneting an Arab when he was cut over the head by a horseman wielding a huge cross-hilted sword. Drummond's helmet and the swerving of his assailant's horse saved him, and though partially stunned, he instantly rallied and drove his bayonet through the body of the horseman, who was afterwards identified as Sheikh Mahomed, a cousin of Osman Digna. While tugging to withdraw his bayonet, Drummond was set upon by another savage, spear in hand, but his comrade—Kelly—shot the Arab. Kelly himself was killed almost immediately afterwards, and Drummond had his work cut out to get away.

The breaking up of the square by the recoil of the York and Lancasters (on its right face and flank) threw both the Black Watch and the Marines in rear into confusion; and in spite of the strenuous efforts of the officers, who, *mente manuque*, strove to rally and reorganise their men, the whole body of troops began to fall back. But there was no panic-terror such as had seized upon the Egyptians of Baker Pasha at El-Teb and made their extermination an easy task for their assailants. No; the Highlanders and their comrades, pressed back by the wild rush of the ferocious savages, retreated in good order, and mowed down their assailants as they went.

This retirement allowed the enemy to capture the machine-guns, though not before they had been locked by the heroic Naval Brigade, who stood by them to the last, losing three officers—Montressor, Almack, and Houston-Stewart—and many brave bluejackets. A battery of four guns under Major Holley, R.A., was equally left without protection owing to the backward movement of the chaotic square, but, though assailed by crowds of the foe, officers and men stood firm to their guns, mowing down the onrushing Arabs with inverted shrapnel.

Soon after Davis's Brigade had th
pressed back in confusion, the fortune
day were brilliantly retrieved by Buller's l
which, about 500 yards on the right r
advancing with the steadiness of tro
parade. And now was seen the wis
Graham having split his force into two c
Buller's square had been assailed in th
furious manner as that of Davis, but ha
away all impediments to its advance. N
thing could long remain in front of Bull
his triune Scottish Gordons, Royal Iri
English Rifles, who now moved up to the
of the disastered Davis.

Encouraged by the splendid steadiness
advancing square, Davis's Brigade rallied
and his troops, burning to retrieve the ter
disorder into which they had been thr
advanced manfully in line with Buller's
force. So terrible was the united fire wh
two brigades now poured into the enem
the progress of the latter was checke
reaching the point where the Arabs had
down upon the 2nd Brigade, the abandon
were recovered within a quarter of an
the time when they had been lost.

Almost at this moment a fresh body
enemy were seen issuing from a broa
rocky ravine, in which they had been lyi
cealed—this time in even denser numb
before. The troops met the new onslaug
the utmost steadiness. It was a repeti
some extent, of El-Teb; only the Arab
were fiercer and more determined than
But all in vain. The masses of the
melted away under the terrible fire of
squares, leaving a trail of dead bodies
Thus the breechloaders prevailed over v
brilliant and heroic as was ever displaye
defeat of the Arabs in this part of the f
now completed by the cavalry, who, s
round the left flank, dismounted and
volley after volley in among the retreatin

The fight was virtually over, yet it w
gerous to move about the battlefield,
to the wounded natives lying thickly
the bushes. They positively refused to
quarter, and such as were able continued
and firing at any one who came near th
thrust with their spears at all who pas
In the bush, too, were many unwounde
who, when they saw an opportunity, le
their feet and attacked any soldiers wh
sufficiently close.

"All our officers," wrote an officer

atch to a friend at home, "fought like
d how we lost only one I cannot tell.
ood, and must have put His shield
hem. The colonel is a splendid man:
two Arabs dead, and would have shot
ly the Government ammunition missed
Arab threw a spear, and this passed
nel; another threw a stone, wounded
the head and knocked his helmet off,
was bareheaded under a burning sun,
nt Norman MacLeod gave him his
and wrapped a cloth round his own head.
e rallied and formed line, I imagined I
the only officer alive, but to my joy
et: old Charlie Eden, as cool as if on
-shooting; little Brophy, lame, but
ng to be sound; Sandy Kennedy, with
in his eye, and his wife's watch round
; Bald, a gigantic subaltern, sweating,
ilor's hat on—he had lost his helmet;
n MacLeod's son, Duncan, wounded;
Coveney, smiling with confidence; and
MacLeod, with his firm lips; Speid,
calm as a judge; and young Macrae, an
ire lad, who had only joined us the day
rmed with a spear. All our officers had
hand fights with the Arabs, who pulled
s off our men. One of them tore the
bbons off mine, but I killed him."

fficer referred to in this extract as lost
or Aitken, in attempting to save whom
Fraser died fighting to the last. But
he Black Watch lost only one of its
it had to deplore the death of no fewer
ght of its sergeants—McClay, Fraser,
ll, Reid, Duncan, Gray, Johnstone, and
These numerous casualties among the
missioned officers arose from the circum-
hat they were supernumeraries in rear
ighting line (front of square), and that
ently, when the Arabs burst into the
they were taken in rear, and cut down
he men in front could realise what
pened. There remains one feat which
a special mention—the gallant defence
n and some mules loaded with Gatling
tion by Private T. Edwards of the
Watch" single-handed, the naval
and blue-jacket in charge of the gun
been disabled by the enemy. Edwards
splendidly against a dozen Soudanese,
ceeded in retreating safely with the
tion. His achievement won him the
Cross.

lf-past ten Graham re-formed his troops preparatory to advancing on the wells of Tamai, about three miles from the battlefield, the capture of which was the immediate object of the expedition. Parties of the enemy were visible on all points of the horizon, equally loth, as at El-Teb, to quit the spot where they had maintained such a gallant struggle. When after a short rest the troops resumed their advance, the enemy gathered again, and it seemed as if they intended to renew the battle.

A halt was ordered, and the guns opened fire on the distant foe. The latter attempted to reply with their rifles, but the distance was too great. The gunners continuing to shell the

ADMIRAL HEWITT.

enemy with neat precision, the troops soon had the satisfaction of seeing the hostile groups break up and disperse, the greater part taking to the hills. Ere long a few scattered bodies of retreating Arabs were the sole remains of the forces with which Osman Digna had so confidently awaited an attack.

While Davis's sorely battered brigade returned to the zereba, where it had spent the night, Buller's force remained behind to destroy the camp of Osman, who, by the way, had only watched the battle from a distance, and on seeing that his forces were beaten, had retreated to some holy spot among the hills to pray for the success of his tribe. From this secure elevation the rebel chief could lift up his eyes and behold the towering flames and volumes of smoke which indicated the complete annihilation of all his encampment—tents, huts, and stores—and the reduction of all his glory, all his worldly goods, to dust and vapour.

Two of his standards were preserved by Buller

as a trophy of the crushing victory which had been won, but it had only been won at the cost of 5 British officers and 104 men killed, with 8 officers and 104 men wounded. On the other hand the Arab loss was considerably over 2,000 killed, not to speak of wounded. Six hundred bodies were counted at the spot where the square was broken, and where the united brigades had advanced they lay in heaps. Alongside of them were the skeletons of the Nubian regiment annihilated three months previously, and now terribly avenged.

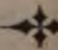
At the zereba, near the battle-field, a dismal night was passed. The air was full of melancholy sounds. First there were the low moanings of wounded men and animals; then came the volleys fired over the dead, who were buried near the camp; then, later on, parties of Arabs could be seen in the moonlight, wandering over the field, and giving vent to the most heartrending cries of grief as they came across the heaps of dead and dying. These sounds continued all night long, with scarce a minute's interruption, but in the morning none of the enemy were visible, all having dispersed before daybreak.

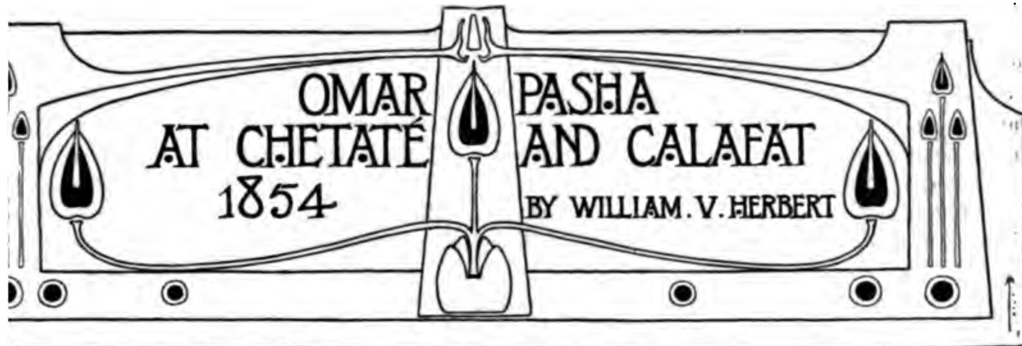
PRIVATE T. EDWARDS, OF THE 42ND, AT TAMAI (*p.* 611).

As the Governor of Suakim, Admiral H issued a proclamation offering 5,000 doll the body, dead or alive, of "the rebel the murderer," but as this gave great in certain sentimental quarters in Engl was withdrawn. By Osman and his sheik the other h was treated with indig than conte that Graha solved to ma more attem bring to h still defiant tenant of Mahdi. Wi intent he ad to the vill Tamanieb, b some de firing it was ated by the Osman the stealing aw the mountai leaving al honours o situation t gallant Gra

The ca was at a and Gra troops wer wanted fo operations Nile to Gordon have a formed the ject of three separate articles.

But yet another will be necessary to d the fights at Hasheen and MacNeil's zere Suakim, after the failure to relieve Khart the following spring, when the hordes of Digna once more sought to brave the British bayonets.





he years 1829 to 1834, when Hussein, e blood-stained exterminator of the ınissaries, of European notoriety, was ısha of Widdin, there lived in the wn an obscure personage, a fugitive from across the Croatian border, a from the Austrian army, a convert ., who was known to the townspeople assumed name of Omar, and the al courtesy-title of Effendi, his real nown to none, being Michael Lattas. ıed a precarious living as clerk to the oresaid, with which despised office he d the even humbler one of teacher to his children of the rudiments of history graphy, and of an elementary know- Italian and German. He made a little ıe" (not much, for the grim pasha was taskmaster) by writing the letters of persons.

ange person was this Omar Effendi— coarse, unsociable, uncouth, shabby, and n pecuniary difficulties; a young man not twenty-three years yet when he ıe to Widdin) with the demeanour of narian. He was not married, and seem- sired not to be; for never did he cast eyes on any one of the many fair of the town—the so-called "Spanish" ., the Bulgarians, the Roumanians—whose was renowned throughout the country. no friends, and never tried to make any; for himself and by himself, books being companions—records of wars and great ıich he begged or borrowed of the wealthy nd Armenian traders, if he could not ıem in the public library of the town, the of Pasvan Oglu, the last of the great leaders. To his master he was useful ways: he spoke Turkish without the an accent, knew the tongue of the despised Rayahs and several Western idioms, and, by means of a very fair education, was clerk, interpreter, secretary, translator, business-man, and steward all rolled into one. An intelligent observer—there were not many in Widdin—must have gained the impression that this mysterious young man was suppressing himself. Such was the case. He played a waiting game, and, being endowed with stupendous latent power, could rise grandly to the occasion when such a one proffered itself.

But before this occurred, some more years of degradation and adversity had to be gone through. In 1834 Omar left the town, in the middle of the night, to many clamouring creditors' disappointment, his only possessions in the wide world being a small bundle, a few silver coins, and a letter of recommendation from his master—who favoured his plans—to the Seraskier of Stamboul. He partly tramped, partly worked his way as a carter, to the capital, the El Dorado of many an adventurer whom the Occident had cast out.

Now there was at that time—and there is, in a smaller degree, now—no place in the world so paved with gold to a man of abundant energy and a conveniently small dose of scrupulousness as Constantinople. Granted that you possess a knowledge of two or three European languages, can read and write Turkish, possess latent power, strength of purpose, and an individuality of your own, employment by Government and quick advancement are certain, if only you know how to make yourself agreeable, and understand the art of closing your eyes and keeping your mouth shut when occasion requires it. In 1834 Omar was clerk in the Seraskierat; in 1835 teacher of writing to the Sultan's eldest son, with the honorary title of captain. In 1837 he exchanged the reed for the sword and entered active service, having already

ustchuk and Silistria. He arrived on
ɔvember, and two days later he had
won the battle of Oltenitza, the first
in the war. This accomplished, he
ith the same speed to Calafat.
ıring November and December, more
re concentrated, and with the new
counted on this spot 25,000 regulars,
gular cavalry, and 50 field-guns. The
f Calafat, having been extended to a
with a radius of over three miles, had
gthened in such a manner that the
orted as it was by Widdin with its
ıance and huge stores, was practically
le. And such the Russians found it
he reiterated command of their ex-
Czar, they made that series of futile
on the place, extending over a period
ve months, which is known to history
ıewhat misleading name of the Siege
and which was inaugurated by the
hetaté, on the 6th January, 1854, the
per of this memoir.
on of Oltenitza had already made a
n Europe, and placed Omar Pasha's
verybody's lips ; the fight of Chetaté
e whole newspaper-reading world to
t pitch of excitement and enthusiasm.
wever, to the total lack of impartial
in this quarter, the versions which
ed the Western public are garbled,
d, and misleading ; even to this day
ıns give each other the lie direct. I
better than record the details of the
[collected them on the spot. I had
Widdin in 1877 with participators and
ses, and with many citizens who were
ı to remember the events of twenty-
ago. The following is, in substance,
t which I gathered as the harvest of
gations :—
nence with, Chetaté was at that time
aggling, dirty, poverty-stricken village
'allachia, situate on the left bank of
e, about nine miles upwards of Calafat,
en miles below the Timok mouth. It
f a single street over a mile long, and
me 1,200 inhabitants (a populous place
art of the world), mostly Wallachian
and petty farmers of the poorest class,
ll sprinkling of Turks. The surround-
at, green, and fertile, but so sparsely
s to be almost a wilderness, even at the
. There was at that time no direct
tion, not even track or path, between
Calafat and Chetaté ; the road led *viâ* Golentzé, a *détour* of ten miles or more.

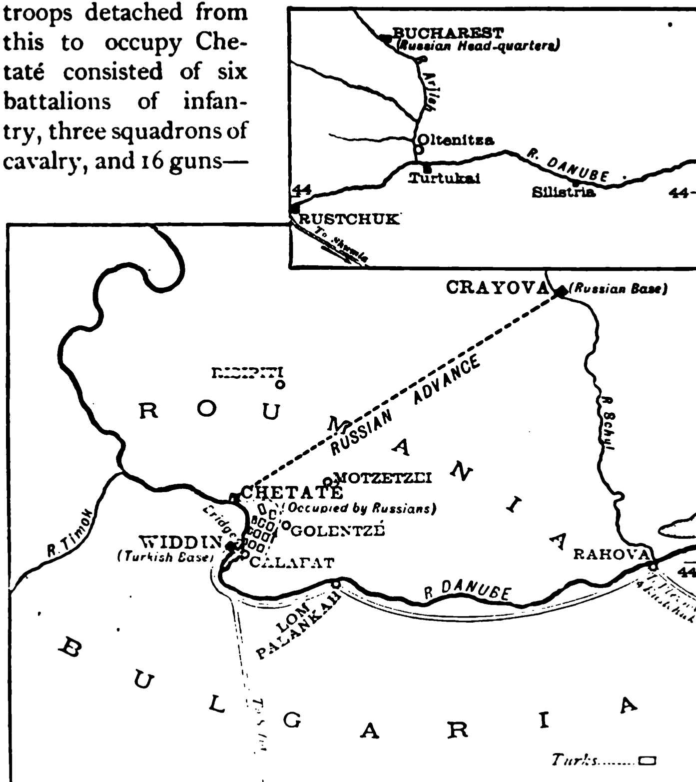
It was late at night on the 5th January when the outposts of irregular cavalry brought into Calafat, *ventre-à-terre*, the astounding and wholly unexpected news of the occupation of Chetaté by the Russians, who were supposed to be still in Crayova, fifty miles to the north-east. Omar Pasha, who happened to be in Calafat, called at once a meeting of his principal officers, and an expedition for the early morrow was decided upon.

This was to be twofold. A force of 1,000, mostly regular infantry, with a few guns of light calibre, set out from Widdin before the 6th January had dawned, in craft which the far-seeing Mushir had caused to be got ready some time before, equipped with oars and Danube experts in the persons of local fishermen. There were some fifty of these boats and barges, and they rowed slowly upstream in the cold grey dawn of a bitter winter day. An hour later—in time to keep tryst with the river force—three battalions of infantry, 2,000 irregular cavalry, and three field-batteries of six guns each, started from Calafat along the river meadows.

The force in the boats was led by Ismael Pasha, the land force by Ahmed Pasha, who, being also commander-in-chief of the under-taking, deserves to survive to posterity as Victor of Chetaté. Omar himself followed at a march-hour's distance with a strong reserve of regular cavalry, and a battery of light guns. With Ahmed's detachment was a body of Polish and Hungarian volunteers, led by two noblemen of the former nationality, named Constantin von Yacoubowski (Yakub Bey) and the Count Alexander Illinski (Iskender Bey), while the large horde of irregular cavalry was officered by Ishmahil, a notorious Circassian chief. The artillery was under the command of an English adventurer by name Samuel Morris (Moussa Bey), who was popularly supposed to be a deserter from the British army, and who proved himself to be a clever, capable, and courageous leader. The following men—all, like those already mentioned, conspicuous characters in the peninsula at that time—also took part in the fighting on the Turkish side :—Halim Pasha, to be mentioned hereafter ; Sami Pasha, the civil governor of Widdin, the well-known advocate of an alliance between Turkey, England, and France, who later brought his powerful influence to bear upon the Sultan in this direction ; two Austrian military engineers, Holzwege and Teutsch ; and

lastly, a renowned Kurdish chief and warrior named Iskendjer, who, having been captured by Omar Pasha some years before, and, at the instigation of England, banished to the Danube swamps to atone for countless atrocities committed upon the Armenians, asked, and was allowed, to take part in the fighting.

The Russian force then in possession of Crayova was composed of two divisions (23,000 men) with 48 guns, and was commanded by General Anrep. The troops detached from this to occupy Chetaté consisted of six battalions of infantry, three squadrons of cavalry, and 16 guns—about 6,000 men; the Turkish force which came into action had about the same strength. The Russian leader at Chetaté was General Fischbach.



The appointment was admirably kept by the two separate Turkish forces, and the plan to surprise the enemy succeeded completely. Hardly had the river force landed unperceived and commenced to attack the village on that side, when the land force arrived and assailed at once impetuously on the other. Most of the Russians were still resting in the houses from the exertion and the fatigue of the previous day's exhausting march from Crayova, when the first shots exchanged between the *têtes* of the Turkish columns and the sleepy sentries, posted at both ends of the village, alarmed them. Many of the soldiers took part half-dressed in the fer fighting that ensued. The open ends street had been hastily barricaded and entre the evening before; but what the Ru trusted most to for protection against su was the river on one side and a large ponc some swamps on the other. Both these n defences turned out to be imaginary; for the former, we have seen that the Turks u it for transport, and as to the latter, the ob were successfully circumvent

The struggle was of the desperate description. H ever has action exhibited g personal bravery of either batant. As if conscious th eyes of Europe were upon —which, indeed they were- sides fought ferociously, an result was simply murd Each house, hovel, and she converted into a fortress staunchly defended; each f ground was contested. In th the Turks were left masters village, having carried it entirely at the point of the net. The action, which ha menced at about an hou daybreak—that is, at 9 a.m. over shortly after noon, an surviving Russians fled across country north-eas leaving two guns in the ha the enemy and nearly one-l their force, dead or dying, ground and in the burning h So desperate had the fightin that the Russians lost all the and almost all the men of their two batt the guns had to be served by infantry a moved by Cossacks. That fourteen pieces sixteen were saved in the turmoil and con of such a defeat is to their credit.

The Turks had lost 1,000, the Russians men in killed and wounded; thus the cas amounted to 25 per cent. of the forces ac engaged. The former had taken many hur of wounded prisoners: what they did them is not recorded. The village was a destroyed by fire, and it is to be feared many disabled men of both nationalities pe in the flames.

The weather on this day, as well a three fighting days that were to follow

cold, with the peculiar icy north wind of
arian winter; the ground was soaked by
eeks of incessant rain, and although
l slush came down at intervals, the frost
sufficiently severe to create a hard crust
round, which latter is always preferable
ing purposes.

almost all the countless victories which
of the Crescent have won in the course
enturies, pursuit of the beaten enemy
'urks was sad to seek. That means, the
vas not utilised, and might as well have
n-existent for all the difference it made
progress of the campaign. This is the
tonishing in the case of Chetaté, as
sposed of a splendid body of horsemen,
xceeding that of the Russians at Crayova
ers.

here was not even the faintest attempt
ance of a pursuit is made manifest by
that on each of the three following days
, 9th January) the Russians sent large
ents from Crayova for the purpose of
ng Chetaté—first a fresh brigade, then an
ivision, and finally almost the whole of
corps. But the Turks clung to their
quired possession with all the obstinacy
their distinguishing characteristic in
and the Russians were beaten off each
he Turks lost another thousand men, the
nearly double that number. Thus the
s' fighting at Chetaté (which was said to
sperated the Czar in no small degree)
a total loss in life and limb of 6,000
eings, the aggregate of fighters actually
having been below 25,000.

rkey the four days' battle of Chetaté
enormous sensation, and Widdin cele-
he victor of the first field-day, Ahmed
y building a huge mosque and dedicating
in naming it Ahmed Djami.

ch an extent grew Omar Pasha's popu-
Europe, that countless volunteers of
nalities flocked to Widdin to join his
Wherever there was an adventurer, a
, a social outcast, a *blasé*, any man with
of fighting and no other opportunity
ising it—Austrians, Germans, Italians,
or English (for these events happened
onths before the consummation of the
English-Turkish alliance)—he found it
nt upon him to link his fate to that of
famous renegade. For at that time
as heartily disliked by all countries and
and her Czar, Nicholas I., was held in
particular execration, although whether rightly
or wrongly cannot here be determined.

We have now arrived at the second portion of
our subject—the struggle for Calafat, January to
May, 1854.

It has already been intimated that the Calafat
of 1854 was a very different place from the
clean and sober European town which I was
to behold in the year of war 1877, when it was
quite a modern creation, built on the site of
the historic objective of many a sanguinary
struggle. That which Omar's force defended so
bravely was a long, extended, squalid, poverty-

OMAR PASHA.

stricken Wallachian village, of which no trace
remains at the present day. The strategical im-
portance of this place, considered by itself, was
nil; but in conjunction with its neighbour across
the road, the impregnable fortress of Widdin, it
was of enormous value to both belligerents, since
the latter city was the key to the Danube and
the door which barred the two great roads into
the heart of the country—that to Sofia in the
south and the other to Rustchuk in the east.
Widdin was a thriving town of 12,000 inhabit-
ants, three-fourths of whom were Christian
Bulgarians. But the sympathy of the latter,
from causes which can find no space in the
present narrative, was wholly with their Turkish
masters throughout that war. Widdin had two
concentric lines of fortification on the land
side and many gun-spiked quays on the river-
banks, was armed with some 400 guns of
heaviest calibre, held huge warlike stores of every

description, was in easy and uninterrupted communication with the heart of the country, and was altogether a most formidable foe to tackle. In the campaigns of 1737 and 1790 against the Austrians, and in that of 1828 and in 1829 against the Russians, it had stood unconquered, although in 1790 and 1828 the enemy had possessed himself of the bridge-head, Calafat. In conjunction with the latter it was impregnable, which fact Omar Pasha recognised with his wonderful gift of mental farsight (hence his determination to retain Calafat at any cost), and which the Turkish wirepullers would have done well to remember in the later war—that of 1877.

General Anrep received reinforcements from Bucharest shortly after the disaster of Chetaté, and, having in the first instance concentrated his forces (three divisions, with a large body of Cossacks and other cavalry, and 100 pieces of artillery) in Crayova, he moved slowly up to Calafat. The Turks, too, were reinforced from Sofia, and counted presently 35,000 men—about 5,000 less than their opponents.

A number of minor actions were fought in this district during January and February, 1854 (at Golentzé, Motzetzei, Risipiti, Chiupercheni, and other places), all of which were more or less successful for the Turkish arms; nevertheless, the Russian belt of investment approached and pressed hard upon Calafat. The Turks had to abandon the outlying positions (among them Chetaté) and concentrate their strength. Soon (middle of February) the place was surrounded by a semicircle of entrenched Russian bivouacs, concentric with that of its fortifications.

Omar Pasha, by virtue of his office as commander-in-chief, found it impossible to devote himself to the details of the defence of the now practically invested Calafat (or, rather, semi-invested, for the communication with Widdin remained open), and he ceded the conduct of operations to his bosom friend, Ahmed Pasha, continuing to reside, however, for the greater part of the winter in Widdin, which he considered, erroneously, to be the objective of the enemy's movements in the principalities.

All through the winter and the spring the senseless struggle for Calafat dragged its weary length. The stubborn Turks yielded not an inch of ground, and both sides suffered severely from cold, exposure, privations, and disease. Ahmed, although at that time probably the most highly educated officer of the Ottoman army, was not so resolute in his sallies and sorties as the rabble wished: ugly and persistent, though quite unfounded, whispers of cor
made themselves heard. Omar, respon
popular clamour, replaced him by the less-e
but more dashing Halim Pasha, Ahmed
ing, however, the command of the artill
the engineering operations. This com
worked well. Instigated by the consta
sure emanating from the vain, ambitio
energetic Omar—whose European re
was at stake, and who knew his perso
the focus of the eyes of the newspaper-
world—driven also by the lash of an acc
and presumptuous populace, the two le
command of brave and spirited troops, l
the enemy to such an extent by freque
sallies—although after Chetaté only on
worthy of the name was fought, outside
on April 19th—that the Russians had s
over 20,000 men (nearly half of their r
by death or disablement from shot or
before they finally (in May, 1854) gave
attempts to capture Calafat. But the
too, had lost severely: their defence co
from first to last, 12,000 men—a third
strength.

The Englishman, Morris, was badly v
in the action of April 19th, and was br
Widdin, where he died a few weeks lat
Turks, with whom he had been *person*
caused him to buried in one of the *int*
cemeteries (recently demolished), w
grave was shown to me in 1877. A cru
slab, erected—so I was told—by Sami
sworn Anglophile, exhibited the followi
ordinary epitaph—

SAM MORRIS
KAPITAIN OF ARTILRIE
30 *year old*
FELL IN BATAILLE
AT
KALAFATU
AVRIL MDCCCLIV.

with the addition of a Turkish sentenc
translated, ran thus—

"He loved, but death came."

Vividly I recall the impression of sad
utter desolation which the fertile desu
that lonely graveyard, the curt testimon
neglected tomb, wrought upon my
fancy. Who was he that died in a forei
fighting for an alien race, and what tra
so imperfectly indicated by that forgotten

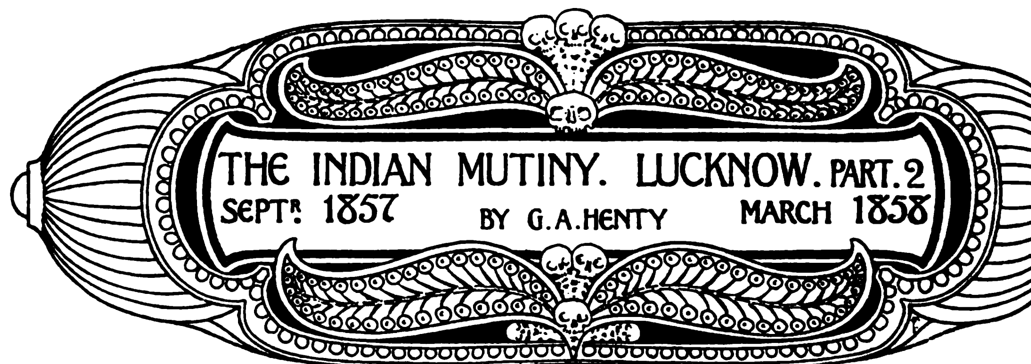
The gun-spiked quays on their own
all cleverly utilised; the well-fortified i
the threatening ordnance of Widdin; t

constantly demonstrated — that the
t to crack awaited them on the other
the river, induced the Russians to
·om a general assault on the Calafat
And if such a one had been under-
l had succeeded—*cui bono?* The ease
a pound weight does not presuppose
r of lifting a hundredweight. It would
ired a stronger force, and a better, than
h Generals Anrep and Fischbach com-
ɔ carry Widdin.
eader will reflect upon the *locale* of this
- the defenders but a bridge-length
rom their base, which was in uninter-
mmunication with the interior of the
he assailants operating hundreds of
y from their stores in an ill-cultivated,
ıopulated, alien country—he will per-
uselessness of this "siege," will under-
failure, and grasp the difficulties the
s had to contend against. As a matter
lafat could never have been besieged—
·oper sense of the word—as long as
ood unconquered.
Turks the episode was highly credit-
Omar Pasha became one of the
ular men of the day, in the Orient
in the Occident. But a great deal of
ınd arrant nonsense was written anent
and event—for and against—in the
rary press, as also by later chroniclers;
e historian it is extremely puzzling to
truth that lies midway. I have en-
. to hold the balance of contradictory
nd have soberly stated events as the
ıy researches, my discrimination applied
nd information locally collected have
em to me.
General Anrep withdrew his forces
ıeighbourhood of Calafat and retreated
·est, leaving Fischbach and his division
ıtion at Crayova. On the 15th of
bulk of Omar Pasha's Widdin army
d its eastern march to help to defend
ainst its besiegers.
Pasha was left in Widdin and Calafat,
oo men (half of them irregulars) to
ɔwns against a renewal of the enemy's
ut none was undertaken, and in this
erations were at an end. Soon after-
Russians evacuated the principalities,
before the Austrian occupation.
ceived a small Austrian garrison,
not withdrawn until after the peace

Omar Pasha had already in April gone to Shumla to hold a consultation with the French and English commanders, and Widdin knew him no more. By clever concentration of troops he effected the raising of the siege of Silistria, and by allowing the Russians unchallenged possession of the fever-haunted Dobrudcha swamps he inflicted upon them losses more severe than pitched battles would have had in their train, without the cost of a single life to his own army. When the Russians retreated he followed them to Bucharest.

The theatre of war was shifted to the Crimea, and Omar commanded the Turkish troops which accompanied the allied armies. He led his forces to victory in the battle of Eupatoria (March 21st, 1855), and assisted in the siege of Sebastopol. When this town had fallen (September 8th, 1855) he repaired to Batum in Asia, and commanded the corps sent for the relief of beleaguered Kars, but was not in time, through which fact he incurred, momentarily, the imperial displeasure. That fortress succumbed to the Russians (November 27th, 1855), who, their military honour being now vindicated, were ready to listen to pacific proposals, and lay aside their battered arms. The treaty of Paris (March 30th, 1856) put an end to the useless war. But it terminated not the military career of the Renegade of Widdin, who was destined to employ his courage, prowess, and cruelty in the interests of the Crescent for eleven years longer, chiefly in the congenial task of quelling the rebellions of his former co-religionists. But in 1867, having been unsuccessful in suppressing the revolt of the Cretan Christians, in spite of merciless rigour, he was compelled to retire from active service. The imperial ill-will did not last long. He died in Stamboul in 1871, at the age of sixty-five, in possession of wealth, honours, world-wide fame, and his sovereign's fullest favour.

That the Renegade of Widdin was a great general cannot, in the face of history, be doubted. But personally he was not an amiable or even estimable man, being, indeed, unscrupulous, brutal, and ruthless to a degree, fond of inflicting pain, innocent of even the faintest vestige of love, pity, or humanity. Next to cruelty greed was his ruling passion. He was also hypocritical, licentious, and not free from the old Ottoman taint—sowing corruption. Many traits in his sordid character, many deeds of his heavy hand, many events in his stormy career, are best forgotten.



THE important part played by Lucknow in the course of the great revolt was long and sustained, and after the fall of Delhi it became the centre and focus of the struggle. The magnificent defence of the beleaguered garrison attracted towards it the mutinous regiments from a wide district. The hosts that gathered there were swollen by the addition of large numbers of those who escaped from Delhi, and as there the mutiny received almost its first check, it was there that it met with its crushing and decisive blow. The great military drama was naturally divided into four acts—the defence, the relief, the rescue, and the revenge. The defence has already been told of in these pages, but no less thrilling and absorbing, and equally illustrative of our national qualities of courage, energy, and dogged resolution, was the first of the three advances to Lucknow—that led by Havelock and Outram—which was, indeed, of the nature of a forlorn hope. It was a desperate attempt to aid the sorely pressed garrison. The end was very nigh when, on the 25th of September, Havelock's troops—a mere handful—made their way through a tempest of fire from the bridge over the canal through the streets of the city to the gates of the Residency.

Had they arrived a few days later they might have found but a heap of ruins and the bodies of those who had so long and sternly defended them. Even when the end was attained it was a relief and not a rescue; for although now the garrison was strong enough to defend itself from attack, it was far too weak to fight its way back, with a crowd of women and children, through the circle of foes.

The second advance—that in November—was still too weak to crush the immense force of mutinous Sepoys and of fighting-men of Oude, but strong enough to inflict terrible punishment upon them as it fought its way throu line of palaces to the Residency and car the original garrison and the force th relieved it.

Then for a time Lucknow remained hands of the Sepoys, and there was silenc for so many months, night and day, ri cracked and cannon roared. The mutine possession of the Residency, but it was empty triumph, for their victims had them, and in exchange for thousands of li had gained but a heap of ruins. Then pause, and for four months the rebel sullen and silent while the storm gath distance. They knew now that their expelling the British from India were at that the army that had proved itself invincible when led by British officers, a had rivalled British regiments in gallan unable, however superior in numbers, native officers, to stand for a moment British troops; and the expectation of had been succeeded by that of despair, knowledge that the day of retribution wa yet surely approaching, and that the n a British army advanced it would be to and destroy. All energy, all enterprise, them; leaders they had none; and althou numbers were vast, they made no single to utilise them, but remained sullenly the coming of the end. That end wa complete nor so final as it should hav Owing to some error of direction, som to understand instructions, a way was l for a retreat, but although great escaped, it was no longer an army but a fugitives dispirited and despairing; an remained only the task of hunting d detail those who still clung together, a by far the greater number threw awa arms and uniforms and sought their

and so escaped the fate that fell upon
esisted.
rce with which Havelock started from
d with the object of saving the women
lren, the sole survivors of the massacres
pore, of punishing the army of revolted
there and the treacherous Rajah of
and of then pushing forward to the
the garrison of Lucknow, was totally
te to the tremendous task that it had

THE SLAUGHTER GHAT, CAWNPORE.

lf. At Cawnpore were some 10,000
besides the large and turbulent popu-
f the town. At Lucknow was a still
Sepoy force and no small portion of
ting-men of Oude. As yet Delhi was
red. A little British force with difficulty
ir position on the ridge near the city.
fidence of the Sepoys was unbroken, and
ll looked to assured victory over the
of white troops that could be brought
se them. The total force under Have-
ommand was less than 1,400 British
ith eight guns and 450 Sikhs—a force so
rtionate to that of the enemy that it was scarcely less heroic to undertake such an enterprise than to achieve it.

But the general knew that each man of the force was animated by a spirit that multiplied indefinitely his fighting power and made him unconquerable. It was not merely the sense of duty, the determination to win or to die, nor the natural pugnacity of the race that alone inspired the troops; each man burned with an overpowering hatred of the enemy, a fierce desire for revenge for the acts of treachery and atrocity that they had committed; and no one reckoned his own life as aught so that the work of revenge and of rescue could but be accomplished.

On the 12th of July, 1857, they first met the enemy at Futtehpore—1,500 Sepoys, 1,500 Oude tribesmen, and 500 rebel cavalry with twelve guns—strongly posted in a position that could only be approached by a road through a swamp. The British column had marched twenty-four miles without resting or eating when the enemy opened fire and forced on an engagement; but hunger and thirst and heat were forgotten when the order was given to advance, and without a

check the British troops forced their way knee-deep through the swamp, drove the rebels before them like chaff before the wind, and took Futtehpore, where the enemy endeavoured to make a stand.

With a rush the twelve guns were captured, and the victory won without the loss of a single man killed, although twelve fell dead from sunstroke during the fight. After a day's rest the troops went on again, and the next day found the enemy entrenched at Dong. This time they were much more numerous than before, and fought stubbornly; however, they were driven back, and two of their guns captured. As Havelock had no cavalry, the fugitives reached the bridge at Pandoo, where heavy guns had been placed in position to sweep the bridge, and another strong force was gathered. The shrapnel shells of the artillery silenced their heavy guns, the steady fire of the Madras Fusiliers demoralised their infantry, and when the troops rushed across the bridge, the enemy, massed to defend it, lost heart and fled. The next morning the column marched fourteen miles, halted, and cooked their food; then in the heat of the day they advanced again, and were soon engaged hotly. Nowhere throughout the war did the Sepoys fight more obstinately than here, and, though position after position was carried by the bayonet, it was not until after five hours' fighting that resistance ceased, and just as night fell, after a twenty-two miles march and a fight under a tremendous sun and defeating 11,000 of the enemy, the troops reached the parade ground at Cawnpore.

The next morning the enemy blew up the magazine and retreated, and the troops learned that they had arrived too late, and that the whole of the women and children, the survivors of Cawnpore with seventy or eighty other fugitives from Futtehgur, had been massacred in cold blood. The terrible news raised the fury of the troops to boiling-point, and thenceforth no quarter was given, no prisoner taken. On the third day after their arrival at Cawnpore they received a reinforcement of 220 men of the 84th under General Neil, who had hurried forward in bullock-carts, and these filled up the vacancies that had been made by disease, sunstroke, and battle; but in view of the ever-increasing stubbornness of the enemy's resistance and the fact that large forces of Oude irregulars with many guns were gathered to dispute every foot of the way, it was impossible for Havelock with but 1,800 men to fight his way to Lucknow and penetrate a great city held by a very powerful force; moreover, it would be necess leave at least a third of the little army t Cawnpore.

Receiving some reinforcements, howev crossed the Ganges, but were met with perate resistance. Every village was forti obstinately defended. The country swarm the enemy's skirmishers; and although i instance the troops defeated their as it very soon became evident that succe not possibly be attained until they were reinforced; and therefore they fell Cawnpore, where their ranks were thinned by an outbreak of cholera, a short time, owing to overwork and there were seventeen officers and 466 the sick-list. It was not until two mon the column had left Allahabad that the re ment so urgently required arrived. It c of 1,700 troops under General Outram. (tember 20th the force, now amounting t men, with seventeen guns and a few v cavalry, again advanced, and, sweeping opposition, reached the Alumbagh, a palace surrounded by a high wall, within three miles of Lucknow. The here were routed, and, leaving the si wounded, the baggage and animals, in th enclosure, with 300 men to protect the main body of the force, after two day advanced on the 25th to the relief of th dency. Driving the enemy through a suc of gardens and walled enclosures, they ar a bridge over the canal. The direct roac Residency was known to be cut up by t and defended by palisades and loophole they therefore kept along for some dist the banks of the canal, exposed to a artillery fire.

Crossing a bridge, they fought the through the streets, under a terrible fi window, roof, and loopholed walls. D was already falling when the serious f began; and it is probable that this sa gallant force from annihilation. It was the evening before the head of the reached the entrance to the Residency. greater portion of the troops had to m themselves in the positions they held all but at daybreak they made their way, w wounded and guns, into entrenchments, lost in killed and wounded 464 officers an being fully a fourth of their number. arrival placed the Residency beyond capture. Fortunately, the supply of grai

:ient for all now assembled there; but it
ently beyond their power to retire from
ion that they had won.

:eks after Havelock advanced across the
the rescuing column, under Sir Colin
l, consisting of 2,700 infantry, 700
Captain Peel's 8 naval guns, 16 field-guns,
eavy field-battery—in all about 5,000
lvanced from Cawnpore, and reached
nbagh on the 10th of November without
pposition.

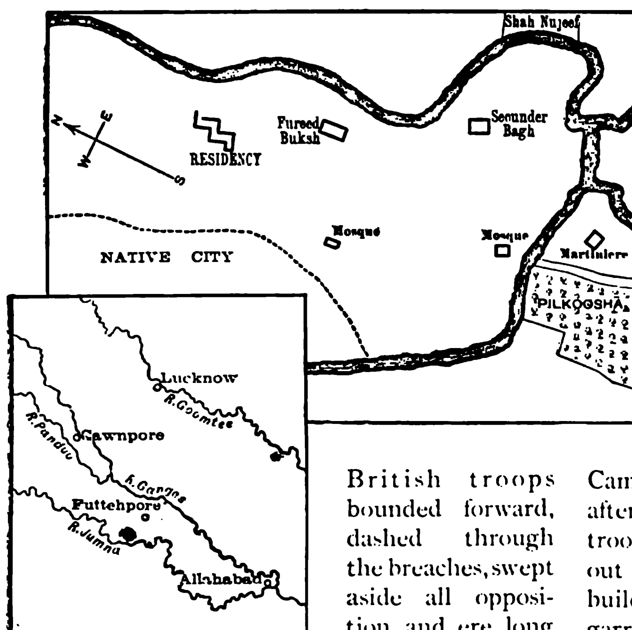
eneral had been furnished with a plan
ity, brought out by Mr. Kavanagh, a
who had volunteered for the dangerous
ind who was able to explain the exact
and point out the best method of ap-
The eastern side of the town was
to royal residences and other great
s, standing in large enclosures and ex-
gardens. Although some of these build-
ild have to be stormed, the operation
ly to be attended with very much less
n would be suffered by adopting the
fore followed and fighting through the
streets. Skirting the suburbs, the force
the palace known as the Dilkoosha.
s situated on the crest of a hill that
ently down towards the town. It stood
ge park, and from it an extensive view
: obtained; the Residency, with the flag
ting over it, rising prominently over
s of low buildings surrounding. It was
e possible to open communications by
etween the palace and the Residency.
rk was occupied by rebels, but their
was not large; the men were conscious
y had no supports near, and in conse-
as soon as an attack in earnest was
ney gave way, and the Dilkoosha was
l without difficulty.

great train of waggons, with supplies of
for the use of the force while engaged
ntended operations, and for the supply
Residency should it be determined to
e to hold the post, was parked near the
and here the general established his
rters. The nearest building was the
known as the Martinière, which stood
nile down the slope towards the town.
sters and boys of the school formed part
garrison of the Residency, and the place
v occupied by the enemy. This, how-
as easily carried. Advancing onwards,
ops approached the first really formid-
stacle. This was the Secunder Bagh, a
building of strong masonry, standing in a large garden surrounded by a high wall, which had been loopholed. It was held in force, and the rebels also occupied a village in front of it. As the 1st Brigade, under Brigadier Hope Grant, advanced towards the latter it was met by a murderous fire both from the village and the building behind. The troops moved forward in skirmishing order, but made little progress, until the horse artillery and powerful field-guns were brought up, and a heavy fire opened upon the village. The enemy nevertheless maintained their position obstinately, until the impatient troops received the order to charge, and, dashing forward, carried the village at the point of the bayonet, the rebels retiring to the Secunder Bagh. The Sikhs had been directed to lead the assault upon the garden, and were to attack by a small breach in one of the walls. The European troops, however, who were to support them, were too eager to be kept in hand, and, while the Sikhs strove to enter by the breach, the others rushed forward towards the gates at the entrance.

The fire from the loopholes was incessant, and the men had no means of breaking in the gate. There was, however, a barred window by the side of it: some of the men crept under this, and raised their caps on their bayonets. Every musket was discharged by the Sepoys inside. The soldiers sprang up and seized the bars, and by sheer strength and weight of numbers pulled them down, and then dashed in through the opening. Both here and at the breach the Sepoys fought fiercely; but nothing could withstand the fury of the soldiers. Gradually, as reinforcements kept pouring in behind, they drove the Sepoys back. The fight was long and desperate: the soldiers, maddened by the tales that they had heard of outrage and massacre, gave no quarter; and when, at the end of three hours, the fight ceased, over 2,000 of the mutineers lay dead in the garden. Before the entry into the Secunder Bagh had been effected, the troops outside had been harassed by a heavy fire from a large mosque standing nearly opposite to it. The mosque had the usual dome; the parapet round this had been loopholed. Four lofty minarets commanded the whole; and a high wall, also loopholed, surrounded the garden, the only entrance having been blocked up with masonry.

As soon as the capture of the Secunder Bagh was completed the troops were called upon to assist in the attack upon the mosque. Captain

Peel and his sailors brought up their 68-pounder guns, and opened fire against the wall at a distance of a few yards, the infantry covering the operation by keeping up an incessant musketry fire against the defenders, who crowded the walls and directed their fire at the sailors working at the guns. A field-battery aided the heavy guns, and a mortar-battery pitched shells into the enclosure. So strong were the walls that it was not until after some hours that breaches sufficiently wide for the troops to enter were effected; then the order was given, and the

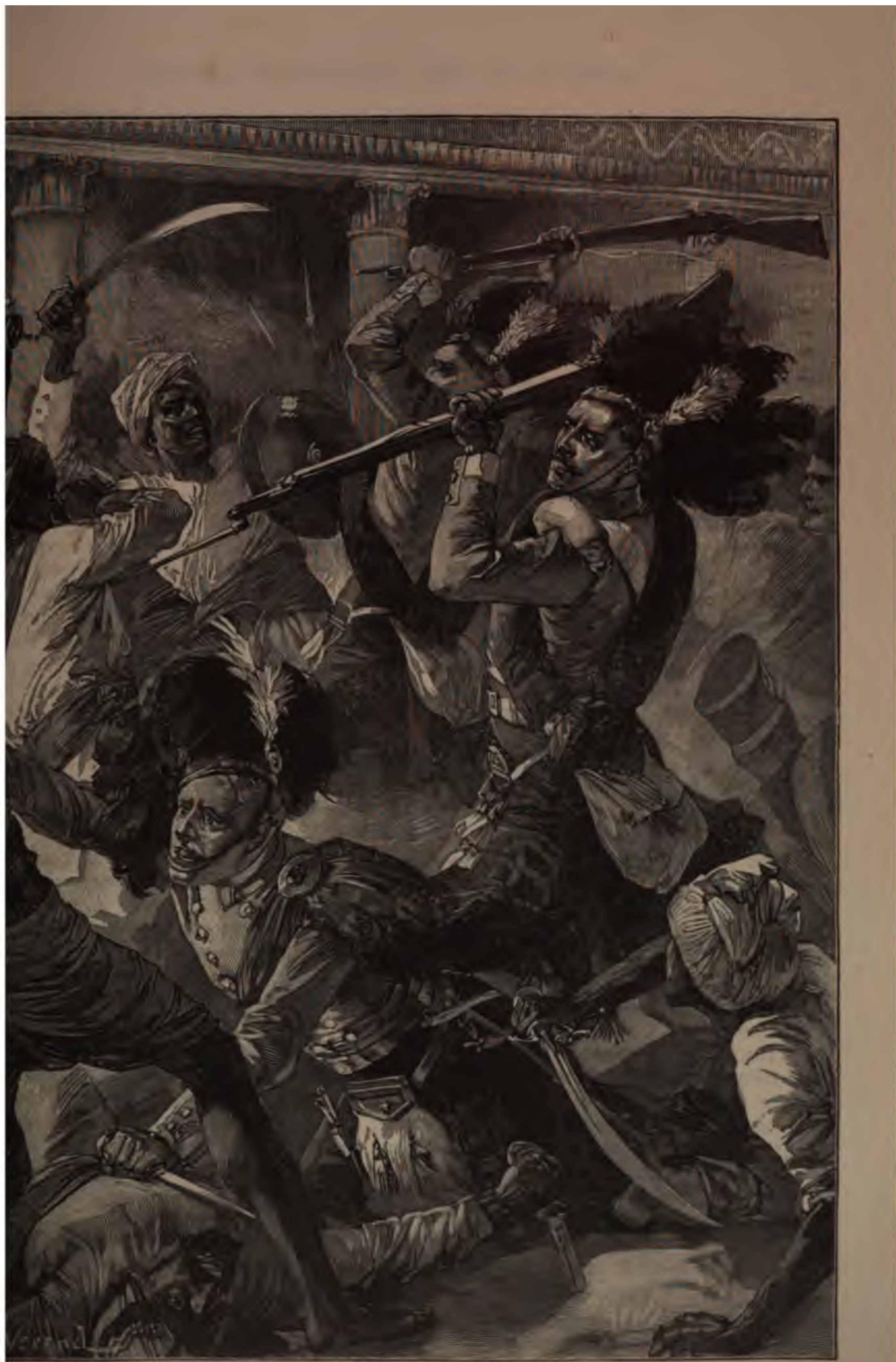


British troops bounded forward, dashed through the breaches, swept aside all opposition, and ere long the rebels holding the mosque were annihilated. It was now late in the afternoon, and the troops halted in the position they had won. The next morning the other brigade headed the advance. It had been arranged, by means of signals, that, as soon as the Secunder Bagh and the great mosque had been captured, the garrison of the Residency should on their part begin to advance.

There were still four great buildings fortified and strongly garrisoned interposing between the two British forces. The most formidable of these was the mess-house, which stood on an eminence; it consisted of a large two-storeyed, flat-terraced house, flanked by two square turrets, and protected by a deep ditch and a loopholed mud wall. Captain Peel began the action by opening fire upon the mud wall, while the garrison of the Residency afforded some assistance by throwing shell into the enclosure from the Fureed Buksh Palace, of which they had taken possessio the relief by Havelock. When the heavy had done its work, the troops were ord storm the place, and rushing forward wi petuosity through the heavy musketry the defenders, passed through the breach, all obstacles, and forced their way into th ing and cleared it of the enemy. In t of the mess-house stood the observato was carried by the Sikhs, who fought valour and determination rivalling that European comrades. While this strug going on, the garrison, who h pared several mines under the the garden of the Fureed Buksh the direction in which Sir Coli bell was advancing, exploded th as the wall fell, opened fire insurgents in front of them w powerful batteries. After the g prepared the way for an advance lock's troops dashed forwa carried the two buildings know Herm Khana and the Chuttur at the point of the bayonet.

There was now no obstac portance between the two Brit and although the enemy ke heavy fire from both flanks, Campbell and General Havelock afternoon amid loud cheers of the tri troops. Another day was spent in out the insurgents from some of the buildings and preparing for the retreat garrison, which had been determined was a painful necessity. The loss of S Campbell's force had been 122 officers killed and 325 wounded. It was true th loss of the enemy had not been less than 4 but there were still at least 50,000 fighting Lucknow, and the desperation with which defended themselves at the Secunder Bag the Shah Nujeef Mosque, and the bold which they showed, proved that every hous street would be defended, and that the it taken at all, could not be captured w immense loss by the 5,000 men of the British forces. Had a garrison been left the Residency, they would have been besieged, and must again have been reli the consequence was that, to the regret of who had so long and nobly defended the it was determined to abandon it altogether.

The operation was performed at night with great secrecy. Though the journey of



"GRADUALLY THEY DROVE THE SEPOYS BACK" (p. 633).

miles to the Dilkoosha, across rough ground, which at several points was exposed to the constant fire kept up night and day by the insurgents, was very trying to the ladies, weakened by long suffering, privation, and confinement, it was performed in safety, only one person being wounded. From the Secunder Bagh, the ladies were carried in palanquins to the Dilkoosha, where tents had been prepared for their reception. The treasure was carried off from the Residency, but all other stores and effects of the residents had to be left behind. It was not until three months and a half later that Sir Colin Campbell, having dealt out punishment to the mutineers at many of the stations where they still kept together, and having received large reinforcements of men and artillery from home, prepared for the crowning attack upon Lucknow. On the 4th of February he advanced from Cawnpore to the Alumbagh—which had been held by a force under Sir James Outram—with three divisions of infantry, a division of cavalry, and fifteen batteries, including that of Captain Peel with his sailors.

On the 1st of March operations began, General Outram, with a force of 6,000 men and thirty guns, crossing the Goomtee, and reconnoitring the country as far as Chinhut. On the following day he invested the Chukkur Kothi, or King's Race-house, which he carried the next day by assault. Sir Colin Campbell's main force occupied from the Dilkoosha, and on the 9th captured, with a slight loss, the Martinière, and pushed on to the bridges across the river and carried, after some hard fighting, the Begum's Palace. Two days later the Immaumbarra, which had been converted into a formidable stronghold and was held by a large force, was breached and stormed, and the captors followed so hotly upon the rear of the flying foe that they entered with them the Kaiserbagh, which was regarded by the rebels as their strongest fortress. Its garrison, taken wholly by surprise, made but a slight resistance. The loss of these two positions, on which they had greatly relied, completely disheartened the enemy, and throughout the night a stream of fugitives poured out of the town.

The success was so unexpected on our part that the arrangements necessary for cutting off the retreat of the enemy had not been cor and very large numbers of the rebels esc give infinite trouble later on. Many w up by the cavalry and horse artillery, out the next morning in pursuit; but, mortification of the army, a considerable tion got away. The next day a number of and houses fell into the hands of the ad troops without resistance, and by midni whole city along the river bank was hands. In the meantime Jung Bahad ally, was attacking the city with his G from the south, and pushed forward so communications were opened with hi way across the city. The following d Goorkhas made a further advance, and, t with great gallantry, won the suburbs a to the Charbach bridge.

The hard fighting was now over: the to defend even one of the fortresses upon for months they had bestowed so muc completely disheartened the mutineers r ing in the city. Numbers effected their e others hid themselves, after having got their arms and uniforms; some parties refuge in houses, and defended themselves ately to the end. The work was pr accomplished on the 21st, and Lucknow, had so long been the headquarters of surrection, was in our hands, and that wi smaller loss than could have been expect the task of capturing a city possessing s places of strength, held by some 20,000 d men fighting with ropes round their All three advances were distinguished irresistible bravery with which our troops The first operation was not remarkable military skill with which it was perform undoubtedly, if Havelock had followed th afterwards taken by Sir Colin Campb entered by an open suburb, avoiding the places in it, he could have entered the R with far less loss than that encountered ing his way through the narrow lanes an of the city. The subsequent operatio conducted by Sir Colin Campbell with mate skill and judgment. Altogether t of Lucknow is one of the most gloriou in our military history.

[almost unique example of steadfast perseverance, crowned at length by success after long years of disappointment, presents itself in the career of ve old fighting-man whose prompt n and ready daring won the battle osa against desperate odds. Thomas of Balgowan, a Perthshire laird of old was born in 1748. In youth he was ely fond of horses and dogs, but gave ation of a liking for the career of a While he was an undergraduate at in 1766 his father died, leaving the ird in possession of a handsome and unred rent-roll. According to the custom days he made the grand tour, remaineveral years on the Continent, where ired a thorough knowledge of the and German languages. In 1774 he a daughter of Lord Cathcart and for venty years afterwards lived the life of a gentleman, shooting and farming in his ty, hunting in Leicestershire, travelling ting with his wife until her death on ip in the Mediterranean in July, 1792. to dispel the melancholy caused by his ent, Graham accepted the position of r aide-de-camp to Lord Mulgrave, who ved at Toulon in September, 1793, to nmand of the troops employed in the of that fortified city. In this service he shed himself so highly and displayed y capacity so marked, that Lord Mulged him to become a professional soldier raise a regiment which should serve s command.

ning to London in the spring of 1794, obtained from the commander-in-chief of service to raise a regiment at his own with the temporary rank of colonel ts continuance on the establishment. So successful was Colonel Graham's effort that within four months he was in command of the 90th Regiment (Perthshire Volunteers) with the full number of 1,000 rank and file. Presently he was induced by his first success in recruiting to raise a second battalion of the same strength. But when he applied to be permitted to obtain permanent rank in the service, he was informed that it was the king's determination not to make permanent the temporary rank held by an officer who had not served regularly and for a stipulated time in the several ranks.

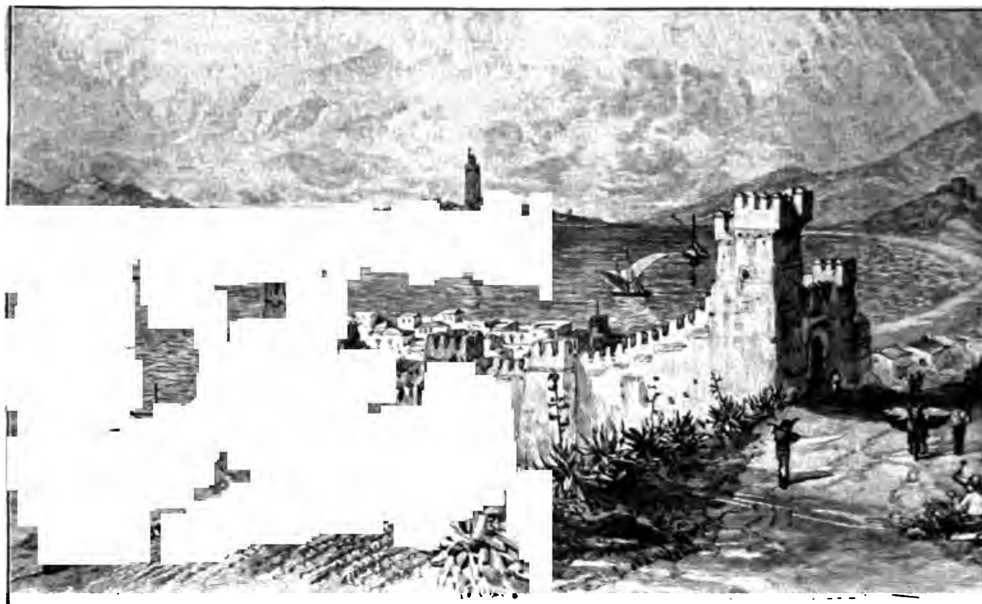
Most men would have been discouraged by this rebuff; but so keen for active service was Graham that he accepted the position of British military attaché to the headquarters of the Austrian army in Italy, where he saw a great deal of hard fighting against Napoleon and other French commanders. After a year's service with Beaulieu, Wurmser, and finally with the Archduke Charles, he returned to England in 1797. In the Mediterranean in 1799 he had much intercourse with Nelson, who sent him, with the rank of brigadier-general, to Malta, there to blockade the fortress of Valetta, held by a superior French garrison. With a much inferior force he carried on the blockade with steady perseverance until the arrival of Sir Ralph Abercromby in July, 1800, when Graham arranged the terms of surrender with the French commander. From Malta he hurried to Egypt, where his regiment had greatly distinguished itself in the battle of Alexandria, and he accompanied it home at the Peace of Amiens in March, 1802.

After the eminent services performed by Graham and the distinguished conduct of the regiment he had raised, the treatment which he had received and was still receiving at the hands of the commander-in-chief roused his long-suffering nature, and he determined that he

would not give up the command of the 90th while it continued to exist. Now a man of fifty-four, he was as keen for soldiering as if he had been looking forward to his first campaign. When Sir John Moore in 1808 took command of the expedition destined to co-operate with the Swedish forces, Graham solicited and obtained permission to serve as a volunteer, and was appointed to act as aide-de-camp to the commander of the forces. Moore withdrew without delay from an impracticable service, and returned with his force to England accompanied by Graham, who retained his appointment near

services performed by you in Spair
Majesty, in testimony of the zeal you
several occasions manifested, has been
pleased to direct that the established
the army may be departed from by
promoted to the rank of major-gene
appointment as major-general in the
accordingly taken place, and you sta
the major-generals in the situation
have held had the lieutenant-col
which you were appointed in 17c
permanent commission."

For years Graham had known the



TARIFA, LOOKING WEST.

his friend during the disastrous Coruña campaign, at the close of which a life was lost so precious to his country. Sir John Moore, as he lay dying, felt sure that any recommendations from him would be given effect to by his Sovereign, and he charged Colonel Anderson with his latest breath to bring to the king's notice those officers whose services he deemed most worthy of reward. Among others whom their dying chief wished to honour was Colonel Graham, who on 4th March, 1809, received a letter from the Horse Guards which ended all his anxieties as to promotion and gave him a recognised position in the army. The commander-in-chief wrote, "I have not failed to submit to the king the communication made to me by General Hope, at the dying request of the late Sir John Moore, regarding the eminent and important

ferred that maketh the heart sick.
stout heart within his broad breast ; bu
wonder, there must have been many
when his feelings were very bitter
Government which could promise
when the hour of danger was seemin
had refused everything. Yet disap
had not soured his fine nature. O
ject of his unexpected promotion, t
wrote, "To have merited in so hig
the approbation of so distinguished a
the late Sir John Moore—whose loss w
by the whole army and felt by me
deprived me of the best of friends—
to have gained this distinction by suc
mendation was indeed ample compe
the bitter disappointment I had so n
laboured under." Major-General Gral

sastrous Walcheren expedition, having rt in the bombardment of Flushing, and ned to England thoroughly disgusted mismanagement of the enterprise. He his first independent command in , 1810, when he obtained the command ritish garrison in Cadiz with the local ieutenant-general. He reached his post 5th March, and immediately set about ening the position.

"DILKES'S BRIGADE OF GUARDS CAME UP" (p. 631)

ember, 1810, Soult was withdrawn from ity of Cadiz to co-operate with Masséna madura. The force under Victor en- the blockade of Cadiz, nevertheless, in , 1811, had a strength of about 20,000 aham therefore considered that it would nely difficult to force the French lines ect frontal attack; and a naval expedi- nposed of British and Spanish troops m Cadiz on 21st February. The British nt, passing its destined port in a gale landed at Algesiras and marched to rriving there on the afternoon of the he strength and detail of the British Tarifa on the 25th were as follows:— adrons German horse, 180 sabres, Major Busche; detachment of artillery, Major Duncan; detachment of engineers, Captain Birch; brigade of guards with detachment 95th Rifles, 1,221 bayonets, Brigadier-General Dilkes; 28th, 67th, and 87th regiments, with two companies Portuguese, 1,764 bayonets, Colonel Wheatly; flank battalion of detachments 95th Rifles and two companies 47th regiment, 594 bayonets, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Barnard; two companies of 9th, 28th, and 82nd regiments, 475 bayonets, Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, 25th Regiment; Company Royal Staff Corps, 33 bayonets, Lieutenant Read: total of sabres and bayonets, 4,314, with 10 guns. This force is described by Napier as "all good and hardy troops, their commander a daring old man, and of ready temper for battle."

On the 27th the Spanish captain-general La Peña landed at Tarifa with 7,000 Spanish troops; and Graham, to preserve unanimity and flatter Spanish pride, ceded to him the chief command, although this was contrary to his instructions. On the following day a march of twelve miles carried the allied army over the ridges between the plains of San Roque and those of Medina and Chiclana; and being within four leagues of

the enemy's positions, the force was reorganised. The advance-guard was entrusted to Lardizabel; the centre was commanded by the Prince of Aglona; the reserve, consisting of the British troops and the two Walloon regiments, was given to Graham; and the cavalry was under Colonel Whittingham, a British officer in the Spanish service. Victor had to maintain his lines of blockade; but he was able, nevertheless, to hold in position some 9,000 of good troops near Chiclana, where he awaited the unfolding of the project of the allies. In the first instance La Peña's objective seemed to point to Medina, and on the 2nd March his advanced guard stormed Casa Vieja, where he was reinforced by General Beguines with 1,600 infantry and several hundred irregular cavalry. With a strength, then, all told of quite 13,000 men, he bent towards the coast and drove the French from Vejer de la Frontera. After a long and straggling night march which greatly wearied the troops, he continued his movement, and on the morning of the 5th, after a skirmish in which his advanced guard of cavalry was routed by a French squadron, he reached with the head of his force the height of Barrosa. Before the whole of the long straggling column had come up, La Peña, without disclosing his own intentions or communicating in any way with Zayas, pushed forward Lardizabel straight to the mouth of the Santi Petri. Zayas had duly constructed his bridge connecting the mainland with the island, but on the night between the 4th and 5th he had been surprised and driven in by the French. Lardizabel, however, after some hard fighting in which 300 Spaniards fell, forced his way through the French posts and effected a junction with Zayas.

La Peña desired that the British contingent should follow Lardizabel, notwithstanding that, as the reserve, its place was in the rear: Graham, however, recognised the possible value of the Barrosa height and was fain that it should be held in strength. His argument was that Victor, the French commander, could not molest Lardizabel and Zayas in their position on the Almanza creek, since in attempting to do so he would expose his left flank to the allies holding the Barrosa height. Lascy, La Peña's chief of staff, roughly controverted this reasoning, and La Peña gave Graham the peremptory command to march to occupy the long narrow ridge of the Bermeja, through the pinewood on the slope in front of that position. With admirable self-control Graham obeyed the discourteous order, and moved in the prescribed direction; left on the Barrosa height the flank comp the 9th* and 82nd regiments, under Majo of the 28th, to guard his baggage. moved, as ordered with the less rel because of his impression that La Peñ remain on the Barrosa height with division and the Spanish cavalry, and also of his knowledge that another det was still behind in the vicinity of Medir Graham did not know of what pol La Peña was capable. The British f scarcely entered the wood in front of meja, when the Spanish commander and without even the courtesy of a carried off with him his main body, an ing the cavalry to follow, hurried by road in the direction of the Santi Petri the Barrosa height covered with bagg tected only by a weak rear-guard of f and five battalions.

Barrosa—or, as the Spaniards call it, t de Puerco—is a low ridge trending inw its farthest and loftiest extremity is abou and a half from the coast. It overlook broken plain of small extent, bounded left, as one looks towards Cadiz, by t of the seashore, on the right by the Chiclana, and directly in front by the pi on the hither slope of the Bermeja. Vi not as yet shown himself from his cove forest of Chiclana, and Graham, as he the Bermeja pine-wood, saw no adversa Victor was skilled in the ruse. He was until Cassagne's infantry from Medin come up; and, momentarily expecting it he felt so sure of success that his mass o had been directed on Vejer and other cut off the fugitives after the anticipated He had fourteen guns and 9,000 excellent in three divisions, commanded respect Laval, Ruffin, and Villatte. The divisio Villatte was posted on the extreme righ Almanza Creek to cover the camp an the Spanish forces at Santi Petri and the Laval's division was in the centre, w serve battalion of grenadiers out on t flank; and the left consisted of Ruffin's on the left flank of which were two

* It was in this battle that General Gra favourable notice of Lieutenant Campbell of afterwards Lord Clyde, then a lad of ninetee conduct when left in command of the two f panies of his regiment, when all the other of been wounded.

ions of Grenadiers and three squadrons ;ular cavalry.

sagne had not yet arrived; but Victor, : to the seeming opportunity, sallied out the plain and began the battle. Leading ı's troops in person he climbed the rear : Barrosa ridge, drove the Spanish rear- off the height in the direction of the wept away the baggage and followers in ections and took three guns. Major Brown, ver, was a resolute man: he maintained t front, and, although unable to hold round against odds so overwhelming, he l into the intervening plain slowly and od order, and sent across it to Graham ders. The general, then in the pine-wood, the laconic command, "Fight!" then he about and regained the plain with all expecting to find La Peña with his main and artillery on the Barrosa height. As ıerged from the wood the spectacle before ras in the nature of a sudden and great se. In front he beheld Ruffin's division, d by its two grenadier battalions, on the it of the Barrosa height; down the slope ds the seaward the Spanish rear-guard and ıggage in full rout, the French cavalry in it of the fugitives; Laval close on his own ınk, and La Peña—"nowhere"!

ll did Napier describe Graham as "a daring ıan, and of ready temper for battle." In ation of seemingly utter despair, he was nd dauntless. Recognising that a retreat : Bermeja would bring the enemy pell-mell he allies on to that narrow ridge and must in complete disaster, Graham resolved to to the attack, notwithstanding that the f the battlefield was in possession of the r. Major Duncan with his 10 guns hurried the intervening plain, and bringing up his shoulder, poured a fierce fire into the face val's column; while on his left Colonel rd with his detachments of riflemen and ompanies of the 47th Foot, dashed forward double and hurled his gallant men against 's front, simultaneously shaken by Duncan's ry fire. So sudden was the call to arms here was no time to form regiments or les with any approach to regularity; but eparate bodies were roughly and hurriedly n together. Wheatly with his three line ions and with two companies of Portu- pushed forward in support of Barnard t Laval's front, already undergoing severe s from Duncan's guns. Laval's artillery in position on the left flank of his column retaliated furiously on Barnard and Wheatly as they hurried forward to get to close quarters, in the course of which advance they were suffering from the fire of Ruffin's batteries, which, from the edge of the Barrosa height, were taking them in flank. On both sides the infantry pressed forward eagerly, the musketry fire pealing louder as the interval became shorter. But as the hostile masses closed in one upon the other, a fierce and prolonged charge of the 87th Regiment overthrew at the bayonet-point the first line of Laval's troops; and though the latter struggled stoutly, they were dashed violently by the gallant Irishmen upon the second French line, with the result that Laval's column was broken by the shock and sullenly retired, the reserve battalion of Grenadiers which had been posted on the right alone remaining to cover Laval's retreat.

While Victor's centre was thus fighting hard with the ultimate result of being discomfited and forced to retreat, a bitter contest was being waged on his left with an issue not less disastrous. Major Brown had lost no time in acting on Graham's curt order to fight. With his improvised battalion of detachments he fell headlong upon the face of Ruffin's column, posted as it was on the summit of the Barrosa height; and although nearly half of his command went down under the enemy's volleys, he stubbornly maintained the fight until Dilkes's brigade of Guards, which had hurried across the plain, scrambled through a deep ravine and never stopping even for a moment to re-form the battalions, came up. Without halting, and with but little order, but full of ardour for fighting, the Guards charged up towards the summit, where Ruffin's column grimly waited for the assault. At the very edge of the ascent the gallant opponents met each other in close and bitter strife; and a fierce, and for some time doubtful, combat raged. The contest was sanguinary; but the dauntless perseverance of the brigade of Guards, and the brave hardihood of Brown's battalion and of Norcott's and Acheson's detachments, overcame every obstacle. Finally, Ruffin himself and Colonel Chaudron Rousseau, who commanded the two battalions of reserve Grenadiers, fell mortally wounded; then the English bore strongly forward and their slaughtering fire forced the French from off the height with the loss of three guns and many men.

The discomfited French divisions, retiring concentrically from the respective points of the

recent fighting, presently gathered *en masse*, and with a gallant resolution endeavoured to reconstruct their formations and renew the struggle; but the steady and crushing fire of Duncan's guns rendered any such attempt impossible. Victor withdrew from the field with his broken and discomfited troops; and the conquerors, who had been for four-and-twenty hours under arms without food, were too much exhausted to engage in a pursuit.

During those fierce infantry combats on and about the Barrosa height, La Peña looked on with a strange indifference, sending no assistance of any sort to his gallant ally, nor even menacing Villatte's division, which was within easy reach of him and comparatively weak. It was without any orders from him that the two regiments of Walloon Guards, the regiment of Ciudad Real, and some guerilla cavalry, came up at the close of the action. Whittingham, it was true, was an officer in the Spanish service; but he was an Englishman, and in command of 800 regular cavalry; yet he remained supine while his countrymen were fighting out a mortal combat. No stroke was struck by a Spanish sabre that day, although the French cavalry did not exceed 250 men; and although it was evident that Whittingham's force, by sweeping round Ruffin's left, would have rendered Victor's defeat utterly ruinous. That this might have been so was evidenced by the conduct of Colonel Frederick Ponsonby, who subsequently fell at Waterloo; and who, carrying away from the ignoble Whittingham 150 German Hussars belonging to the British contingent, charged and overthrew the French squadrons in their defeat, captured two guns, and assailed Rousseau's chosen Grenadiers.

The actual fighting in the battle of Barrosa lasted only an hour and a half. During that period of time 4,000 British soldiers defeated a French army having a strength of at least 9,000 men. The action was exceptionally bloody in proportion to the strengths engaged. Fifty officers, 60 sergeants, and 1,100 rank and file were killed or wounded on the British side; the French loss exceeded 2,000 officers and men. The trophies of the victory were six guns and an eagle; 400 prisoners fell into the possession of the victors. After the battle had ended, Graham still remained some hours on the height of Barrosa, in the hope that La Peña would at last awake to the prospect of glory opened to him by the success of the British arms. He had been largely reinforced from Cadiz by fresh troops, and before him were the remnants of the French troops retreating in utter disorder on Chiclana. But soldierly feeling did not live in the breast of the Spanish dastard who posed as an officer; and Graham, no longer able to endure the scene, left La Peña on the Bermeja and filed the British troops over the bridge into the Isla.

Subsequently, in an address to the Cortes, La Peña had the insolence to claim the victory for himself: maintaining that the arrangements previous to the battle were made with the knowledge and approbation of the English general, and that the latter's retreat to the Isla was the real cause of the failure. Graham, disgusted by those unworthy and untruthful statements, wrote a letter to the British envoy at Cadiz in which he exposed the misconduct of La Peña; he refused with contempt the title of grandee of the first-class voted to him by the Cortes; and when the chief of staff of La Peña used expressions relative to the action which were personally offensive to Graham, the latter promptly enforced an apology with his sword. Having thus shown himself superior to his opponents at all

the gallant old man relinquished his
ıd to General Cooke, and joined Lord
ton's army.
ım in 1811 was sixty-three years of age,
re was any amount of fighting still in
When Wellington advanced in the spring
towards the Ebro, Graham commanded
wing during its long and difficult march
ı the mountainous region of Tras-os-
and onward to Vittoria, in which memor-
tle he took an important part. He was
ed with the task of reducing the strong
of San Sebastian. On the day of its
n the stern old man concentrated the
ıde of fifty pieces immediately over the
f the British troops gathered at the base
of the breach, strewing the rampart with the mangled bodies of the French defenders. His last military service was at Bergen-op-Zoom in 1814, which unfortunately miscarried. In May of the same year Sir Thomas Graham was created Baron Lynedoch of Balgowan, with a pension of £2,000 a year. He lived in full haleness of body and mind to a very great age. In the spring of 1843, he presided at the annual dinner attended by the surviving officers who had served under him at Barrosa. In autumn of the same year, he was shooting over a moor which he had rented in Forfarshire. When at length the tough and brave old warrior succumbed in November, 1843, he was on the verge of attaining his ninety-sixth year.

GENERAL SIR THOMAS GRAHAM, G.C.B. (AFTERWARDS LORD LYNEDOCH).
(From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.)

A PREVIOUS article was devoted to the sanguinary battles of El-Teb and Tamai, which had the temporary effect of crushing the power of Osman Digna in the Eastern Soudan and making this redoubtable champion of the Mahdi take at once to his heels and to his hills. But the vanquishers of this slave-trading rebel were to experience the truth of the saying that—

> " He who fights and runs away
> Will live to fight another day."

After Osman's ferocious hordes had been disposed of at El-Teb and Tamai in the spring of 1884, most of Sir Gerald Graham's troops were taken back to Egypt, there to wait until wanted, later in the same year, for the Nile Expedition to relieve General Gordon at Khartoum.

But when this expedition resulted in failure—despite the bravery and endurance of the picked British soldiers who took their orders from Lord Wolseley—then affairs in the Eastern Soudan began to assume a very different aspect. During the progress of the River Expedition Osman had lain comparatively low; but when the news of the fall of Khartoum reached his ears—and scarcely even over the electric wire does intelligence of this kind travel more swiftly than across the wireless desert—then the Ugly one started to his feet again and bethought him of how he could best gratify his master the Mahdi by baiting the British while they were thus down in their luck. They had experienced the bitterest of disappointments at Khartoum, and now he would do what he could to create disaster for them around Suakim.

It was therefore with no small glee that Osman heard of the coming of another British expedition to the Red Sea port, near which, in the previous spring, his ferocious tribesmen had received such a terrific smashing down from General Graham and his gallant men landers (Black Watch and Gordons), Y Lancasters, Royal Irish, King's Rifles, and Bluejackets, etc.

Khartoum had fallen, and both the and the River Columns had returned t their point of divergent departure. A Wolseley's force had gone into summer along the Nile to prepare for a grand advance on the stronghold of the Mahdi.

But it was deemed a most important this scheme that the British line of com tion with Egypt by the river should be mented by another such line from Su the sea to Berber on the Nile; and acc it was resolved to run a railway across t between these two places.

On the other hand, it stood to reaso condition precedent to the constructio railway line was the sending of such a force as should render impossible all int with the progress of the work at the Osman the Ugly and his Hydra-headed tr who, since their partial extermination a and Tamai, had seemed to multiply an out of the ground like crops of dragon's t

Orders to this effect went forth from soon after the fall of Khartoum (26th 1885); and on the 12th March Sir Graham—who was again appointed lead expedition—reached Suakim and took command of the force which had m been marshalled there, a force numberin 13,000 men, or more than three ti strength of his previous one.

Of this force the flower of the infan time consisted of a three-battalioned Br Guards—Grenadiers, Coldstreams, and under Major-General Lyon-Fremantle, four-battalioned line Brigade—East

ire, Berks, Royal Marines—commanded
r-General Sir J. McNeill. Then there
valry brigade, consisting of two squadrons
ely of the 5th Lancers and 25th Hussars,
on of Mounted Infantry, Engineers, etc.
novel feature in the composition of
Graham's present force was the addition
a native Indian brigade under Brigadier-
Hudson, consisting of the 15th Sikhs,
Bengal Cavalry, the 17th and 28th Native
, with a company of Madras Sappers.
efore had the imperial nature of the
army been so picturesquely typified as
: a further addition to its character in
ect was soon to be made in the shape of
gent of 600 volunteers, officers and men,
ay from the plains of the Southern Cross.
When the news of Khartoum had been
hroughout the world, the hearts of all
England's sons in distant climes were
o their depths; and while the ill-wishers
England secretly rejoiced at seeing her
a dire predicament and with such a
ill of failure to her debit, all those, on
er hand, who spoke her language and
her sceptre yearned to comfort and assist
er hour of sorrow and of stress. What,
, were the feelings of all to hear that, on
of the new Suakim expedition, the
r of New South Wales had telegraphed
on offering to send an auxiliary force of
eries and a battalion of infantry, 500
citizen soldiers of the Southern Cross!
it was the delight of all Englishmen on
that her Majesty's Government had
this patriotic offer!

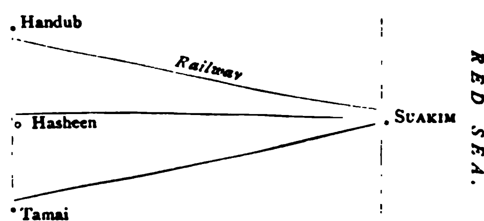
that was an epoch-marking moment in
ry of the Empire. Never before had it
vividly realised that blood is thicker
ter. What a scene of patriotic enthu-
hen the volunteers embarked! What a
cheering and handshaking when they
on the Red Sea shore—too late, unfor-
, to take part in the couple of engage-
bout to be described, but yet early
to seal their filial devotion to their
and with the lives and limbs of some of
mber.

in all its history had the port of Suakim
d such an appearance as it now did,
as it was with men-o'-war, troopers,
t-ships, hospital-ships, and vessels—nine
er—for condensing water for the troops
te of 85,000 gallons per day. No fewer
00 baggage and 500 riding camels—with
a corresponding number of headmen and drivers—had to be gathered from India, Egypt, Berbera, and Aden, as well as mules from Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus; and the fighting-men were almost lost sight of in the multitudes of camp-followers, camel-drivers, muleteers, bhistis, or water-bearers, dhooly-bearers, and labourers for the railway who came pouring in to Suakim from Egypt and India. Never had our war authorities done such a swift and splendid piece of organisation as now. Even the Germans had to own that it was beyond all praise.

On the day after General Graham's arrival at Suakim the laying of the railway-line was commenced, the direction followed being the caravan route to Berber.

A little later Sir Gerald received a most defiant letter from Osman Digna; who, in reply, was duly warned of the results that would ensue from any attitude of hostility on his part. He was bidden beware, but he hardened his heart, and hearkened not unto the warning that was given him.

From his spies Graham soon learned that Osman's forces were mainly concentrated at three points on a line extending north to south, or parallel with the sea-coast—viz. at Handub, through which the railway was to run, Hasheen, and Tamai. Suakim was the apex of the triangle of which a line passing through the above-mentioned places formed the base, thus:



Graham soon discovered that the greatest Arab force was at Tamai; and as Osman's power had to be crushed before the construction of the railway could be proceeded with *viâ* Handub, it was necessary to make two distinct and successive advances—one to Tamai, and then, after the return of the victorious column to Suakim, another along the line of railway.

As, however, the occupation of Hasheen by a smaller force of the enemy threatened the right of any advance on Tamai, it first of all behoved Graham to break up the concentration of the foe at the former place—the more so as this place formed so convenient a trysting-ground for those nocturnal raids which had become so distressing to the troops in Suakim, surrounded

though this town was by redoubts, and defended by the guns of our battleships. In this matter of alarming garrisons Osman Digna was even worse than the German Emperor, William II.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 19th March, Graham ordered a preliminary reconnaissance to be made as far as the village of Hasheen, about eight miles distant, he himself and his staff accompanying the force, which consisted of the cavalry brigade, supported by the infantry of the Indian contingent. Starting about 8 a.m., this force returned to Suakim

SHOEING FORGE OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES ARTILLERY AT SUAKIM.

half an hour after noon with the loss of one hussar killed, an officer and a sergeant wounded, but with the gain of having achieved its object, which was to examine the wells of Hasheen and avoid an engagement if possible.

Early next morning Graham marched out his whole force—with the exception of the Shropshires, who remained behind as garrison of Suakim—to take and hold the Hasheen wells; for it was clear that if the Arabs could get nothing to drink there, they would have to go elsewhere. Everywhere in the Soudan the masters of the water are the masters of the situation. Numbering over 8,000 officers and men, with 1,192 horses, 210 mules, 735 camels, and 10 guns — Graham's force advanced as three sides of a square—the Marines, Berkshires, and Surrey men forming the fro face; while the right and left sides respe tively were composed of the Guards a Indian contingent. Inside the square we the rockets and Gardner guns, the Enginee and the transport camels, etc. The caval covered the front and flanks, while in fro of them again pushed on the mounted fantry, in crescent form, as scouts. The mar was over rough ground, pebble, small boulde and prickly mimosa bush, rendering it a ve fatiguing one.

Starting soon after 6 a.m., the column abo 8.30 reached the foot of the detached group hills to the east of Hasheen, and on one of the General Graham and his staff took their sta remaining there throughout the action. Abo a mile and a half in front, on the left, rose th Dihilbat and Beehive Hills, looking down on th wells of Hasheen, which lay in the centre an amphitheatric kind of valley.

On the right of Graham's knoll rose a thre peaked ridge parallel to his line of advance; a on these the Royal Engineers and the Malta Sappers, supported by the Surreys, at o proceeded to throw up redoubts and zereba In the meantime the enemy, on the arriv of the advance-guard, had fallen back acro the open valley on Dihilbat and Beehive Hil

commanding the wells; and from this position Graham resolved to oust them.

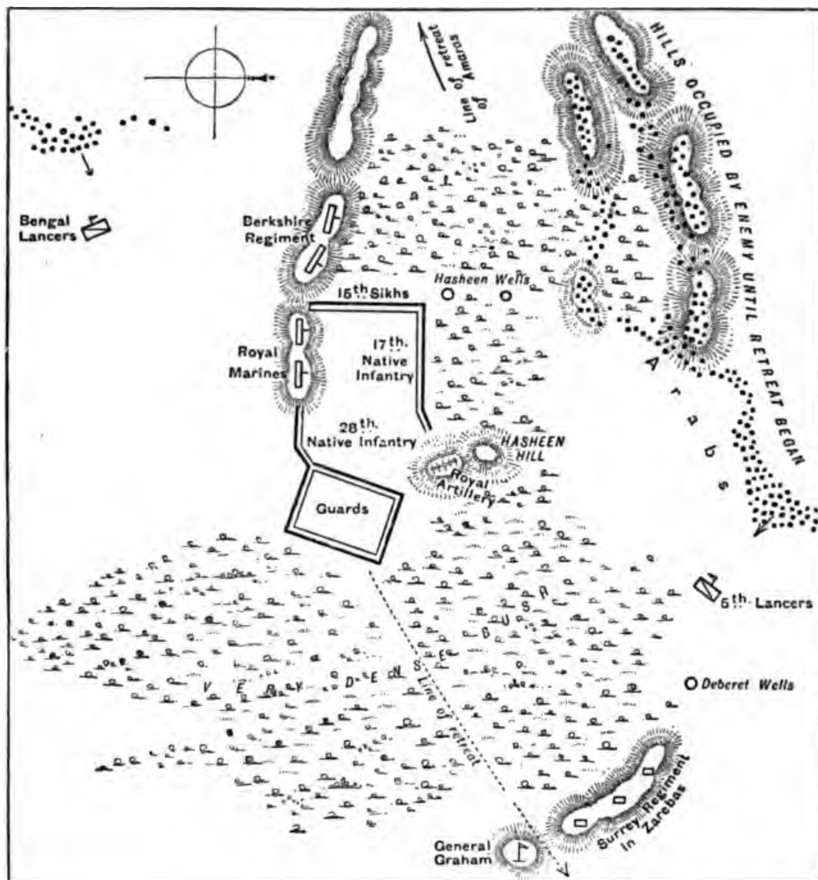
Advancing through a pass, the column debouched upon a spacious plain, encircled by craggy hills which had crater-like summits. And now the Arabs were seen, with weapons flashing and banners waving, posted in great strength on a spur to the left front. "Within the next five minutes," wrote an eye-witness, "the bushes seemed alive with riflemen. They crowded on the Hasheen hill; they swarmed through the underwood; and nothing could be seen but little puffs of smoke rising over the mimosa trees. Here and there a shriek, a groan, a gap in the ranks—instantly filled up—showed that some of the enemy's bullets had found a billet. But for one that hit, a thousand whistled harmlessly over us."

The Berkshires and the Marines were first sent forward to assault the enemy's position: and this they did in the most gallant style, making it look like a race between the two corps to reach some hillocks on the right of the ridge occupied by the foe. The Marines were the first to reach the crests of these earth-waves, from which they covered the advance of the Berkshires by well-directed fire, the rolling volleys of musketry re-echoing among the surrounding hills. "Volley succeeded volley on both sides," wrote one who was present, "and bullets began to fall unpleasantly thick around us, the sand puffing up in spits beneath the horses' legs. Where I stood with the Sikhs, the leaden hail was by this time whistling all round. The enemy appeared thoroughly plucky; but after a while our disciplined fire proved too hot for them."

"TWO SQUADRONS OF THE BENGAL LANCERS WERE LAUNCHED AGAINST THEM."

The Arabs were gradually forced from their position on the summit of the hills, which was in turn occupied by the Marines and the Berkshires, who were now able to pour an effective fire on the tribesmen as they retired across the plain towards Tamai. Two squadrons of the Bengal Lancers—making a gallant show with their turbans, streaming pennons, and flashing

spears—were launched against them, and some desperate fighting now took place in this part of the field. One of the squadrons was dismounted for the purpose of firing volleys, but being taken at a disadvantage was driven back, with a loss of nine men. An old sheikh, mounted on a camel, led the Arabs on, waving his spear frantically; and his equally fanatical followers rushed round the Bengalese flank to their rear. One Lancer officer—an Englishman—was seen to hew down two Arabs in quick succession; while the life of another officer was only saved by a steel breastplate underneath his tunic, which, before his departure, his wife had entreated him to wear.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF HASHEEN.

On the right, too, about the same time, a similar charge was made by the other two squadrons of the Bengal cavalry and the 5th Lancers, completely checking and scattering a body of the enemy who were advancing down the Hasheen valley with evident intent to turn the British flank. The swarthy-faced Indian troops, with eyes flashing friendly rivalry beneath their picturesque turbans, vied with their fresh-complexioned English comrades to carry away the chief honours of the charge; and it was very hard to say to whom these premier honours were due.

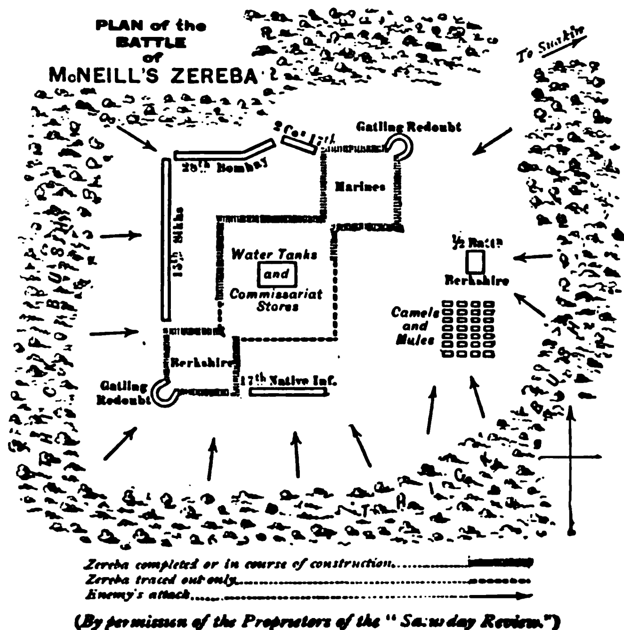
On the left, where the two isolated squadrons of the Bengal cavalry first charged, the Arabs had massed in such numbers that the Lancers were at last forced to retire on the Guards' square, which had been posted as a reserve in rear. Racing after the retiring horsemen the Arabs suddenly came upon this square, and without a moment's hesitation rushed down upon it with diabolic yells. Vain yells! Ineffectual rush! Little did these brave sons of the desert reck of what they were rushing down upon—a living square of English Guards, steady and unshakable as the rocks around. They fired as coolly as if in Hyde Park, while jokes and laughter were heard in their ranks up to the moment of the charge, executed upon them by a force of about 2,000 spearmen and 800 riflemen, none of whom ever got nearer the outer fringe of bayonets than fifteen or twenty yards. A no less picturesque than pathetic incident of this attack was the death of an Arab youth upon a white camel, who led the furious charge, the said camel having become a regular "ghost" in the course of the recent night assaults of the Arabs on the British camp at Suakim. Rider and camel were riddled by the bullets of the Coldstreams.

The cavalry having in the meanwhile re-formed, once more rushed at the Arabs after their brave but futile attack on the Guards, and scattered them among the hills, but only for the time being. For towards one o'clock, when the

sounded the retire—the object of the
:nent having now been gained—the in-
ble Arabs came on again, rallying to the
exhortations of their sheikhs ; and more
nce the regiments had to pour in thick
›id volleys to check the onrush of the foe.
ɔrse Artillery had come into action, doing
›od service ; and under cover of its fire,
·ious brigades, formed again into squares,
to retire in the most perfect order, fol-
by the galling fire of detached parties of
ıbs concealed among the bushes.
as during this retiring movement that
ı Dalison of the Scots Guards was shot
h the heart, to the great sorrow of his
rho now doubled the intensity of their
ın volleys among the scattered ranks of
endidly daring foe. Their strength was
ed at 3,000, and of these they must have
ll on to a third. Graham, on the other
ıad purchased his victory at the cost of
cer and eight non-commissioned officers
n killed, and three officers (Majors Harvey
ɔbertson and Surgeon-Major Lane), and
-commissioned officers and men wounded.
eturning to Suakim—from which he had
ıbsent eleven hours—General Graham
phed to Lord Wolseley, eulogising the
ɔur of all alike, especially the Sappers and
reys, who had planned and executed the
ve works with great skill and coolness,
ɡh repeatedly threatened with attack
: enterprising enemy, who at one time
ɔd on all sides. These defensive
-several hill-top redoubts—which
raham complete command of the
n wells, were left in charge of the
s ; and that the object of the en-
ɔnt had otherwise been secured
ɔved by the fact that the harass-
ɡht attacks on Suakim were now
inued.
ng broken up the enemy's con-
ion at Hasheen, and established
ed post there protecting his right
t now behoved Graham to march
Tamai and annihilate any forces
an the Ugly which he might find
Before doing this, however, it
cessary, for reasons of supply, to
h an intermediate post in the
and for this purpose, accord-
on Sunday, 22nd March, the
day after the engagement at
n, Graham despatched, under
the command of Sir J. McNeill, a force consisting of one squadron 5th Lancers, the Berkshire Regiment, one battalion Royal Marines, some Engineers, a detachment of the Naval Brigade (Bluejackets) with four Gardner guns, and the Indian brigade of infantry. The force was formed up in two squares at 7 a.m., and moved off in a south-westerly direction, the British square being in advance under McNeill. Graham accompanied the force for about two miles and a half, and then returned to Suakim.

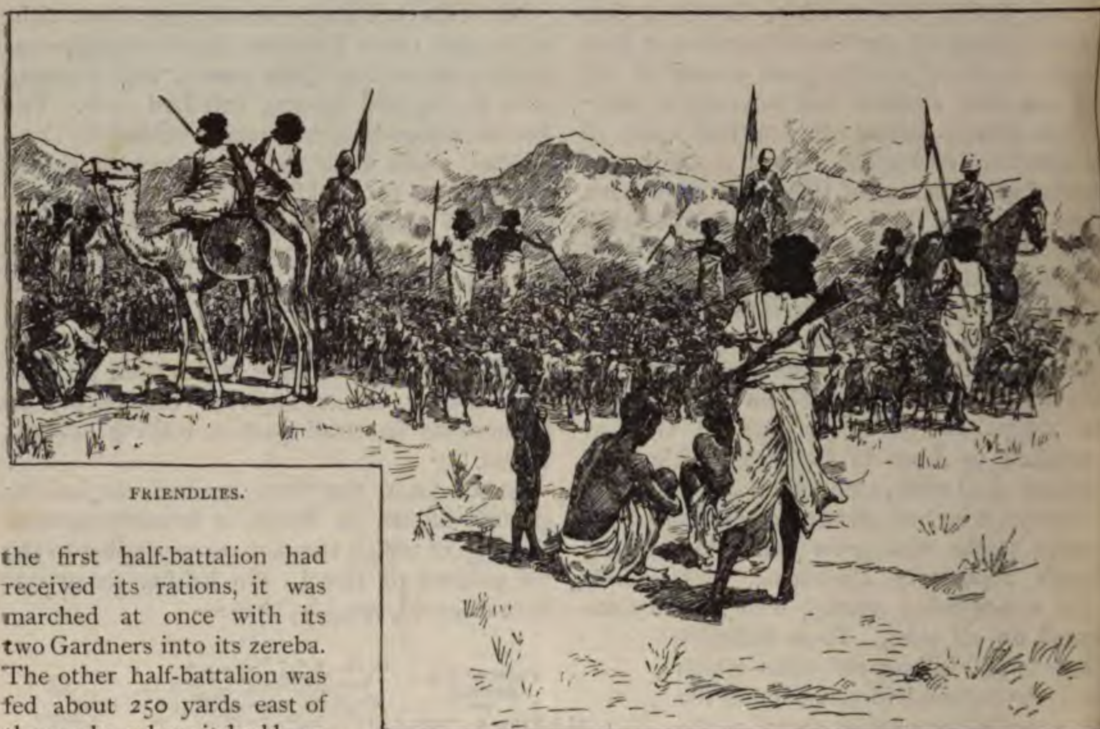
McNeill's orders were to advance about eight miles, and there construct three zerebas—one capable of holding 2,000 camels, with flanking ones to be held by one battalion each. The British troops were to remain behind in these zerebas, while their Indian comrades should march back to Suakim with the empty transport, and construct another depôt zereba halfway. But owing to unforeseen difficulties of the advance through the dense scrub—at the rate of only a mile and a half an hour—McNeill determined to make his zereba at a point six, instead of eight, miles from Suakim. The cavalry scouts reported the enemy to be in front in small parties, retiring towards Tamai.

About 10.30 the force reached the halting ground, known as Tofrik, a horseshoe-shaped clearing, of which the part corresponding to the toe pointed to Tamai. On halting, the troops were disposed, roughly, thus :—



(By permission of the Proprietors of the "Saturday Review.")

About 1.30 the Suakim-ward zereba had been all but completed ; and then McNeill turned his attention to the Berkshire or Tamai-ward zereba, which it was desirable to complete as rapidly as possible, so as to relieve the Indian Brigade and let it return to Suakim. Shortly before 2 o'clock Colonel Huyshe of the Berkshires represented that his men had had no food since 4 a.m., and had been marching and working in the heat since sunrise. They were therefore ordered to receive their dinner by half-battalions ; and when the first half-battalion had received its rations, it was marched at once with its two Gardners into its zereba. The other half-battalion was fed about 250 yards east of the zereba, where it had been posted to prevent camels and followers from straying back to Suakim.



FRIENDLIES.

About 2.30 Generals McNeill and Hudson were conferring at the north-east angle of the Berkshire zereba, when an orderly spurred in to report "the enemy collecting in front," followed by another with the news that they were "advancing rapidly." While McNeill was questioning these messengers, "the air," said an officer, "was rent with the most frightful yells. The cavalry outposts came clattering in, dashing through the working parties, and a heavy fire was poured in from the enemy, who seemed all at once to have sprung out of the earth."

"It is impossible to disguise the fact," wrote another eye-witness, "that we were most completely surprised, and that only the superb courage of our troops saved us from an overwhelming disaster. Not a man of us had any idea that thousands of rebels were quietly stretched among the scrub, and behind boulders and rocks quietly watching us as we innocently and jovially (in our shirt-sleeves) worked at our zereba. A few pickets were out, and cavalry scouts as well, I believe—eighteen all told—we were content!"

Here is the evidence of Major E. A. de Cosson, of the Commissariat, who was in the fight : "Around me was the busy hum of voices, laughing and chatting confidently as if they were at a picnic. The working parties were mostly in their shirt-sleeves, with their braces hanging down behind, and Tommy Atkins was busy cutting down trees in that methodical manner peculiar to him when on fatigue duty. . . . An English soldier hardly ever labours alone ; if a bucket has to be carried twenty yards, two men go and march it off solemnly, keeping in step one on each side, as if it was a prisoner of war. So, in cutting down mimosa trees, one man throws a rope over a tree and bends its head on one side, another takes an axe and gives two or three chops at the stem ; two more stand on the right and left waiting till the tree is down, and then all four set to work to haul it to its place.

"THE HUGE CONCOURSE OF ANIMALS SHIVERED, SWAYED, AND THEN BURST INTO MOTION" (p. [illegible])

eight minutes to three o'clock ; the
els had been formed into a close
nd were just beginning to move. I
y horse's head towards the central
ending to ride back and report to the
hat everything was ready, when a
rill, startled cry rose from the rear of
s behind me, and I saw some twenty
of the native drivers running towards
t as they could. I had not heard a
t fired, and so little was I aware of any
danger that I supposed the Somali and
vers were fighting among themselves,
running to me to have their dispute
therefore turned round, and then, for
ime, the truth flashed across me, for
showed the dark forms and gleaming
d spears of the Hadendowas, hacking
ng right and left as they charged.
t simultaneously a great shout rose
south-west side of the zereba, and a
were fired. The shrill cry soon
nto a frantic yell, the hoarse roar of
sand tongues, and the black swarm
sing up like the sands of the desert
us : so numerous were they, that the
s might have been transformed by the
a magician's wand into warriors armed
and sword. The huge concourse of
he camel train) shivered, swayed, and
t into motion, pouring down with ir-
force, like the waters of some mighty
ose who were watching the plain from
aid that at this moment a gigantic
f dust rose in the air, which they
charge of cavalry ; then the whole of
force appeared to burst asunder amid
d fire, like an exploding shell, and the
instantly covered with riderless horses,
ld mules tearing towards Suakim in
r."
the alarm had been given, General
ras just outside the Berkshire zereba,
h he attempted to spur his horse.
hied, the brute, and began to back
where the Arabs were rushing on.
le-camp, Lieutenant the Hon. Alan
(son of the Earl of Wemyss), gallantly
his rescue. One Arab had his rifle
t the general, but Charteris turned
aside with his sword, and cut down
ssailant, though he was speared in the
young Arab, a boy of some ten or
ars, who fought like a tiger's cub till
ot.

It was the Berkshire zereba which attracted the fiercest and most voluminous onrush of the Arabs. Howling like fiends and hacking and slashing everything that came in their way—camels, mules, horses, and camp-followers—the Hadendowas burst into the Berkshire fence-square, which now became a frightful scene of mutual massacre, in the course of which Lieutenant Seymour of the *Dolphin* and five of his brave bluejackets were slaughtered, all being terribly stabbed by spears. Captain Domville, in command, had his horse killed, as also had Colonel Kelly. The latter was fiercely attacked. He killed one of his assailants, but another was just about to spear him in the back when Captain Domville shot the Arab dead. Lieutenant-Colonel Huyshe, commanding the regiment, set a fine example of cool heroism to his men ; and being fiercely set upon by three Arabs, he shot them dead in succession with his revolver.

After the fight there was a terrible scene at this corner of the zereba. The dead lay thick. Ten bluejackets, some Indians, and Lieutenant Seymour, with dead mules and horses and wounded camels, were seen mingled up in one horrible heap. No fewer than 120 of the enemy had been sent to their account within the Berkshire zereba; and, indeed, of the brave and steadfast men of this county it might with double truth have been said what Wellington once affirmed of his invincible troops : "Whenever I made a mistake and got into a hole, my men always pulled me out of it"—words which General McNeill may well have repeated of himself.

One of the most striking features of the fray was the gallant defence made by the "F" and "G" companies of the Berkshires. At the first alarm Captain Edwards was serving water to his men of the "F" company, which had just come in from covering the men who were cutting bushes. Captain Edwards called to his men to stand to arms ; the other company did the same, and the two formed a rallying square outside the middle, or store, zereba—which was quite 200 yards away.

Only a rough square was formed round the officers—Colonel Gillespie and the rest ; and at this gallant little band the Arabs fiercely rushed from all directions, but were met with a terrific and wonderfully steady fire, which mowed them down in swarthy swathes. The men were well in hand, and reserved their fire until the Arabs were within thirty yards. Two of the latter fell

dead under the bayonets, one of them hurling his spear before he died and wounding Private Campbell. After fighting thus for about twenty minutes, the heroic little square slowly fell back upon the Marines' zereba, halting at times to give another dose of bullets to their assailants, of whom they slew over 200.

Meanwhile at the Marines' zereba, Suakimward, a "murder grim and great" as that of the Berkshire square had also been going on. For both zerebas had been simultaneously submerged, as 'twere, with a roaring flood of savages who had seemed to spring out of the ground like the whistle-summoned warriors of Roderick Dhu. Captain de Cosson and the *Times* correspondent —Mr. Wentworth Huyshe, a brother of the Berkshires' colonel—who happened to be watering their horses outside at the moment of the Arab onrush, only saved their lives by jumping their horses into the zereba, in the same way as the Duke of Wellington had done at Quatre Bras.

"As for the 17th Bengal Native Infantry," wrote Mr. Huyshe some time afterwards, "they could not face the music, the terrific scream which burst upon the air at the moment of attack, and which those who heard it will never forget, and they broke and fled; the gallant Beverhoudt was killed within a few yards of me in an attempt to rally his men, and in the next moment the whole space which had been marked out for the central zereba, and where the water-casks and biscuit-boxes were stored, became a hideous chaos of demoralised men, shouting and firing in the air, frantic camels and mules struggling, plunging, kicking, while through the immense cloud of thick dust which marked the course of the stampede, the forms of the Hadendowa warriors flitted like armed spectres, hacking, hewing, thrusting. Many of us were swept along in that terrible rush; some were forced clear through the northern zereba out into the bush, and so towards the town; these could only save themselves by swiftest flight.

"I heard some one shout, 'They're on us!' and I had just time to say to my friend with whom I had made the voyage to Suakim, 'Mount, G——, mount quick!' when I was jerked out of my own saddle by the cord which joined two camels (a cord with the power of a catapult!) dashed to the ground, and then galloped over by a mule! Dragged along by the reins some yards, I struggled to my feet, half-blinded, got into the saddle, put my horse (an excellent beast which I had bought from Major Collins of the Berkshire) at t tunately for me) incompleted hedge Marines' zereba, and, having landed found the enemy there also! swingin and hurling spear, while Walter Paget *Illustrated London News*, was calmly an admirable sketch of a single combat l a Hadendowa swordsman and a poc Tommy Atkins of the Commissariat. was doing his best with his regulatio (made in Germany?) against the trem two-handed sidelong sweeps dealt out swordsman; but it occurred to him to cut No. 7, which, much to the surpri bably, of both combatants, cut the Arab down through the skull. Next momen Tommy himself fell dead at our fee through the lungs by our own fire, I thin the rallying square of a detachment Berkshire which had been caught outsi was being desperately and incessantly c by the enemy.

"Meanwhile, the Berkshire, and we Marines' zereba, were firing terrific volle *our own transport animals*, behind and which the enemy was in great force. A was to see those poor beasts, stung by the hail, rear their great bodies into the a the Berkshire zereba, at the diagonally o end of the position, the hand-to-hand fi in full swing. The Gatling-gun redou been rushed by the enemy, all our poor near it slain, and the Berkshire working who had run towards their stacked rifle were between them and the charging e notable deed!), were fighting hard, bayo bullet *v.* spear and sword. Not a man enemy got out of the zereba alive; th there, a hundred brave men and more the shadow of the sacred banner whi had planted on the redoubt."

In the first terrific rush some sixty Ar got into the square of the Marines, but th instantly shot down or bayoneted. Ou the central zereba the Arabs simply ran at the helpless camp-followers, slashing a right and left and inflicting some ghastly while numbers of poor gashed and ha camels and mules were seen hobbling al on their knees. Large bodies of the rushed round in every direction, chargin zereba fence—mere hedges of thorny bu on the ground—with the utmost courage native bearers and servants fared badly, that it was impossible to distinguish the

y, and many of them were killed or by the concentrated fire from the and the Berkshire squares.

e troops stood their ground with teadfastness—all, perhaps, save the 17th ative Infantry (called the Loyal Poor-ove referred to, who were standing ith the south side of the Berkshire The right flank of this Indian regiment somewhat disordered, it is true, by the the 5th Lancers rushing back through fter firing one volley at the onrushing Osman, it broke and "retired"—a t which might perhaps have been sed by a less indulgent word. Some yal Poorbeahs fell back on the Berk-ba, others in a "more regular forma-the Marines' zereba; while others still t-faced and headed for Suakim, whence come.

Loyal Poorbeahs might surely have p a better courage at the spectacle of the of the Rev. Reginald Collins, Roman chaplain to the force, who was seen back to back in one of the squares with ston, "the reverend combatant having nearest available weapon—a revolver he wielded as if to the manner born." gns of unsteadiness becoming apparent e ranks of the aforesaid Poorbeahs, Mr. ike the gallant representative of the nilitant that he was, volunteered to bullet-swept ground that intervened, vey the major's message to "Cease seeing that aimless, unsteady shooting than none at all.

ing forward," wrote an eye-witness, d collected in demeanour, the chaplain is life in his hands, across to the Indians, he gave the necessary orders, and then as calmly to the little square which he left. His reception must have been pensation for the dreadful risks he had e men, struck with his heroism, raised r cheer, and placing their helmets on onets, waved them frantically in their m."

e cool heroism of this peaceful man ifficed not to stiffen the backs, steady r stay the backward movement of the orbeahs. On the other hand, however, Indian comrades budged not an inch line whereon they stood. The 15th d 28th Bombay Native Infantry re-m, maintaining an intact line, receiving and repulsing successive assaults with a heavy fire. There never was a doubt as to the result of the attack on these regiments. The Sikhs were most severely assailed, and hundreds of dead Arabs were afterwards counted in front of their position. The Bombay regiment was less directly attacked, but it fought steadily, and added its quota to the slain.

Two soldiers of the Berkshire were saved from certain death by the magnificent daring of Sub-adar (Captain) Goordit Singh, commanding the left flank company of the 15th Sikhs, who, placing himself between the pursuers and their prey, slew three Arabs in succession by as many rapid sword-cuts. This was only one among many feats of personal prowess which this day called forth; but for this very especial act of bravery Lord Wolseley subsequently gave the gallant Subadar a sword of honour.

But simultaneously with all this desperate fighting at the zerebas an engagement of an-other kind had been going on nearer Suakim. About 1.30 p.m. Major Graves, with a squadron of the 20th Hussars, had left the camp for Suakim so as to ensure the safety of the tele-graphic wire which connected Graham with McNeill. He had only proceeded about two miles, and had met a squadron of the 9th Bengal Lancers advancing to relieve him, when he heard heavy firing behind at the zereba. Taking command of the two squadrons with the splendid promptitude of the true cavalry officer, he at once hastened back, and came upon a number of camel-drivers, some native infantry (our Loyal Poorbeah friends, to wit), and, worse than all, "a few British soldiers," with camels, mules, etc., all in full retreat to Suakim, closely pursued by the enemy, who, in much greater force, were cutting them down in large numbers.

But now—in the twinkling of an eye—Graves was upon these pursuers like a thunderbolt with his couple of scragged-up squadrons: the ulti-mate result being that the Arabs turned and retreated towards McNeill's zereba, leaving a number of dead and wounded on the ground. Some feigned death, and jumping up close to the troopers, were killed in hand-to-hand combat.

The first shot at the zereba had been fired at ten minutes to three p.m., and at ten minutes past that hour McNeill ordered the "Cease fire!" to be sounded. Yet in that short space of twenty minutes no fewer than 1,500 Arabs had been killed, and probably a large number wounded, out of their attacking force of about 5,000.

On the other hand, the British loss had been

very severe—amounting to 6 officers killed and 3 wounded, 3 sergeants killed and 3 wounded, 55 rank and file killed, 14 missing (what became of them ?), and 57 wounded; while the Indian brigade lost 2 English and 2 native officers killed, 49 non-commissioned officers and men killed, 10 missing, and 90 wounded; 33 camp-followers

THE TERMINUS OF THE SUAKIM-BERBER RAILWAY, SUAKIM.

killed, 124 missing, and 19 wounded. But the heaviest slaughter-bill fell to the poor camels, of which no fewer than 500 were returned as killed or missing. Among the killed were Captain Romilly and Lieut. Swinton of the Berkshires, who were out working when attacked; and Lieut. Seymour of the Naval Brigade.

"At 6 p.m.," said the *Times* correspondent, "in the Berkshire zereba, the dead were laid out in rows. I counted 13 privates of the Berkshire Regiment and Royal Engineers, 6 of the Naval Brigade, and 2 of the Army Hospital Corps. Near them lay Lieutenant Swinton and Lieutenant Seymour; the total number killed in this zereba being 23. In the Marines' zereba there were 6 dead. An hour and a half later the sky was overcast, and a deep darkness shrouded the zerebas, the silence, too, being only broken by the moans and cries of the wounded—one mutilated Arab shouting out 'Allah!' and being answered from a distant part of the field by a friend's cry of 'Allah-il-Allah!'

"About ten o'clock the moon shone out brightly; and a walk round the zereba by it makes the battlefield even more ghastly an pressive. Here, within the zereba, the g is encumbered with dead and wounded c and horses, and is littered with clothing an tions of the kit of the dead and living. I centre of the zereba a few water-barrels, arr in line, form a rendezvous for the officers over the ground are patches of blood and l In one corner of the zereba lie the twc of our dead. Looking from our zereba ov plain, which is nearly free from bushes distance of one hundred yards, the mo reveals a fearful spectacle. The bodies enemy lie thick over the plain, in every i able attitude. Immediately beneath the hedge they are most numerous—a proof desperate gallantry with which they car with spear and shield, knobkerry and stick. But there were others still more for from our zereba alone 70 or 80 bodie dragged out into the plain by our men nightfall."

Vereschagin, the Russian battle-painter, to have been there with his realistic Occasionally during the night a broad b electric light from H.M.S. *Dolphin*—six away at Suakim—would sweep weirdly the plain where the dead, the dying, ar weary lay side by side; and the sight of i

iant beam cheered the hearts of the) had so nobly sustained the character ı soldiers for unflinching staunchness in of stress.

day broke, a sickening odour of blood : air, and burial-parties were detailed. enemy were still swarming in the bush, r and anon their long-range bullets ome whizzing and pinging over the Three banners were found, one with king, lying inscription: "From the the true Prophet of God—Whoever ıder this banner shall be victorious"; ıother standard had been captured by : Berkshires, on whose sandbag redoubt ıshing Arabs had made bold to plant roidered banner of their pride.

road, wandering stream of the electric ım the masthead of the *Dolphin* had resh courage into the hearts of the holders of the Tofrik zereba; but even and more inspiriting than the this light was the gleam of the sun bayonets of the Guards, who, accom- by General Graham himself, tramped e zereba next morning from Suakim in nd magnificent array. And loud were rs that greeted the Grenadiers, Cold- and Scots as they came to a halt of the Marines' zereba, looking like affectionate lions who had come to see eir imperilled cubs.

ı Digna and his ferocious hordes might utmost now; but never again did they make bold to repeat the tactics which they had employed with such splendid daring at El-Teb, Tamai, Hasheen, and Tofrik. The campaign tailed off in a series of further marchings and counter-marchings, convoy-escorting, zereba-forming, and skirmishes, none of which rose to the dignity of a proper engagement, except, perhaps, the fight at Dhakdul, in which the New South Wales contingent—which only arrived a week after the affair of McNeill's zereba—took part and comported itself with the utmost gallantry. Previous to this, Graham had advanced on New Tamai, Osman's headquarters, and destroyed the nest on finding the bird flown; and the rest of the fighting took the form of little more than mere skirmishing with the natives, who did all they could to bar the progress of Graham's railway-making by burning the sleepers.

The laying of the line had reached Otao, a point about fifteen miles from Suakim, when Lord Wolseley, who had meanwhile arrived at Suakim from the Upper Nile (2nd May), announced that the Government had resolved to suspend the work and retire from the Soudan altogether, leaving only a garrison at Suakim.

It was but a poor consolation for this sudden and capricious dropping of the fruits of all their fighting that Lord Wolseley, on the 16th May, addressed a farewell order to the troops, expressing his deep sense of their admirable conduct in language of the warmest eulogy. "The deeds of the force in the Soudan," he said, "have added one more chapter to the glorious records of our national prowess."

DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSPORT.

AFTER the successful issue of their struggle for independence, the United States of America increased in wealth and importance with greater rapidity than any other nation of the time. The long continuance of war had caused much distress in Europe, and many emigrants of all nationalities, carrying with them their arts and experience, had betaken themselves to the great new Republic, which offered countless openings for energy and ability. Besides the numerical force and political weight which were thus gained, the circumstances of the time threw a vast amount of neutral commerce into American hands, bringing profitable employment to shipowners and seamen and an increasing revenue to the Republic. This condition of affairs in itself caused considerable jealousy in Great Britain, and the fact that France was deriving great benefit from the carriage of its seaborne commerce in American ships forced the British Government to adopt defensive measures. England also asserted her right of searching neutral merchant vessels on the high seas and of impressing English subjects found in them for service in the navy, as it was denied that the nationality of such men could be cancelled by easily obtained American acts of naturalisation and certificates of citizenship. The United States, with more or less justification, then declared war on the 18th June, 1812.

The Dominion of Canada was the only British possession open to the invasion of the American land forces, and, though its long frontier line from Lake Superior to the Bay of Fundy gave many points against which enterprises might be undertaken, the settlements and strongholds were so far apart, separated from each other by stretches of wilderness and impassable natural features, that such enterprises could, for the most part, only be isolated blows, and could have no great strategical effect. The most important feature of the frontier was the series of or vast inland seas, connected by mighty and no movements of troops could be ma assisted by armed vessels and boats. Both therefore, in the coming campaign relie success quite as much on their navies o lakes and rivers as on the land troops they could put into the field.

The theatre of war was little adapted fo exercise of the best qualities of the English of the day. As has been said, the settle small and few as they were, were separat great tracts of virgin forest and wilderness. diers had to be conveyed by water from on of action to another, and when they were l they had seldom an opportunity of executin manœuvres as would have been possible in a any part of Europe, but they were called to fight in districts broken by woods, prec creeks, and morasses, where their disciplin stiff, steady training were useless and courage and determination were more lik lead them into an ambush or to entangle among insurmountable obstacles than to their victory. They were opposed to an to whom the character of the countr familiar, men who from their youth had accustomed to the use of the rifle in the p of game, who were initiated into all tl pedients of life in the backwoods, and hardened by hunting toils into the handie most enduring of soldiers for irregular cam Small wonder if the English regular bat often found themselves at a disadvantage the very excellence of their military tr and were unable in the wild regions of A to show proofs of the high value at whic were appraised on the battlefields of E It was fortunate for the defence of Canad it was possible among the loyal inhabit the Dominion to enrol a considerable fo militia, which, composed to a great ext

their sons, possessed a knowledge of ·'s features, enabling them to act effi- n regular troops might be at a loss. : also some tribes of friendly Indians be utilised as light troops and scouts, ose chiefs some, and especially the umseh, were warriors of the highest ɔining gallantry in the field with the alty to the English flag and great ıe operations of war.

812 and the greater part of 1813 the ırried on by Americans and British ng success, but, as has been seen, it sible for either side to attempt any egical operations. Detached raids by each Power upon more or less sitions of its enemy, but no crushing struck which could have a decisive the ultimate issue of the struggle. icans had, however, been so far suc- they had for the time secured com- ıand of Lake Erie. It was therefore r them to devote all their resources ns on Lake Ontario, and their War t conceived the idea of making a novement on Montreal by two armies, g from Lake Ontario and one from a : Chateauguay river near the bound- f Lower Canada. The first was to 7,000 men under General Wilkinson, cond of 8,000 men under General If these two forces could unite on St. Lawrence, it was believed that they sufficiently strong to overcome any esistance, and that they would be e up their winter quarters in Mont- is scheme promised well, and the gies of the Republic were devoted ; it out.

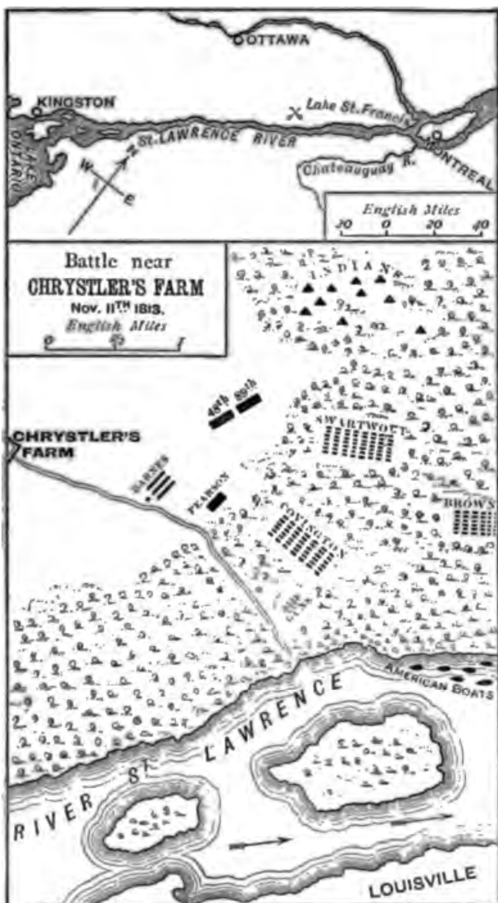
21st October General Hampton com- is march along both banks of the ay river, and, after some preliminary , was encountered on the 25th by a of Canadian militia under Lieutenant- Saluberry, which, covered by breast- ıed of felled trees, was able to receive ell-sustained and deadly fire the attack, and finally to succeed in check- driving it back. General Hampton, hat he was opposed by greatly superior though in fact his repulse was accom- not more than 800 men, fell back to al starting-point, and had not the again to cross the frontier.

ıe General Wilkinson had concentrated his force at Grenadier Island, on Lake Ontario, near the St. Lawrence, and was preparing to move down the river towards the point of proposed junction with General Hampton. In making his dispositions he allowed it to be supposed that his object might be an attack upon Kingston, to which place all the troops which had occupied the Niagara peninsula had been moved; but he made no actual demonstration in that direction. As a matter of fact, the English and American fleets neutralised each other on Lake Ontario, and no successful attack could have been made upon Kingston while the English armed vessels were still unsubdued. In Kingston also were almost all the regular troops available for the defence of Lower Canada, and it was very obviously a more feasible operation to move on weakly protected Montreal than to make an attack on a town strongly guarded by land and on the lake.

The transport of General Wilkinson's force down the current of the St. Lawrence could not be made in the comparatively large vessels which navigated Lake Ontario, and he caused a number of small craft, scows and boats, to be prepared, sufficient for its accommodation. On the 25th October all was ready, the men were embarked and the flotilla dropped down the river to a point on the southern bank called French Creek. The American armed vessels, under Commodore Chauncey, covered the movement, and watched the English fleet in Kingston Harbour; but in spite of their vigilance, some English brigs, schooners, and gunboats managed to slip past them unperceived, and took up a position off the creek, from which they were able to fire on Wilkinson's army, and to do it some damage. The Americans had erected a battery of 18-pounders on shore, but these were able to do little or no harm to the English ships, which maintained their position until Commodore Chauncey's fleet, which they had evaded, suddenly made its appearance, and forced them to retire to Kingston.

On the 5th November the camp at French Creek was broken up, and, General Wilkinson re-embarking his men, the flotilla continued its voyage till midnight, when it again anchored after passing over forty miles of the river's course. Six miles lower down the St. Lawrence its channel was commanded by the guns of Fort Wellington on the Canadian bank, and it was a matter of anxiety to General Wilkinson how his flotilla should pass this fort unscathed. He met the difficulty by disembarking his ammunition

and placing it in waggons. Every man who was not required to navigate the boats was also landed, and the whole marched along the American bank by night to a point two miles beyond the threatening fort. The flotilla itself was placed in charge of General Brown, who took every precaution to enable it to move undiscovered by muffling the oars and causing the boats to keep as close as possible to the bank.



General Wilkinson himself in a light gig reconnoitred the river and piloted the leading boats. Fortunately for him a heavy fog spread over the river's channel, and under its cover the greater part of the flotilla dropped silently down stream unobserved. A sudden shift of wind, however, caused the fog to lift, and the garrison of Fort Wellington detected the boats and the marching column on the American bank. Fire was opened by the English guns, but too late to check the success of General Wilkinson, who effected his movement with little loss. Pressing orders were now sent to General Hampton, whose repulse on the Chateauguay was yet unknown, directing him to make every effort to effect the pro junction of the two armies.

Major-General de Rottenberg, who was manding at Kingston, quite alive to the of Wilkinson's expedition, had directed a under Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison to and watch it on the St. Lawrence. Little apparently be done in direct opposition Only about 1,500 men were at Kingston, was unadvisable to leave that place whol protected. It was expected that a militia might be gathered to cover Montreal, b best that could now be hoped for was to Wilkinson's march, and to watch for o nities of causing loss to his army. Morrison only take with him eight very weak of the 49th Regiment, and nine companies of the 89th, with a small of artillery and artillery drivers, havi two 6-pounder field-pieces, the whol to about 560 rank and file. This embarked on some gunboats and manned by men of the Ontario fleet by Captain Mulcaster of the Royal Na had the audacity to stand out of Ki Harbour in view of Commodore Cha blockading squadron, and the skilfulness to his enemy by slipping down the north c which, as presenting great difficulties o gation, had fortunately been left ungu On the 8th November Lieutenant-Colone rison was joined by Lieutenant-Colonel P the commander of Fort Wellington, with available men, consisting of the two flank panies of the 49th, some detachments of Ca militia, a few artillerymen with a field about half-a-dozen provincial dragoons, and Indians under Lieutenant Anderson. Mor whole force now numbered 800 men all to with it he followed in the wake of the Am flotilla as far as Fort Iroquois on the nort of the St. Lawrence, where he left the bo prepared for land operations. Wilkinson' had been delayed by the necessity of lan order to pass Fort Wellington, and its mander was now informed that difficulties be expected at every point where the c of the river narrowed, as the Canadian ba occupied by militia and artillery. The which came to him were greatly exagg however, and there was really no force t the field which could have offered any e opposition to his passage. On the fore the 7th he had landed 1,200 men under McCombe to clear away any possible res

ver the flank of his flotilla, which, thus pursued its way down the river. On General Brown with his brigade was Wilkinson to reinforce McCombe, and Dragoons, part of the army's cavalry, d been marching along the American re ferried over to the Canadian side. ternoon of the 9th the American flotilla Williamsburg, near to Chrystler's Farm, arms, and a considerable proportion of his artillery.

The American commander-in-chief had been for some days ill, and was now completely incapacitated. General Lewis, the second in command, was also ill; so the direction of the troops devolved upon General Boyd, who, besides other senior officers, had with him Generals Covington, Brown, and Swartwout. The Americans com-

"CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG DID HIS BEST TO WITHDRAW HIS PIECES" (p. 651).

her force of 400 men was sent on shore *naissance*. General Brown was now take command of the whole of the ces, and to make good the possession k as far as the head of the "Longue long rapid a short distance down the the 10th November, General Brown and the heavily laden boats on the both arrived at the "Longue Saut." Wilkinson now judged it advisable, view of holding the Canadian shore, to lighten all the boats as much as efore undertaking the passage of the land every man capable of bearing menced their march on the morning of the 10th, and near the village of Cornwall the advanced guard was opposed by about 300 of the Glengarry Militia under Captain Dennis of the 49th, who, by breaking down a bridge over a creek in his front and distributing his men in concealment round a wide semicircle, was able by their fire to delay General Brown for three hours, and finally to withdraw with little loss, carrying away also all the stores which were in his charge. But Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison's small force was now in touch with and harassing the American rear, and some skirmishing had taken place in which the advantages were evenly balanced.

The English gunboats also were so threatening the flotilla that it was unable to leave the shelter of the bank, where a strong battery had been erected for its protection. General Boyd therefore resolved to turn upon and attack Morrison, and, his force being so superior in numbers, he believed that he could have no difficulty in crushing his audacious foe. A belt of forest surrounded the ground occupied by the English and hid from the Americans their strength and

OLD BATTERY, ST. HELEN'S ISLAND, MONTREAL.

disposition; and General Boyd, thinking that he had only to show his strength to ensure complete success, formed his men in three columns, each commanded by one of his generals, with a reserve under Colonel Upham. One of the battalions of General Swartwout's brigade, the 21st American Regiment, was sent forward as an advanced guard to cover the movement and bring the English to action. This advanced guard, moving in open order through the forest, emerged upon Morrison's leading troops, the 49th flank companies, some Canadian militia, and one field-piece under Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson. The 21st Americans were accompanied by four guns, which took up a position from which it was hope they would be able to enfilade the right British line of battle.

Let us examine the ground occupi Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, and see h marshalled his men to meet the overwhe numbers which were about to be br against them. Chrystler's Farm was a clearing in the forest surrounding the built homestead, from which a rude trac down to the bank of the St. Lawr In November the crops were the ground, which was thus open to the movement of tr though it was cut up by occa drains and fences, and the soil, long-continued rain, was a ma deep adhesive mud. Such as it however, it was better adapted t steady manœuvres of English inf than many of the previous of combat during the war. We seen that the little English was only about 800 strong, incl regular infantry, artillery, and C dian militia, and that it had wi thirty Indians. Its artillery con of three field-pieces, and its cav half-a-dozen dragoons, who act orderlies. Its advanced guard Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson posted *à cheval* of the road the belt of forest which inter between the clearing and the Behind it, écheloned in supp its right rear, were three com of the 89th with a field-piece Captain Barnes, while on its lef the remainder of the 49th an with a field-piece were both body and reserve. The woods left of the position were occupied by the I and the Canadian militia. Every fightin was in the place which best suited his p capabilities. Everywhere the handfuls fantry were formed in line so as to gi fullest effect to their fire and the utmost fr to their powers of tactical movement. determined, they awaited the advance of G Boyd's army, for they felt that on them dep the safety of Lower Canada. The three Am columns followed their advanced guard th the forest, General Covington being d against the right of the English p General Swartwout against its left,

rown was still some distance in the

ion commenced at 2 p.m. by the
:he 21st Americans, over 600 strong,
ant-Colonel Pearson's advanced post.
· of the swarm of men was too much
ı, who fell back, steadily fighting and
very inch of ground, until his assailants
ed by the supporting fire of the 49th
The four American guns failed to give
all the support which was expected
, as they had taken up a position
ind the fighting line, from which, ill
ill laid, their action was little effective.
st two General Swartwout's brigade
l forward, and tried to turn the British
veary from being under arms all the
ght under an incessant rain and from
ı to the attack almost knee-deep in
ıen lacked vigour and determination.
of the Indians and militia, whom
had neglected to drive out of the
his right, made itself felt with fatal
when the 89th, wheeling to their
nted a stern, unbroken front, the
deficient in training and discipline,
ggered, and gave way. The 49th
e-forming their proud line and with
cased, followed them with confident
volleys by platoons and effectually
them from making an attempt to
disordered ranks. Meanwhile General
had led an assault against the English
forcing Captain Barnes with his three
of the 89th to fall back, nearly made
ray to the farm-house; but Morrison,
ight thus in peril, moved to the help
mrades the main body of the 49th
flushed with their success against
artwout. These gallant soldiers then
lliant example of that power of cool
in battle which in so many wars has
ayed by England's infantry. They
their victorious pursuit of their first
, and, crossing the field from left to
helon of companies, re-formed their
nt of Covington, and, recommencing
ing fire by platoons, struck confusion
brigade. General Covington, who,
hand, was leading his men with a
d determination worthy of the young
army, was struck down mortally
nd carried from the field, and on the
e British position, as on the left, the
were driven back discomfited. The

American battery of four guns was still in position, covering the movements of their infantry, and the 49th prepared to capture it with a bayonet charge. Ere they were in motion, however, Morrison's wary eye had marked the movement of mounted men behind the disorganised crowd that was falling back before him. It was the 2nd American Dragoons, who, hitherto impeded by the belt of forest near the river, were now able to form in the clearing, and, under the command of the Adjutant-General, Walbach, were about to make an attempt to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Fortunately for Morrison's force the intersecting ditches and deep mud of the battlefield prevented the charge from being delivered with the impetus and cohesion which give three-fourths of their power to attacking cavalry, and Captain Barnes had time to form his three companies and to receive the dragoons with calculated volleys. Like Swartwout's and Covington's brigades, Walbach's men failed to make good their purpose, and turned rein. The last serious danger to the English army was past. General Brown's third column and Colonel Upham's reserve did little more than show themselves, and took no part in the fight. Their comrades were defeated, discouraged, and in retreat, and all that could be done was to shield them from complete demoralisation.

Morrison had hitherto fought the action of the day with conspicuous completeness and success. His men had stood the brunt of a struggle with a greatly superior force, and in cool courage, disciplined manœuvre, and ready response to his initiative, had failed their commander at no moment in the trying hours of that November afternoon. Now, however, he was unable to reap the full advantage of his victory for want of that cavalry which might have swept down upon his foe's retreat, and added crushing disaster to their disheartening failure. But, if cavalry were wanting, the sturdy British infantry, which had held its own so long and so stoutly and adapted its tactical formation to every mood of battle, now dashed forward eager to do what in it lay to secure trophies of mastery. Captain Barnes's companies, with levelled bayonets, charged upon the four guns which so long had been in position before them. Captain Armstrong, who commanded the American battery, did his best to withdraw his pieces; but, impeded by the tumultuous retreat of the infantry, and by the deep mud in which the wheels were sunk, he only succeeded in saving three. The fourth was captured, Lieutenant

Smith, the subaltern in charge, lying dead at the post of duty. Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, who, with the flank companies, had at the beginning of the action formed the English advanced post till he was driven back by the American 21st, now again pressed forward and fell on the enemy's light infantry, which was covering their retreat. Victorious in his turn, his advance was irresistible and opposition melted away before him. The line of the 49th and 89th followed Barnes and Pearson. The shrill war-whoop of the Indians rang through the forest, the artillery was hurried forward to hurl some last shots into the woods, in whose shelter General Boyd's columns were received, and the whole English force stood triumphant on the edge of the clearing where they had given such proofs of valour. But Morrison could do no more. Night was falling, and disparity of numbers forbade further pursuit of the Americans, who, falling back to their boats on the St. Lawrence, had the means of reinforcing themselves to such an extent as would give them a dominant superiority, which it would have been folly to encounter.

The Americans hurriedly re-embarked and formed their camp about four miles l down the river on its southern bank. Her tidings of Hampton's defeat on the Chatea reached them, and they learnt of that mander's resolution to make no further at to effect the proposed junction of the two a There was nothing for it but to conside advance against Montreal at an end. De berry on the Chateauguay and Morriso Chrystler's Farm had broken the force of two American columns of invasion and saved Lower Canada for the British Cr The American losses in the action of the November were 102 killed and 237 wou besides a field-gun and more than 100 priso In proportion to their numbers the casu among the English force were nearly eq severe, amounting to 21 killed and 182 wou The opposing forces met in open champ where the incomparable discipline of tr English infantry gave to them signal advan The Americans were defeated not by su valour, but, though fourfold superior in nu they fell before prompt and regular tactical ments executed by professional soldiers wh handled by a commander of consummate s

A SETTLER'S SHANTY.

ARIS had been besieged by the Germans for four months, and was now approaching the last extremities. The only bulletin issued on the 18th of the one hundred and twenty-second he tedious beleaguerment, was that the —the Chelsea Hospital of France, in apel under a tomb of porphyry lie the of the First Napoleon—had been struck ell. Trochu had not yet developed -threatened plan which was to relieve from the toils. Provisions were getting y palpable degrees, for on the 13th he rationing of bread was finally decided Government Council, and M. Magnin, ister of Commerce, had obtained per- o requisition all the remaining flour he y hands on. Five days later M. Jules nited the supply to ten ounces daily, one rth, for which the inhabitants had to e shops with their tickets and form a tside as at the theatre in ordinary times. under five were only entitled to half ntity, and even that meagre allowance mahogany colour, sour and gritty, a d of bran, rice, barley, oats, vermicelli, ch, with a thin admixture of wheaten The bakers were prohibited from selling n to any but their usual customers. Germans had a capitally served Intel- Department. It is worthy of note that d was rationed on the very day that l it would begin to be scarce in Paris. were only enough cattle left to furnish day's supply of meat, and milch cows lously withheld for the consumptive and herwise ailing, babes, and women recover- n the throes of child-birth. Another pply was counted on from preserved he reserve of horses was diminishing, and those which had to be kept for transport and the indispensable necessities of war were few and deplorably out of condition. It was short commons everywhere. There was now no more oats or barley in the mangers, and straw and hay were stinted. Even the staff of life on which those required for field-artillery and ambulance purposes were fed, was lacking; the other horses were dieted on a quarter of their usual fare. The bombardment of the city proper had lasted for ten days, and the roar of the enemy's besieging guns, whose shells fell like hailstones, resounded through the outlying districts, whose inhabitants had fled for refuge to more protected quarters. Fuel was failing, and the people shivered from want of firing, and at night the once gay boulevards were lit by oil-lamps few and far between. Gas was a luxury husbanded for the balloons. Benches had been torn up on the side-walks and the wreck flung on the stoves, and the branches of trees full of sap were used instead of charcoal and gave out a stifling smoke when they were enkindled instead of a cheerful blaze. Green-stuff was grubbed up in the area beyond the ramparts within range of the German outposts. Eggs were shown in goldsmiths' windows in the caskets formerly reserved for jewels; rabbits fetched thirty francs and turkeys ninety each; and the wild animals in the two zoological collections at Bercy and the Bois de Boulogne were killed and sold to speculative restaurateurs at fancy prices only suited to the purses of millionaires.

Funerals were frequent and added to the general depression of the community cut off from the world and driven to itself for enjoyment. Wilhelm, King of Prussia, was proclaimed German Emperor before an altar surmounted with a gilded crucifix in the Hall of Mirrors in the

Palace of the Bourbons at Versailles, which rang with the exultant cheers of princes and generals of the Fatherland and the joyous blare of trumpets. Unless a sortie was made with success, starvation was imminent or surrender. There was little hope of success among military authorities, for the troops were dispirited by their continued ill-luck, and the bulk of the unruly and ill-disciplined National Guard was not to be counted on as fit for serious hostilities. Still as there were discordant elements amongst them who were very dangerous for internal tranquillity, and would insist on fight as long as they had not been led out against the Prussians, it was felt that before an armistice could be hinted at their martial fever should be lowered by judicious blood-letting.

On the morning of the 19th of January there was an eruption of a fearful crop of placards, the white betokening that they were official, on the walls. Firstly, there was one prescribing the rationing of bread ; next, one demanding the residences of absentees for the accommodation of the wounded and the inhabitants driven out of their ordinary domiciles by stress of the siege ; a third levied combustibles and comestibles of non-residents for the public service ; a fourth exacted secreted stocks of seed within three days under penalty of confiscation, £40 fine, and three months' imprisonment ; a fifth offered a reward to anyone giving information of the existence of hidden cereals. General Trochu had placarded some time previously that the Governor of Paris would not capitulate, but to avoid in a literal sense the probability of surrender in case of the failure of the new attempt to pierce the German lines, he determined on the evening of the 10th of January to exchange his quarters at the Louvre for the fortress of Mont Valérien. Accordingly among the sheaf of Government notices on the walls on the damp morning of the appointed eventful day was an order from General Le Flô announcing that during General Trochu's absence he had been invested with the supreme command of the troops for the defence of the city and St. Denis, and beside it appeared a proclamation that those amongst them who could offer their lives on the battlefield would march against the foe. In these words it concluded : "Let us suffer ; let us die, if necessary ; but let us conquer." To this was affixed the names of all members of the Government except the President.

The sortie of despair had been resolved upon, and the National Guards were at last to have an opportunity of proving the virtue that was in them, by contact with the enemy. Th the previous day there had been goi series of rendezvous and drills in ever and broad street of the end of the city to the Versailles side, and it was evid the commotion and the drum-beating passing and repassing of armed men that operations were at hand. The duty of r out of the beleaguered city had been to three corps d'armée forming a body than 100,000, consisting of troops of mobiles and citizen soldiery, supported guns, commanded by Generals Vinoy, (Bellemare, and Ducrot respectively. Tl of this force may be thus estimated : th of the Line were generally of excellent but demoralised by their experiences o brushes, and but half-made when the not seasoned ; the mobiles were of the fighting age and spirited but undisci the National Guard, as a rule, was an mob and liable to panic from causeless Altogether the force lacked vigour and g

The three inferior generals were closet Trochu the evening before the action. T tion which he took on the highest point terrace-like roof of Mont Valérien gave commanding, almost unique view of the ments of his army which he could dire theatrical manager from a stage-box. Surr by his staff, he had only to issue his o the aide-de-camp on duty, who descend his horse at the postern gate and, follo one of the crowd of waiting orderlies, co his message to the body of troops put in who carried it out in sight of the com himself. Versailles was the objective p which the offensive was to be directe hopelessly mad aim being to dislodge the sian headquarters from the Imperial seat nucleus of their organisation. To Vin assigned the conduct of the attack on tl which was to be pressed on Montretout a villas and grounds bordering St. Cloud, ing to Messieurs Béarn, Pozzo di Borgo, gaud, and Zimmerman. In the origin for the fortification of Paris there had b intention to construct a redoubt at Mont but this intention had never been carri With an acute appreciation of the value position, one of the first cares of the enen been to seize on it, as he had on Châtill was of vital importance to retake Mont From it the wood of St. Cloud and the hi of Versailles could be raked, and the P

of Meudon, which spread trouble in and the Point du Jour, could be turned. re of the attack under de Bellemare art from Courbevoie at the right rear of lérien, and had for objective the eastern f La Bergerie opposite Garches. The to operate on the wooded eminence to of the park of Buzenval, and make a ous attack on Longboyau, and, if posetrate to the Lupin stud-farm in front St. Cloud and to the left of Garches.

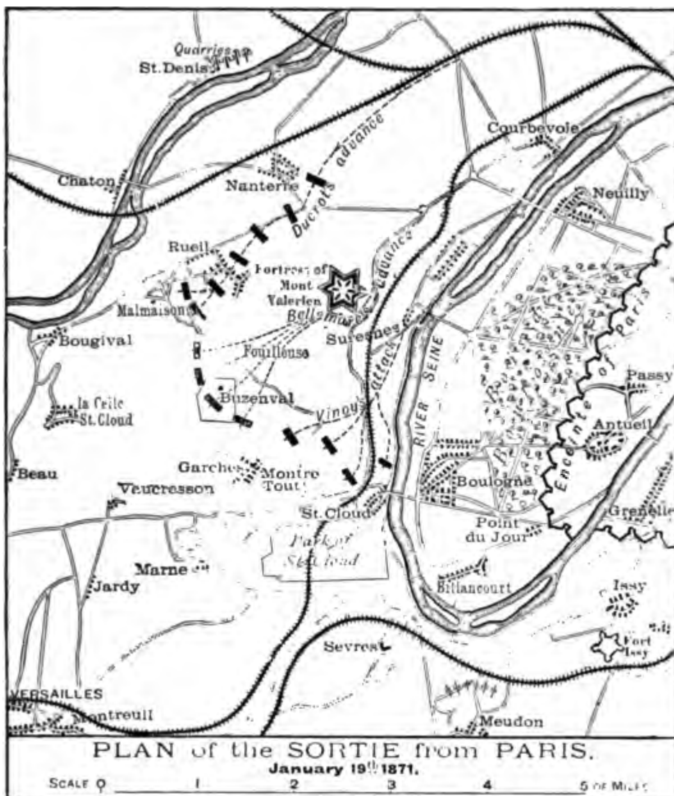
e of front, when battle was joined, did d quite four miles English across. The bringing together and handling such most of them new to the shock of hin such a narrow compass, was arduous ate; the concentration was not effected considerable anxiety and some bungling; make matters worse, the night was and the morning of the 19th was by a curtain of thick fog, Thames-like sistence and clayey hue. Along with ess the ground was soaked with a longl rain, and horses sank to their hocks d, and waggons were trundled painfully six in the morning was fixed for the t owing to a delay in the advance of -corps of the right it was retarded for ours. Ducrot's delay was explained by mstance that he had some seven-andes English to traverse in the dark on a ampered with obstructions, and a highpied by a train of artillery which had ay.

ccurred not in Cochin-China but a ve from Paris, on a bit of country ure of which could have been mastered hour by an intelligent huntsman with of the staff-maps and a reconnoitring

as the delay the only blunder which Trochu's conception. The men of nal Guard had been kept under arms on their backs and four days' proaking in all a burden of four stone rom two in the morning. The Line, haggard and worn with fatigue, and without elasticity of step when they got to go forward at ten o'clock. Their finer body of officers seldom stood— ad them to their work, in some cases g revolvers to their ears. Vinoy's comerged from behind Mont Valérien by arallel to the Seine, skirting the right yard, and concealed for a space by the hillock of La Fouilleuse. The column of assault consisted of the Zouaves, the 136th of the Line, and several battalions of the National Guard, notably the 107th. By eleven it had taken possession of the heights of Montretout and the adjacent villas without excessive difficulty. The foemen, pounced upon unexpectedly, resisted stiffly for a while, but were overpowered by numbers. Sixty of them, mostly belonging to a regiment from the Grand Duchy of Posen, were disarmed. They pleaded that they had been taken unawares, and they looked it. It was a new sensation to catch soldiers of their army unawares. The Zouaves repolished their sullied escutcheon here; they were foremost in the onset, and careered over three entrenchments at accelerated pace. The French, having secured their prisoners, descended to St. Cloud and scoured the village, taking particular pains in searching the cellars. They had profited by the lesson of Ville-Evrard. Skirmishers pushed forward and crackled at the retreating enemy, who had sought refuge in the closer growths of the plantations.

While the left was thus successful, the centre marched down the slope of Mont Valérien unopposed until it reached the farm of Fouilleuse to the west of the brickyard, and there its advance was blocked by a withering fire of small-arms. Twice the column had to fall back, but on the third attempt it cheered, rushed forward with the bayonet, and carried the position. The National Guards who took part in this onslaught were full of ardour. This, the left wing of the centre, moved on to the elevated cross-road between La Fouilleuse and St. Cloud, where it had been instructed to form a junction with the left front. Inflamed with the glow of combat and confident from its progress hitherto, it carried this position also with the white arm, but de Bellemare's right was stopped by the park wall of the château of Buzenval. Dynamite was brought into requisition to burst open a breach, as it was used to blow up some of the houses which served as shelter to the enemy. It was a great success—as useful as a company of sappers, and much cleaner and speedier in its destructiveness. Through the shattered masonry the red trousers penetrated the grounds of the country-house, clambered the heights of La Bergerie, and spread themselves over the tangled and broken tract of vineyards, groves, and gardens stretching to the right towards Celle St. Cloud by the lakelet of St. Cucufa. Support from Ducrot's corps was looked for in vain, and de Bellemare

had to bring up part of his reserve to hold his grip. Alignment was no longer preserved: it was a series of isolated struggles; men "fought for their own hand," like Hal o' the Wynd; they lost sight of their officers, or were lost sight of by them. The independent firing was incessant; most of it was lamentably useless. The enthusiastic but untrained men in front blazed away at the trees, and were laid low in sections by the Prussians safe behind their breast-



PLAN of the SORTIE from PARIS.
January 19th 1871.
SCALE 0 1 2 3 4 5 of MILES

works, and in some instances were shot in the back by their own comrades scattered too much to the rear. A story was told of a colonel—of the Line, it was said, but I trust not—asking the 116th battalion of the civic force to take a loopholed wall in front.

"How! Don't you see we are certain of death if we face it?" answered M. Baker, a lieutenant of the National Guard.

"You are here to die," said the other grimly.

"And the Line?" retorted the lieutenant. "But I'll show you the National Guard know how to die. Come on, my lads!" and he whirled a stick over his head. At the same moment he turned on himself and reeled on the sod, smitten in the forehead by a bullet from one of the l holes in the wall.

A corporal dashed forward, hoisted hims somehow, and clubbed his Chassepot to k aside the muzzles of the guns of the defen but he soon toppled over in their midst a co The Prussians did not expose their heads, b take aim or to *make grimaces* at the Frencl

"The only one I saw," a man of the told me, "was a joker who put his fingers t nose for me."

My informant, a law-student a narrow escape in the re A bullet cleft through his l sack, flattened itself agains belt, and dropped into his p Eight comrades of his squ ten were shot down.

What was Ducrot doing al time? The same ill-luck attended him on the 29th No ber, when his bridges disappo pursued him still. His troops on foot at three in the mo but had to march from St. round the arc of a circle i mirk of a black night and a dawn. The road by which had to pass, leading by N and Rueil, was swept by a Pr battery at the Quarries of St. on the other side of the S as with a besom. They coul stand the hail of mitraille; the artillery was ineffective to c it, and finally the passage of crot's extreme right was guaranteed by salvoes from M Valérien and the novel aid cuirassed locomotive with h guns on two armour-clad waggons, which c gliding along the St. Germain line of rail. Ducrot arrived two hours too late, and simultaneity of the attack was marred. W the three corps were in action togethe attempt was made to converge them on Bergerie, while the bastions of the 6th Sec opened on Sèvres and the Park of St. Cl There was a dogged tussle at the Porte de L boyau (a mile south of Malmaison), and Du who was a good die-hard general of brigade no more, had repeatedly to lead his troops to onslaught, but was unable to gain ground one of the freaks of war that this man who th himself continuously into the gap of danger

"ON THE THIRD ATTEMPT IT CARRIED THE POSITION." (p. 635).

off without a scratch. His was the luck that is handmaid of temerity. Less favoured of fate was Rochebrune. He who had led the "Zouaves of Death" in the struggle for Polish independence was dismissed to death by a Polish hand. His end was in keeping with his daring and adventurous character. He was cheering on the 19th of Paris, one of the newly organised regiments, of which he was colonel, close by Rueil. They had been maltreated by a deadly rifle-spatter, when Rochebrune, thinking the plucky thing the safest thing, gave the order to advance with the cold steel. Hardly had the word of command passed his lips when he dropped from the saddle; he was lifeless before he touched the sod.

That dreadful unanticipated battery at the Quarries was not to be silenced or circumvented. A shell swinging from it burst right under a waggon of the American ambulance on the highway between Rueil and Nanterre, roughly capsized the vehicle, and dispersed the hospital staff, which had made this point their headquarters. As a consequence the conspicuous distinctive flags were removed in the afternoon from all the ambulances.

By two o'clock the Prussians had brought up reinforcements of infantry and a formidable artillery. For a couple of hours a tremendous duel of cannon was waged, but the French guns were overmastered, particularly by the powerful battery at Garches.

At four o'clock the enemy made an impetuous advance on the French left and centre, and drove them back; "nevertheless," ran the official report, "the troops returned to the front at the close of the day." The crest of the heights was once more reached, but night approaching and there being no facility for advancing the artillery, these troops had to be withdrawn out of danger of an offensive return. At half-past six Montretout was abandoned, and the French, wearied with long hours of march and combat, had to retire to the trenches of Mont Valérien or inside the ramparts of Paris. The sortie, which never had the faintest chance of creating outlet, was an admitted failure. The idea of evacuating Montretout must have been precipitate, for Commander de Lareinty and three hundred of the Mobiles of the Loire-Inférieure were forgotten there, and were quietly taken prisoners by the Germans, as compensation with interest for the sixty captured Poseners. This ultimate operation had one wholesome effect—the National Guards, who were yelling, "Let us go forth and break the jaws of the wicke[illegible] pluck the spoil out of their teeth," were [illegible] that it was easier to brag than to do. Inst[illegible] returning spoil-laden they had, too ma[illegible] them, flung away their impedimenta, foo[illegible] all, to the wicked but indomitable foe wh[illegible] supreme moment arrived.

Two battalions of the King's Grenadie[illegible] one of the 59th threw back the Fren[illegible] Garches and at Montretout at 2 p.m.; b[illegible] entrenchment of Montretout was taken [illegible] about an hour before noon, by a massed [illegible] of a column consisting of the 47th, 58t[illegible] 82nd regiments. The loss of the Germ[illegible] officially stated at 616 men and 39 officers, that of the French, as far as can be ascert[illegible] was 7,000. Trochu maintained, and possi[illegible] was right, that the National Guards in [illegible] awkwardness had continually fired on the[illegible] troops. This was their baptism of blood, [illegible] speak, and besides the clumsiness insep[illegible] from novelty, many of the detachments we[illegible] in green or any uniform that could be ma[illegible] from the remnants in store, and it was ha[illegible] amateur soldiers to have that coolness nec[illegible] to distinguish friend from foe. At night [illegible] they were drawing off fatigued and faint [illegible] failure, a disorderly corps of National [illegible] raised the cry of "The Uhlans!" as the g[illegible] and his escort were crossing a field, and [illegible] tinently fired into them in their frigh[illegible] Chassepot bullet hit Lieutenant de Langle [illegible] throat, and he fell dead on his horse's nec[illegible] the point-blank volley otherwise was unatt[illegible] with loss, such was the uncertainty of aim [illegible] gloom. Here is another episode of th[illegible] which tells an instructive tale of insubordi[illegible] A private in the 116th of the Line sh[illegible] captain in the field, and was ordered b[illegible] general in command to be shot on the spo[illegible] was wounded, and an ambulance party ca[illegible] pick him up, not understanding the cau[illegible] were warned not to interfere, and left him w[illegible] succour. A man of his regiment arrive[illegible] two miss-fires at his head, then borro[illegible] Chassepot from another private, blew o[illegible] brains of the faithless soldier, and rejoin[illegible] comrades coolly relighting his pipe.

The butcher's bill in this deplorable, d[illegible] ately rash adventure was costly. In mere nu[illegible] the losses were serious, but in quality the[illegible] more serious. Many who had passed scat[illegible] through the vicissitudes of dozens of cam[illegible] met their fate. For not a few it was not their first but their last fight. The Na[illegible]

Guard suffered heavily, especially the battalions recruited from the quarters of the Chaussée d'Antin and the Bourse. Regnault—he who had painted that weirdly realistic Moorish execution, and whose striking picture of Juan Prim, on a horse that seemed to leap from the canvas, was a feature of the Salon of 1868—had been mowed down by the merciless reaper. The master—for such he was—who held such a bold, original brush and gave such roseate promise, was but twenty-seven. Horrid war! Sandbags were piled round the picture-galleries to protect the great works they contained, and the men whose genius had produced them were sent out to fruitless death amid the hovering vapours of the battle-field. Literature had its losses to deplore too. Marius Topin, author and historian, was slain at the head of a battalion. The Faubourg St. Germain had more than its share in the mourning. The Marquis de Coriolis, captain of the Royal Guard under Louis XVIII., had enrolled himself in the 15th Parisian Regiment, though sixty-seven years of age. He fell, pierced by a ball in the forehead and another in the chest. Vrignault, editor of the *Liberté*, who was acting courageously as lieutenant and standard-bearer of the 16th, was beside him, and called the chaplain of the corps to the spot.

"We can do no more for him now than recite the 'De Profundis'" said the priest.

M. d'Estourmel, familiar in the Corps Législatif, was likewise amongst the slain, and Gustave Lambert, the explorer who had set his heart upon winning for France the renown of discovering the North Pole. De Cevennes, the painter, and Maurice Bixio, nephew to M. de Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame, were desperately wounded; and Victor, the son of the pioneer of civilisation, who was an orderly officer to General Ducrot, was struck by a ball in the thigh while standing by his chief. The colonel of the 100th of the line was also amongst the severely wounded, and Count de Montbrison, commandant of one of the battalions of the Loiret. In the same sad catalogue were Langlois of the 116th and Saugé of the 78th. Young Séveste, one of the actors of the Théâtre Français, had to be conveyed—a grievous spectacle—to the ambulance in the playhouse where he had so often mimicked grief. He had to undergo amputation of a leg to save his life. Gennaro Perelli, a Sicilian pianist and composer, who had been chosen captain of a free corps, was struck, and the surgeons were forced to cut off his right arm. The needle-gun was not tender for the arts.

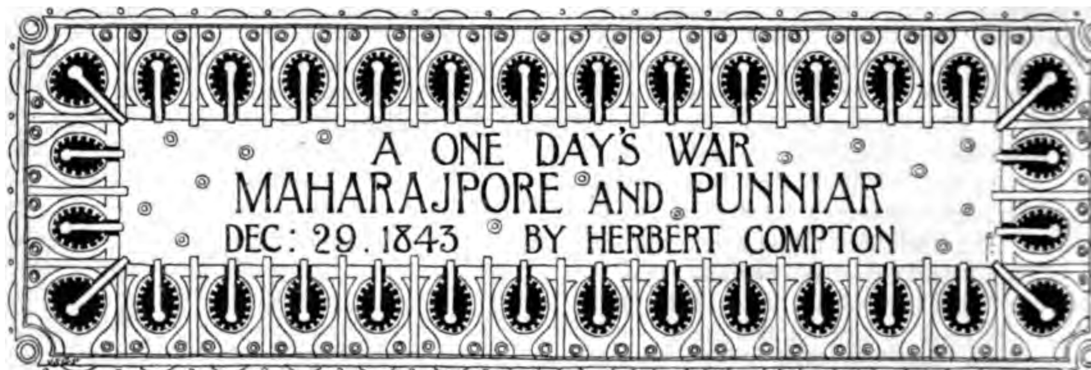
Among the episodes of the day was related the killing of a German officer of high rank by Corporal Houdan, of the National Guards of Passy, who was decorated on the field by General de Bellemare. Another, of a kind more affecting, was the arrival of Madame Rochebrune from Paris at Rueil to inquire after her brave husband. He had just been brought in dead, and it was only by the pious fraud of a friend, who ran into her house under pretext of escaping shells, that she had not the awful trial of suddenly alighting on his blood-stained corpse.

Among the battalions of the civic force that bore off most honours were the 35th and 71st, and the 116th, which lent goodly help in rescuing the Government from the Communists. There were occasional natural falterings—for example, in the 13th, raised in the neighbourhood of the Central Markets; but their lieutenant-colonel, Mosneron-Dupin, a fearless man into whom a breath of Ney seemed to have entered, kindled them with the heat of his own courage. They had wavered, but they resumed the advance at the double with bayonets lowered, and the Prussians thought it prudent to scurry to cover.

The evening papers published a funereal despatch from Trochu at Mont Valérien, praying his representative at the Louvre to exert himself to obtain a suspension of arms for *two days* to bury the dead, and demanding that solidly constructed carts and volunteers in large numbers should be sent out for the purpose.

By degrees the vexing truth leaked out as to the failure of the final attempt at riving the hoop—we were hermetically sealed in—and ugly recriminations were bandied. To add to the sense of boding misfortune that was settling gloomily over Paris, came a pigeon with a message from Bordeaux up to the 14th instant narrating the defeat of Chanzy, with a loss of twelve guns and 10,000 men, by Prince Frederick Charles, and his subsequent retreat behind Mayenne, and an inauspicious fight of Bourbaki at Villersexel, near Belfort.

All hope was abandoned, the siege was virtually over, there was no hope of deliverance from the provinces, and before a week had expired volcanic Paris had to submit to the humiliating terms of capitulation to save the wearied inhabitants from the dangers of impending famine.



IN the crowded century of conquest which distinguished the career of the East India Company, and of all the heterogeneous Indian races with whom they came into conflict, no nation opposed such a stout and prolonged resistance to the expansion of British rule as the Mahrattas. Four times within a period of sixty-five years these daring warriors of the Deccan faced our armies in the field, and on every occasion acquitted themselves as staunch and worthy foemen. Our first contest with them occurred in 1778, when our possessions on the western coast of the peninsula were confined to the cities of Bombay and Surat, and necessity compelled us to seek an increase of territory for the support of those settlements. The war brought us little credit. Our army of 2,500 men, despatched to attack Poonah, was compelled to retreat, after abandoning its guns, which were ingloriously thrown into a tank at Tulligaon ; and although General Goddard succeeded shortly afterwards in retrieving the disgrace, the Treaty of Salbye, entered into in 1781, left us in much the same position as when we began the campaign.

Our next conflict with the Mahrattas was in 1803, when the signal victories of Lake and Wellesley at Laswaree and Assaye humbled Scindia, the leading spirit in their Confederation, and brought us considerable territorial acquisitions. Fifteen years later war broke out again during the administration of the Marquess of Hastings, and the brilliant campaigns of 1817 and 1818 once more reduced these turbulent folk to order. A quarter of a century of comparative quiet followed, and then came the short, sharp tussle of 1843—a One Day's War—when our troops fought the two battles of Maharajpore and Punniar on the same day, and vanquished Scindia's famous disciplined army, which had been in existence for upwards of sixty years a[n]d a standing terror to its neighbours in Up[per] India.

The year 1843 was one full of uneasiness a[nd] anxiety to those responsible for our rule [in] India. In the previous year our prestige as t[he] paramount power had been shattered by t[he] annihilation of the flower of our Indian forces [in] Afghanistan. It is true the Armies of Retrib[u]tion under Pollock and Nott revenged that gr[eat] national humiliation, and that in the followi[ng] spring Napier, by his splendid victories in Scin[de] carried our standard to the fore again. But t[he] memory of the overwhelming disaster we h[ad] suffered in the snowy defiles of the Khyber P[ass] suggested possibilities highly dangerous to o[ur] dominion, and was vivid in the minds of t[he] independent Indian princes around us, who[se] tone became haughty and insolent. The ant[a]gonism we could have afforded to despise befo[re] our Afghan defeat, assumed another and a serio[us] aspect when it was founded on the suppositi[on] of our national decadence as a fighting peopl[e]. This defiant attitude was more especially notic[e]able in the Punjab and Scindia's state. In t[he] former a magnificent army of 80,000 trained m[en] and 300 guns made no disguise of its desire f[or] action as it crouched on our north-weste[rn] frontier, waiting its opportunity. A few mil[es] southward of Agra, and within easy politic[al] touch of the Sikhs, stretched Scindia's territor[y] garrisoned by a military force of 30,000 di[s]ciplined infantry, 10,000 cavalry, and 200 gun[s]. The Governments of both Lahore and Gwali[or] rested in feeble hands, and the real power la[y] with these two standing armies, which complete[ly] overawed and controlled the civil authority [of] the states they belonged to, and, in practic[e] dictated the policy to be followed.

A combination of the Sikhs and Mahratt[as]

would have brought 120,000 men and 500 guns into the field against us. Such a combination was probable, for war and hatred of us were in their hearts, and, as events proved, we were destined within two years to meet and defeat both nations in battle. But fortunately we were able to do so in detail and secure a success that would have been much more doubtful of realisation had the two nations been in alliance and their armies acted in union against us.

"LADY GOUGH AND THE WIVES OF SEVERAL OFFICERS MOUNTED THEIR ELEPHANTS AS USUAL" (p. 663).

The internal condition into which Gwalior had fallen at this time rendered possible the policy Lord Ellenborough, the Governor-General, desired and decided to follow. Its main aim was directed against the standing army of the state, which imperilled the independence of its own Government and threatened the tranquillity of our territories. A boy of nine years of age was on the throne: he had recently been adopted by Tára Bye, the thirteen-year-old widow of the late Maharajah, who had died childless. Tára Bye ruled through the agency of a powerful minister, but Gwalior was ever a hotbed of plot and intrigue, and under the weak regency rival factions and internal jealousies raged and reduced the capital to a condition of tumult and anarchy. It was no longer safe for our Resident, who, after fruitlessly trying to assert our influence, was compelled to quit his post. The minister in power was disaffected towards us, and rallied round him all the elements antagonistic to the British, chief amongst them the military, whose hostility was based on the well-grounded conviction that our aim was to secure the disbandment

of the standing army. Its ranks were filled with men whose sole profession was that of arms. They had no means of livelihood except that which military service afforded. The extinction of their force meant absolute ruin, for no other employment was open to them. They were the survival of old fighting days, when the soldier's calling ranked next to that of the priest's and took precedence of trader, artisan, and agriculturist. It was a calling handed down from father to son, and cherished as honourable, necessary, and righteous. But it was inconsistent with the civilisation we were spreading over India, and wherever our power reached we stamped it out. Little wonder that the Mahratta soldier was the first to join in—nay, to insist on—resistance to our advance.

Matters went from bad to worse in Gwalior. All remonstrances on the part of the Governor-General were ignored. Our interference in its internal affairs was resented, and our paramount authority set at defiance. In the city itself the most warlike councils prevailed, and letters were sent to the neighbouring chiefs urging them to join in a crusade against the Feringhee. More ominous even than this was the discovery of a secret intercourse with the Court of Lahore, which threatened the very coalition it was imperative to avert.

Such was the aspect of affairs in Upper India when Lord Ellenborough decided to take the initiative, and ordered the assembly of an Army of Exercise on the frontiers of Scindia's territory. It was divided into two wings, the right being collected on the north under the command of Sir Hugh Gough, the commander-in-chief, and the left on the eastern boundary under General Grey. When these two divisions were ready to act the Governor-General addressed a definitive letter to the Maharajah, and on the 17th December, 1843, set the armies in motion with orders to converge on Gwalior for the purpose, as he stated in a public proclamation, of effecting the establishment of complete order in that city.

This decided action created consternation in the Mahratta Court, and the minister in power was deposed and sent a prisoner to the British camp, the army sullenly acquiescing. But this was not sufficient, and Lord Ellenborough required that the Maharajah in person and Tára Bye should attend him to discuss and settle the future on a permanent basis. They were ready to comply, but were prevented from doing so by the army, who, rightly suspecting the intention of disarming and disbanding them, threw off all vestige of control, asserted they were being betrayed, and, declaring their intention of resorting to the test of battle, marched out of Gwalior in the highest spirits, anxious and eager to cross swords with us.

Lord Ellenborough, who had joined Sir Hugh Gough's force, was but imperfectly informed of the spirit and determination of the mutinous Mahratta army. The Gwalior envoy, who was in his camp, protested that the Maharajah was willing to conform to the Governor-General's wishes, and was coming to meet him. The surrender of the obnoxious minister seemed to give a semblance of sincerity to these protestations. To the last it was believed the object in view would be attained without a recourse to arms, and that the advance of a British army on Gwalior would be sufficient to overawe the troops of the state. So strong was this overweening self-confidence, this false sense of security, that our heavy guns were left at Agra—a grave error, as subsequent events proved—and ladies were permitted to accompany the army into the field.

The crossing of the Chumbul river, the boundary on the north between Scindia's territories and ours, was accomplished without any sign of opposition, and Sir Hugh Gough, at the head of 12,000 men and 40 light field-pieces, directed his march towards the Mahratta capital. Simultaneously General Grey, with 4,000 men, crossed the Jumna at Calpee, and advanced against the city from the south. Thus we had two small armies converging on Gwalior from opposite directions and acting quite independently of one another.

This division of our strength has been severely criticised, for it left it open to the Mahrattas to concentrate their troops and attack either division in detail. But they neglected the opportunity, and decided to show a front to both invasions of their territory. To this end they despatched 14,000 infantry, 3,000 cavalry, and 100 guns to a place called Chounda, twelve miles north of Gwalior, to oppose Gough, whilst another force of 12,000 men and 40 guns marched southward to meet Grey.

On the 28th December Sir Hugh Gough left Hingona, where the army had been halted during the final, but fruitless, negotiations, and resumed his advance towards Gwalior. Late in the afternoon his small advance-guard under Colonel Garden, whilst reconnoitring, suddenly found itself cannonaded by the Mahrattas. But not

s proof of active hostility could convince ers that real opposition was meant, the being regarded merely as a demonstra- arden contented himself with completing nnaissance, and then fell back on the my, which had encamped for the night. e evening information was received that rattas were in force at Chounda, eigl t niles distant, and Sir Hugh Gough drew in of attack, and issued his orders to the brigadiers. But self-confidence and con- f the enemy still prevailed in an extra- degree, for when morning came the esumed their march as usual and in the route, and it was not even deemed y to make a further reconnaissance! No amed that we were on the eve of a great or that the march was anything but a ade. The presence of the ladies on the confirmed this general impression, for lough and the wives of several officers d their elephants as usual, and, in order d the dust, actually rode along at the the army, which was marching in three columns.

the unexpected which always happens. ven foe, who at the first glint of British would, it was confidently assumed, retreat r, did no such thing. On the contrary, of falling back, they advanced during the nd took up a strong position four miles to us than Chounda, in two villages Maharajpore and Shikarpore. These and rvening space between them, which was lapted for defence, they fortified with eight guns of heavy calibre, supported ral regiments of infantry.

ine of country through which our army march was one of extreme difficulty. vines, cut away by the tropical downpour monsoon season, but dry at this time year, scored it in every direction. The started at daybreak, and about sunrise the Kohari river. Some time was oc- in crossing, and the elephants conveying ies passed over first, and climbing the f the further bank, proceeded onwards, ge forms towering high above the plain ay on the further side of the river.

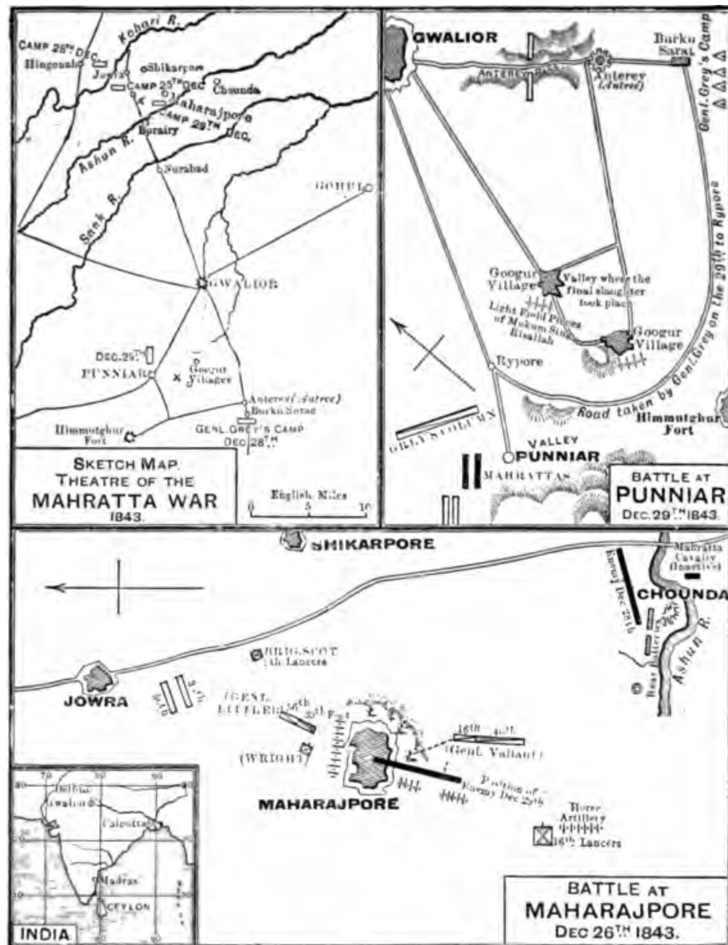
were descried by the Mahratta outposts, re on the alert to mark and give notice approach of our army. A gun was in- trained and fired at them. And in this happened that a half-spent cannon-ball, under the feet of the very elephant on which Lady Gough was seated, was the first intimation the British general received that a battle was imminent.

It was a complete surprise. We had been caught napping. The army was in column and totally unprepared. The long baggage-train was slowly struggling through the river; the troops were marching at ease, some of them halted and watching their comrades complete the crossing. But with that ominous boom, and the daring challenge it flung in our teeth, all was instantly changed. The elephants conveying the ladies retired to the rear, the commander-in-chief's wife behaving with the utmost coolness and intrepidity. Rapid orders were issued by the general; aides-de-camp were sent galloping hither and thither carrying messages to the commanders of brigades; trumpet and bugle sounded; words of command rang out in quick succession; and the various regiments deployed into line and took up their several stations under a well-directed and increasing fire. For by this time the Mahrattas had found the correct range, and dropped shot and shell into our ranks with destructive accuracy.

A battery of horse artillery was ordered to the front to try and silence the enemy's guns. Right nobly they discharged their duty, but at the cost of many valuable lives; for in their ad- vanced position they afforded a prominent mark and drew the enemy's fire upon themselves. It was soon evident the duel was an unequal and hopeless one. Our six- and nine-pounders— "pop-guns" as one writer calls them—could effect nothing, being completely outweighted by the superior metal of the Mahratta eighteen- pounders. In all our wars with these people they far excelled us in this arm. It was one they prided themselves on, and Scindia's Grand Park, which was opposed to us at Maharajpore, enjoyed the reputation of being the finest and most powerful in India. For sixty years the Mahrattas had been casting cannon, and the art had been brought to great perfection in their arsenals. Moreover, their guns were held by their artillerymen as objects of worship and fanatic affection, and the service of them was accom- plished almost as an act of religious devotion.

As the full line of the Mahratta batteries opened fire, the position they had taken up, and which had hitherto been concealed by the trees of the villages, could be traced. It extended in the shape of a horseshoe, and dominated their entire front. Between them and us stretched what was to all appearance a lovely and level

green plain, with the tender crops just sprouting from the soil. But on approaching it the ground was found to be intersected with countless ravines, and on the smoother stretches between them there was not a stone or shrub to afford shelter. The enemy, aiming low and serving their guns with astonishing rapidity, swept it from end to end with a murderous and withering fire.



The broken surface of this plain rendered it impossible for the cavalry and artillery to act with effect, and for a short space our line halted in uncertainty and inaction. The distance from the villages was about fifteen hundred yards, and it will be remembered these were the days of Brown Bess when the range of musketry fire was restricted. The failure of our artillery to silence the opposing batteries was obvious to all; not for a second did the Mahratta cannonade slacken. Their fire filled the air with shot and chain and grape and canister, and all down line our men were falling. Something ha be done—and that something to be accompli by the infantry.

Under the altered conditions the plan of at which Sir Hugh Gough had drawn out on previous evening was impracticable. There no time to take counsel to do. The fiery old ge had an abiding faith in British bayonet: more thirty years before, he seen it at work in the Pe sular War. He determ to trust to it now, and but one laconic order— *and at them.*"

It fell on willing ears. G ral Littler was on the le her Majesty's 39th Foot the 56th Native Infant the centre Brigadier with his brigade of Sepoy corps was posit the right General had drawn up her M 40th Foot and the 16th Grenadiers, b stalwart native regim the word of comma entire line advanced alacrity and spirit. Ne mile had to be traversed fore the death-dealing teries could be reached, over it the 39th and 40th the way with shouts and zas. But it was a long trying distance for troop struggle over when exp to a hot artillery fire own guns could not re Soon the difficulties of the ground obstru their progress. Ravines yawned before advancing line and broke it up as the c panies clambered down and up their sides. the opportunity of delay thus afforded th were some who lagged, notwithstanding t the commander-in-chief had galloped to a co manding position in front and was cheering army forward.

On the left the 39th soon outstripped others, "rushing to their work like lions loose, with their officers at their head." It a glorious regiment, with precious tradition

which it was justly proud. Clive had n on it after Plassey's field was won. *Indis* was the legend emblazoned on These colours were carried on this signs Scarman and Bray, the latter the officer who commanded the two lads were amongst the first to wn. But eager hands snatched the

FLAMES SPREADING WITH GREAT RAPIDITY SOON ENVELOPED EVERYTHING IN SMOKE" (*p.* 666).

mblems from their listless fingers, hem aloft and to the front again. o the front, as Sir Hugh Gough or carried on by the impulse and f battle, the 39th had out-distanced Native Infantry with whom they ed, and were perilously isolated in

ed this Gough grew anxious. "Will cried, "get that native regiment lose at hand happened to be Henry d he heard the appeal. He was at omparatively unknown man and, in a measure, a disappointed one. After twenty-eight years' service he had only within the last few months obtained his regimental majority, and his recent splendid services in Afghanistan had been entirely overlooked. But he was a soldier before all things and ever foremost where soldiers' work was to be done. No sooner had Gough spoken than he spurred his horse forward and reached the native infantry regiment to whom the general had referred.

"What corps is this?" he called out.

They told him the 56th.

"I do not want its number. What is its native name?" he demanded.

"The Lamburun-ke-Pultun" (Lambourne's Regiment), came the reply.

Then Havelock placed himself at their front, and, taking off his cap, addressed them by that designation. In a few short, spirited words he exhorted them to uphold the honour of their name, to behave as he who raised them would

have had them behave, and to remember that they were fighting under the eye of their chief.

He had judged the character of the native Sepoy well. The numerical designation of the 56th had no association for them—it merely ranked them as one of many others. But "Lamburun-ke-Pultun"—Lambourne's Regiment—that they knew and understood and cherished. The appeal to their traditions had an almost magical effect. In a moment their demeanour was changed. The laggards became eager warriors, and with Havelock at their head rushed forward to overtake the 39th.

With heavy loss the plain was crossed, our men falling by scores as they pushed on to the mouth of the Mahratta batteries in grim determination. Not until they had arrived within a distance of sixty yards was the order given to fire a volley and then charge. With a wild cheer the 39th obeyed and dashed forward in all the recklessness of pent-up excitement. But the enemy was not to be intimidated. Seven regiments, the very pick of their force, were stationed behind the guns; and no sooner had our men discharged their muskets than they swarmed out sword in hand to meet them. There was no sign of fear or flinching, and stern and desperate was the struggle that ensued. But by this time the 56th had come up in support, Havelock still leading them, and their advent turned the scale. The Mahrattas fought with resolute valour, but our men were invincible. Little by little the swarthy foe gave way, hurled back by a tenacity that excelled their own. Slowly and fighting every step, they were driven on to the muzzles of their own guns, and then with a furious rush our men made good their footing within the entrenchments, and bayoneting the artillerymen at their pieces, carried the battery, whilst the defeated foe fell back and sought temporary shelter in the outlying gardens and houses of the village of Maharajpore.

Meanwhile General Valiant's brigade on the right had stormed the village of Shikarpore with equal success. Then he wheeled round towards Maharajpore, which he attacked in reverse, the 40th ever leading, but admirably supported by the two Grenadier regiments as they fought their way through it. It was now a scene of the wildest fury and confusion as the British attack closed in on front and flank. The village was fired, and the flames spreading with great rapidity, soon enveloped everything in smoke. Scores of the Mahratta soldiery perished in the burning houses; others gathered in small kno desperate resistance; the less resolute fle joined their comrades in the rear. The was indescribable; and by the time Mahar was finally cleared, Valiant's brigade had c Littler's line, and when they emerged positions were reversed, the former bein on the left and the latter on the right.

The strongest Mahratta position had stormed and its twenty-eight guns captur it was only one of three that had to be Twelve hundred yards behind the village a formidable battery of twelve guns was and some distance behind that again l enemy's entrenched camp at Chounda sooner had our troops emerged from Maha than the twelve-gun battery opened a bri on them. The men were still in disord at the word of command they halted, forn and readjusted the line as steadily as on notwithstanding the galling storm of grap chain-shot poured into them by the bea served guns of the enemy. Then they on to the attack again. The Mahratta re from the front had by this time joined comrades in the twelve-gun battery; i defended "with frantic desperation," f first defeat had spread dismay in their and Scindia's soldiers were fighting fo life as well as for honour.

At no period of the action did our suffer more than at the storm of this b Major Bray, commanding the 39th, was sho at the head of his men, as his son, the had been at an early stage of the attack 40th also lost their commanding officer Stopford, and the one who succeeded l quick succession, and were finally led forw General Valiant in person. The grou even more difficult than that which the had already passed, being encumbere country carts, baggage, and impedime every description that had been aba by the enemy as they fell back from front line. Our leading regiments s terribly, the men being literally mowed by sections. But they never faltered instant, and overcoming all obstacles, m the trenches shoulder to shoulder, an bayonet and clubbed muskets drove the Ma out of them.

And now, without halt or stay, the li once more re-formed and directed again enemy's main camp at Chounda. There little lull in the fighting, for it was two

:hey neared it the cannonade burst out ppeared even more destructive than ; ones. It was supported, too, by a musketry, for here several Mahratta iments were massed. Our men had ıg for over three hours, and were austed with thirst and fatigue; but votion of heroes they responded to their leaders, and, reckless of every- ctory, charged forward.

ttery of horse artillery had managed nd and reach the scene, our cavalry en off the enemy's horse that pro- ings. As the guns drew up in posi- the tumbrils exploded, but the pieces pered and opened fire. The moral these guns animated our infantry, over of their fire the line advanced :d energy. And now, as before, the : gallantly sallying forth to meet the with steady insistence held their ı space. But it was their last effort: f defeat was hanging over them, and l it. Slowly but irresistibly the wave ictory swept over them until at last to fate, and, turning, fled from the ning camp, standards, guns, baggage, ition, and leaving us masters of the day.

ore was essentially a soldiers' victory, he bayonet alone. There were no :rategy, no manœuvring, no general- :d. The single order given had been *at them;*" and on and at three for- :s of defence, bravely and resolutely r soldiers had rushed. How brilliantly d the casualties amongst their leaders he three generals of brigade—Littler, Wright—were all wounded. The elve officers and 150 rank and file; ght officers and 177 men. In some re infantry regiments the slaughter is severe, and both the 56th and the liers left over a hundred men on the total casualties exceeded 800. The ıffered far more heavily: over 3,000 or wounded, and of their hundred : fell into our hands.

its concur in praising the gallantry "The enemy," writes one observer, :he greatest credit for selecting so sition, and defending it so well. :rous and most powerful batteries ain from end to end. They behaved courage, firing round, chain and grape shot, supported with withering volleys of musketry, until our gallant fellows drove them from the very muzzles of their guns, where the bodies of their artillerymen lay heaped in death." Sir Hugh Gough did them equal justice in his despatch. "The position of the enemy was particularly well chosen and obstinately defended," he writes. "I never witnessed guns better served, nor troops more devoted to their protection. I regret to say our loss has been very severe, infinitely beyond what I calculated. I did not do justice to the gallantry of my opponents."

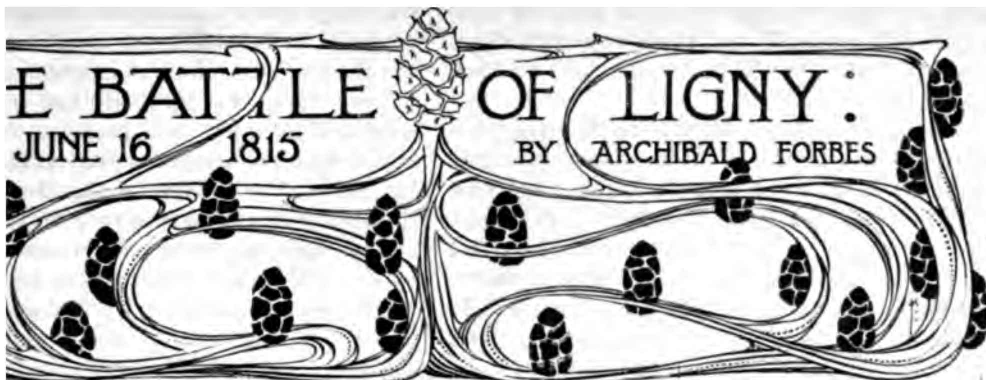
The battle of Maharajpore was fought and won by noon of the 29th December, 1843, but by a curious coincidence the Mahrattas were destined to sustain another defeat at our hands on the same day. Whilst Gough was fighting them twelve miles north of Gwalior, Grey was preparing to engage them twelve miles south of that city. He had crossed the Jumna and entered Scindia's territory on the 24th. On the 28th he learnt that the enemy were in position at Antree, seven miles in front of him, and premeditating a night attack on his camp. Dispositions were made to repel it, but the Mahrattas changed their plan, and it did not take place. In front of Grey stretched a long, narrow valley extending from Himmutghur to Punniar, which he was anxious to pass, and he ordered a forced march for the 29th. The Mahrattas, who were closely watching him, made a parallel movement on the farther side of a range of hills which hid them from his view, and took up a strong position at the end of the valley, and in the immediate vicinity of a fortified village called Mangore, near Punniar. Allowing Grey's army to reach the latter place, the foe detached a force to attack his long and straggling line of baggage which was coming up in his rear. It is probable they anticipated his returning to its aid, which would have given them a good opening for attack; but Grey contented himself with sending a troop of horse artillery and some cavalry under Brigadier Harriott to assist the baggage. The enemy now determined to force an action, and at half-past three in the afternoon took up a threatening position on a chain of high hills to the east of the British camp. Grey immediately saw the necessity of dislodging them, and sent her Majesty's 3rd Buffs and some sappers and miners to attack their front, and the 39th Native Infantry to turn their left flank, whilst the second brigade, containing her Majesty's 50th Foot and the 38th and 50th Native Infantry, was held in reserve.

The Buffs, led by Colonel Clunie, climbed their way up the steep hillside in the teeth of a heavy fire, and reaching its crest, drove the Mahrattas from height to height, in a succession of gallant rushes, capturing eleven of their guns. Meanwhile, the 39th occupied the summit of a hill commanding the enemy's left, and after pouring a destructive fire on to them, rushed down and captured a battery of two guns. Lieutenant Cunningham of the Engineers, collecting some men, loaded the guns thus captured and turned them on the foe. The success of these movements and the nature of the ground now gave an opening for the second brigade to act, and they made a determined attack on the enemy's right flank, where eleven guns were still in position. These they carried after a short but spirited struggle. Then the whole line advanced, and although the Mahrattas still contested the field, they were out-manœuvred, and after losing a thousand killed and wounded, secured by retreat the safety of the sixteen guns that still remained to them.

The battle of Punniar was won generalship, and afforded no striking for the display of individual regiment such as had distinguished the victory pore ; nor was the resistance anythi resolute. The chief interest attached in the fact that it was fought and same day as Maharajpore, and that it the defeat of the Mahratta stand Between the rising and the setting at two points widely distant, our arms and with that double triumph the fate famous battalions was sealed. T paraded again, and when, a few day two victorious armies united at Gw Ellenborough dictated to the Mahara peace, one of the leading condition was the disbandment of his army.

A decoration in bronze, cast from the captured Mahratta guns, was all ranks that participated in this and fitly commemorates an event th unique in our military history.

GWALIOR.



ING quitted Elba, the place of his ːmporary exile, on February 26th, ·815, Napoleon landed in the Gulf f St. Juan on March 1st; and on the y he began his march on Paris at f a single weak battalion, General with forty grenadiers, moving as guard. After the week immediately s debarkation, his march was an g triumph, and he entered Paris on only a few hours after Louis XVIII. y quitted the Tuileries. With char- iergy he at once set about the task of the re-organisation of the y, the strength and character of een greatly impaired in his later cam- ell as during the short period of the tion of the Bourbons. Such was the rigour and capacity of this extra- n that by June 1st he had organised iting in all to about 560,000 men, taking active part in the national nst the openly declared determina- llied Powers of Europe to combine rts towards the accomplishment of overthrow of the resuscitated mili- h of Napoleon, with whom they had enter into neither truce nor treaty. nber, the effective strength of the he line reached a total of about , of whom there were available for e campaign in Belgium an estimated of 122,400 men, consisting of 84,235 665 cavalry, 10,900 artillerymen and nd engineers.

ench and many English historians paign of Waterloo have described army as being "the finest he had nded." This assertion is quite un- except as regarded the stature and endurance of the old soldiers who had returned in 1814 from captivity in foreign lands. They, it is true, were grand fighting-men; but they formed only a part of Napoleon's forces, among whom were many young and immature men. Sir Evelyn Wood has calculated that about one-half of the line troops were raw recruits, and that of the Imperial Guard, 18,500 strong, between 4,000 and 5,000 were untrained men. But it was not only the rank and file who were less efficient than of yore; the losses in previous campaigns had enabled many men to become company and battalion commanders who were unfitted for such posts; and thus regiments could not be successfully employed when fight- ing outside of the scope of the supervision of superior officers. Many of the senior officers, again, although still in middle age, had become gross in body, sluggish in enterprise, and in- capable of hard and prolonged exertion; and Napoleon had to realise, though when too late, that he should have entrusted the more import- ant commands to the hands of younger and more ardent men. Sir Evelyn Wood remarks that this slackness on the part of the senior officers had become apparent during the later campaigns in Germany; as an instance of which, at Leipzig, Napoleon observed through his field-glass one of his marshals riding up to join his troops for the first time, after they had been engaged for several hours. Napoleon had adjured every man "to conquer or die"; and this spirit doubtless ani- mated the great majority of the old soldiers in the ranks. But the same exalted sentiment was not by any means universal among the generals, several of whom, though young in years, were prematurely aged in *esprit* and physique, and had lost that confident daring which had won for France so many victories under the Republic and the Empire. Unfortunately for Napoleon,

most of them no longer believed that the Emperor could succeed; and there were indications that his own confidence in his star was not altogether unimpaired.

The appointment of Marshal Soult to the position of chief of the staff has been generally regarded as an unfortunate selection; but now that Berthier had gone so tragically, Napoleon had but a circumscribed scope of choice; and Soult was a man of very considerable capacity, although it is obvious that after having held independent command during more than one campaign, he must have found it difficult to be content in an inferior capacity. There was not a little of intestine ill-feeling in the higher commands of Napoleon's army. Excelmans and Vandamme were not on speaking terms with Soult. Soult omitted to inform Vandamme that he was to pass under the command of Grouchy, and when Grouchy demanded his services, Vandamme, with his usual flow of expletives, refused to take orders from him. An illustration of the slackness of duty even in the higher ranks of the army is given by Sir Evelyn Wood in his admirable work on the Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign. On the evening of the 14th June an officer was sent with an order for Vandamme to advance at three o'clock on the following morning. That general could not be found: he had gone off to a house at some distance from his corps, and had not left word where he was sleeping. The officer wandered about during the night in a futile search of Vandamme, and eventually fell from his horse and broke his leg. He lay helpless for some time, and the order thus never reached Vandamme, who started only at seven a.m. on the 15th instead of at three, with the result of a serious dislocation of Napoleon's dispositions.

The troops constituting the Grand Army with which the Emperor resolved on taking the field against the allied forces in Belgium consisted of five army corps: the 1st, commanded by General Count d'Erlon, containing four infantry divisions and Jaquinot's light cavalry division; the 2nd, commanded by General Count Reille, made up of four infantry divisions and Piré's light cavalry division; the 3rd, commanded by General Count Vandamme, comprising three infantry divisions and Domont's light cavalry division; the 4th, commanded by General Count Gérard, consisting of three infantry divisions, and Morin's light cavalry division; and the 6th, commanded by General Count Lobau, containing three infantry divisions. The command of the Imperial Guards had been given to Marshal Mortier, i position he would have fought at ' but for a sudden attack of sciatica at M where, oddly enough, he had alre wounded in 1793. His presence in t would have prevented the over-reckless by Ney of the cavalry of the Guard. infantry of that force, the 1st division, c of four regiments of grenadiers, was co by General Friant; the 2nd, consistin regiments of chasseurs, by General and the Young Guard, two regiment tigeurs and two of tirailleurs, by Duhesme. The cavalry of the Guard of the 1st division, under General Gu heavy regiments; and of the 2nd, unde Lefèbvre-Desnouettes—three light r The reserve cavalry, commanded by Grouchy, was made up of four corps two divisions; the 1st corps comm General Pajol, the 2nd by General E the 3rd by General Kellermann, and t General Milhaud. The reserve cava tered 12,800 men with 48 guns.

The junction of the several corps on day (June the 13th), and almost at the s was a triumph of Napoleon's skill in bination of movements. The Emper who had quitted Paris at three o'clo morning of the 12th and had passed t ing night in Laon, was now with the a the 14th, the French army was conce Solre-sur-Sambre, Beaumont, and Ph In all those three positions the troops h under cover of low hills within a shor behind the frontier, so dexterously hi the enemy remained unaware of the of the large masses of troops alm striking distance. The headquarter Beaumont, in the centre of the army, there consisting of the corps of Vand Lobau, the Imperial Guard, and t cavalry, amounting altogether to ab men. The left, consisting of D'Er Reille's Corps (1st and 2nd), aggrega 44,000 men, was in position on the r of the Sambre at Solre-sur-Sambre. composed of Gérard's corps and a d heavy cavalry, amounting to about 1 was in front of Philippeville. On the of the 14th the army received from its following spirit-stirring appeal:

"Soldiers! this day is the anniv Marengo and of Friedland, which twic the destiny of Europe. Then, as after A

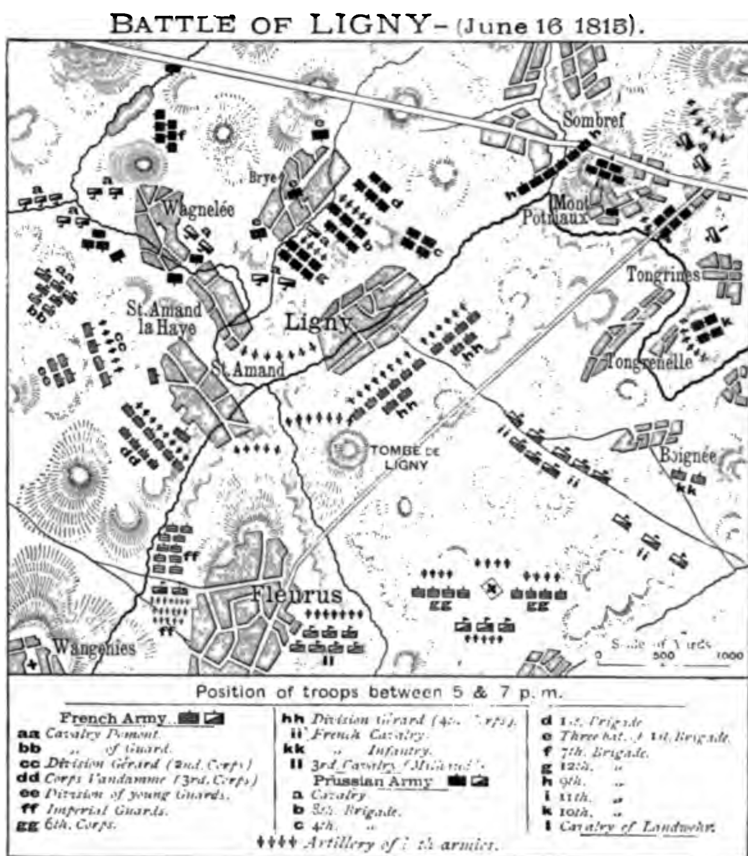
Wagram, we were too generous! We
. in the protestations and in the oaths
ces, whom we left on their thrones.
owever, leagued together, they aim at
:pendence and the most sacred rights of
They have commenced the most unjust
:ssions. Let us, then, march to meet
Are they and we no longer the same
Soldiers! we have forced marches to
attles to fight, dangers to encounter; but,
nness, victory will be
To every Frenchman
a heart, the moment
' arrived to conquer
: ! "

Prussian army which
n was to fight and de-
.igny on the 16th was
ded by the gallant
rior Prince Blücher.
l strength amounted
t 117,000 men, and
nposed of 99,715 in-
1,879 cavalry, 5,300
nen, train, and engi-
vith 312 guns. It
ided into four army
The 1st corps, com-
by General Zieten,
headquarters at
i, its right extending
ne left bank of the
as far west as Thuin,
gades at Marchiennes,
:elet, Fleurus, and
r; the reserve cavalry
nbref, and the re-
tillery at Gembloux.
l corps, commanded
eral Pirch II., had
lquarters at Namur,
ne Meuse and Sambre unite; the mass
orps in rear. The 3rd corps, commanded
:ral Thielemann, had its headquarters at
ehind the Meuse, and rearward to Huy.
:dquarters of the 4th corps were at Liége,
t rearward position of all. Prince Blücher
headquarters at Namur. His four corps
disposed that each could be concentrated
wn headquarters within twelve hours;
as possible to effect the concentration of
ole army at any one of those points
wenty-four hours. Blücher had decided,
probable event of Napoleon's advance
he Sambre at and about Charleroi, to

concentrate his army in a position in front of Sombref, a point on the high road between Namur and Nivelles, about fourteen miles from the former place, and about eight miles from Quatre Bras, the point of intersection of that road with the *chaussée* leading direct from Charleroi to Brussels.

Napoleon's project was to cross the Sambre at, and to east and west of, Charleroi; then to bend rightward towards Fleurus with the mass of his

BATTLE OF LIGNY—(June 16 1815).



army, fight and defeat the Prussian army in the position which he was aware it was taking up in front of Sombref; and this accomplished, to attack Wellington's army before it should be collected in sufficient strength to prevent his further progress towards Brussels. In accordance with the Emperor's orders, Pajol's cavalry corps, at 2.30 a.m. of the 15th, began the advance on Charleroi. Vandamme, with the 3rd army corps, should have followed close behind Pajol; but owing to the *contretemps* already referred to he did not start until four hours later, delaying also the Imperial Guard, which was to follow the same road. The left column advanced from Solre-

sur-Sambre by Thuin, heading for the bridge of Marchiennes, and the right column from Philippeville through Gerpinnes upon Châtelet. Zieten was fully on the alert; and his vigilance on the morning of the 15th, and the arrangements made by Blücher during that night, afford a complete refutation of the charge so frequently made against the Prussian commanders, that the French attack took them by surprise. Everywhere Zieten made a good and stubborn fight against overwhelming numbers, and fell back steadily and with resolute coolness. So far out as Ham-sur-Heure a Prussian battalion had barricaded that village, and made a stout stand against one of Pajol's brigades. Attacked by the advance-guard of the left French column, a Westphalian Landwehr battalion defended the village of Thuin with great obstinacy. Another battalion maintained the barricaded bridge of Marchienne against several attacks, and finally retired in good order. But nevertheless, the French by eleven o'clock were in full possession of Charleroi, and Reillé's corps was effecting its passage over the river. Gérard's column of the right, having had a longer distance to travel, had not as yet reached its destined point at Châtelet.

In the early morning there had occurred in Gérard's command an unhappy and ominous occurrence. The commander of one of his divisions was a certain General Bourmont. Although a distinguished soldier, his career had not been without stain; and Napoleon, suspecting his loyalty, consented to employ him only when Gérard promised to be personally responsible for him. His return for this kindness was an act of abominable baseness. On the early morning of the 15th, Bourmont rode ahead of his division accompanied by two officers of his staff, and he and they deserted to the enemy. When the traitor was presented to Blücher, the latter could not refrain from evincing his scorn for the faithless soldier; and when an attempt was made to ingratiate him with Blücher by directing his attention to the white cockade which Bourmont conspicuously displayed, the blunt old Marshal bluntly remarked, "It matters nothing what a fellow sticks in his hat—a scoundrel always remains a scoundrel." Old "Vorwärts" never minced his meaning. The French soldiers were furious at the desertion of Bourmont, and they suspected many other generals of Napoleon's army as being capable of similar conduct. There is no doubt that in the Waterloo campaign the soldiers disbelieved everything which was not confirmed by their own eyesight; nor was this difficult of c tion, since the Emperor had never hesit give such colouring to his statements and as he thought would best effect the ol had in view.

Owing to the absence of infantry at th of the French columns, two Prussian b were able to retard the French adva several hours. Reillé's advance-guard, crossed the Sambre at Marchiennes, was r by the Charleroi-Brussels road on Gosseli Steinmetz with the 1st Prussian brigade held that place for a considerable time, sup by Lützow's gallant dragoons; and it w until the main body of Reillé's corps, follo some distance by the head of D'Erlon's c had come up, that the Prussians moved a Heppignies, and left the Charleroi-Brusse open to Reillé and D'Erlon. When, i formity with Zieten's orders, Pirch I. fo necessary to abandon Charleroi, he reti the gradual rising ground with his briga 2nd), and soon after two o'clock Zieten t a defensive position behind Gilly, along in rear of a rivulet. About three, Na reached Gilly, where he found Grouch Vandamme halted, in the belief that th a large force in their front. Napoleon p recognised that the Prussians were in m strength, and directed on them a heavy c ade, after which the French columns m the attack. Zieten did not await the a but Napoleon, angry that the enemy escape him, ordered General Letort, his a camp, with some squadrons of the I escort, to cut off the retreat of the Pr and at the same time Pajol sent part cavalry to seize a defile in the woods of F The Prussian infantry withstood repeated of the French cavalry, and aided by the e exertions of a dragoon regiment, succe gaining the wood of Fleurus. A fusilier ba however, was broken by the French cava had been ordered to withdraw into the but in the course of the attempt it ha overtaken by the enemy's cavalry, by w was furiously assailed and suffered a loss thirds of its strength. Another regim square, was attacked by the French c Letort and the escort squadrons crashed into it and it was broken with the loss its numbers, but the rest escaped throu wood. This success, however, was attai the cost of the life of the gallant Letor fell mortally wounded in the moment of v

le, Excelmans' dragoons had deployed far side of the wood, and successfully the enemy when retreating across the n the direction of Fleurus.

the Emperor was still at Gilly about ck, before the end of the combat just , Marshal Ney, who had just overtaken y on the march, came to Napoleon, dden over from Charleroi, and received the command of the 1st and 2nd corps

"THE GENERAL'S HORSE FELL INTO A DITCH" (p. 675).

e's cavalry of the 2nd corps, and the of Bachelu—troops with which, the same he drove from Frasnes the allied brigade ded by Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar. cordial relations between Napoleon and ted no longer. The Emperor was aware , when Napoleon was marching on Paris return from Elba, had pledged himself ourbons that "he would bring Napoleon an iron cage." Subsequently, and it wonder, he had kept so aloof from the that when he appeared on the Champs- he latter affected surprise, saying that ht Ney "had emigrated." Ney had no of making the campaign. But when ell ill and an urgent summons came to him from his old master, the fighting spirit revived in him, and he hurried forward, buying at Maubeuge Mortier's horses—presumably the ill-fated animals which one after another were to be killed under him at Waterloo. He reached the army just in time to be given the command of the left wing; with which henceforth this article, treating as it does almost solely of the battle of Ligny, has scarcely any further concern.

Late in the afternoon of the 15th, Napoleon left Gilly before the conclusion of the fighting about that place, and went back wearily to Charleroi, where he spent the night. Before quitting the front at Gilly he had decided on altering the organisation of the forces with which he intended to fight the Prussians on the morrow. Grouchy, who until now had been in command of the reserve cavalry, was given the more important command of the 3rd corps (Vandamme) and of the 4th corps (Gérard); the Emperor taking into his own hand the command of the Imperial Guard, the reserve cavalry, and the 6th corps (Lobau). As the Emperor rode off he ordered Grouchy to push forward as far as possiblé towards Sombref, and the cavalry of Pajol and

Excelmans continued to advance in that direction. When, however, Grouchy ordered Vandamme to follow the cavalry in support, that rugged commander strenuously refused to obey, no intimation having reached him that he was to come under Grouchy's command; and he ordered his corps to bivouac where it stood.

Napoleon had expected that all his troops would have been across the Sambre before noon of the 15th, but the staff arrangements were faulty, and at nightfall of that day the whole of the 6th corps, half of the 4th corps, half the cavalry of the Guard, and two corps of the reserve cavalry were still south of the river. The tardiness of the French rearward columns was in marked contrast to the alert activity of the Prussian soldiers of Zieten's corps, who from early morning had been constantly under arms, in continual motion, and almost as constantly engaged, pursued and assailed by an overwhelming superiority of hostile force. It was not until near midnight that the corps effected its concentration in position between Ligny and St. Amand, at a distance varying from fifteen to twenty miles in rear of its original line of outposts, after having gallantly fulfilled the arduous task of gaining sufficient time for the concentration on the following day of the main body of Marshal Blücher's army. The loss sustained on the 15th by Zieten's corps reached a total of 1,200 men, and two of its battalions were reduced to mere skeletons.

Late on the 14th, Zieten had ascertained that strong French columns were assembling in his front, and that everything portended an attack on the following morning. This intelligence reached Blücher at Namur at ten o'clock on the night of the 14th; and an hour later simultaneous orders were despatched for the march of Bülow's corps (4th) from Liége to Hannut, of Pirch's (2nd) from Namur upon Sombref, and for Thielemann's (3rd) from Ciney to Namur. The orders to Bülow miscarried, and eventually he did not reach Gembloux, within a few miles of the field of Ligny, until after the battle was over, although in time to be of service to the other three corps retreating from Ligny. By the afternoon of the 15th the 2nd corps had taken up a position in the immediate vicinity of Sombref; the 1st corps, as has been mentioned, was concentrated by midnight of the 15th between Ligny and Amand; and the 3rd corps arrived at Sombref on the morning of the 16th. Blücher had established his headquarters in that village on the previous evening.

The result of the operations of the 15th had been highly favourable to Napoleon. He had effected the passage of the Sambre with slight loss; he was operating with the main portion of his forces directly on Blücher's preconcerted point of concentration; and he was already in the immediate front of his adversary's chosen position before that concentration could be completed. No doubt, after their exertions of the previous day, his troops were fatigued and widely scattered. Siborne, the historian of the campaign, argues that because Lobau's corps and the Guard were halted in rear at Charleroi, and part of Gérard's corps at Châtelet in the early morning of the 16th, there was a laxity of dispositions indicating the absence of that energetic perseverance and restless activity which had characterised Napoleon's operations in his previous wars. But it may be argued that every hour of rest was of value to his troops; while, on the other hand, the whole strength of his adversary was not yet visible. It was all-important to Napoleon that he should gain a crushing and decisive victory over the Prussians. To assail them prematurely would not bring about this result; and it was sound wisdom on his part to wait patiently with the whole of his own strength until the moment should arrive when he might hope to wreck and destroy his opponent's forces to the last company and the uttermost squadron, prior to turning to rend the British ally of that shattered opponent.

Prince Blücher, supported by the advice of General Gneisenau, his able chief-of-staff, resolved on accepting battle in the Sombref-Brye position confronting the higher ground of Fleurus—a position previously chosen in the event of the enemy's adoption of that line of operations to which that enemy had now distinctly committed himself. This position (*vide* map) comprised the heights of Brye, Sombref, and Tongrines, contiguous to the high road between Namur and Nivelles. These heights are bounded on the west and south-west, the right of the position, by a shallow ravine, through which winds a petty rivulet skirting the villages of Wagnelée, St. Amand la Haye, and St. Amand. Near the lower end of the last-named village, this streamlet unites with the greater rivulet of the Ligny, which flows through a deeper valley along the whole of the south or main front of the position. In this valley, partly bordering the stream itself, partly built on the gentle acclivities of the northern slope, lie the villages of Ligny, Pont Potriaux, Tongrenelle and Boignée.

From a tactical point of view, the Prussian

was unquestionably defective. Nearly le of the terrain between the line of vil- Ligny, St. Amand and Wagnelée, and t Namur *chaussée*, was in full exposure iew of the enemy; and as there was a certainty of protracted village-fighting e front of the position, the supports and required to feed a struggle of that char- ould obviously be subjected to the full he batteries on the opposite more com- heights. Upon the sloping ground of ssian position every movement could be d from the French side; on which, on trary, the undulations admitted of the nent of considerable bodies. It was this hich chiefly caused Wellington—who had wer from Quatre Bras to consult with at the windmill at Bussy before the Ligny began—to regard Blücher's dis- s for battle as objectionable. "If old s fights here," was his comment to e, "he will get most damnably licked!" e defect was strikingly manifested later, fact that the gradual weakening of the centre and left for the purpose of ng the right was closely observed by n, who took advantage of the insight ained into his adversary's designs by g the force with which, when he dis- hat the Prussian reserves were expended, ddenly assailed and broke the centre of 's lines.

has been any amount of controversy g the strengths of the armies which t Ligny. In attributing to Blücher a ooo strong for the three corps engaged, yn Wood, generally so correct, is mani- error. Thiers and Dorsey Gardner, both thorities, are at one in stating the strength at 84,000, and the French at fter deduction of Lobau's 11,000, who engaged. Those also are approximately s figures. But counting heads is not correct method of computation. There rge leaven of green youngsters in the ranks; and probably the two armies about equal fighting value, although ton always held that Napoleon in a as equal to 40,000 men.

reliminaries of the battle began about en the French light artillery cannonaded sian cavalry posts. Von Röder, as soon w the advancing French array, ordered at of his cavalry to the further side of am, remaining himself until withdrawn with two regiments near the Tombe de Ligny. Meantime the main body of the French army advanced imposingly in columns of corps. Vandamme, with Girard's division attached, moved forward against St. Amand, the most salient point of the Prussian position. While deploying, the corps was fiercely cannonaded by the Prussian batteries behind the village. Girard prolonged Vandamme's corps to the left, and Domont's light cavalry division took post beyond Girard. The centre column, under Gérard, moved out along the Fleurus high-road, and presently manned the heights fronting the village of Ligny, its left near the Tombe de Ligny, its right resting on a knoll south of Mont Potriaux. The right column, comprising Pajol's and Excelmans' cavalry corps, took post on Gérard's flank along with Morin's light cavalry of the 4th corps, the whole showing a front to the eastward against the villages of Tongrines, Tongrenelle, Boignée, and Balatre, to watch any hostile movements on their left and to divert their attention from the centre.

Gérard, during the deployment, had an awkward adventure. Ordering his men to fall out —the actual fighting had not yet begun—the general himself went forward to reconnoitre the enemy's position, accompanied by his staff-officers and a few hussars as escort. When near the Prussian line of front a body of Prussian cavalry advanced rapidly against him, and Gérard and his escort retreated at full gallop. During the flight the general's horse fell into a ditch which was hidden from view by the high-standing wheat crops, and the whole of the escort, seeing that their chief was down, turned back to defend him. His aide-de-camp, Lafontaine, having killed two Prussian lancers and broken his sword on the head of a third, was struck in the side by a bullet fired from a pistol close to his body. The chief-of-staff, Saint Remi, was dangerously wounded by seven lance-thrusts. Another aide-de-camp, Captain Duperron, dismounted and tried to put Count Gérard up into the saddle, but in the hand-to-hand fighting then being waged this became impossible, and the general must have been killed or taken prisoner had not a cavalry regiment, led by the son of General Grouchy, who was attracted by the firing, galloped up and driven off the Prussian horsemen.

Soon after three o'clock Napoleon gave the signal for his troops to advance to the attack; and for the next five and a half hours a continuous and desperate struggle was carried on in and about the villages bordering the ravine.

There remained out of action in the earlier phases of the fighting, the Imperial Guard and Milhaud's cuirassiers halted in reserve, the former on the left, the latter on the right of Fleurus. Those troops were held back for the final stroke, which Napoleon himself was intending to administer. Lobau had not yet come up, and his command never fired a shot.

When his assailants came on, Blücher was quite ready for them. He had marshalled his forces betimes. Zieten with the 1st corps occupied the right and centre, that portion of the position included in the villages of Brye, St. Amand la Haye, St. Amand, and Ligny. The brigades of this corps had been greatly mixed during the night when occupying those villages, and the battalions were distributed rather promiscuously during the battle. Its main body was drawn up on the slope between Brye and Ligny, near the farm and windmill of Bussy, the highest point of the whole position. Seven battalions stood in rear of it, two more linking Bussy and Ligny, and four battalions were specially charged with the defence of Ligny itself. Three battalions were posted in the vicinity of the village of Brye; and several companies were distributed in the intersected ground between that village and St. Amand la Haye. Four battalions were posted on the high ground in rear of St. Amand, their right resting on St. Amand la Haye, and the defence of St. Amand itself was entrusted to three battalions of the 3rd brigade. The remaining six battalions of this brigade were posted in reserve northward of Ligny. The 2nd army corps, commanded by General Pirch I., was formed up in reserve to Zieten; and to the 3rd corps (Thielemann) was assigned the left, in that part of the field lying between Sombref and Balatre.

The actual battle was begun by an attack on St. Amand on the part of a division of Vandamme's corps. Made in three columns with great vigour, it proved successful, and after a stubborn resistance the Prussians were driven from the village. But when the French attempted to debouch from it, they were met by showers of grape and canister from the Prussian guns; the Prussian infantrymen hurled themselves forward strenuously, and, as the result of a prolonged and bloody *mêlée*, regained possession of the village, and held it for a while. This, however, was but a prelude, bloody though it was. St. Amand was a place of great importance, constituting as it did the strength of the Prussian right, and, from the intersection of gardens and hedges, was very capable of although so much in advance of the res Prussian position. Continued desperate for two hours had the result that the were in possession only of half the villa Vandamme was not content with th success. Before the furious onset he nc the Prussian troops, who had lost most officers, gave way with a loss of 2,500 r withdrew into position between Brye a bref, while loud shouts of "*Vive l'Emp* proclaimed the triumph of the French i

The village of Ligny was long and stu held by the Prussians. Its defenders s by stone walls, hollow ways, and ba hedges, remained quiescent under the h of French shot and shell; but as the infantry were visible descending the slo quitted their concealment, sent forwar skirmishers, and once and again threw i order with their fire the advancing adv Column after column forced its way in village, only to be hurled back. Gérard headed one of the French attacks, and penetrated within the precincts of the ol in the upper part of the village; but l repulsed again and again with great sl by the four Prussian battalions of B brigade, which gallantly maintained the Ligny. As the discomfited French troop drew, their batteries played with red energy on the village, and fresh columr pared for another assault. That pr came, and a desperate struggle ensued. M with the din of musketry-fire througho whole extent of the village rose fro French fierce shouts of "*En avant!*" and *l'Empereur!*" responded to by the Pr with counter-cries of "*Vorwärts!*" and t "*Hourra!*" whilst the batteries on the poured destruction into the masses des either slope to join in the desperate stru the valley, out of which arose from the ol volumes of thick dark smoke with oc flashes of lurid flames. Once again the l defenders succeeded in clearing the villag French, who in retreating abandoned tw and four fresh Prussian battalions were into shattered and bloodstained Ligny streets and gardens were heaped with t

Vandamme, on the French left, held sion of St. Amand, but was unable to from it. Napoleon then ordered Genera on the extreme left, to carry the villag Amand la Haye, which he accomplish

"COLUMN AFTER COLUMN FORCED ITS WAY INTO THE VILLAGE, ONLY TO BE HURLED BACK" (*p.* 676).

a bitter struggle. Blücher then ordered General Pirch II. to retake the place; but his brigade, closely pressed by the French occupants, and having got into great confusion, was forced to withdraw its scattered remnants and to re-form. In this combat Girard, whose division had so gallantly held the village, fell mortally wounded. Blücher resolved on a renewed attack; and when the preparations therefor were accomplished, aware how much depended on the result, he galloped to the head of his column, and addressed some rough, stirring words to his young soldiers. "Now, lads!" he shouted, "behave well! Don't let the *grande nation* get the better of us again! Forward—in God's name—Forward!" Pirch's battalions dashed into the village at a charging pace, sweeping the enemy completely before them. Sallying forth on the other side, they pursued the enemy with an impetuosity which the officers had difficulty in restraining; and many plunged into the very midst of the French reserves. The cavalry caught the enthusiasm of their brethren of the infantry, and supported the attack on the village by a headlong charge on the enemy's cavalry. Almost simultaneously the adjacent village of Wagnelée was assailed by the Prussians; but the attempt, although sustained with vigour, ultimately failed. For hours a constant struggle was maintained until darkness, on the Prussian right flank, every village taken and re-taken with immense slaughter.

Meanwhile the village-fighting in Ligny was at its hottest. The place was utterly congested with combatants ablaze with excitement, and its streets and enclosures were choked with dead, dying, and wounded. Every house that was not in flames was the scene of a hand-to-hand contest. Order had long been lost, and men fought furiously in little groups; the bayonet, and even the butt, being freely used in adding to the dreadful carnage. A dense pall of smoke overhung the whole village and settled on it with a darkness almost of night; but the incessant din of musketry, the crashing of burning timbers, the smashing of doors and gateways, the yells and imprecations of the combatants, gave dread indication to the reserves on the slopes beyond the gloom of the savage and ruthless character of the bloody struggle being waged under the overhanging darkness. Long did this desperate strife continue without material results on either side. Then fresh Prussian batteries from the rear came into action; as did also a reinforcement, on the French side, from the artillery of the Imperial Guard. The earth trembled under the tremendous cannonade; as the flames from the burning houses shot wards through the volumes of smoke, the tacle seemed some violent convulsion of na rather than a conflict between man and ma

Neither in the villages on the right n the key of the centre at Ligny did the co slacken for a moment during this long aften of blood and death. Fresh and eager m from both sides poured into the blazing vil as soon as the diminished strength and exhaustion of the combatants required r So equally balanced were the courage, en and devotion of either side that the obst struggle seemed likely to desist only when utter exhaustion of the one should yield to greater command of reserves possessed by other. Napoleon's eagle eye discerned that Prussian reserves were nearly exhausted; he considered that the time to end the sangui fighting along the chain of villages, and to b the battle to an issue by breaking in upon centre of the Prussian front with the Imp Guard and Milhaud's corps of cuirassier support. Soon after 5.30, these troops we march towards Ligny, when they were sud halted by an order from the Emperor. At o'clock Soult had despatched an officer to at Frasnes, carrying the order that the 1st c (D'Erlon) should join Napoleon in the L position. The messenger on his way to had already given the order to the head of column to wheel to its right; and the direction had been taken up by D'Erlon a 4.30. Several officers about an hour later reported to the Emperor the appearance column of about 25,000 men, marching appar in the direction of Fleurus. It did not see have occurred to anyone about Napoleon this distant body might be D'Erlon's corps; the suspicion arose, confirmed by the repor several of Vandamme's officers, that the col was English. The Imperial Guard and haud's corps were therefore kept in hand, several staff-officers were sent off at a gall the direction of the unknown army According to Sir Evelyn Wood their intellig was simply that "the column had disappear whereas Siborne states that the Emperor's de-camp, returning from his reconnais reported that the column which had c uneasiness proved to be D'Erlon's corps.

The strange adventures of D'Erlon's on the afternoon of Ligny are narrated b Evelyn Wood. Having first got on the

D'Erlon eventually took up a position
of Brye, so near to the Prussians that
:n at the head of the column could read
:ly the numbers painted on the backs
Prussian soldiers' knapsacks. D'Erlon's
y came into action and was just about
n fire, when General D'Elcambre, Ney's
-staff, arrived with a positive order from
D'Erlon to bring his corps back imme-
to Quatre Bras. Had D'Erlon disobeyed
llen on Blücher's rear while Napoleon
:acking him in front, nothing could have
he right wing of the Prussian army.
he twilight was gathering on the lurid
:he fortune of the battle was gradually be-
adverse to the Prussians. It was only by
extraordinary exertions that the defenders
ıy were holding out against an adversary
ıs continually throwing in fresh reinforce-
In reply to their appeal came Gneisenau's
:ply, that at whatever sacrifice the village
ıe held for half an hour longer. Then
dings to Blücher that the brigade in St.
la Haye had expended the whole of its
ition, and that even from the pouches of
in the last cartridge had been taken.
· curtly answered that the brigade must
y maintain the post, but take the offen-
h the bayonet. But there is a limit even
most resolute endurance. Officers and
ıvercome by long exertion, were falling
eer exhaustion. The protracted struggle
villages took on a yet more savage and
ss character. The animosity and exasp-
of the combatants were uncontrollable.
house, every court, every wall was the
f bitter fighting. An ungovernable rage
:ed on the soldiers of both sides—a strife
:h every man sought an opponent in
ılaughter he might glut the hatred and
: which were maddening him. Quarter
ther begged nor granted.
ıout eight o'clock Napoleon arrived near
:r extremity of Ligny with eight battalions
Imperial Guard, the regiment of the
iers à Cheval of the Guard, and Milhaud's
:giments of cuirassiers—a force perfectly
aving hitherto been in reserve. When
peror noted the comparatively bare space
of Ligny, he remarked to Gérard, "They
.: they have no reserve remaining!"
fenders of Ligny saw, on the French
: the village, a massive column issuing
ıder the smoke of the batteries which
ned on them, and whose fire was tearing
lanes through their ranks; and as the mass rapidly descended the southern slope they could not fail to realise by its order and solidity, as well as by the dark lofty front of bearskins, that this new adversary was the redoubted Imperial Guard. Ligny was turned; and it only remained for its defenders to effect an orderly retreat from the bloodstained ruins which they had held so long and so staunchly. But their courage was not daunted, notwithstanding their exhausted condition and their knowledge that a body of fresh and chosen troops was advancing against them. The battlefield would soon be in darkness; hence they needed but a brief term of perseverance to secure the means of effecting a retreat unattended with the disastrous consequences which an utter defeat in the light of day would have entailed on them.

The Prussian infantry, compelled to evacuate Ligny, effected its withdrawal in squares with perfect order although surrounded by the enemy, stoutly repelling the hostile attacks made in repeated but vain attempts to scatter it in confusion. One battalion withstood the assault of Milhaud's cuirassiers, which had crossed the stream on the other side of the village. Blücher, panting to stem the further advance of the enemy, called to him the three cavalry regiments immediately at hand—the 6th Uhlans, the 1st West Prussian Dragoons, and the 2nd Kurmark Landwehr Cavalry. General von Röder sped the Uhlans to make the first charge. It was led by Colonel von Lützow, the chief of the famous "night-riders" of the War of the Liberation. As his squadrons were galloping down the slope against the French infantry, they encountered a hollow way hidden by the standing corn. The formation was broken up, and during the check caused by this obstacle the colonel, eleven officers, and some seventy men were shot down. A second volley completely repulsed the attack, and as the regiment went to the rear it was followed up by the French cuirassiers, and Lützow was captured. Another attack made by the Prussian Dragoons and Landwehr Cavalry was on the point of penetrating a battalion of French infantry, when the Prussian regiments were suddenly struck in flank by Milhaud's cuirassiers and completely dispersed. Later a mass of twenty-four squadrons was collected, but the attack which this body made was without success. Blücher, realising that the only hope depended on the possibility of his cavalry still succeeding before the darkness in hurling the French columns back into the valley, rallied his

troopers, and, placing himself at their head charged in his old hussar style *ventre à terre*. The French stood fast and the charge failed, Blücher and his horsemen hotly pursued by the French cuirassiers. His charger, a fine grey—a present from the Prince Regent of Great Britain—was mortally wounded and began to falter in his stride. Looking back at the pursuing cuirassiers Blücher exclaimed to Nostitz, his staff-officer: "Now I am done for!" Presently the gallant horse went down and rolled over on its rider. Nostitz promptly alighted and with drawn sword stood over his revered chief. As the struggling masses surged backwards and forwards in the *mêlée*, Blücher was several times trampled on by galloping horses. Nostitz threw a cloak over his master, who lay half-stunned for nearly a quarter of an hour, when the devoted staff-officer, with the help of some dragoons, pulled aside the carcase of the grey, and eventually in the darkness got Blücher up on another horse and led him out of the focus of the strife.

Meanwhile Excelmans and Pajol rode through St. Amand and fell on the flank of the Prussian infantry while simultaneously attacked in front by Vandamme's regiments. Spent by long fighting, there was little resistance left in them; and by 9.30 the Prussians were everywhere in retreat and resistance ceased in the open country, although Brye, Sombref, and Point du Jour were occupied by rear-guards until after midnight. The French did not push a pursuit—they did not even cross the Namur-Nivelle *chaussée*; and by daybreak of the 17th the Prussian army was several miles away from the battlefield on which it had fought gallantly if unsuccessfully. The Prussian losses in the battle of Ligny were over 12,000; those of the French about 8,000.

Blücher was carried to Gentinnes, a village about six miles in rear of Ligny. As soon as his fall was known, Gneisenau—the energetic chief-of-staff—undertook the direction of affairs, and promptly issued his orders for a retreat on Wavre. Blücher was himself again on the day after the battle, having dosed himself with his favourite nostrum of gin and sulphur. He kissed Colonel Hardinge, the British Commissioner with his army, remarking apologetically in his blunt way, "*Ich stinke etwas*"; and the tough old warrior was in the saddle on the day of Waterloo, and headed the pursuit of the French army on the evening of that day, having previously kissed Wellington on horseback, not at La Belle Alliance but at Rosomme.

"THEY ENCOUNTERED A HOLLOW WAY" (p. 679)

' first a little cloud and then a tempest —thus did it seem with the Maori War, which lasted ten years from 1860. A few acres of land were in and when the Crown surveyors came e opposed by some old Maori women. causes lay deep and inevitable, as the etween white and savage races must ever the real object is land and supremacy sult always the same.

nissionary takes the Gospel to heathen which, in this world at least, it is not message of peace. In a few years the have the Bible and the white men

Maori, noblest of native races, took ity readily, but he fought, nevertheless, nd. Of the Bible teachings he selected st of Old Testament fights, its polygamy ruelty, and added to it a recrudescence d habit of cannibalism. Hence the Pai r Haw Haw faith, more suitable to his life and land than the mild teaching of ity. How well he fought, and with what ate skill, is shown in the graphic details king of the Gate Pah, told of by Hilliard e in the first volume of "Battles of the th Century." The hidden causes of other disasters to the British arms— e indiscriminate mixture of detachments nt regiments, and even of land and sea in an assaulting column—cannot here sed.

ine be the more pleasant task to select of typical battles—Koheroa, 12th July, d Rangariri, 30th November, 1863— eflect equal credit on the brave bar- ghting for freedom, of his own sort, wn way, and the disciplined soldier, to duty.

oheroa the Maoris had selected an admirable position, the only approach to which was along a narrow, densely-fern-covered ridge, about five miles in length, and with precipitous sides, which allowed no extension or turning movements to the assailants. Here (with the native genius for fortification, which far surpasses that of the Royal Engineer, who is said, like the Bourbon, to have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing since Vauban) they had constructed three continuous lines of rifle-pits, or rather warrens, covered and concealed by flat roofs of hurdle, with earth and fern on the top. The timber supports of the flat roof rested on the ground, leaving a space of four inches at the ground-level, from which the muzzles of their double-barrelled guns protruded: weapons more quickly loaded than (and thus at short ranges superior to) the muzzle-loading Enfield rifle of the British soldier of that day, which fouled rapidly, sometimes leaded, and was then difficult to load.

To reconnoitre the position was impossible: it was necessary to go at it blind. General Cameron, a fine old Scotch soldier, sent forward the second battalion of the 14th, a newly raised regiment of Irish boys, supported by detachments of the 12th and 70th Regiments. Colonel Austin led his lads along the narrow fern ridge, under a dropping fire from unseen enemies, until he fell severely wounded. His boy battalion staggered at the fall of their colonel. "Captain Strange (14th) with his company ran rapidly forward and occupied a ridge on the right of the enemy's retreat, the latter halting immediately under cover of the crest, and opening a sharp fire across the intervening gully on the skirmishers, who immediately replied. The main body fol- lowed the line of the enemy's retreat, and on reaching a small knoll within a hundred yards of the second line of rifle-pits, was received with a rattling volley, which by its suddenness again

checked the advance. The enemy here stood well and kept up a heavy fire, but General Cameron, galloping to the front, gave the word to charge and led on, cap in hand. The men, led by their officers, gallantly dashed on and drove the enemy in confusion before them." As the troops advanced, the Maoris, running to the nearest cover, sprang into the ravine at their right. At this juncture the British, having formed a semicircle

round them, poured in a converging fire on the enemy, who retired along the bottom of the ravine to a further ridge, where they again opened fire from a third row of rifle-pits on the ever-advancing British, who finally drove them from their last vantage-ground. Broken and disheartened after a gallant but ineffectual resistance, they fled to the Maramarwa River, which some of them crossed in canoes, others swimming.

The fight lasted over two hours, and covered about five miles from the first defence to the last stand. The enemy had every advantage in their knowledge of the ground and the skilful construction of their triple line of rifle-pits. The numbers were about equal—500 on each side. "For the first time in the annals of New Zealand warfare the Maori was defeated in fair combat and driven from a series of fortified positions by troops in the open without the aid of artillery," to the presence of which alone in former fights were to be attributed the British superiority.

In this case the weapons were about even, for in the thick fern at close quarters the double-barrelled guns of the Maori were most effective: they often kept the bullets loose in their mouths, from which they dropped them into the barrels; the saliva and a tap of the butt on the ground sent the bullet home without the use of a ramrod. They had no bayonets, but fought desperately at close quarters, wielding the meri, a short, flat, sharp, double-edged stone club. The jade-stone or obsidian meri was the weapon of the chief. The steel tomahawk of the ordinary Maori warrior, fixed to a handle about five feet long, with a point at the butt for extreme close quarters, was a formidable weapon in the hands of an athletic savage. About forty dead were found on the field. They acknowledged a very heavy loss in wounded. "The slain," writes General Alexander, "were all very fine men, whom one could not help regretting." They seemed Waikato, Rangatera or gentlemen. In the haversack of each were found three days' damper (flour-cakes) and a Gospel or Church of England Prayer-book in Maori. Our casualties were only twelve, including Colonel Austin. General Cameron in his despatch spoke highly of "the conduct of the officers and men, ably led by their commanding officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Austin (14th), Major Ryan (70th), Major Miller (12th)." Among the officers who had the good fortune to have the opportunity to distinguish themselves by conspicuous forwardness in the attack were Captain Strange (14th), who led the advanced skirmishers, Captain Phelps, who led his company to the charge, and Lieutenants Armstrong, Glancy, and Green, all of the 14th Regiment. At the risk of being prolix I have thought it best to follow the official record in this and the subsequent typical battle of Rangariri.

RANGARIRI.

HEAVEN, as the native name has it.
Vaikato river, flowing out of the sacred
ake under the volcano Tongariri and
pped Ruapehu, proceeds with a full
some 250 yards wide and never less than
deep, through bush and swamp.
Iaoris had constructed a strong line of
nment across the narrow isthmus which
the Waikato river from the Lake Wai-
mpletely blocking the road up the right
the river.
ovember 18th, 1863, General Cameron
itred the position as far as practicable
e steamer *Pioneer*, and decided to land
in rear of the retrenchment to cut off
while attacking in front, hoping thus
the war.
el Leslie, with 300 men of the 40th
nt, embarked in steamers to land south
ntrenchments, while 860 officers and men
eneral Cameron marched from the north
right bank of the river. Both arrived
ame time—3 p.m. The force from the
alted about 600 yards from the entrench-
nd formed for attack under cover. On the
ere Colonel Wyatt and 200 men of the
veteran regiment in New Zealand wars.
rried the scaling-ladders and planks to
e ditch. A detachment of the 12th Regi-
nder Captain Cole formed the centre, and
n under Colonel Austin, now recovered
s wound (received at Koheroa), prolonged
of skirmishers and supports to the left.
in Mercer's detachment of Royal Artillery
o Armstrong 6-pounders, and a naval
ler under Lieutenant Alexander, R.N., ad-
with the centre of the line of skirmishers.
nents of the 40th and 65th were in

nemy's works consisted of a line of high
and double ditch with the usual Maori
ng, the ends sunk in the ground and
ogether by tough withes, instead of rigid
ils. To attempt to breach such works
e 6-pounder Armstrong pop-gun and its
locity 2-inch calibre shell and pinch of
for bursting charge, was absolutely futile.
e formidable entrenchments stretched
ross the isthmus between lake and river.
ntre was strengthened by a square re-
f very formidable construction, its ditch
welve feet wide and eighteen feet deep
ottom of ditch to top of parapet. The
n of these works was not known before
the assault was delivered. Behind the left
centre of the main line, at right angles to
it, facing the river, and so sweeping much
of the ground in rear, was another strong
line of rifle-pits, and yet a third about five
hundred yards in rear on the summit of a high
ridge. But it was thought the left of the straight
line of works could be enfiladed and taken in
reverse by the gunboats and steamers; there-
fore the general selected that part for attack.

MAORI CHILDREN.

The troops were hardly in position before the
enemy opened fire, but without much effect, the
northern attack having formed under the brow
of a hill.

It had been arranged with Commodore Sir
William Wiseman that the Royal Artillery and
the gunboats should open fire simultaneously
by signal, and the steamers land the 40th to the
south. But the strength of the wind and
current rendered steamboats and gunboats alike
almost unmanageable, and when the general
gave the signal, only one of the gunboats was
ready to open fire, and the steamers were far
from the place selected to land the 40th
Regiment.

After shelling the works for an hour and
a half, the day being well advanced, and but

little prospect of the remainder of the gunboats getting into position, General Cameron gave the order for the assault. The whole line of skirmishers and supports rushed down the slope of the hill as rapidly as the rugged ground permitted, exposed as they were to a heavy fire. Colonel Austin was again wounded, Captain Phelps (14th), and many others, but nothing checked the advance.

KANGARIRI CAMP, FROM THE WAIKATO.

The skirmishers of the 65th having reached to within fifty paces of the entrenchment, the ladder party planted their ladders, and the skirmishers, followed by the supports, mounted the parapet and forced the first line; then wheeling to the left and charging up the hill, they carried the second line of rifle-pits, and drove the enemy before them until the advance was checked by the deadly fire from the centre redoubt. The remainder of the troops on the left, finding it impossible to penetrate the position on that side, joined the attack of the 65th, and with them almost enveloped the centre redoubt.

Meanwhile the 40th had been landed from the steamers, and Colonel Leslie, without waiting for the companies to form, ordered Captain Clarke to take the first fifty men landed to attack the ridge in rear of the enemy's position, while he moved round its base with the remainder. The ridge was honeycombed with rifle-pits, yet it was carried at once, and a great number of the enemy killed or drowned in attempting to cross the swamp. A portion of the 65th, after passing the main line of entren[illegible] ments, joined the 40th in this attack.

Leaving a detachment to hold the ri[illegible] Leslie with the remainder joined the [illegible] engaged at the centre redoubt, where the [illegible] fought with desperation; and the ladders [illegible] rather short for this part of the work, it se[illegible] impossible to carry it. But Captain Mer[illegible] the Royal Artillery offered to lead his [illegible] where all others had failed. Leaving the al[illegible] useless field-guns they had been serving [illegible] armed only with their short swords and [illegible] with revolvers, the gunners followed their d[illegible] captain, who had found a narrow opening in [illegible] of the work just wide enough to allow one [illegible] to squeeze through at a time. Here he fell [illegible] through the head, and every man who attemp[illegible] to pass the opening was shot down, [illegible] Lieutenant Pickard, R.A., who followed [illegible] chief and brought back his body, for he [illegible] lived. He then masked the opening with [illegible] and earth so that the other gunners who [illegible] fallen near it could be attended medically [illegible] this he gained the Victoria Cross.

A second assault was made by ninety [illegible] with cutlases and revolvers, under the dir[illegible] of Commodore Wiseman and Commander Ma[illegible] R.N., but they also failed. And a third att[illegible] by the sailors, under Commander Phillemore, [illegible] even less fortunate, for the bluejackets prec[illegible] their assault by throwing hand-grenades, w[illegible] mostly fell short, and rolled off the parapet [illegible] into the ditch, wounding some men of the [illegible]

ere attempting to pull down a stockade he ditch. Captain Strange kicked one of welcome grenades into a puddle in the where he tried to stamp out the burning the mud. It exploded without injury to , but another officer lost his life in expos-nself to make known the situation. At e fiery curves of the hand-grenade fuses to illumine the darkness of the already night, and the general ordered the troops ld the ground they had gained until it. With the dawn the Maoris showed e flag and surrendered unconditionally, oris giving up their arms. Seven hundred g-men had originally manned the works. is always some hesitation about brave men up their arms, but Te Ori-ori, the chief, example. In handing his rifle to the he said: "We fought you at Koheroa, ught you well; we fought you here at iri, and fought you well; now we are aké, aké, aké!" (for ever and ever).

killed and eleven wounded, thirty-seven men killed and eighty wounded.

The loss of the Maoris must have been heavy. Forty-one bodies were found in the works, but a great many were shot or drowned in the swamps. The Maori wounded must have been removed during the night, as none were found among the prisoners.

Captain Mercer still lingered, and his wife came up to the front. As he could not speak, being shot through the jaws, he wrote with a pencil: "Do not grieve for me. I die contented and resigned to the will of God"; and so passed away a brave Englishman. Colonel Austin and Captain Phelps, of the 14th, both died of their injuries. The latter, being wounded in the groin, knew it was fatal, and when Surgeon Temple, R.A., came to him he said: "Attend to the other fellows; they may have a chance—I know I have none." Surgeon Temple had passed unscathed by the fatal opening to attend to Captain Mercer and those who had fallen there.

"THE GUNNERS FOUND A NARROW OPENING IN REAR OF THE WORK" (p. 684).

homas Atkins promptly fraternised with ant foe.

British casualties were four officers

Like Lieutenant Pickard, Surgeon Temple well earned his Cross for valour. But the war was not popular with the troops, who admired the

courage and rude chivalry of the Maoris, while they suffered from desperate assaults on underground fortifications, which the new artillery was powerless to touch.

There was but barren honour in capturing Pahs, to find the bulk of the defenders, after inflicting heavy loss, had disappeared under cover of night to assume a fresh position.

The Home Government disliked the expense, and desired to shift it and the responsibility to the colonists, whom they unjustly accused of wishing to prolong the war for the sake of the money expended in the country, and of ulterior designs of confiscating native lands, ignoring the fact that the losses were far greater than any prospective gains, and that the war was a terror to colonists, necessitating the abandonment of farms and the crowding of women and children into towns, while the men were in the field, as militia or volunteers.

The New Zealand finances would have been ruined but for the timely discovery of gold in the south island, where there were no natives. These resources enabled the colonists to raise troops of their own, and to bring the war to a successful issue, when abandoned by a Imperial Government without imperial ide difficult of comprehension to a man in a Dow ing Street office, but quite patent to "the m in the street." The Colonial Empire has be built in spite of the Colonial Office. When l to themselves the colonists conquered t Maoris, and then treated them not merely wi justice, but generosity. The native-king mov ment has died out, but the King Country large and fertile territory, is still the property the Maoris, for whose wants it is ample; ma of them are comparatively wealthy, and will more so. The Maori representatives sit in t New Zealand Legislature. In the rough ways the world, those races which can fight for the rights generally deserve and get them.

The warrior Maori has become fairly indu trious, civilised, and happy; he was always gentleman. The statistics of drunkenness an crime show a very low and ever-decreasing figu though there is but a trifling decrease in th native population; not more than was to b expected from the assumption of Europ habits—both clothes and morals.

RANGARIRI AFTER THE CAPTURE.

HE day before Waterloo a Peninsular veteran of the 52nd was overheard to remark, "There'll be a great battle to-morrow," and when questioned by er as to his meaning, said, "All the great battles are fought on a Sunday!" large extent the man was right: Vimiera, d'Onoro, Ciudad Rodrigo, Orthez, were d on the Sabbath day, and Toulouse, as e an engagement as any in the war, was n Easter Sunday.

a last stand by a brave general, turning efore the gates of the third city of his , ignorant that the cause for which ggled was already lost, and that his had abdicated several days before.

ing in the centre of a flat and pastoral , liable to frequent inundations from the that intersected its meadows and corn- he city of Toulouse was protected on des by the river Garonne and a large nd girdled by a massive old wall flanked lar intervals by pointed turret towers, which rose a forest of spires and the gables of the houses, many of them built l.

lost no time in raising works and strong heads, and did all that skill and ingenuity complish in seventeen days to make the npregnable. Its natural features offered cility for the purpose, and he compelled ewhat reluctant citizens to assist in form- oubts on the heights to eastward, which ran for two miles roughly parallel to the ll, between the canal and the swollen of whose bridges, save one at Croix , were purposely broken or mined.

he west the Garonne formed a strong with the outlying suburb of St. Cyprien it. The canal, lined with troops, curved e Garonne round the north of the city, and then along its eastern side, where several clustering suburbs were capable of being strongly garrisoned, so that the only weak spot was to the southward, and even there another suburb was full of troops. The walls were manned with guns. The heights—divided by the Lavaur road into two distinct elevations or platforms, the Calvinet and St. Sypière—were steep, and held by Harispe's division. Darricau defended the canal; Reille occupied St. Cyprien; and a detached hill between the northern end of the heights and Croix d'Orade, called the Pugade, was garrisoned by St. Pol.

Artificial inundations covered the approaches in many places, cavalry were on the look-out about the river Ers, and the roads themselves were no contemptible allies, sodden by the heavy rains.

In an unpublished journal I have before me, kept by an officer of the 2nd Queen's (Lieutenant, afterwards Captain, J. A. Wilson), the following entry occurs: "Roads actually up to my middle in mud; walked into a river to wash my clothes!"

Under these conditions, and to oppose this formidable resistance, Wellington attacked St. Cyprien on the 28th of March, and made several attempts to cross the Garonne *above* Toulouse.

The floods, however, retarded us, and it was not until the 4th April that Beresford passed over, fifteen miles *below* the city, with the 3rd, 4th, and 6th Divisions and three brigades of cavalry, the 4th Division crossing the pontoons first, their bands and drums playing "The British Grenadiers," and the sun coming out as they halted on the enemy's bank to sponge arms and loosen ammunition.

They marched to La Espinasse without opposition, the French patrols retiring at the first passage of the river, and a large body of cavalry menacing us without coming to blows. "At four o'clock," to quote the above-mentioned journal,

"our regiment sent with the Rocket Brigade to support the cavalry. At eight o'clock got squeezed into some poor houses, having been forty-eight hours without resting to sleep."

"April 8th.—Marched at three in the afternoon. At five my company sent on picquet. Ordered by the general to load and go to a church, where I should find a picquet of the French, and to drive them out and keep the church. A company of the 53rd sent to support me . . . Found the French had just retired, and left both doors of the church open for me, for which I was much obliged to them."

Napier has cleverly shown how Soult left the bridge intact at Croix d'Orade to entice Wellington into the marshy ground between the heights and the river Ers, and then he shows what Wellington did when he got there, which was not at all what the French marshal anticipated.

On the 8th the 18th Hussars made a brilliant dash at the bridge against the French dragoons, after a pause on both sides.

The advance of our infantry set them in motion simultaneously. The trumpets rang out the charge together ; but our fellows in blue and white were too sharp for the brass helmets, and jamming the dragoons between the stone parapets, broke them after a moment's sabring, and spurred over in pursuit led by Major Hughes, Colonel Vivian being incapacitated by a carbine bullet.

Wellington wished to attack on the 9th, but owing to the removal of the pontoon bridge closer to Toulouse, it was necessary to postpone until the day after.

The allied army occupied a peculiar position, and one which indicated in a marked degree the place Napoleon had won in the hearts of his people.

In the north, where the population had suffered more severely from the ravages of war, from the conscription, and the devastating passage of troops, the peasants rose and helped the tottering emperor; but in the hot, impressionable south they not only refrained from armed resistance, but welcomed the "perfidious" English ; and Soult, fighting a last battle for the cause, fought it unaided by his countrymen, who were even reluctant to help him dig his trenches, and had probably more sympathy with the success of the invaders than with that of the bayonets that upheld the Tricolour.

The weather had improved a little, but there was still much water out over the country, and the Garonne, flowing swiftly in a deep ch threatened our pontoons as it foamed on i to the Atlantic.

Wellington's plan, the result of person servation carried out with great care the pr days, was to deliver two feint attacks, Sir Rowland Hill against St. Cyprien acr Garonne, the other upon the outposts alo canal north of Toulouse under Picton, Freyre's Spaniards carried the isolated Pugade, and Marshal Beresford storm French right on the hilly platform of St. S the cavalry moving along each side of t to watch Berton, whose horsemen roved o marshy fields before and beyond St. Sypi

At two o'clock on the morning of th April our troops mustered under arms darkness, and the hussars passed to the Beresford's columns, which they were to on their toilsome two-mile march along th of the enemy's position.

After many halts, until everything proper order, the army got under weig six o'clock, and with the sun shining war-worn ranks, stepped boldly forward that useless and unnecessary battle.

While Hill began his attack against St. and Picton, seconded by Baron Alten, on the French skirmishers in front of th the Spaniards advanced under a fire fr guns and took speedy possession of the St. Pol having orders to fall back to the C the first of those two platforms which the main strength of Soult's position Beresford, leaving his clattering batteries village of Monblanc, turned to his left, a clearing the protecting barrier of the marched ahead under a terrible flank fire the platforms and the river.

Advancing in three columns throu swamps, the heights on their right becan with smoke and flame, and we learn fr journal already quoted that the men had by companies to escape the fire, the so having one advantage—that it put out th shells, and when a round shot struck it rise again.

Still the 4th and 6th Divisions suffered in their long tramp, and were destined t more before the day closed, the 6th es the "Marching Division," as their com the war designated them.

The Spaniards occupying the Puga Portuguese guns were dragged up the h opened on the Calvinet, keeping up a thu

"THE FRENCH RUSHED FORWARD WITH TRIUMPHANT YELLS AND FIRING DOWN INTO THE HOLLOW ROAD" (p. 690).

roll against the enemy across the valley; and about an hour before noon, while Beresford was still splashing on through the mud and mire, an unfortunate mishap befell.

Don Manuel Freyre, flushed with his first success, descended into the gorge below and attacked the hornwork on the Calvinet platform in two lines with a reserve in his rear. Advancing boldly at first, they soon came under a withering fire of artillery and musketry, a battery on the canal also raking their right flank; and, turning to an officer beside him, Wellington is reported to have said, "Did you ever see nine hundred men run away?"

The officer addressed admitted that he had never done so, and Wellington said, "Wait a minute, you will see it now." As he spoke, the right wing wavered, and the leading ranks flung themselves into a hollow road, twenty-five feet deep, for a shelter it could not afford them. Leon de Sicilia's Cantabrians alone stood their ground somewhat sheltered by a bank; but the left wing and the second line turned and fled helterskelter, a terror-stricken mass, the French rushing forward with triumphant yells and firing down into the hollow road, which was soon a hideous lane of dead and dying.

The Spanish officers with great courage rallied their men and led them back again, but the sight that met their gaze as they reached the edge of the hollow put the finishing touch to their valour, and breaking rank they fled for the open country, hotly pursued by the enemy, who were only brought within bounds again by the reserve artillery and Ponsonby's Heavy Dragoons, a battalion of the Light Division taking the fugitives' place in splendid order.

More than fifteen hundred Spaniards were killed; but Wellington, as he sat on his charger Copenhagen, afterwards to carry him at Waterloo, had more serious news brought to him.

General Picton, whose eagerness for combat was so well known that his orders had been given to him both verbally and in writing, had disobeyed them, and turning his feint attack into a real one, had been defeated for the moment.

Successful at first, the Fighting 3rd Division had driven the French outposts back about three miles on to the Jumeaux bridge; but their fiery leader, not content with this, sent six companies of the 74th Highland Regiment—a corps which had lost the "garb of old Gaul" five years before, and had then twice as many Irish as Scots in its ranks—against the palisade at the bridgehead across an open stretch of plain.

Brevet-Major Miller and Captain McQueen led them bravely forward; but the work was too high, and they had no ladders, and although the whole brigade made the attempt, they were heavily repulsed, losing nearly four hundred officers and men, among them Colonel Forbes, of the "Old Stubborns," killed, and General Brisbane, who was wounded.

It was a severe repulse, and, taken together with the Spanish failure, might have proved serious, for Wellington had now no reserves. Hill was checked by the second line of entrenchments at St. Cyprien, and the French marshal was able by these reverses to withdraw about 15,000 men to reinforce the rest on the platforms, where Beresford now had victory or defeat in his own keeping.

On the other side of the Ers our cavalry made two bold dashes—one against the bridge of Bordes, which sent Berton *ventre à terre* to the left bank with barely time to destroy the roadway before the troopers were upon him; the other by the 1st King's German Legion Hussars, who would have won half-a-dozen Victoria Crosses in our own day.

The bridge of Montaudron, beyond the French right, had been strongly barricaded with barrels filled with earth, and the 22nd Chasseurs-à-cheval lined the barrier with loaded carbines, shouting derisively as the Hanoverians rode up.

The squadron halted; several men swung out of their saddles and walked up to the bridge; the carbines whistled, but the dismounted men paid no heed, and in a few minutes had torn down casks enough to let Poten in at the head of the others. When the squadron came back again their sabres were dripping, and the bridge was ours!

Meantime, Beresford's three columns had pursued its deadly march along the foot of the heights until its rear had passed the Lavaur road, which led between the platforms to the suburbs of Toulouse, and then, in accordance with Wellington's orders, the two divisions wheeled into line to attack St. Sypière. What says our journal?

"Having arrived at their right (the French right), we were wheeling into line when a column of cavalry came down towards us and would most likely have charged us, but our rockets dispersed them.

"The second rocket thrown went through the body of a horse, and left two men on the road! Just as they retired, a column of infantry came down another road near to us, beating their

and seeming very determined ; but on our wheeling up into line they halted and :nced a running fire, by which no harm ne.

lonel Henderson was shot through the We returned the salute by a regular ; as soon as the smoke cleared away, and the men were loading, I could see the ı commander's horse lying down in the ınd six or eight men carrying the un-ıte colonel's body off. They put about .iately, and we, having given five or six rounds as they oing, followed them up the three lines, ourselves in the he Portuguese in the second, ft Brigade the third.

ıe hill was so steep, and the ınning through it over which d to pass, that I was glad to d of a sergeant's pike to help . They kept up a smart fire us. The right-hand man of npany was shot through the and fell at my feet (he re-d and joined in about six afterwards). When we had l the hill (for the enemy flew us), we came in sight of their army and of the town of ıse, a noble sight."

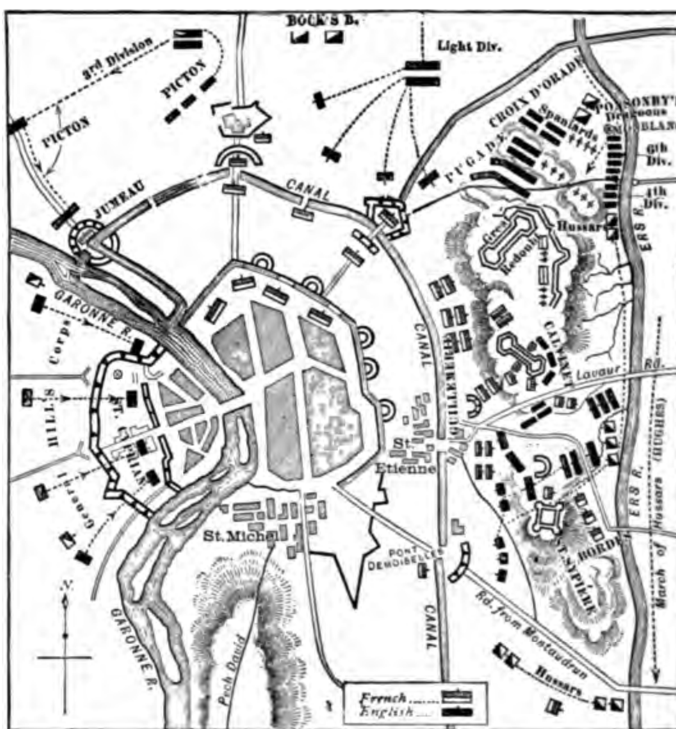
ıuch for the present for the ivision. Their comrades of ı, upon whom more brunt ıting fell, found a mass of y about to descend from the hile a strong body of horse . down the Lavaur road to pt any retreat.

whole of Beresford's command—which at tset had not mustered 13,00c, and which ffered severely on its march—was hemmed a narrow difficult position, the enemy y entrenched above them, an unfordable n their rear, Berton menacing the left nd Vial the right!

t, up on the rocky hill, had brought ı and D'Armagnac up to reinforce the he latter general himself a native of Tou--and, after some stirring words to Taupin, d them to descend with fury!

ortunately for themselves, they waited and Beresford time to wheel into line, were th Congreve rockets as they came shout-wn, and, part of the 6th Division repulsing Vial in square while the 4th Division behaved as already narrated, the tables were completely turned, and instead of an utter annihilation of the little red mass below, that mass followed up its first successes by mounting the hill, drove the French before it, and half the formidable heights were ours.

"Their infantry ran in the greatest disorder," says the journal, "and cavalry in armour protected them. We kept advancing in line till, drawing near them, a regiment of their cavalry



BATTLE OF TOULOUSE.

rode up towards us. We then wheeled back by divisions and formed the solid square in double quick time ; at the same time the rockets commenced again and did great damage, obliging them to withdraw. They left their guns at the end of the town to play on us, and we could see their baggage and many troops hurrying out of the other end. We had to halt here for the 6th Division, which was warmly engaged at a redoubt, and we were shortly afterwards ordered to lie down."

The town mentioned by the captain was evidently the suburb of Guillemerie, immediately below the heights, where a bridge crosses the canal to the suburb of St. Etienne, and about this time, the 18th Hussars and the 1st King's

German Legion coming round the south end of St. Sypière to menace another bridge, known as the Demoiselles, Soult's position grew critical.

Beresford's artillery, which had been expending its fire against the Calvinet platform, was brought up through the marshes about two o'clock, the Horse Artillery having arrived earlier but without tumbrils and only seven or eight rounds of ammunition ; and about half an hour later the 6th Division made a furious attack.

Sheltered from the fire under the hill, Pack's Scotch Brigade and Douglas's Portuguese swarmed up the steep banks, wheeled to their left by wings as they got out of the hollow road, and charged so successfully, in spite of a storm of shot and shell at close quarters, that the Black Watch and 79th Highlanders were masters of all the breastworks and in possession of the Colombette and Calvinet redoubts in a few minutes!

Then gallant Harispe led a mighty stream back upon the intruders ; it burst with overwhelming force of numbers upon the Highlanders, slew or wounded four-fifths of the Black Watch, and cleared the captured works.

An eye-witness has left us an account, which though often quoted will well bear repetition, of how the French came down like a torrent, darkening the whole hill-top, officers riding in front waving their men on with hat in hand "amidst shouts of the multitude resembling the roar of the ocean."

Then in that moment of mad suspense, half in defiance, half in admiration, their voices hoarse with the lust of slaughter, the Highlanders took off their feather bonnets, giving three British cheers as they waved the ostrich-plumes : sunlight! And, when the redoubt was retz for we *did* retake it, helped by the 11 91st—there were only ninety of the Black ' left out of five hundred who went into acti

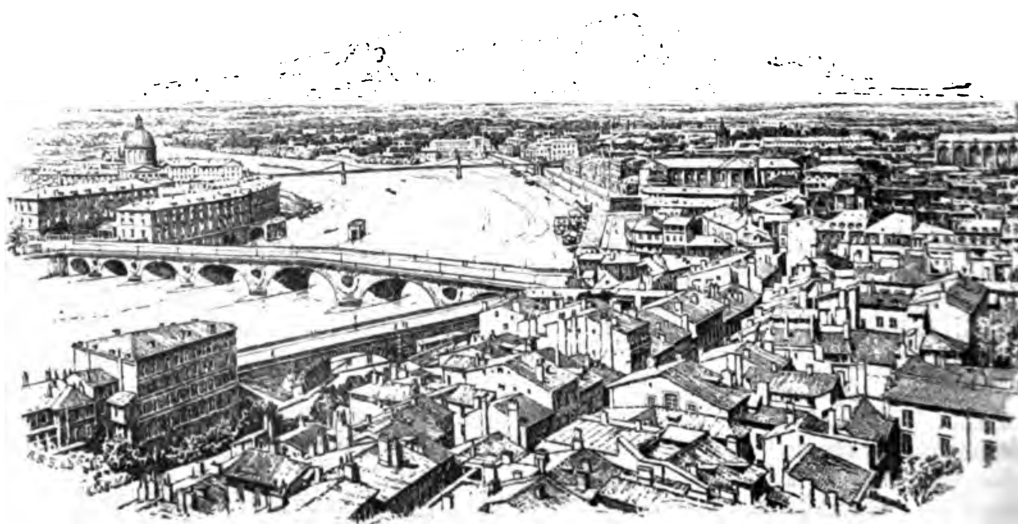
With dogged resolve our men stuck summit of the hill, a weak line facing t odds, and yet it was the kind of conflic had learned to love in that war whose last they were then fighting!

They kept the Calvinet, and later o Cameron Highlanders—there were only three of the name in the regiment, str enough—retook the Colombette. Harisp down, and about four o'clock the enemy drew; Soult retiring behind the canal some about five, beaten, yet still full of resourc ready to renew the combat.

Happily for human life, he thought bet it, retreating in admirable order on the nig the 11th, further hostilities being suspen few days later by news of Napoleon's abdic Had it arrived before, five generals and men on the French side, and four generals close on 5,000 men on ours would have spared to their respective countries.

Dr. Jenks of the 10th Hussars, who di 1882 at a very advanced age, was one of th survivors of Toulouse.

The sortie from Bayonne on the 14th, b French garrison who disbelieved in Napo fall, caused more unnecessary bloodshed ; i the last actual conflict before our army s and with it the greatest war we have ever came to a sudden and most glorious termin



TOULOUSE.

I.—THE DISASTER OF MAIWAND.

he early days of August, 1880, it seemed hat the long, bitter struggle was at last n the eve of being ended. Sir Frederick Roberts was the master of the region Cabul. Sir Donald Stewart, having l up from Candahar and fought on y the brilliant battle of Ahmed Kehl, ıw at Cabul in chief command. Mr. had announced the recognition by the · of India and the Government of the Empress, of Abdurrahman Khan as of Cabul. The date of the evacuation ıl by the British troops had been ap- ıtely fixed, and it seemed all but certain ore the end of the month both Stewart berts should have re-entered British India eir brave but war-worn regiments. But rangements were suddenly and ominously ed by the tidings which reached by tele- the British headquarters at Sherpur, ng the utter defeat at Maiwand of the ommanded by General Burrows in the etween the Helmund and Candahar.

e early spring of 1880 Sir Donald Stewart tted Candahar with the Bengal division orce, leaving there the Bombay division, command of which General Primrose , General Phayre assuming charge of the ications. It was known that Ayoub as making hostile operations at Herat. Ali Khan, who had been Governor of ar during Sir Donald Stewart's residence ad been nominated hereditary ruler of ince, with the title of "Wali," when it rmined to separate Candahar from North- Afghanistan. On June 21st the Wali, l some days earlier crossed the Helmund upied Girishk with his troops, reported oub was actually on the march towards the Candahar frontier, and asked for the support of a British brigade to enable him to cope with the hostile advance. There was warrant for the belief that the Wali's troops were disaffected, and that he was in no condition to meet Ayoub's army with any likelihood of success. After Stewart's departure the strength of the British forces at Candahar was dangerously low, amounting to but 4,700 of all ranks; but it was of great importance to arrest Ayoub's offensive movement, and a brigade consisting of a troop of horse artillery, six companies of the 66th Regiment, now the 2nd battalion Princess Charlotte of Wales's (Royal Berkshire Regiment), two Bombay native infantry regiments, and 500 native troopers—in all about 2,300 strong, under the command of Brigadier-General Burrows—reached the left bank of the Helmund on July 11th. On the 13th the Wali's infantry, 2,000 strong, mutinied *en masse*, and marched away up the right bank of the river, taking with them a battery of smooth-bore guns which was a present to Shere Ali Khan from the British Government. His cavalry did not behave quite so badly, but in effect his army no longer existed, and Burrows's brigade was the only force in the field to resist the advance of Ayoub Khan, whose regular troops were reported to number 4,000 cavalry and from 4,000 to 5,000 infantry, exclusive of the 2,000 deserters from the Wali, with thirty guns and an irregular force of uncertain strength.

Burrows promptly recaptured from the Wali's infantry the battery they were carrying off, and punished them severely in their retreat. The mutineers had removed or destroyed the supplies which the Wali had accumulated for the use of the British brigade, and Burrows therefore could no longer remain in the vicinity of Girishk. It was determined to fall back upon Khushk-i-Nakhud, a position distant thirty miles from Girishk and forty-five from Candahar—a point

where several roads from the Helmund converged, and where supplies were plentiful. At and about Khushk-i-Nakhud the brigade remained from the 16th until the morning of the 27th July. While waiting and watching there, a despatch from army headquarters at Simla was communicated to General Burrows from Candahar, authorising him to attack Ayoub if he considered himself strong enough to beat him, and informing him that it was regarded of the greatest political importance that the force from Herat should be dispersed and prevented from moving in the direction of Ghuzni. Spies brought in news that Ayoub had reached Girishk, and was distributing his force along the right bank of the Helmund between that place and Hyderabad. Cavalry patrols failed to find the enemy until the 21st, when a detachment was encountered in the village of Sangbur on the northern road about midway between the Helmund and Khushk-i-Nakhud. Next day that village was found more strongly occupied, and on the 23rd a reconnaissance in force came upon a body of Ayoub's horsemen in the plain below the Garmao hills about midway between Sangbur and Maiwand.

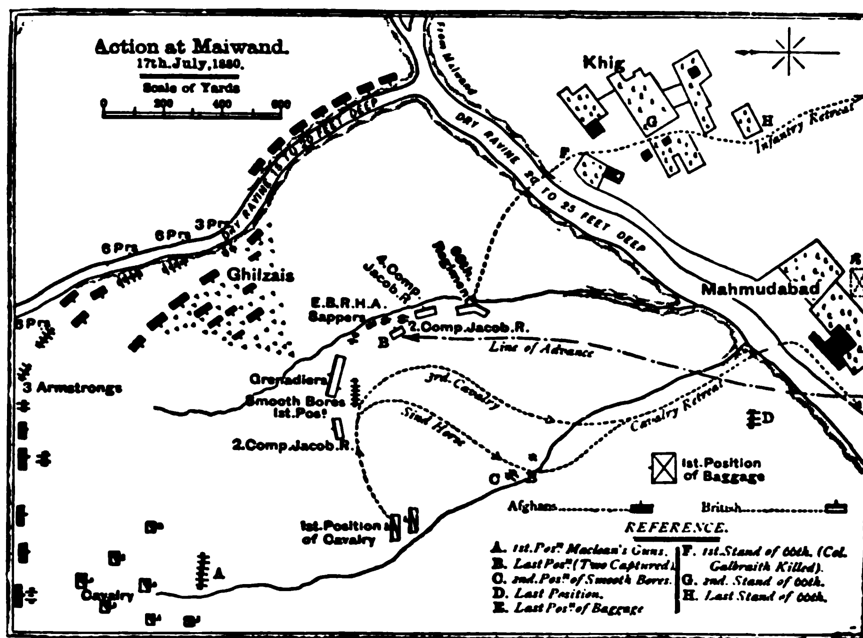
Those discoveries should have afforded tolerably clear indications of Ayoub's intention to turn Burrows's position by moving along the northern road to Maiwand and thence pressing through the Maiwand Pass until at Singiri Ayoub's army should have interposed itself between the British brigade and Candahar. Why, in the face of the information at his disposal and of the precautions enjoined on him to hinder Ayoub from slipping by him towards Ghuzni through Maiwand and up the Khakrez valley, General Burrows should have remained so long at Khushk-i-Nakhud, is not intelligible. He was stirred at length on the afternoon of the 26th by the report that 2,000 of Ayoub's cavalry and a large body of his Ghazis were in possession of Garmao and Maiwand, and were to be promptly followed by Ayoub himself with the main body of his army, his reported intention being to push on through the Maiwand Pass and reach the Urgandab valley in rear of the British brigade. Later in the day Colonel St. John, the political officer, reported to General Burrows the intelligence which had reached him that the whole of Ayoub's army was at Sangbur, but credence was not given to this important information.

It was on the morning of the 27th that at length the tardy resolution was taken to march upon Maiwand. The expectation was indulged that the brigade would arrive at that place before the enemy should have occupied it in force; and that this point made good, there might occur an opportunity to drive out of Garmao the body of Ayoub's cavalry in possession there. There was a further reason why Maiwand should be promptly occupied: the brigade had been obtaining its supplies from that village and there was still a quantity of grain in its vicinity, to lose which would be unfortunate. The brigade, now 2,600 strong, struck camp on the morning of the 27th. The march to Maiwand was twelve miles long, and an earlier start than 6.30 a.m. would have been judicious. The soldiers marched smartly, but halts from time to time were necessary to allow the baggage to come up: the hostile state of the country did not admit of anything being left behind, and the column was encumbered by a great quantity of stores and baggage. At Karezah, eight miles from Khushk-i-Nakhud and four miles south-west of Maiwand, information was brought in that the whole of Ayoub's army was close by on the left front of the brigade and marching towards Maiwand. Burrows's spies had previously proved themselves so untrustworthy that little heed was taken of this report, but a little later a cavalry reconnaissance found large bodies of horsemen moving in the direction indicated, and inclining away towards Garmao as the brigade advanced. A thick haze made it impossible to discern what force, if any, was being covered by the hostile cavalry. About 10 a.m. the advance guard occupied the village of Mahudabad, about three miles south-west of Maiwand. West of Mahudabad and close to the village, was a broad and deep ravine running north and south. Beyond this ravine was a wide expanse of level and partially cultivated plain, across which, almost entirely concealed by the haze, Ayoub's army was marching eastward towards Maiwand village, which covers the western entrance to the pass of the same name. If General Burrows's eye could have penetrated that haze, probably he would have considered it prudent to take up a defensive position, for which Mahmudabad presented not a few advantages. But he remained firm in the conviction that the enemy's guns were not yet up, notwithstanding the reports of spies to the contrary; he believed that a favourable opportunity presented itself for taking the initiative, and he determined to attack with all practicable speed.

Lieutenant Maclaine, of the Horse Artillery, a

t young officer who was soon to meet a choly fate, precipitated events in a some- reckless fashion. With the two guns he anded he dashed across the ravine, gal- athwart the plain, and came into action t a body of Afghan cavalry which had just into view. Brigadier Nuttall, commanding .valry and horse artillery, failing to recall ıpetuous Maclaine, sent forward in support ı the four remaining guns of the battery. approached to within 800 yards of the lvanced pieces, and Maclaine was directed back upon the battery pending the arrival ıe brigade, ı General .vs was now g forward. ssed the ra- ear Mahmu- advanced the plain a mile in a westerly di- ı, and then l up. There :d several :s in the inary dis- ns. When engagement ıe warm, noon, the ion was as : The 66th ı the right, ght flank ı back to an attempt made to turn it by a rush ızis springing out of the ravine in the ı front; on the left of the 66th were ›mpanies of Jacob's Rifles (30th Native ·y) and a company of sappers; the centre cupied by the horse artillery and smooth- ɡuns, of which latter, however, two had moved to the right flank; on the left : guns were the 1st Grenadiers some- re-fused, and on the extreme left two nies of Jacob's Rifles formed *en potence*. avalry was in rear, engaged in half- d efforts to prevent the Afghans from the British infantry in reverse. The n of the British brigade was radically and indeed invited disaster. Both were *en l'air* in face of an enemy of ' superior strength; almost from the first every rifle was in the fighting line, and the sole reserve consisted of the two cavalry corps. The baggage had followed the brigade across the ravine, and was halted about a thousand yards in rear of the right, inadequately guarded by detachments of cavalry.

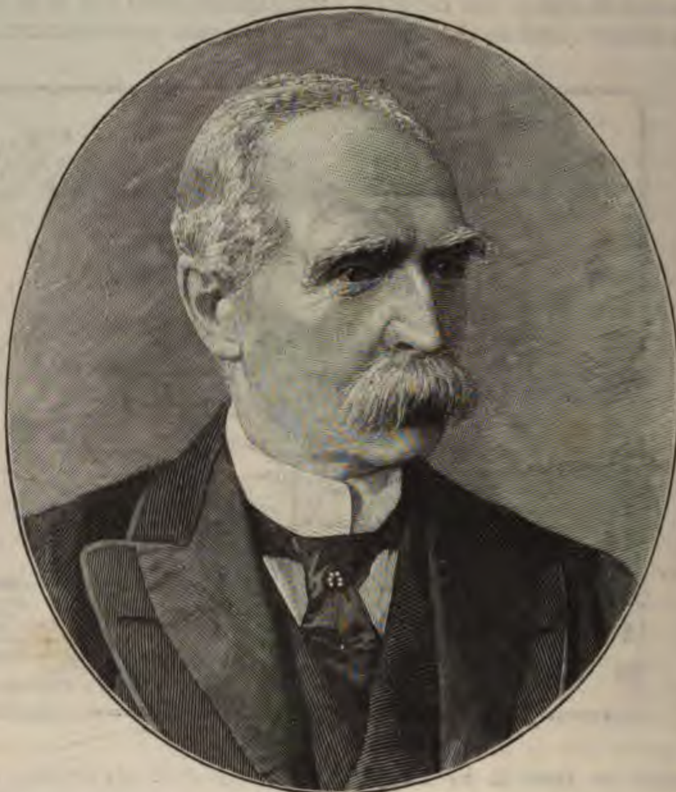
For half an hour no reply was made by the enemy to the British shell-fire, and it is possible that an energetic offensive movement might at this time have resulted in success. But presently battery after battery was brought into action by the Afghans, until half an hour after noon the fire of thirty guns was concentrated on the brigade.



Under cover of this artillery-fire the Ghazis from the ravine in front charged forward to within 500 yards of the 66th, but the rifle-fire of the British regiment drove them back with heavy slaughter, and they recoiled as far as the ravine, whence they maintained a desultory fire. The enemy's artillery-fire was well sustained and effective: the infantry found some protection from it in lying down, but the artillery and cavalry remained exposed and suffered severely. An artillery duel was carried on for two hours, greatly to the disadvantage of the brigade, which had but twelve guns in action against thirty well-served Afghan pieces. The prostrate infantry had escaped serious punishment, but by 2 p.m. the cavalry had lost fourteen per cent. of the men in the front line and 149 horses; the Afghan cavalry had turned both of the British

flanks, and the brigade was all but surrounded, whilst a separate attack was being made on the baggage. Heat and want of water were telling heavily upon the Sepoys, who were further demoralised by the Afghan artillery-fire.

A little later the smooth-bore guns had to be withdrawn because of the expenditure of their ammunition. This was the signal for the general advance of the Afghans. Their guns were pushed forward with great boldness; their cavalry streamed round the British left; in the right rear were masses of mounted and dismounted irregulars who had seized the villages on the British line of retreat. Swarms of Ghazis soon showed themselves threatening the centre and left; those in front of the 66th were still held in check by the steady volleys fired by that regiment. At sight of the fanatic Ghazis and cowed by the heavy artillery fire and the loss of their officers, the two companies of Jacob's Rifles on the left flank suddenly fell into confusion, and broke into the ranks of the Grenadiers. That regiment had behaved well, but now it caught the infection of demoralisation; the whole left collapsed, and the Sepoys in utter panic, surrounded by and intermingled with the Ghazis, rolled in a great wave upon the right. The artillerymen and sappers made a gallant stand, fighting the Ghazis hand-to-hand with handspikes and rammers, while the guns poured canister into the advancing Afghan masses. Slade reluctantly limbered up and took his four horse-guns out of action; Maclaine remained in action until the Ghazis were at the muzzles of his two guns, which fell into the enemy's hands. The torrent of mingled Sepoys and Ghazis broke in upon the 66th, and overwhelmed that gallant and devoted regiment. The slaughter of the Sepoys was appalling: so utterly cowed were they that they scarcely attempted to defend themselves, and allowed themselves without resistance to be dragged out of the ranks and slaughtered. A cavalry charge was ordered in the direction of the captured guns, but it failed, and the troopers retired in disorder. The infantry, assailed by hordes of fierce and triumphant fanatics, staggered away to the right, the 66th alone maintaining any show of formation until the ravine was crossed, when the broken remnants of the Sepoy regiments took to flight towards the east, and the general's efforts to rally them proved wholly unavailing. The 66th, with some of the sappers and Grenadiers, made a gallant rally round its colours in an enclosure near the village of Khig. There Colonel Galbraith and several of his officers were killed, and the little body of brave men becoming outflanked, continued its retreat, making stand after stand until most were slain. The Afghans pursued for about four miles, but were checked by a detachment of rallied cavalry, and then desisted. The fugitive force, forming with wounded and baggage a straggling column upwards of six miles long, crossed the waterless desert sixteen miles wide to Haurs-i-Madat, which was reached about midnight and where water was found. From Asu Khan, where cultivation began, to Kokoran, near Candahar, the retreat was harassed



SIR DONALD STEWART.
(From a photo by Lombardi & Co., Pall Mall East.)

ed villagers, and the troops had to fight less all the way. Officers and men were Lieutenant Maclaine was taken prisoner, e of the smooth-bore guns had to be ned because of the exhaustion of the About midday of the 28th the shattered of the brigade reached Candahar. When alties were ascertained, it became evident astrous to the British arms had been the of Maiwand. Out of a total of 2,476 l, no fewer than 964 were killed. The d numbered 167; 331 followers and 201 were killed, and seven followers and sixty- rses were wounded. Since Chillianwallah tish arms in Asia had not suffered loss re.

spirit of the Candahar force suffered lly from the Maiwand disaster, and it was at there was no alternative but to accept within the fortified city. The canton- were abandoned; the whole force was wn into Candahar, and was detailed for n the city walls. The effective garrison night of the 28th numbered 4,360, in- the survivors of the Maiwand misfortune. were the Afghans that a cavalry recon- ce made on the morning of the 29th the cantonments plundered and partly burned and the vicinity of Candahar swarming with armed men. The whole Afghan population, amounting to about 12,000 persons, was compelled to leave the city, and then the work of placing it in a state of defence was energetically undertaken. Buildings and enclosures affording cover too close to the enceinte were razed, communication along the walls was opened up, and gun-platforms were constructed in the more commanding positions. The weak places as well as the gates were faced with abattis, the defects were made good with sandbags, and wire entanglements and other obstacles were laid down outside the walls. The covering parties were in daily collision with the enemy, and occasional sharp skirmishes occurred.

THE LAST ELEVEN AT MAIWAND.
(By Frank Feller. By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., Pall Mall.)

On August 8th Ayoub opened fire on the citadel from Piquet hill, an elevation north-westward of the city, and a few days later he brought guns into action from the villages of Deh Khoja and Deh Khati on the east and south. This fire had little effect, and the return fire gave good results. It was not easy to invest the city, since on the west and north there was no cover for the besiegers; but in Deh Khoja on the east there was ample protection for batteries, and the ground on the south-west was very favourable. Deh Khoja was inconveniently near

the Cabul gate of the city, and it was always full of men. So menacing was the attitude of the Afghans that a sortie was resorted to against the village, which was conducted with resolution but resulted in utter failure. The attempt was made on the morning of the 16th. The cavalry went out to hinder reinforcements from entering the village to the eastward. An infantry force, 800 strong, commanded by that gallant soldier Brigadier-General Brooke, moved out later covered by a heavy artillery-fire from the city walls. The village was reached, but was so full of enemies in occupation of the fortress-like houses that it was found untenable. In the course of the retirement General Brooke and Captain Cruickshank were killed. The casualties were very heavy: 106 were killed, and 117 were wounded.

II.—THE GREAT MARCH.

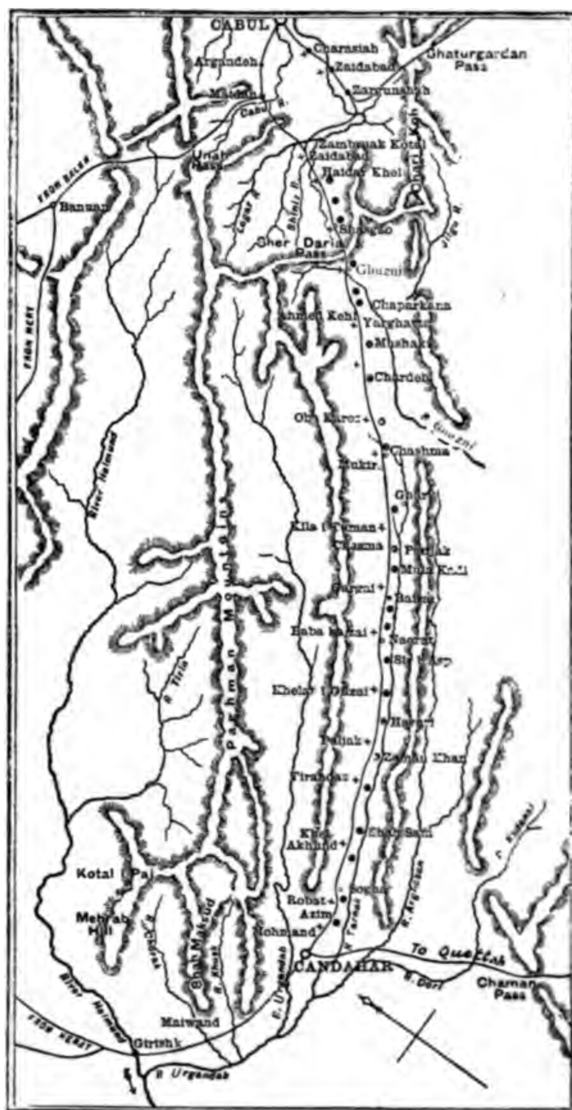
THE tidings of the Maiwand disaster reached Cabul on 29th July by telegram from Simla. The intention of the military authorities had already been intimated that the Cabul force should evacuate Afghanistan in two separate bodies and by two distinct routes. Sir Donald Stewart was to march one party by the Khyber route; the other, under Sir Frederick Roberts, was to retire by the Kuram valley, which Watson's division had been garrisoning since Roberts had crossed the Shaturgardan in September, 1879. But the Maiwand news interfered with those dispositions. Stewart and Roberts concurred in the necessity of retrieving the Maiwand disaster by the despatch of a division from Cabul. Roberts promptly offered to command that division, and as promptly the offer was accepted by Stewart. By arrangement with the latter, Roberts telegraphed to Simla urging that a force should be despatched from Cabul to Candahar without delay; and recognising that the authorities might hesitate to send on this errand troops already under orders to return to India, he took it on himself to guarantee that none of the soldiers would demur provided he should be authorised to give the assurance that after the work in the field was over they would not be detained in garrison at Candahar. The Viceroy's sanction came on August 3rd. The constitution and equipment of the force were entrusted to the two generals; and in reply to questions his Excellency was informed that Roberts would march on the 8th instant, and expected to reach Candahar on 2nd September. Sir Donald Stewart chivalrously gave his junior full freedom to select the troops to accoi him, and placed at his disposal the ent sources of the army in transport and equi It cannot truly be said that it was the the Cabul field force which constitut column led by Roberts on his famous ma Candahar. Of the native infantry regim his own original force which he had m eleven months previously in the Kuram only two followed him to Candahar—t Goorkhas and 23rd Pioneers. The second tain-battery adhered to him staunchly. original white troops the 9th Lancers, a were ready for the march. His senior Eu infantry regiment, the 67th, would fain gone, but the good old corps was weak casualties and sickness, and the gallant K denied himself in the interests of his Roberts's two Highland regiments, the 72n 92nd, had done an infinity of marching fighting; but both had received strong were in fine condition, and were not t hindered from following the chief whom, th not of their northern blood, the stalwart so the mist swore by as one man.

Sir Frederick Roberts had already repre that it would be impolitic to require the regiments to remain absent from India and homes for a longer period than two years the case of many of the regiments that was closely approached, and the men afte longed absence and arduous toil needed re were longing to rejoin their families. It w with eager desire that the honour of ma to Candahar was claimed. The enthusiasm carried Roberts's force with exceptional ra to Candahar was an aftergrowth evolved enterprise itself, and came as a response unfailing spirit which animated the leade self. The force for the march consisted of batteries of artillery commanded by C Alured Johnson, of a cavalry brigade c regiments commanded by Brigadier-G Hugh Gough, and of an infantry divis three brigades commanded by Major-G John Ross. The first brigade was comn by Brigadier-General Herbert Macpherso second by Brigadier-General T. D. Bak the third by Brigadier-General Charles gregor. Colonel Chapman, R.A., who had in the same capacity with Sir Donald S was now Roberts's chief-of-staff. The ma out strength of the column was about men, of whom 2,835 were Europeans. was an object, and since the column migh

.e rough ground, no wheeled artillery ›ort accompanied it: the guns were ı mules, the baggage was severely cut : supplies were reduced to a minimum, transport animals, numbering 8,590, of mules, ponies, and donkeys. It wn that the country could supply ep, and forage.

ne named for the departure of the : column from Sherpur was kept to thanks to assiduous organisation. ıst 8th the brigades moved out a :ance into camp, and on the following the long march began in earnest. :ance from Cabul to Candahar is ɔ miles, and the march naturally :self into three parts:—From Cabul i, ninety-eight miles; from Ghuzni :-i-Ghilzai, one hundred and thirty-es; and from Khelat-i-Ghilzai to ·, eighty-eight miles. Ghuzni was ɔn the seventh day, the daily average urteen miles—excellent work for ıseasoned to long continuous travel steadily in a temperature of from ° in the shade. When possible the ved on a broad front, the brigades nents leading in rotation, and halts ıde at specified intervals. The sounded at 2.45 a.m., and the march 4; the troops were generally in ; 2 p.m., and the baggage was ; reported all up by 5; but the ·d had both hard work and long Nowhere was there any indication ition; not a single load of baggage behind, comparatively few men fell ›ore, and the troops were steadily g in endurance and capacity for l continuous marching.

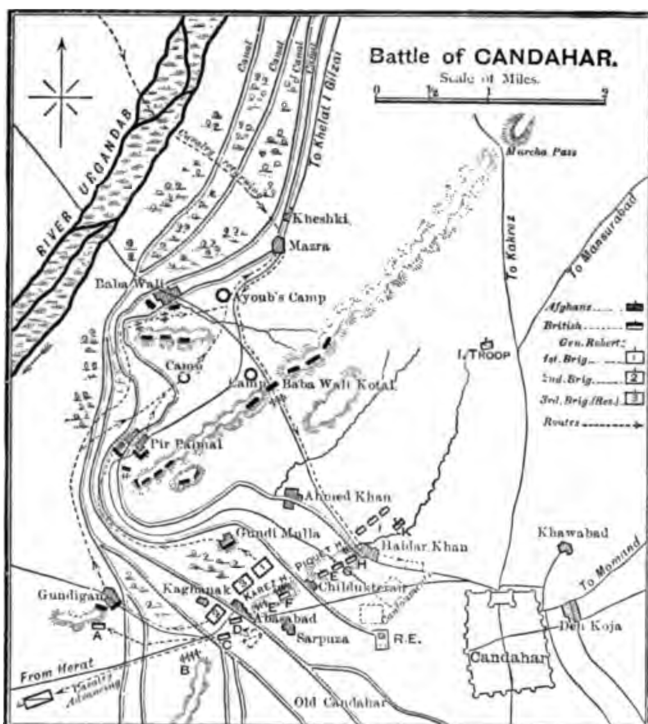
·huzni there was no rest-day, and lfast, dogged march was resumed on ıing of the 16th. The strain of this g tramp of twenty miles to Yarghatta :re, but the men rallied gamely, and ral, by dint of care and expedient, was keep up the high pressure. The of marching employed the individual ıce of each man composing the masses ɔn, and called on all for exertion in ing the difficulties of the march, in its extraordinary toil, and in aiding ›mplishment of the paramount object. 20th a distance of twenty-one miles :red—the longest day's march made. The effort was distressing owing to the heat and lack of shade, but it was enforced by the absence of water. There was no relaxation in the rate of marching, and Khelat-i-Ghilzai was reached on the eighth day from Ghuzni,



showing a daily average of nearly seventeen miles.

The 24th was a halt-day at Khelat-i-Ghilzai, where Sir Frederick Roberts received a letter from General Primrose in Candahar describing the unfortunate sortie on the Deh Khoja village and giving details of his situation. It was resolved to evacuate Khelat-i-Ghilzai and carry

forward its garrison with the column, which on the 25th resumed its march on Candahar. On his arrival at Tirandaz on the following day, the general found a letter from Candahar informing him that at the news of the approach of the Cabul force Ayoub Khan had withdrawn from his investment of Candahar, and had shifted his camp to the village of Mazra in the Urgandab valley, nearly due north of Candahar. On the morning of the 27th, General Hugh Gough was sent forward with two cavalry regiments a distance of thirty-four miles to Robat,



the main column moving on to Khel Akhund, half-way to the earlier-named place. Gough was accompanied by Captain Straton, the principal signalling officer of the force, who was successful in communicating with Candahar; and the same afternoon Colonel St. John, Major Leach, and Major Adam rode out to Robat, bringing the information that Ayoub Khan was engaged in strengthening his position in the Urgandab valley, and apparently had the intention of risking the issue of a battle. On the 28th the whole force was concentrated at Robat; and as it was desirable that the troops should reach Candahar fresh and ready for prompt action, the general wisely decided to make the 29th a rest-day and to divide the nineteen miles from Robat to Candahar into two short marches. The long forced march from Cabul may be regarded as having ended at Robat. The distance between those two extremities, 303 miles, had been covered in twenty days. It is customary in a long march to allow two rest-days in each week, but Roberts had granted his force but a single rest-day in the twenty days of its strenuous marching. Including this rest-day, the average daily march was a fraction over fifteen miles. As a feat of marching by a regular force of 10,000 men encumbered with baggage, transport, and followers, this achievement is unique, and could have been accomplished only by thorough organisation and steady, vigorous energy. Sir Frederick Roberts was so fortunate as to encounter no opposition that might delay or hinder his progress. For this immunity he was indebted mainly to the stern lessons given to the tribesmen by Sir Donald Stewart at Ahmed-Kehl and Urzoo while that resolute soldier was marching from Candahar to Cabul, and in a measure also to the good offices of the new Ameer. But it must be pointed out that he had no assurance of exemption from hostile efforts to block his path, and that he marched ever ready to fight. It will long be remembered how, after Roberts had started on the long, swift march, the suspense regarding its issue grew and swelled until the strain became intense. The safety of the garrison of Candahar was in grave hazard; the British prestige, impaired by the disaster of Maiwand, was trembling in the balance. The days passed, and there came no news of Roberts and of the 10,000 men with whom the wise, daring little chief had cut loose from any base and struck for his goal through a region of ill-repute for fanaticism and bitter hostility. Not a few of our pessimists held him to be marching on his ruin. But Roberts marched light; he lived on what the country supplied; he gave the tribesmen no time to concentrate against him; and so, two days in advance of the time he had set himself, he reached Candahar at the head of a force in full freshness of vigour and burning with ardour for immediate battle under their trusted leader.

On the morning of August 31st the force reached Candahar. Sir Frederick Roberts, who

suffering from fever for some days, was
ve his dhooly and mount his horse in
eet General Primrose and his officers
stward of Deh Khoja. The troops
d breakfasted outside the Shikarpur
e the general entered the city and
sit to the Wali, Shere Ali Khan. On
he assumed command of the troops in
Afghanistan ; and he remained resting
while the Cabul force was marching

considerable strength. The Urgandab valley is separated on the north-west from the Candahar plain by a long, precipitous spur trending south-west from the mountainous mass forming the eastern boundary of the valley farther north. Where the spur quits the main range due north of the city, the Murcha pass affords communication between Candahar and the Urgandab valley. The spur, its summit serrated by alternate heights and depressions, is again crossed

CANDAHAR.

lected camping-ground near the de-
antonments to the north-west of Can-
A few shots were fired, but the ground
n up without opposition. Baker's
was on the right, in rear of Piquet
the centre was Macpherson's brigade,
o its front by Karez hill; and on the left
chards and enclosures was Macgregor's
in rear of which was the cavalry.

I.—THE BATTLE OF CANDAHAR.

H Ayoub Khan had broken off his
ment of Candahar, he had withdrawn
fortified city but a short distance, and
ion which he had taken up was one of

lower down by an easy pass known as the Baba Wali Kotal. It is continued beyond this saddle for about a mile, still maintaining its south-westerly trend, never losing its precipitous character, and steeply escarped on its eastern face ; and it finally ends in the plain after a steep descent of several hundred feet. The section of it from the Baba Wali Kotal to its south-western termination is k iown as the Pir Paimal hill, from a village of that name in the valley near its extremity. Ayoub Khan had made his camp near the village of Mazra, behind the curtain formed by the spur just described, and about a mile higher up in the valley than the point at which the spur is crossed by the road over the

Baba Wali Kotal. He was thus, with that point artificially strengthened and defended by artillery, well protected against a direct attack from the direction of Candahar, and was exposed only to the risk of a turning movement round the extremity of the Pir Paimal hill. Such a movement might be made the reverse of easy. A force advancing to attempt it must do so exposed to fire from the commanding summit of the Pir Paimal; around the base of that rugged elevation there were several plain-villages and an expanse of enclosed orchards and gardens which, strongly held, were capable of stubborn defence. In the valley behind the Pir Paimal hill there was the lofty detached Kharoti hill, the fire from which would meet in the teeth a force essaying the turning movement; and the interval between the two hills through which was the access to the Mazra camps, was obstructed by deep irrigation channels, the banks of which afforded cover for defensive fire and could be swept by a cross-fire from the hills on either flank.

Sir Frederick Roberts had perceived at a glance that a direct attack on Ayoub's position by the Baba Wali Kotal must involve very heavy loss, and he resolved on the alternative of turning the Afghan position. A reconnaissance was made on the afternoon of the 31st by General Gough, accompanied by Colonel Chapman. They penetrated to within a short distance of the village of Pir Paimal, where it was ascertained that the enemy were strongly entrenched and where several guns were unmasked. A great deal of valuable information was obtained before the enemy began to interfere with Gough's leisurely withdrawal. The escorting cavalry suffered little, but the Sikh infantry covering the retirement of the reconnaissance were hard pressed by great masses of Afghan regulars and irregulars. So boldly did the enemy come on that the 3rd and part of the 1st brigade had to come into action, and the firing did not cease until the evening. The enemy were clearly in the belief that the reconnaissance was an advance in force which they had been able to check, and indeed drive in; and they were opportunely audacious in the misapprehension that they had gained a success. The information brought in decided the general to attack on the following morning; and having matured his dispositions, he explained them personally to his commanding officers in the early morning of September 1st. They were extremely lucid, and the plan of attack was perfectly simple. The Baba Wali Kotal was to be plied with a brisk cannonade and threatened by demonstrations both of cavalry and of infantry, while the 1st and 2nd brigades, with the 3rd in reserve, were to turn the extremity of the Pir Paimal hill, force the enemy's right in the interval between that hill and the Kharoti eminence opposite, take in reverse the Baba Wali Kotal, and pressing on up the Urgandab valley, carry Ayoub's principal camp at Mazra. The Bombay cavalry brigade was to watch the roads over the Murcha and Baba Wali Kotals, supported by infantry and artillery belonging to General Primrose's command, part of which was also detailed for the protection of the city, and to hold the ground from which the Cabul brigades were to advance. General Gough was to take the cavalry of the Cabul column across the Urgandab, so as to reach by a wide circuit the anticipated line of the Afghan retreat.

Soon after 9 a.m. on the 1st September the 40-pounders on the right of Piquet hill began a vigorous cannonade of the Baba Wali Kotal, which was sturdily replied to by the three field-guns which the enemy had in battery on that elevation. It had been early apparent that Ayoub's army was in great heart, and, seemingly meditating an offensive operation, had moved out so far into the plain as to occupy the villages of Mulla Sahibdad opposite the British right and of Gundigan on the left front of the British left. Both villages were right in the fair-way of Roberts's intended line of advance; they, the adjacent enclosures, and the interval between the villages were strongly held; and manifestly the first thing to be done was to force the enemy back from those advanced positions. Two batteries opened a heavy shell-fire on the Sahibdad village, under cover of which Macpherson advanced his brigade against it, the 2nd Goorkhas and 92nd Highlanders in his first line. Simultaneously Baker moved out to the assault of Gundigan, clearing the gardens and orchards between him and that village, and keeping touch as he advanced with the first brigade.

The shell-fire compelled the Afghan occupants of Sahibdad to lie close, and it was not until they were near the village that Macpherson's two leading regiments encountered much opposition. It was carried at the bayonet-point after a very stubborn resistance; the place was swarming with Ghazis who threw their lives away recklessly, and continued to fire on the British soldiers from houses and cellars after the streets had been cleared. The 92nd lost several men, but the Afghans were severely punished—

ported that 200 were killed in this ne. While a detachment remained to he village, the brigade, under a heavy he slopes and crest of the Pir Paimal d on in the direction of that hill's tern extremity, the progress of the peded by obstacles in the shape of dry , orchards, and walled enclosures, every hich was infested by enemies and had e good by steady fighting.

Macpherson was advancing on Sahib- er's brigade had been pushing on omplicated lanes and walled enclosures e village of Gundigan. The opposi- was also very resolute. The Afghans ground behind loopholed walls which carried by storm, and they did not take the offensive by making vigorous ishes. Baker's two leading regiments 72nd and the 2nd Sikhs. The left the former, supported by the 5th the old and tried comrades of the iled and took the village. Its right ght its way through the orchards be- and Sahibdad, in the course of which me under a severe enfilading fire from d wall which the Sikhs on the right mpting to turn. Captain Frome and en had been struck down, and the hot taggered the Highlanders, when their nel Brownlow, came up on foot. That ldier gave the word for a rush, but ely fell mortally wounded. After much ting Baker's brigade got forward into country, but was then exposed to the Afghan battery near the extremity of imal spur, and to the attacks of great Ghazis, which were stoutly withstood khs and driven off by a bayonet attack by the Highlanders.

o leading brigades had accomplished portion of their arduous day's work. e now in alignment with each other; sk before them was to accomplish the iovement round the steep extremity of Paimal ridge. Macpherson's brigade, he face of the steep elevation, brought eft shoulder, and having effected the novement, swept up the valley and e village of Pir Paimal by a series of Here, however, Major White (now Com- -Chief in India), commanding the of the Gordons, found himself con- y great masses of the enemy, who determined to make a resolute stand about their guns in position south-west of the Baba Wali Kotal. Reinforcements were observed hurrying up from Ayoub's standing camp at Mazra, and the Afghan guns on the Kotal had been reversed so that their fire should enfilade the British advance. Discerning that in such circumstances prompt action was imperative, Macpherson determined to storm the position without waiting for reinforcements. The 92nd under Major White led the way, covered by the fire of a field-battery and supported by the 5th

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR HERBERT MACPHERSON

Goorkhas and the 23rd Pioneers. Springing from out a watercourse at the challenge of their leader, the Highlanders rushed across the open front. The Afghans, sheltered by high banks, fired steadily and well; their riflemen from the Pir Paimal slopes poured in a sharp cross-fire; their guns were well served. But the Scottish soldiers were not to be denied. Their losses were severe, but they took the Afghan guns at the point of the bayonet, and, valiantly supported by the Goorkhas and Pioneers, shattered and dispersed the mass of Afghans, reckoned to have numbered some 8,000 men. No chance was given the enemy to rally. They were headed off from the Pir Paimal slopes by Macpherson. Baker hustled them out of cover in the water- courses in the basin on the left; and while one stream of fugitives poured away across the river,

another was rolled backward into and through Ayoub's camp at Mazra.

While Macpherson had effected his turning movement close under the ridge, Baker's troops on the left had to make a wider sweep before bringing up the left shoulder and wheeling into the hollow between the Pir Paimal and the Kharoti hill. They swept out of their path what opposition they encountered, and moved up the centre of the hollow, where their commander halted them until Macpherson's brigade

"IT WAS CARRIED AT THE BAYONET-POINT AFTER A VERY STUBBORN RESISTANCE" (p. 702).

on the right, having accomplished its more active work, should come up and restore the alignment. Baker had sent Colonel Money with a half-battalion away to the left to take possession of the Kharoti hill, where he found and captured three Afghan guns. Pressing on towards the northern edge of the hill, Money, to his surprise, found himself in full view of Ayoub's camp, which was then full of men, and in rear of which a line of cavalry was drawn up. Money was not strong enough to attack single-handed, and he therefore sent to General Baker for reinforcements, which, however, could not be spared him, and the gallant Money had perforce to remain

looking on while the advance of Macpl and Baker caused the evacuation of A camp and the flight of his cavalry and in towards the Urgandab. But the discover capture of five more Afghan cannon nea Wali village afforded him some consolati the enforced inaction.

Considerable numbers of Ayoub's troo earlier pushed through the Baba Wali pa had moved down towards the right fr General Burrows's Bombay brigade in p about Piquet hill. Having assured himse Burrows was able to hold his own, Sir Fre Roberts ordered Macgregor to move th brigade forwards towards Pir Paimal r whither he himself rode. On his arrival he found that the 1st and 2nd brigades already quite a mile in advance. The b really had already been won ; but there bei open view to the front, General Ross, who manded the whole infantry division, had no m of discerning this result ; and, anticipating likelihood that Ayoub's camp at Mazra w have to be taken by storm, he had halted th gades to replenish ammunition. This delay

SAVING THE GUNS AT MAIWAND.

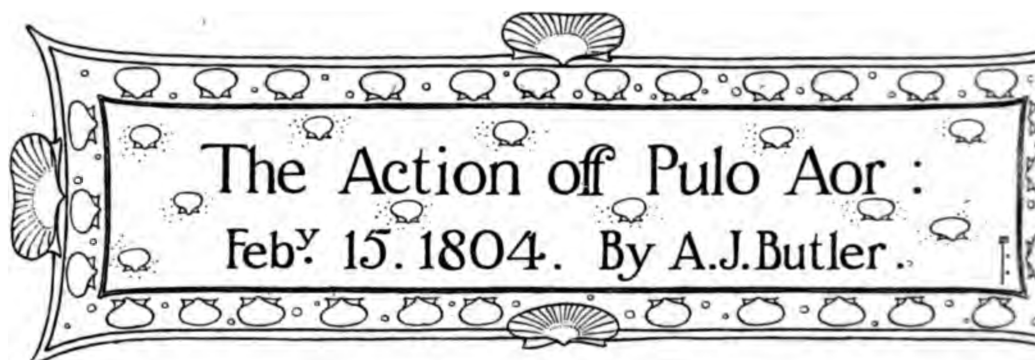
(From the picture by R. Caton Woodville, R.I., by permission of the Council of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)

nity for the entire evacuation of the camp, which when reached without any opposition and entered at 1 p.m. was found serted. The tents had been left standing. e rude equipage of a half-barbarous army n hurriedly abandoned—the meat in the -pots, the bread half-kneaded in the vessels, the bazaar with its *ghee* pots, ruits, flour, and corn." Ayoub's great e had been precipitately abandoned, and carpets covering its floor had been left. the hurry of their flight the Afghans had pportunity to illustrate their barbarism murder of their prisoner, Lieutenant e, whose body was found near Ayoub's th the throat cut. To this bloody deed does not seem to have been privy. The who were prisoners with Maclaine testified youb fled about eleven o'clock, leaving soners in charge of the guard with no ions beyond a verbal order that they t to be killed. It was more than an hour hen the guard ordered the unfortunate officer out of his tent and took his life.

victory was complete, and Ayoub's army ull rout. Unfortunately, no cavalry was d for a pursuit from the Mazra camp. eme for intercepting the fugitive Afghans ing the cavalry brigade on a wide move- ross the Urgandab to strike the line of robable retreat towards the Khakrez nay have been ingenious in conception, practice did not have the desired effect. Khan, however, had been decisively l. He had lost the whole of his artillery, ing thirty-two pieces, his camp, an im- quantity of ammunition, about 1,000 led; his army was dispersed, and he him- a fugitive with a mere handful along m of the army of 12,000 men which he nmanded in the morning.

battle of Candahar was an effective finale atest of our Afghan wars, and it is in this at it is chiefly memorable. The gallant o participated in the winning of it must en the first to smile at the epithets of us" and "brilliant" which were lavished victory. In truth, if it had not been a our arms would have sustained a grave t. The soldiers of Roberts and Stewart n accustomed to fight, and for the most conquer, against heavy numerical odds, were fairly balanced by their discipline superiority of their armament. But in the battle of Candahar the numerical disparity was non-existent, and Ayoub had immensely the disadvantage as regarded trained strength. His force, according to the reckoning ascertained by the British general, amounted, all told, to 12,800 men. The strength of the British force, not inclusive of the detail of Bombay troops garrisoning Candahar, was over 12,000. But this army, 12,000 strong, consisted entirely of disciplined soldiers, of whom over one-fifth were Europeans. The accepted analysis of Ayoub's army shows it to have consisted of 4,000 regular infantry, 800 regular cavalry, 5,000 tribal irregular infantry, of whom an indefinite proportion were no doubt Ghazis, and 3,000 irregular horsemen. In artillery strength the two forces were nearly equal. When it is remembered that Charasiah was won by some 2,500 soldiers, of whom only about 800 were Europeans, contending against 10,000 Afghans in an exceptionally strong position and well provided with artillery, Sir Frederick's wise decision to make assurance doubly sure in dealing with Ayoub at Candahar stands out very strikingly. Perforce in his battles around Cabul Roberts had taken risks; but because in those adventures he had been for the most part successful, he was not the man to weaken the certainty of an all-important issue by refraining from putting into the field every habile soldier at his disposal. And he was wisely cautious in his tactics against Ayoub. That he was strong enough to make a direct attack by storming the Baba Wali Kotal and the Pir Paimal hill was clear in the light of previous experience. But if there was more "brilliancy" in a direct attack, there were certain to be heavier losses than would be incurred in the less dashing turning movement, and Sir Frederick, in the true spirit of a commander, chose the more artistic and less bloody method of earning his victory. It did not cost him dear. His casualties of the day were thirty-six killed, including three officers, and 218 wounded, among whom were nine officers.

The battle of 1st September having brought to a close the latest Afghan war, Sir Frederick Roberts quitted Candahar on the 9th, and marched to Quetta with part of his division. On 15th October at Sibi he resigned his command, and, taking sick leave to England, sailed from Bombay on the 30th. His year of hard and successful service in Afghanistan greatly enhanced his reputation as a prompt, skilful, and enterprising soldier. His subsequent career is familiar to all.



THE present writer was once walking through the fields in the spring-time, when he became aware of a great commotion in some trees over his head. Presently a kestrel flew out, hotly pursued by a missel-thrush. It was quite clear that the "bird of prey" had been investigating too closely the opportunities afforded by the domestic arrangements of the other—thinking, no doubt, that he had to do with a peaceable member of the feathered world. Unluckily for him, he had lighted on one who, not by profession a fighter, was quite ready to defend himself if attacked. The same kind of thing now and then happens among our own species ; and the following pages describe a characteristic instance. It is not so much the story of a battle as of how a battle which would probably have been disastrous to the weaker force was averted by pluck and promptitude.

In March, 1803, it was pretty clear that the short-lived peace between England and France was not going to last much longer. The Peace of Amiens had restored to France the settlement of Pondicherry, and General Decaen was sent out as governor. On March 6th he sailed in the line-of-battle ship *Marengo*, accompanied by the frigates *Atalante*, *Belle-Poule*, and *Sémillante*, as well as transports taking troops for the garrison of the place. This fleet was commanded by Rear-Admiral Linois. It was obviously stronger than was at all necessary for the service on which it was sent. Nor need we have much hesitation in assuming that Bonaparte in sending it out had ideas of inflicting injury upon English shipping in the Eastern seas, before the news of the resumption of hostilities could reach the English authorities in those parts. The *Belle-Poule*, being a fast sailer, reached Pondicherry on June 16th, Linois with the rest of his squadron following on July 11th. One of the transports arrived the next day, together with another vessel, the *Bélier*, which had been des[
ten days later, when war appeared immin[

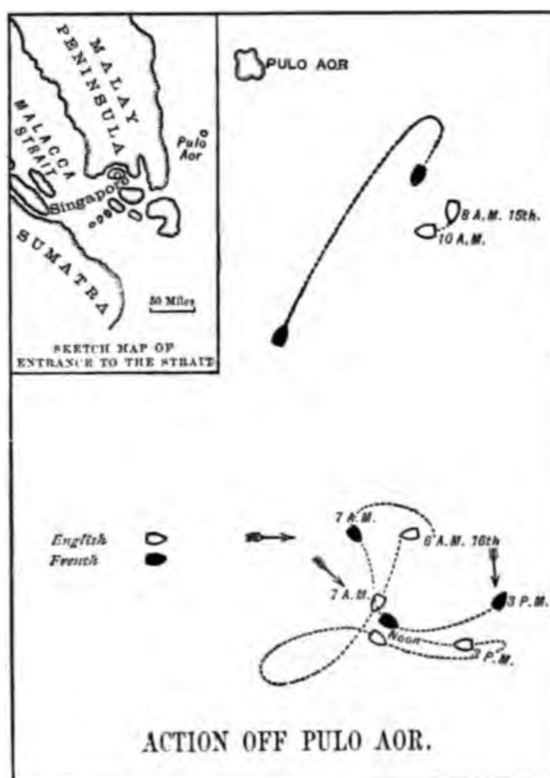
Pondicherry had not yet been handed o[
a British squadron, under Vice-Admiral [
was at anchor in the neighbourhood
before the *Bélier* sailed in, the captain
French flag-ship had gone on board th[
of the English admiral with a polite invit[
breakfast next morning with Admiral
which was no less politely accepted. Bu[
the morning came flag-ship, admiral, b[
and all were gone. It could only be conj[
that the *Bélier* had brought fresh instruc[
pursuance of which the French admi[
departed. That evening the other trans[
Côte d'Or, turned up ; and as matters
suspicious, two of the English ships tho[
as well to anchor alongside of her. Th[
Poule had been on a private trip to Madr[
the 15th she returned, in company wi[
English *Terpsichore* ; but while the lat[
mained, the French frigate, after signallin[
transport, stood back to sea. That sam[
the *Côte d'Or* likewise moved out ; b[
Terpsichore followed, and after some dem[
even the firing of a few shots, prevailed
to come back. It was then learnt that s[
been ordered, doubtless by signals fro[
Belle-Poule, to sail for Mauritius, then a
possession, whither Linois was also gone
and provision in preparation for a renewa[
war. She was detained till the 24th, w[
was allowed to depart, an English frigate
panying her for some distance, to make s[
she went the right way.

The English squadron proceeded to [
when news of the actual declaration [
reached them early in September ; but
lay quiet at Mauritius until October 8th.
he sailed for Java and Sumatra, picking u[
rich prizes on the way. On December 1[
anchored off Batavia, in Java, in a conv[

ı for snapping up the East India Com-
leet on its way back from China. There
ill December 28th, when he went on to
t for it. His squadron at this time con-
of the *Marengo* (74), the frigates *Belle-*
(40), and *Sémillante* (36), the *Berceau*
(22), and a 16-gun brig belonging to

January 31st the China fleet sailed from
, under the command of Commodore
iel Dance. It consisted of sixteen great
en, besides eleven "country ships," or
hailing from Indian ports, one vessel be-
to Botany Bay and one to Portugal. An
brig, the *Ganges*, accompanied it. This
thirty ships in all was a good deal better
han a fleet of merchantmen would be in
ays. The Indiamen carried from thirty
ty-six guns each. But the guns were
y cases of a nearly obsolete class; they
as a rule, a much less weight of metal
hose on board a man-of-war; and they
ampered by having water-butts lashed
them, and by the general lumber
decks. But even greater was the com-
weakness of the crews. None of these
d 140 men, whereas we know that the
ment of even the little *Berceau* was 200.
ficers and crews had not been trained to
nd among the latter were a great many
en and Lascars, who could hardly be
ed upon to render much service if it came
n. The "country ships" were apparently
d.

was the force at the disposal of Commo-
ance for the protection of the enormously
e fleet under his charge. He was, as it
e shepherd in charge of a flock of sheep;
eep, even though they have horns, are a
atch for even a small pack of wolves.
ing of this sort Dance must have felt
morning of February 15th. The island
Aor, which lies, so to speak, just "round
ner" from the Straits of Malacca, and at
t distance from the entrance to the straits,
out N.W., at seven or eight leagues' dis-
when one of his vessels, the *Royal George*,
d four strange sail in the south-west—
right in their road. Four Indiamen with
nges were sent to examine the strangers,
on reported them to be a French squad-
Dance hove to, with head to westward,
e Frenchman, puzzled by the number of
which was greater than his advices had led
expect, and preferring to approach them
with the advantage of the weather-gauge, held on
his course till he was well in their rear. In those
latitudes the wind at that season blows from the
north-westward or northward, though on this
particular morning there were light airs from N.E.
to S.W., finally settling into the west. Then he
about went, and by nightfall the French squadron
was close astern of the fleet. Linois, however,
seems even by this time to have suspected that
his wolves might find the sheep a somewhat
tougher morsel than they had anticipated, and
accordingly deferred his attack till daylight.



ACTION OFF PULO AOR.

The morning confirmed him in his opinion.
As he wrote himself: "If the bold face assumed
by the enemy had only been an artifice to con-
ceal their weakness, they might have tried to slip
away in the darkness. But I had soon to con-
vince myself that there was no feigning about
their confidence; they lay-to all night with
lights burning, and in good order." At day-
break the French fleet was seen also lying-to
about three miles to the windward, the wind
being light from west. Both sides hoisted their
colours, but as the enemy showed no signs of
advancing, Dance resumed his course, proceeding
in line under easy sail upon the starboard tack.
The three French ships and the brig then
filled on the same tack, and bore up with the

intention of cutting the long line of the merchant fleet in two. Perceiving this, Dance made at one o'clock the signal to tack in succession, the effect of which would be to bring his line on to a course more or less parallel with that of the French line, and to windward of it, and to engage on coming abreast of the enemy. The manœuvre was correctly executed, the *Royal George*, Captain John Timmins, leading, followed

THE ACTION OFF PULO AOR.

by the *Ganges*. Dance, in the *Earl Camden* (he had commanded the ship for nearly twenty years), occupied the third place in the line; and so the sheep stood towards the wolves. The French were nothing loth, and in order to hasten the issue, sailed a little more away from the wind, which had now veered to N.N.W. At 1.15 Linois opened fire upon the *Royal George*, which returned it vigorously, firing eight or nine broadsides in all, the *Ganges* and *Earl Camden* taking up the ball as they came into range, respectively five and fifteen minutes later. The only other vessels engaged were the *Warley* and *Alfred*. Admiral Linois in his report to his own Government relates the rest of the action. "The enemy's leading ship, having sustained some damage, put her helm up; but supported by

those which followed, she again broug[illegible] broadside to bear, and with the other [illegible] kept up a brisk fire. The ships, as they [illegible] joined the combatants, and three of those [illegible] had been the first to come into action [illegible] manœuvring to get into our rear, while t[illegible] of the fleet, making all sail and keeping [illegible] showed a design of surrounding us. [illegible] manœuvre the enemy would have rende[illegible]

position very dangerous. I had ascertain[illegible] superior force"—Linois seems all along t[illegible] been under the impression that there were [illegible] king's ships present—"and I had no f[illegible] occasion to deliberate as to the steps I [illegible] take to avoid the fatal results of an u[illegible] contest. Taking advantage, therefore, o[illegible] smoke which hung about me, I wore and [illegible] off on the port tack.* Then, shaping my c[illegible] east-north-east, I drew away from the e[illegible]

* James, following Dance's log, says, "hauled hi[illegible] on the port tack," but the word employed by the F[illegible] admiral seems only to mean "wore." Before the [illegible] began both fleets were on the starboard tack. The [illegible] however, shifted, and had drawn more towards the [illegible] after the action began, so as to bring him on to th[illegible] tack without any material change in his direction[illegible] it must have been then that he wore.

inued to pursue the squadron till three firing several ineffectual broadsides." p. fairly made the wolves turn tail after ıich had lasted not quite three-quarters ır.

ırsuit, though well intended, and form- ppropriate finish to the game of bluff ommodore Dance had so successfully ›uld not have any results, and only took in the wrong direction. At three herefore, after having, as a recent writer joyed for two hours the extraordinary of a powerful squadron of ships of war ore a number of merchantmen," Dance signal to go about, and by eight the hored in a convenient situation for en- e straits next morning. The losses had trifling. The *Royal George*, which had gest in action, was a good deal knocked hull and rigging, and had one man d another wounded. The other ships ely suffered at all, while on the French ı man seems to have been injured.

g "butcher's bill" is, however, not as evidence of courage and resource in nd so Dance's countrymen felt. The is exploit was received with enthusiasm in England. He was knighted by the king, and well rewarded by those whose property he had so pluckily and effectually defended. His words in returning thanks are worth quoting. Taken in connection with his conduct in command of the fleet, they show that the combination of courage with modesty, which was so characteristic of the best seamen of those days, was not confined to those employed more directly in the service of the nation, and that England has no less reason to be proud of her merchant skippers than of her post-captains. "Placed by the adventitious circumstances of seniority of service and absence of convoy in the chief command of the fleet entrusted to my care, it has been my good fortune to have been enabled, by the firmness of those by whom I was supported, to perform my trust not only with fidelity, but without loss to my employers. Public opinion and public rewards have already far outrun my deserts, and I cannot but be sensible that the liberal spirit of my generous countrymen has measured what they are pleased to term their grateful sense of my conduct rather by the particular ability of the exploit than by any individual merit I can claim."

Sir Nathaniel Dance survived till 1827.

COMMODORE NATHANIEL DANCE.
(*From an Engraving by C. Turner, after R. Westall, R.A.*)

"But down in Tennessee one night
Ther' wuz sound uv firin' fur away,
'nd the sergeant allow'd ther'd be a fight
With the Johnny Rebs some time nex' day.

'nd as I wuz thinkin' uv Lizzie 'an home
Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim—
He havin' *his* opinyin uv *me*,
'nd *I* havin' *my* opinyin uv *him*."

EUGENE F

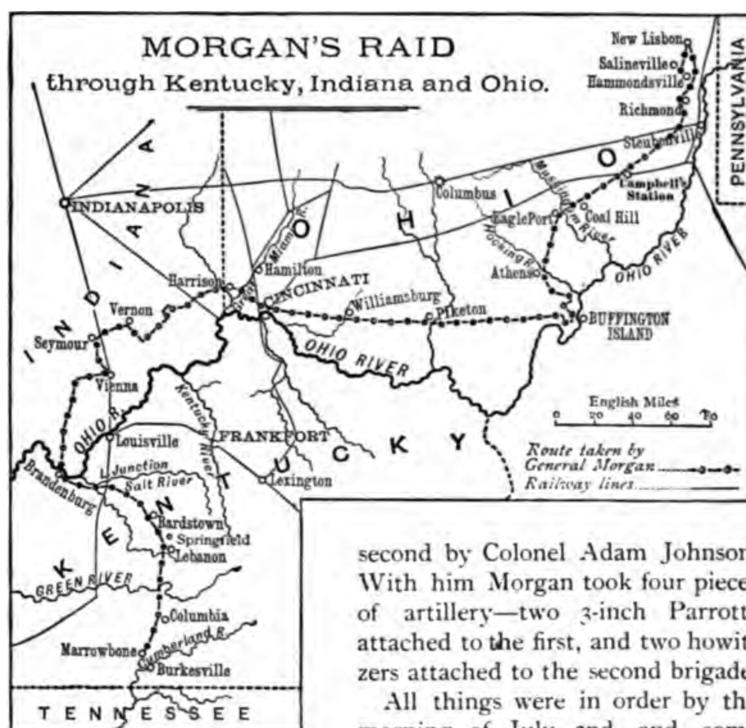
DOWN in Tennessee in the early summer of 1863, General Bragg realised that he and his Confederate soldiers were in a tight corner. Menaced on every side, and the Federals massing in such numbers on front as to make his destruction inevitable, Bragg knew that he must at once fall back. But how to effect the movement without risking demoralisation, if not annihilation, was the question. Already more than enough soldiers from the North were in position to fall upon him the moment he began his retreat; and as retreat was inevitable, it became necessary that something be done to divert attention from the rearward movement. In this dilemma Bragg sent for General John H. Morgan, leader of a brigade of Confederate Mounted Riflemen.

Already General Morgan was famous throughout the land. In the Northern States, as in the Southern Confederacy, his name had been heralded as that of the hero of many stirring deeds; for on a number of occasions during the earlier years of the terrible struggle between North and South he had acted with wonderful dash and daring, splendidly supported by his fiery Southern cavalrymen, every one of them mounted on a thoroughbred Kentucky horse. Morgan had made raiding a specialty, and time and again he set forth on a roving expedition into the heart of the Northern States, raiding, to use an expressive if vulgar phrase, "all over the shop," tearing up railways, cutting telegraph wires, capturing stores, falling upon the Federal army's line of communications, burning bridges, destroying railway stations, driving off horses, mules, and cattle; in short, setting the country ablaze and creating panic and havoc far and wide. His men were the best mounted in army. The blue-grass animals, the most beasts in the United States, were as full and dash as the gallant men that bestrode and so it was that Morgan, when on one raids, could continue to march for twent out of twenty-fours hours for days at a When in the enemy's country he turned a bewildering number of places, and travell credible distances in short spaces of time, to come at him and corner his Rough Rid almost as impossible a task as to clap hat o will-o'-the-wisp. The South, in the years c Civil War, placed many brilliant cavalry le into the field, but not one with more "go well-balanced determination than Morgai Raider. During his incursions into the he never once showed the white feathe continually fought bitter fights. When he up his mind to attack an opposing for delivered his charge with unparalleled fur on the other hand, he thought it good to ward off a battle, he made no bones avoiding blows by any and every means came to his hand. Such was the cha of the man General Bragg turned to i trouble, and Morgan proved to be the o the emergency.

The two generals held a long consult Kentucky was in the grasp of the Federal f and on the frontier of Tennessee, Rosecran his army of men from the North. Ge Bragg and Morgan agreed that something be done to divert the Federal general's atte from Bragg's retreat. Morgan eagerly ju at the chance of once more making awa roving, raiding expedition, to dash throug

ines, and to set the country in the rear :ans's army by the ears.

sing the plans for this latest raid, the :hern generals differed as to the extent erations. Morgan wished to be allowed d the raid into the States—Indiana io—lying to the north of Kentucky. s of the opinion that the object of the n would be equally well accomplished n confined himself to the south of the ver, and threatened—or, if practicable, —Louisville. These operations would necessary for the cavalry to with- m the front, and to mselves to check or Morgan. Morgan that a raid to Louis- uld not be enough. led for permission to : and sword through and Ohio. These tes were hurrying the front in antici- f a big battle, and believed he could atters so warm that ops would have to led to their native protect their own nd homes. Besides, ighty elections were take place. That re. many Southern isers in the States well knew, and he that if that part of n got a sore shake- who were not over- stic one way or another in regard to :iples at stake in the dispute might be if they saw war at their doors, to vote ng the Confederates their freedom. Bragg, Morgan's superior, however, to give permission for the crossing hio; not only refused permission, but, , gave explicit orders that the Ohio s on no account to be crossed. When rview had ended, Morgan sent for Duke, whom he chose to lead the first and told Duke there and then that he ntention of obeying Bragg's orders, and was going direct to the Ohio and would t the first opportunity that came to him. ious of the importance of the raid and of the hardships that lay ahead of him, Morgan took exceptional pains in choosing the men who were to ride with him. These numbered, all told, 2,460 splendidly mounted men who had followed Morgan on many of his pounces into the land of the North; and the record of this remarkable raid will bear out the claim that never were soldiers collected together who proved themselves better fitted for the strain and excitement of long marches and heavy fighting than Morgan's men. The force was divided into two brigades, the first commanded by Colonel Basil Duke, the second by Colonel Adam Johnson. With him Morgan took four pieces of artillery—two 3-inch Parrotts attached to the first, and two howitzers attached to the second brigade.



All things were in order by the morning of July 2nd, and some time before noon the same day the two brigades made for the Cumberland River. The first brigade divided and took to the river at two points, Burkesville and Scott's Ferry, places separated from one another by a distance of about two miles. For crossing the broad stream only the most primitive material could be secured. Canoes lashed together so as to form rafts and a few flat-bottomed boats treated in a like manner served to float the men out into the stream, each Rough Rider holding his horse's head above water while it swam by the side of the floats. The river, swollen by heavy rains, ran in a thousand angry swirls and eddies, sweeping the rafts and the splashing, struggling animals this way and that as they slowly edged towards the Northern shore. At

this the very outset the expedition was in grave danger of being wrecked; indeed, it is probable that if the Federals had noticed the movement

CINCINNATI.

earlier, or taken precautions against the landing of Morgan's men, the raid might have been killed before it had developed sufficiently to be of material account. But Duke succeeded in landing 600 men before the Federals collected force enough to make an attack, which in the end the Southerners found little difficulty in beating back. Johnson at Turkey Neck Bend, several miles down stream from Burkesville, with even slenderer material than the first brigade had laid hold of for crossing the flood, managed the business with considerable dexterity, and soon the 6th Kentucky and 9th Tennessee of the first brigade, with the two Parrotts, marched past Burkesville, and took up a good position, from which they drove back the assembling Federals, and so allowed their comrades to land in peace.

The Federals soon discovered that the movement bid fair to develop into serious dimensions, and at once all available troops were flung across the Southern cavalrymen's line of march. Morgan, who had crossed with the first of his men, placed himself at the head of Quirk's scouts and a few companies of the 9th Tennessee, and, delivering a furious charge on the mas Federals, routed them before they could pl themselves in battle array, and drove them gallop right into Marrowbone. But her strong body of infantry was encountered, Morgan's advance-guards were compelled back to the main body. However, his charge made the Federal officers careful, and whole of the two thousand odd cavalrymen safely to shore. That night, intensely dark, raiders marched away from the Cumberland.

General Judah, in command of the Fed cavalry in that district, had under him th brigades, and these he hastened to throw ac Morgan's path. Meanwhile, telegrams were flying in every direction throughout the St of Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio, telling military authorities that General Morgan and determined Southern Rough Riders were again afoot; that the initial steps of anothe his destructive raids had been taken, that he dashing towards the North and might be expect to appear—anywhere, any time. The ne created consternation in Kentucky, for Morga movements were likely to be as erratic as a d squib, and at every cross road, hamlet, and to the people kept anxious watch.

n calculated on meeting with four ituations on his march, four moments force would be dangerously exposed to nd ruin. First there was the crossing Cumberland River. This, the initial , had been luckily passed. The second crossing of the Ohio River. The third h around Cincinnati ; and the final one, ossing, homeward bound, of the Ohio.

the break of day the Rough Riders their saddles, and, marching by the ect route on Columbia, carried the town rush, sweeping out a detachment of that attempted to check their pro- Without pausing a moment Morgan set towards Green River, and near to that bivouacked for the night. All through y hours of darkness the sentinels could e ominous sound of ringing axe and ee, telling that the Federals were work- beavers, obstructing the roads by felling

"BEHIND THE ROUGH BREASTWORKS LAY THE MICHIGAN MEN" (p. 714).

l throwing up earthworks to retard the ers and so give their comrades to the chance to close in on the line of march. Green River was a good bridge, and at its northern end stockades had been erected. Behind these stockades lay 400 soldiers, men from Michigan with Colonel Orlando Moore at their head. Here Morgan struck one of the worst snags encountered during the raid.

Green River at this point makes a sweep much like the loop of a rope, and the Federal stockades were enclosed in this loop, while to the north the river in doubling back comes within a few hundred feet of running into itself. The Michigan officer, Moore, realised that the stockades on this peninsula were of no practical value for defence, as they were hopelessly exposed to the guns Morgan was hurrying forward; so without making any attempt to use the stockades for defensive purposes, he quickly withdrew his men from behind them, and, by slashing down some trees, formed a rough-and-ready stockade at the northern end of the narrow neck of land, and determined to make his stand there rather than at the bridge. Morgan marched across the stream by way of the bridge, and prepared to carry the narrow pass with a rush. He first sent an officer to demand the surrender of Moore and his men. Moore called the Raider's

attention to the fact that the day happened to be the 4th of July, and that it was hardly to be expected that a United States officer would surrender without fight on Independence Day. At this part of the raid Morgan made one of his few mistakes. He underestimated the strength of Moore's position and the fighting qualities of the Northern soldiers.

Without further parley Morgan ordered Colonel Johnson to carry the abattis. Johnson, placing himself at the head of the 3rd and 11th Kentucky, delivered a brilliant charge, but when closely jammed together in the narrow pass a storm of bullets swept at them, knocking over horses and men right and left. But, not to be denied, the Southern riflemen rushed towards the stockade with reckless determination. Behind the rough breastworks, however, lay the Michigan men, backwoodsmen who had grown up with a rifle in their hands, and who were noted throughout the whole life of the war as the deadliest of sharpshooters, and these men, cool of head and full of pluck, stood their ground and fired point-blank at their enemy. Duke hurried forward the 5th Kentucky and Smith's Regiment to the support of their comrades, but it was of no avail. The 400 Federals refused to be bustled or driven. They stood shoulder to shoulder, and scarcely a bullet fired by them but found a victim. Hopeless confusion came over the aggressors. The resistance proved altogether too stubborn, and the theatre of action was much too limited to suit the needs of Morgan. Johnson and his riflemen were driven back, and Morgan found that of the 600 men he had sent against the abattis ninety were put out of action in the fifteen minutes' fighting among the fallen timber. Without battering his head any more against such a stubborn stone wall, the raider withdrew across the bridge, marched down the southern bank of the river, and fording the stream, passed around the stockade, leaving the gallant Northerner and his brave men in possession of their little stockade. This was the only severe check Morgan met with on this raid until he met his Waterloo.

After making his forced *détour*, Morgan set out in hot haste for Lebanon, a town held by the 20th Kentucky (Kentucky troops fought on both sides during the Civil War). As he proceeded he learned that a large number of Michigan cavalrymen and a Michigan battery were hurrying to the support of the garrison at Lebanon ; so he was under the necessity of detaching a substantial number of his Rough Riders to retard the "Wolverine" reinforcements and delay them until he could carry the town. Morgan's four guns first opened upon the defences of Lebanon ; but without waiting for them to do much execution the raider ordered a general assault. Here again he met with fierce opposition, and in the taking of the town he lost heavily. Half a hundred of his men were knocked over in the fight. Indeed in this action and the fight at Green River a number of Morgan's most valiant officers were left dead on the field, amongst others being his own brother, nineteen years old, Lieutenant "Tom" Morgan, killed at the head of his company, the 2nd Kentucky. Colonel Chenault and Captain Treble of the 11th, Lieutenant Cowan of the 3rd, and Major Brent and Lieutenants Holloway and Ferguson of the 5th Kentucky also fell in those two actions.

Colonel Duke, Morgan's right-hand officer, in a concise and picturesque account of the raid records a number of amusing incidents, but none more pathetically humorous than the fate of the farmer from Calf-Killer Creek. Before the expedition started it was not generally known, of course, whither Morgan was bound. The word passed round was that the Rough Riders were going to Burkesville only. Hearing this an old farmer who wished to lay in a store of salt, mounted his mare to ride to Burkesville under the protection of the Southern cavalrymen, for the whole country was infested by bushwhackers, irresponsible slaughterers, heartless and vigilant. The farmer reached Burkesville with the troops, bought his salt, and set out to rejoin the raiders, expecting to ride home again under their wing. His consternation when he heard that instead of returning, his friends were pressing forward on the gallop cannot even be imagined. To attempt to return to Calf-Killer Creek was to condemn himself to certain death at the hands of the bushwhackers, and the prospect of taking part in one of Morgan's furious raids was, to a peaceable farmer, a very unwelcome prospect indeed. But stick to the expedition he must, and to quote Duke : "He made the grand tour, was hurried along day after day through battle and ambush, dragged night after night on remorseless marches, ferried over the broad Ohio under fire of the militia and gunboats, and lodged at last in a 'loathsome dungeon.' On one occasion in Ohio, when the home-guards were peppering us in rather livelier fashion than usual, he said to Captain C. H. Morgan, with tears in his voice, 'I sw'ar if I wouldn't give all the salt in

ucky to stand once more safe and sound on ınks of Calf-Killer Creek.'"

pause at Lebanon, and in fact from this to the last day of the raid the halts were ɔng enough to allow the horses to get their for another dash, and the men to fling elves at full length on the cool turf. ht North they rode, every now and again ıg small bodies of horse off to one side or of the route to threaten a town and to d and bewilder the Federal authorities, rere straining every nerve to lay an effective ɔr the audacious Southerners. Morgan had ıim a telegraph operator who continually l the wires encountered in the march, and ɔd a good idea of the Federals' arrange- ahead from the orders flashed back and Not only this, but he was able, at ın's dictation, to send spurious orders to ficers at various points, orders which soon l the forces to the North in a tangle. The carried in his head a minute knowledge country through which he intended to ıd the disposition of the Federal forces in rious districts, and was able to send orders , on the face of them, bore every appear- ɔf being genuine. In such a muddle did thorities find themselves over the head of tricks that when Morgan was known to a raid they looked with the greatest on on all telegrams and made use of ıgers when at all practicable.

ough Springfield, Bardstown, and Lebanon on the raiders proceeded, overwhelming ɔosition ; and as they approached Louis- he city was taken with a desperate panic. ɛrs went up everywhere ; banks bundled bullion, bonds, and bills into boxes, and d them Chicagowards by special express ; women and children scurried away ; and ıen hastened to place themselves under So widespread was the effect of the raid se 2,000 Rough Riders, that in the two Ohio and Indiana 120,000 militia took the ıgainst them, this in addition to three es of United States cavalry.

although Louisville was in such a state of il, Morgan had no intention of doing more :hreaten the place. For this he sent a body towards the city, which, to be sure, ken to be the advance-guard. The main ıushed ahead, and on the morning of the ıst under six days from the time he had with his toes on the southern shores of the ɛrland River, Morgan stood on the banks of the mighty Ohio. He had successfully crossed the State of Kentucky, he had reached the utmost limit his commanding officer had directed him to go, he had fought a dozen bitter skirmishes and overcome all sorts of obstacles, natural and artificial—from felled trees and bushwhackers to swollen rivers and entrenched foes. Moreover, the object of the expedition was in a fair way to be accomplished. Already the whole affected country was in an uproar, and much that had no reason to be affected. The Northern news- papers were full of Morgan's raid, speculating, wondering, and crying aloud to the authorities to check the raiders, and every horseman that the country folk of the three States caught a glimpse of was at once supposed to herald the approach of Morgan's band. Kentucky was totally demoralised ; everywhere alarums and rushings to and fro ; garrisons standing to arms, scouts on every hill, cavalry hurrying here and there, concentrating at the wrong points, racing this way and that in response to bogus appeals and orders ; business, civil and military, at sixes and sevens. And when the news flashed North that the dreaded Rough Riders were indeed crossing the Ohio River, the consternation spread far and wide, for truly the people had good reason to fear the ruthless hand of Morgan. Where his feet trod there the flames leaped into the sky, and the people knew well that in his wake rose the cloud of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night.

Before reaching the Ohio, General Morgan had told off the 10th Kentucky, in charge of Captains Meriwether and Taylor, to ride rapidly ahead and try to surprise and capture steamboats to ferry the force over the broad stream. When the raiders reached the Ohio at Brandenburg they found that the captains had succeeded in laying hands upon two useful steamboats, one captured as it lay alongside a wharf, and the other in mid-stream. The river at this point is about two-thirds of a mile wide, and before the steamboats with the first batch of the Rough Riders aboard could leave the wharf, a brisk fire was opened upon the craft from a small battery planted on the opposite bank. The Parrotts had to be brought forward and this opposition silenced before the steamers dared to venture out upon the stream. The two regiments that first set foot in Indiana hastened to move against the small number of Federals who had disputed the passage of the Ohio, and the steamboats had returned to reload, when suddenly round a sharp bend in the river came a Federal gunboat, the

Elk. She steamed rapidly abreast of Morgan's position, and opened fire on his men on the Kentucky shore and those in Indiana, delivering broadsides simultaneously. Behind the Southern leader were Northern cavalry on the gallop in hopes of catching up with him before he managed to cross the Ohio, and now with his forces divided came this gunboat in the middle of the river blazing away. The situation looked black for the raiders. It was quite hopeless to think of venturing upon the bosom of the flood until the *Elk* could be made to turn tail, and the dangers of delay were grave. Once more the four guns were planted in good positions, and most particular pains taken that every shot should count. For a time the *Elk* returned as good as she received, but after an hour's hard cannonading the cavalrymen were overjoyed to see her steam reluctantly out of reach of the guns. Morgan made all haste to cross.

uproar, he wheeled to the right and made Vienna, then towards Indianapolis again as as Seymour, and again east, pressing close Vernon and Harrison. The country throu which the raiders were now passing thoroughly aroused and swarmed with mili Almost every succeeding town brought skirmish. At Corydon, the first step into diana, Morgan lost sixteen men in bat Now that he had his back to the Ohio, he his men kept moving with almost superhum energy. Day after day they continued in th saddles for twenty-one out of the twenty-f hours. By this time scarcely one of the hor that started in the raid but had been abando on the road hopelessly knocked up, and Rough Riders now bestrode less agile be picked up from stable and field. These anim were nothing like so useful as the Kentu blood horses, and a couple of days' march

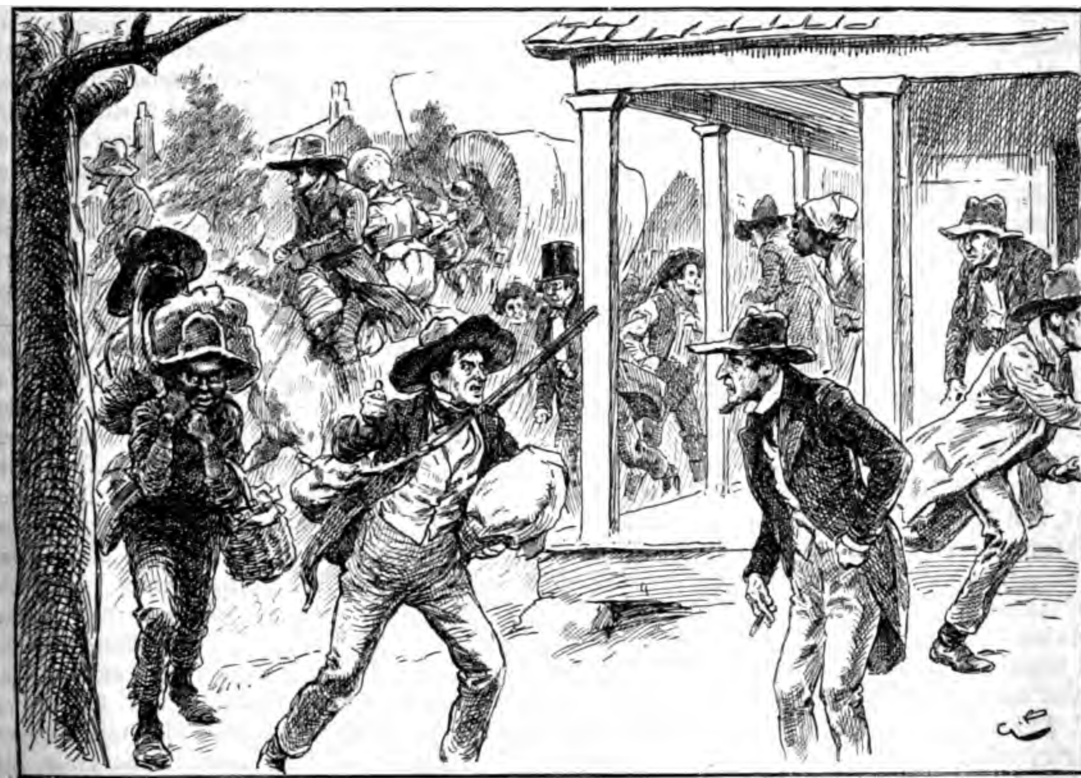
LOUISVILLE.

Straight towards Indianapolis, capital of the rich State of Indiana, Morgan shaped his way; but after going far enough to demoralise the city and set the northern part of the State in an

usually did for them, so that Morgan's men w under the necessity of continually scour the country for fresh mounts. This di together with the work of destroying all pu

property, stores, and arms, and fighting their way, kept the whole force in continual activity.

As he was soon to come within striking



"THE CITY WAS TAKEN WITH A DESPERATE PANIC" (p. 715).

distance of the great city of Cincinnati, Morgan gathered in all his detached parties, so as to have as large a force as possible at his back in case of serious opposition. These concentrated at Harrison. Some miles north of Cincinnati is the town of Hamilton. The raider set out from Harrison as if bound for Hamilton, but once well clear of Harrison he cut all the wires and headed for Cincinnati. To quote Duke's account :—

"We reached the environs of Cincinnati," he says, "about ten o'clock at night, and were not clear of them until after daybreak. My brigade was marching in the rear, and the guides were with General Morgan in the front. The continual straggling of some companies in the rear of Johnson's brigade caused me to become separated from the remainder of the column by a wide gap, and I was for some time entirely ignorant of what direction I should take. The night was pitch dark, and I was compelled to light torches and seek the track of the column by the foam dropped from the mouths of the horses and the dust kicked up by their feet. At every halt which this groping search necessitated scores of tired men would fall asleep and drop out of their saddles. Daylight appeared after we had crossed all of the principal suburban roads and were near the Little Miami Railroad. I never welcomed the fresh invigorating air of morning more gratefully. That afternoon we reached Williamsburg, twenty-eight miles east of Cincinnati."

The marvel is not that men fell from their saddles in scores, but rather how in the world they managed to sit the saddles at all. But although his men were in such straits, Morgan had no intention of discontinuing his raid. He might easily have seized Cincinnati. The city was at his mercy, quite. Any number of steamboats would have fallen into his hands, and he could have ferried horses and men over the Ohio at his ease. But Morgan had more ambitious designs. He had outwitted all the forces sent to trap him; he had ridden over all opposition in his path; the route he had taken lay across the face of the land like a great serpent—mottled grey ashes and black coals; telegraph wires relaxed

and cut dangled from the poles; the timber of once substantial bridges half-dammed the rushing waters, and rich towns looted of all treasure. Lee was campaigning to the north of the Potomac, and Morgan believed his chances of pushing on through Ohio and Pennsylvania to join the famous general were fairly good. To do so was his intention. But at Piketon disheartening news awaited the Southerners. Vicksburg had fallen, Gettysburg had been fought and lost, and Lee had been battered across the Potomac. This disastrous news put an end to all thoughts of marching through Pennsylvania. There was nothing for it but to make for the Ohio and get back to Tennessee with as great speed as was consistent with the safety of the command.

The Ohio militia swarmed in the way, and every day fighting became more bitter and progress slower. However, Chester was reached at 1 p.m. on July 18th, sixteen days from the start, and Morgan made all speed to cover the eighteen miles between Chester and the Ohio at Buffington Island, where the river could be forded. Unfortunately for the lion-hearted raider, night had closed down upon the land before he reached the brink of the river. Guideless and ignorant of the exact position of the ford, necessity compelled him to await the break of day, although well knowing the risk of the delay. When day at length dawned, Morgan found himself surrounded. Himself and every man of his command knew that the pinch had come. The last of the four crucial points was destined to be the destroying one.

At the earliest moment that daylight permitted, the weary men mounted their jaded horses and prepared to battle for the ford. Duke wheeled the 5th and 6th Kentucky into line, and charged an earthwork which the Federals had thrown up to command the ford, but the Northern men had cleared out. However, the Rough Riders were soon hotly engaged with the advance companies of General Judah's cavalry. These had at length overtaken their enemy after following him for seventeen days through Kentucky and Indiana.

Morgan's men were in a valley, so narrow in some places as to be almost a gorge, and into this along the Chester road galloped Judah's cavalrymen, fresh and determined to strike a stunning blow, and over the walls of the valley poured the 8th and 9th Michigan and the 5th Indiana. As if this were not enough, several gunboats steamed to the river end of the valley, and shot and shell from their broadsides came screaming up from the river, cutting gaps through the closely packed ranks of the Rough Riders. At the first charge delivered by the Federals Morgan's outposts were driven in upon the main body, a substantial number of the 5th Kentucky cut off, and the four guns taken. Even confronted by so serious a situation, the men, exhausted and gaunt after more than two weeks of riding, could scarcely shake clear their brains to act in unison and order, and although Morgan, Duke, and Johnson and many subordinate officers made frantic endeavours to form up and present a bold front to the charges delivered by the Federals, all their efforts were of no avail. The men were pumped by the remorseless march; every ounce of strength in them had gone—so much so, indeed, that many of them were carried helplessly hither and thither by their frightened steeds without the power even to guide the beasts. Moreover, many were without ammunition, having depleted their cartridge-cases in the previous day's fighting, and so could not use their rifles. Duke, in charge of the rear-guard, soon saw that the end had come, and sent a messenger to Morgan telling him just how hopeless matters were, and advising the general to try to make good his retreat whilst there was yet time. The raiders were being steadily crushed towards the river, and the gunners aboard the boats loaded their cannon with grape-shot and fired into the mass, cutting great swaths through the Confederate ranks. After a dreadful time of slaughter Morgan managed to extricate some 1,000 men from the shambles and to make off towards the east. But from this point the raid ceased to be a raid, and became a feverish flight.

One hundred and twenty-five men were left lying in the valley, 700 were made prisoners, and the remainder demoralised. Morgan, however, was nothing like done with. Twenty miles east of the battle-field nearly half of those who remained with him took to the Ohio, and 300 managed to swim across; whilst numbers too worn out to overcome the stream were drowned. Again the gunboats arrived, and Morgan was forced to continue his way still on the northern bank of the Ohio. For six days after the battle of Buffington he and his handful of men managed to elude capture. He passed Athens, crossed the Hocking River, marched to Eagleport and across the Muskingum River, through Coal Hill and Campbell's Station, came near to the Ohio again at Steubenville,

to Richmond, Hammondsville, and almost to New Lisbon. Major Way with a battalion of the 9th Michigan met him at Steubenville, and for twenty-five miles continued to fight him, finally causing the resolute raider to make a last stand at Salineville. Morgan, with his usual audacity, demanded Way's surrender, but the Federal was not to be befooled. He sent back word that unless Morgan came in without more ado he would open fire. Morgan in the running fight of the first twenty-five miles had lost seventy men killed and wounded and 200 men taken prisoners, and his 364 officers and men still with him were unable to go a step farther. So he accepted the inevitable. He surrendered on the 26th of July—twenty-four days from the time he marched from Tennessee.

This proved to be General Morgan's greatest raid. It is recorded that from July 2nd to the 26th he marched as near as might be 1,000 miles, captured a great number of prisoners, and used the weapon "fire" so effectively as to inflict damage to the North to the amount of about $10,000,000. No wonder that the Federals treated him and his men as marauders, refused to exchange or parole any of them, and locked them up in prisons. But Morgan managed a most ingenious and daring jail delivery, and reached the Confederate lines in safety, to take part in other raids and to be shot on September 4th, 1864, while bravely advancing to attack the Federals at Knoxville.

Such was the end of the most famous of all raiders.

ESCAPE OF MORGAN.

GETTYSBURG ranks with the battles that have decided the fate of empires. Had the issue been different the cause of the Confederacy would no doubt have triumphed and the United States have been split in twain. It was fought when the fortunes of the South were at their highest point. Recent victories at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville had greatly raised their *morale*. Their army had been recruited and was reorganised under efficient and much trusted commanders; they were in a position to carry the war into the enemy's country, to invade the States still faithful to the Union, and threaten the Central Government at Washington. On the other hand, the Federals were weakened and dispirited. The withdrawal of many short-service men had greatly reduced their strength, and they had been but lately twice defeated in the open field. Had the Confederates won at Gettysburg, nothing could well have prevented their occupation of Pennsylvania and Maryland. Other far-reaching consequences all tending to the success of the rebellion were more than probable.

It was the famous General Robert E. Lee, at that time the Confederate general-in-chief, who planned the operations that ended in the battle of Gettysburg. Whatever his ultimate aim, no doubt his immediate object was the defence of Richmond, the Southern capital, by an offensive counter attack. His advance was a wide outflanking movement, a blow boldly and unexpectedly struck so far to the rear that the Federals must at once fall back. Thus Richmond would be immediately relieved, while other decisive results would in all probability follow.

A word or two first about Lee, that fine soldier whom his foes compared to Napoleon, declaring that his presence on the field was worth 20,000 men to his side. He was of noble character, a simple, straightforward soldier, devout and God-fearing, a true patriot, pre to give his life for his country, great in situation, under every condition, unspoil success, unshaken by adversity. "A austere man," Ulysses Grant called him, a was no doubt clothed with a natural dignit was most impressive; but he had still a sense of humour, and ruled by quiet sarc much as by force and severity. One good is told of his rebuke to Mr. Hill, the new editor who freely found fault with one campaigns. "We made a great mist Hill, at the beginning of the war," he sa that was in appointing our best genera newspapers and our worst to command t in the field. For myself, I have done but I shall be happy to change places w if you can do better."

Another story shows him in the finest his large-minded chivalry and unstinting l ness of heart. It was after this very ba Gettysburg about to be described, at whi was defeated, as we shall see. When h ordered a general retreat and was passing r to the rear, he came close to where a wo Union soldier lay upon the ground w shattered leg. The poor fellow, with a fine vado that no one can condemn, raised hims at recognising the enemy's general and sh "Hurrah for the Union!" full in Lee's Then Lee—but let the veteran tell his story. "The general heard me, looked, sto his horse, dismounted and came towards me confess that I at first thought he meant to me. But as he came up he looked down at with such a sad expression on his face that fear left me and I wondered what he was ab He extended his hand to me, and grasping n firmly and looking right into my eyes he s 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.' live a thousand years I shall never forget

n on General Lee's face. There he was, , retiring from a field that had cost him cause almost their last hope, and yet he to say words like these to a wounded f the opposition, who had taunted him ssed by. As soon as the general had I cried myself to sleep, there upon the ground."

onder that "Mas'r Robert," as he was ately called in the army and throughout h, was the idol of his men. Whenever he would say that it was his duty to be in the forefront and not theirs. Yet sometimes his people protested when his ardent courage carried him too far. In one of the fierce encounters in the Wilderness he rode up, resolved to lead the charge. Then the officer commanding cried, "General Lee, this is no place for you. Boys! is it necessary for General Lee to show you the way?" "No! No!" was the ringing reply. "We will drive the enemy back if General Lee will only go to the rear."

RICHMOND.

ed himself he was greeted with that ll that came to be known as the Con- battle-cry. When any at a distance —if there was no fighting afoot, that is to y knew its meaning, and would exclaim, goes Mas'r Robert, or old Stonewall or a hunted hare." His anxiety for his unbounded; his first care was for the wounded. When his grateful fellow- nen would have presented him with and estate, he refused, begging that the night be distributed among the sufferers ar. He chided his officers when they themselves needlessly, and if they that they only followed his example,

It is sad to turn from this splendid old man in his triumphs to the hour when he was forced to surrender the remnant of his gallant band to General Grant. Even then the affection of those he had so often led to victory was exhibited in the most touching fashion. They would have cheered him as he rode by on that same grand war-horse, Traveller, who had carried him almost uninterruptedly through the war, but the sadness of the occasion silenced all. Only "as he rode slowly along the lines hundreds of his devoted veterans pressed around their noble chief, trying to take his hand, touch his person, or even lay a hand upon his horse, thus exhibiting their great affection for him. The general then, with head

bare and tears flowing down his manly cheeks, bade adieu to the army. In a few words he told the brave men who had been so true in arms to return to their homes and become worthy citizens.

It was in June, 1863, when Lee was at the zenith of his reputation, that he resolved to follow up the successes already achieved against the North by an invasion of the Northern territory. The strategical operations he now adopted, and which led up to his reverse at Gettysburg, must be described here with a view to a proper appreciation of the coming battle.

At this time the Confederate forces in Virginia numbered 70,000. Opposed to them were about 80,000 Federals under General "Joe" Hooker, a comparatively weak force owing, as has been said, to the action of the Short Service Enlistment Act, under which many had recently left the colours. Besides these 40,000 more were in and about Washington under quasi independent commanders, following the vicious system that then obtained, and none were available for the first line. Hooker's army, covering Washington, was encamped on the Rappahannock River immediately opposite the lines of Fredericksburg, which were at this time held by the bulk of the Confederate army.

Lee was anxious to take the offensive, both to draw Hooker away and to transfer the theatre of war to beyond the Potomac. With these objects he began on the 3rd of June a rapid concentration to his left. First Longstreet's corps, then Ewell's were directed upon Culpepper Court House, while Hill stood fast at Fredericksburg watching Hooker. The latter was long in ignorance of his enemy's movements, but on the 9th June he learnt through a cavalry skirmish that Lee was in force at Culpepper. Hooker meant to follow along the river, but now Lee made a further bold leap ahead and stretched out Ewell's corps north and west, thus thrusting his extreme left into the valley of the Shenandoah. Ewell was at Winchester on the 13th, having accomplished seventy miles from Culpepper in three days. Lee's front now occupied at least a hundred miles. His right corps, Hill's, was still at Fredericksburg ; Longstreet with the centre was at Culpepper ; the left and most advanced was at Winchester at the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley, still remembered by the Federals, from the many disasters encountered there, as the "Valley of Humiliation."

Hooker, when he realised that Lee was thus dangerously drawn out, was for striking at once against his centre, but he was not encour therein by the Government in Washington, he had no alternative but to retire and cove capital. This released the Confederate ge Hill from Fredericksburg, and he quickly follo on to Culpepper, thus relieving Longstreet, now marched northward, taking the eastern s of the Blue Ridge mountain, and pointing Harper's Ferry on the Potomac. Hill slipped in behind and threaded the Shenan Valley in support of Ewell. Ewell, knowing others were approaching, now pushed across Potomac and invaded Pennsylvania. Longs and Hill followed Ewell, and then the whol this Northern territory was at the mercy of Confederate army.

At this critical moment when grave ev were imminent, General Hooker fell out with superiors and resigned his command. His duct has been sharply criticised, but he no d felt that he was not a free agent, and had l subjected to too much fussy interference. was immediately replaced by General Mea much more practical soldier, who had made way upward by sterling merit, who was q and undemonstrative but strong and self-re knowing his business thoroughly. The Pr dent—Lincoln—appears to have trusted h implicitly, and he was at once given powers than Hooker had enjoyed.

Meade felt that it was incumbent upon hi come to blows with Lee as soon as poss He guessed the enemy's intentions from direction of his march, and hoped that by stri promptly at Lee he might turn him back prevent him from crossing the Susqueh River.

The Federal army had been converging Frederick City, and had already reached it v Meade assumed the command. From Fred he at once moved forward towards Gettysbu

Meade had seven army corps under his or The first (Reynolds) and eleventh (Ho were directed on Emmetsburg ; the third (Sic and the twelfth (Slocum) on Taneytown ; second (Hancock) on Frizzleburg ; the (Sykes) to Unionville, and the sixth corps (S wick) to Windsor.

This was the 29th June. On that same General Lee learnt that the Federals wer the move, and with a celerity which they never before displayed. Fearing for his greatly extended communications, he des from his plan of invasion, and resolved to centrate rapidly so as to be ready, if necessar

his line of retreat. Accordingly he at countermarched Ewell from York back on sburg, and diverted Longstreet and Hill Chambersburg to the eastward, also on sburg. The opposing armies were thus ly approaching each other ; a great battle vidently near at hand, although no one as ould surely forecast the exact spot on which uld take place.

e was pointing for Gettysburg because it f supreme importance to him. Meade, who o such strong reason, was also making for e had at that time no knowledge of the lie e land there and the strong features it d as a position to defend, but he merely his advance forward to sei;e and occupy a cover for a general line he meant to e along Pipe Creek. This advanced force ted of three army corps—the 1st, 3rd, and the whole under the command of General olds of the 1st Corps. The march of this was preceded by a division of cavalry, d's.

ord seized Gettysburg on the 30th June, ushing through it reconnoitred west and by roads along which Lee was expected. night Lee's advance, two divisions of Hill's having threaded the passes of the South tain, bivouacked within seven miles of sburg ; the head of Ewell's corps was at lsburg, nine miles ; Longstreet's corps and third division were still to the westward uth Mountain. General Lee with head- rs was with Longstreet.

THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE.

ON the morning of the 1st June, Buford with the Federal cavalry stood across to Chambersburg, and was attacked by Hill about 9 a.m. Buford made good dispositions, resolving to hold the Confederates in check until he could be supported : he knew that Reynolds with two whole army corps was not far off, and that it was his duty to detain the enemy as long as possible. Reynolds hurried everyone forward, and soon became hotly engaged with the 1st Corps, which was the earliest and only one to reach the ground for some time. Reynolds had no orders to bring on a general action, but he knew that the bulk of his friends were still to the rear, and he was anxious to give them time to come up and form in the position south of Gettysburg. The first fight was on either side of the Chambersburg road, especially to the south along a small river called Willoughby's Run, and here while nobly animating his men Reynolds was slain. Next Ewell's corps, arriving from the northward, began to exert pressure on the Federal right, and a portion of the 1st Corps was moved across to meet it ; presently the arrival of the 11th Corps under Howard brought further help. Howard was now the senior officer and in chief command. He fell into an error not uncommon during this war—that of attempting to cover too much ground. The result was that the long Federal line was unduly weak and drawn out with dangerous gaps at critical points. One of these was about Oak Hill, a commanding ridge between the right of the 1st Corps and the

ON THE SHENANDOAH.

left of the 11th. Rodes, with the advance division of Ewell's corps reaching towards his right to join hands with Hill, saw this opening and seized it, thus securing the key-point of the Federal position. While Ewell's other division under Early easily forced back the extreme right, Rodes, thus happily placed, broke through the centre with irresistible force, and the whole of the Federal line was broken, its several component parts retreating in great disorder towards the town of Gettysburg. So serious was the reverse that the Confederates captured 5,000 prisoners, and as many more Federal soldiers were left dead or wounded on the ground.

Meanwhile Meade had hurriedly sent General Hancock forward to assume the command and use his discretion as to the position the whole army should assume, whether it should hold Gettysburg or occupy the proposed line of Pipe Creek. Hancock's first duty, however, was to rally the disorganised 1st and 11th Corps, and, being a calm, self-reliant man whose soldierly qualities were well known to the troops, he soon restored order and established the shaken forces firmly in the new and strong position he found ready to his hand. For Hancock, with true military perception, had taken in at a glance the value of the ground just south of Gettysburg for defensive purposes. He accordingly urged the general-in-chief to occupy it at once and make it his battle-ground. Meade readily concurred, and moved up all the troops he had in hand to support those already in position there.

This ridge of Gettysburg—a name that will be ever famous in military history—is no doubt admirably adapted for defence. It runs due south of the town, but at a point opposite it and near it the ridge trends back to the east, thus forming a salient angle or "crotchet." The centre is known as Cemetery Hill. To the right and east is another higher hill, Culp's Hill, which is rough and rocky, its base washed by a stream. This hill formed the extreme right of the Federal position. South from Cemetery Hill the ridge runs strongly defined for three miles, then ends in two high peaks, rocky and wooded, the most elevated being known as "Round Top," the lesser as "Little Round Top" Hills. The eastern slope of the position was good but gradual, affording excellent cover for reserves and trains. The western front sloped more steeply down to the valley, in which runs the Emmetsburg Road. On the far side is another ridge running parallel with Cemetery Ridge through part of its length; it is known as the Seminary Ridge, and was the centre of the Confederate position i the coming fights.

General Lee came upon the ground towar the close of the action which ended in the di comfiture of the two Federal army corps. H was greatly hampered at this time for the wa of cavalry, and much in the dark as to th enemy's exact movements or intentions. Th intrepid Stuart was his cavalry leader, but th famous general by an untoward manœuvre ha been quite cut off from him, and only rejoin by a wide *détour* on the 2nd July, his for much jaded and reduced by rapid marchin Lee, however, seems to have realised that great battle was inevitable. He could see for hi self that the Federals were collecting in front him, and he hoped to be able to strike a blow l fore their concentration was complete. Milit critics have disapproved of Lee's decision attack at this juncture. It is urged that wiser strategy would have been to draw off make good his retreat before he was too grav compromised at this great distance from his b He was not now, indeed, very anxious to take offensive unless his enemy gave him an advan by some false move. But to have surre the invasion, to have recrossed the P without an action, would have been h ing, for the Confederates were at this time i ascendant. They had been so uniformly succ ful in late engagements that to retire now wo have meant a terrible loss of prestige. Besi they had always won hitherto: why not aga "There was not a barefoot soldier in tatte grey" among the Confederates who did firmly believe then that Lee would certai lead them to victory whenever he chose.

THE SECOND DAY'S BATTLE.

By the early morning of the 2nd July t opposing armies were gathered together arou Gettysburg. All the Federal army corps, exc Sedgwick's, had come up, and were thus d posed:—

1. Slocum with the 12th Corps held Cul Hill on the extreme right.
2. Howard with the 11th Corps was post at Cemetery Hill in the centre.
3. Hancock and the 2nd Corps came ne along the southern ridge and then joined—
4. Sickles with the 3rd Corps on the left.

The 5th Corps, under Sykes, was held i reserve at first behind the right, and later behin the left. On 1st July it was some twenty-thr miles to the rear, but it came up after a rap

"THE PRIZE WAS HOTLY CONTESTED STEEL TO STEEL" (p. 726).

night march. Sedgwick and the 6th Corps was still further off—at Manchester, thirty-six miles distant; but he hurried forward, and covering the whole ground in twenty hours reached the field at 2 p.m. on this the 2nd July.

The Confederates were in positions as follow:

1. Ewell's corps occupied the town of Gettysburg and the ground in between it and Rock Creek. He held thus the left of Lee's line, and was opposed, naturally, to Culp's Hill, the Federal right.

2. Hill's corps was posted along the Seminary Ridge, which, as already described, fronted the Cemetery Ridge and centre of the Federal line.

3. Longstreet's corps had bivouacked four miles to the rear, but he was to circle round, take the right of the Confederates, and open the ball by an attack on the Federal left.

General Lee greatly hoped, as has been said, to commence the action before his opponents gathered up all their strength. An early reconnaissance made of the Cemetery Ridge encouraged this view, and decided him to throw his weight on the left of the enemy's line. He would have been all the more eager for this had he realised then what came out later—namely, that the two Round Top Hills on the Federal left were the keys of the position, and the Confederates, if lodged there, would have taken the whole length of the Cemetery Ridge in reverse. Longstreet, unfortunately, was too slow. That general could easily have covered the four miles that separated him from the battlefield in less than a couple of hours, but he waited and waited for one laggard brigade, a comparatively small body, until the day was nearly spent, and he did not commence his attack till 4 p.m. By this time the whole of the Federal forces had reached their ground.

Now when the hour of impact had arrived the Federal General Sickles gave the first chance to the Confederates. His post with the 3rd Corps was on the left extremity of the Cemetery Ridge, but short of the Round Top Hills. Seeing in front another crest some 500 yards distant and carrying the Emmetsburg road, he pushed forward and occupied it. He thus left a strong position for another, weaker, out of the line of the battle. This mistake was seized upon by Lee, who ordered Longstreet to make his first attack on Sickles's centre. It was done; while Hood, of Longstreet's corps, circled round, penetrated the right, and was within an ace of securing the Little Round Top. The crucial importance of this hill was very manifest to a Federal general of engineers, who was passing and who forthwith ordered up a brigade of Sykes's 5th Corps to hold it. A race between Federals and Confederates for the Little Round Top followed, not unlike that of the English and French at Salamanca for the Arapiles Hills. The combatants joined issue and the prize was hotly contested steel to steel, but it was in the end retained by the blue-coated Federals and the battle saved. Meanwhile, Sickles was hardly pressed in the centre and had to be continually reinforced, first by Hancock's corps, and then by those of Sykes and Slocum, the last-named being brought up by Meade in person. In the end the Confederates gained the advanced ground taken up by Sickles, and it seemed a very substantial triumph. But this was not a part of the real position on Cemetery Ridge, and its importance was overestimated by Lee. A much greater gain had been achieved on the far right by Culp's Hill.

The plan of the Confederate battle had been to throw the chief burthen of attack upon Longstreet. But Ewell on the other, or extreme left, opposite the Federal right, was to make a vigorous demonstration against Culp Hill so as to occupy the Federals on this side and keep back reinforcements from the threatened left. Ewell delayed his movement till near sunset, and thus failed in his object of retaining the whole of the 11th and 12th Corps in front of him. But this told in his favour. So great had been the drain upon the Federal right to reinforce their endangered left that when Ewell advanced he boldly resolved to change demonstration into attack, and one of his divisions, Early's, all but captured Cemetery Hill. His second division, Johnson's, was sent up against Culp's Hill, where only a single brigade remained in position, and although it held out, bravely seconded by detachments from Wadsworth's division, the earthworks on Culp's Hill were carried and held by the Confederates all through that night. Their possession of this point jeopardised the whole Federal line, and rendered it practically untenable.

So at nightfall on this the second day's fighting, the advantage appeared to be with the Confederates. Longstreet had carried all before him, and Ewell was firmly established within the Federal line. There was much, therefore, to justify Lee in renewing the battle on the following day. Yet Meade was not disheartened. His losses had been terrible, already amounting to more than 20,000 men. But he was certain that

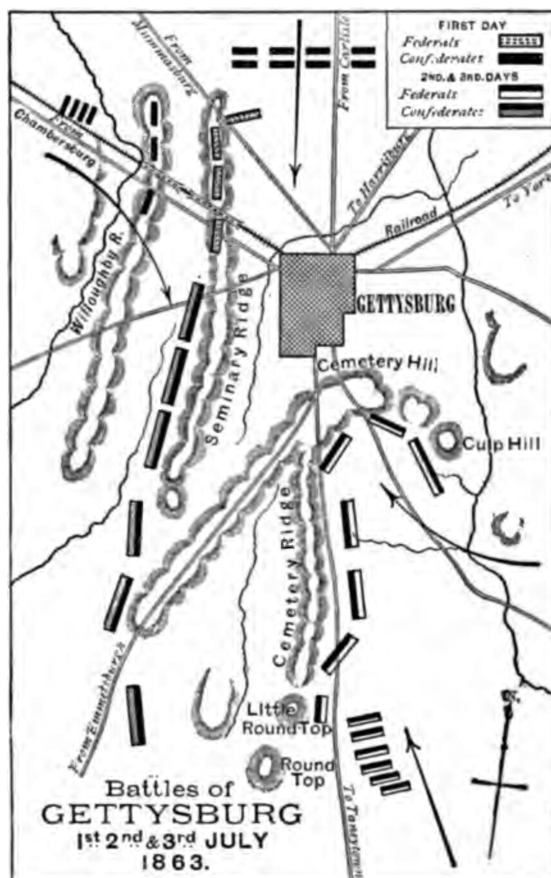
:s had also suffered most severely; he felt iis position, save at Culp's Hill, was intact, e was strongly supported by the confidence which his corps commanders declared that :ould recover lost ground and hold their he following day.

THE THIRD DAY'S BATTLE.

ıad resolved to follow up his success at Hill, and to maintain at all costs and t all comers the foothold made by John- But the Federal general was equally nined to turn him out, and during the collected powerful field-batteries, which ʼbreak opened a fierce fire upon the cap- breastwork. Then two whole divisions : 12th Corps and a fresh brigade of the ere sent by Meade to recover it. For ɔng hours the struggle went on until at .e hill was wrested from the Confederates, he Federal line on this side was once made secure.

thereupon changed his plan and deter- to attack the left centre of the Federal ɔn at a point where the ridge was easier :he Emmetsburg road led through a ;sion. To prepare for this attack he d his whole artillery on the Seminary , and by noon on the 3rd, 145 guns, all ıatteries, were in position. The Federals ıot been idle meanwhile. They had ·ed together eighty guns to reply to the ʼ's cannonade, which commenced at 1 and is described by General Hancock as ost terrific he ever witnessed, " the most ıged, one possibly hardly ever paral- ' This fearful artillery duel lasted for a : of hours, when the fire of the Con- tes gradually slackened as ammunition ıort, and that of the Federals was re- l to be directed with more crushing effect the attacking column.

: proud but perilous privilege of leading ttack was entrusted to Pickett's division of ;treet's corps, which had only arrived upon ·ound that morning, and was therefore fresh ɔt battle-torn. Pickett was to be supported division on the left (Pettigrew's) and a le (Wilcox's) on the right. It has since been ·ed that Lee intended Longstreet's two divisions and a division of Hill's corps to ɔart in the attack, and it seems upon the f it improbable that out of nine divisions vould have left two alone to carry out a :ntous operation on which his fate and fortunes entirely depended. However, Pickett advanced 15,000 strong, crossing almost a mile of open " in such compact and imposing order that whether friend or foe, none who saw it could refrain from admiration of its magnificent array." These splendid veterans of Virginia were soon shattered and decimated by such terrible artillery and musketry fire that the supporting columns paused abashed and left Pickett's men to attack



single-handed. Undismayed, undeterred, they still pressed onward, and with one last heroic rush they crowned the heights, burst in upon the defenders, and were for a time victorious. But now the Federals, recovering, rushed in on all sides, the fire of all the neighbouring guns was directed on Pickett's division, its right flank was assailed by a portion of a Vermont brigade. For some time it maintained the unequal contest, but then the Confederates, " seeing themselves in a desperate strait, flung themselves on the ground to escape the hot fire, and threw up their hands in token of surrender, while the remnant

sought safety in flight." Pettigrew's division had essayed to attack, but had been soon discomfited. Wilcox's brigade came on after Pickett's failure, but was soon driven back. Longstreet's divisions did not move.

The battle had now been lost and won. Whether or not the Federal general might have made his victory more complete by counter-

"THE SIGHT OF HIS FORM STIRRED THE HEARTS OF HIS VETERANS" (*p.* 729).

attack was much discussed at the time. The repulse of the Confederates might, it is thought, have been converted into absolute rout had Meade unleashed his legions and sent them out against the beaten Confederates. But his troops were mostly wearied ; he had really no reserves in hand except the few fresh men belonging to Sedgwick's corps. Again, Lee and Longstreet both said afterwards they would have liked nothing better than to be attacked in their turn. Foreign officers with the Confederates state that it was well for the Federals that they did not attempt to follow up their advantage. Colonel (now General) Fremantle of our Brigade Guards was also present, and, although he h grave fears of the consequences of a Fede attack, he describes the Confederates as but lit broken by defeat. "There was much less n fuss, or confusion of orders than at any ordin field-day ; the men as they were rallied in t woods were brought up in detachments, and down quietly and coolly in the positions assign to them." General Longstreet long afterwa gave it as his deliberate opinion that atta would have resulted disastrously. "I had Hood and McLaw's divisions, which had not be engaged ; I had a heavy force of artillery ; a I have no doubt I should have given those wh tried as bad a reception as Pickett received."

General Meade was, however, a cautious co mander. He knew that he had gained a gre success, that Lee must now retreat, that th cause of the Confederacy had received a crushi blow from which it could never entirely recov

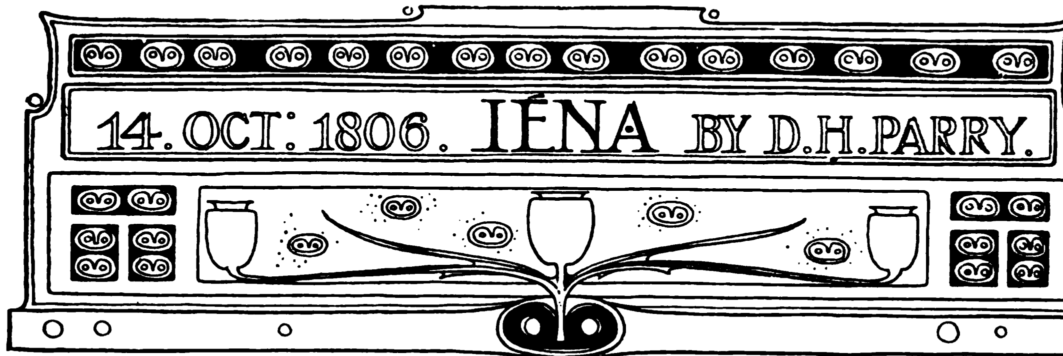
t, too, had been terrible: of Union no fewer than 23,000 were killed or dis- the three days, and the losses inflicted Confederates rose still higher to 30,000. too well satisfied with the achievement s results by any rash adventure.

e was suffered to draw off, which he did y night, retiring westward by passes the South Mountain range into the and valley. Severe storms impeded his nd the tail of his columns had not quite rom Gettysburg till the early morning h. Then Meade pursued, but still with cumspection. When he came up with ut the 12th July, he found the Con- in an entrenched position at Williams- the Potomac, designed to cover the of that river. There is a ford at this nd Lee's engineers had improvised a bridge. Meade's forces were not fully till the 13th, and he had resolved to ext morning. But at daylight on the e Confederates had disappeared. Lee drawn his last detachments during the with great skill and complete success."

met, these doughty competitors, Lee and t the very end of the campaign, just after ederate surrender at Richmond. Meade, an old comrade in happier days before ricidal quarrel had set them in arms against each other, went to call in a friendly way upon Lee. In the course of a pleasant conversation Lee turned to his visitor and said, "Meade, the years are telling upon you: your hair is getting quite grey." "Ah, General Lee," was Meade's rejoinder, "it is not the work of years: you are responsible for my grey hairs."

He was no doubt a dangerous antagonist. Critics have declared that, while Lee was peerless in defensive warfare, he was not so great in attack, and this judgment is perhaps borne out by the event at Gettysburg. But he attacked with great success at Chancellorsville, also at the second battle of Manassas, and he was ready enough to strike a blow whenever he saw the opportunity. He too is taxed with being now over-cautious now over-bold. The truth was that he adapted himself to the occasion and employed strategy and tactics according to the character of the general opposed to him. He dared much with McClellan, Pope, and Hooker; with Grant he was patiently adroit and unweariedly tenacious. In one respect he was unrivalled. No great soldier outvied him in the power of evoking the enthusiasm of his men. No privations, sufferings, disaster could shake their confidence in him. In the darkest hour the sight of his form or the mention of his name stirred the hearts of his veterans, and they spoke of him with affection and pride to his very last hour.

GENERAL MEADE.



TO the Prussian people 1806 was an *année terrible*, and their subsequent reprisals of 1814, 1815, and even of 1870, have not effaced the memory of Iéna, as the French elect to call the little Saxon town.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the *bona fides* of Napoleon and the Prussian Government respectively in their diplomatic relations, all are agreed that the military spirit of that country hastened on the war ; and never did nation undertake hostilities at a more unfortunate moment or in clumsier fashion.

The French army, returning slowly from its glorious campaign of Austerlitz, was close at hand, and flushed with victory ; and although in rags, with its pay held advisedly in arrears, it was in high moral feather, and looking forward to the fêtes that were promised it when it should arrive in France.

The Prussian army, on the other hand, while full of undoubted courage, was precisely in that condition one would expect as the result of its ruling system.

Its regiments, like our own in the last century, were farmed by their colonels ; class distinction was rife among the officers, and the men were ruled by " Corporal Schlague "—in other words, flogged unmercifully into shape.

Their drill and traditions went back to the days of Frederick the Great, and the only pension granted to the discharged veteran was *a licence to beg publicly!*

So wretched was the condition of the soldier, even when serving, that Marbot was solicited for alms by the grenadiers at the King's gates both at Potsdam and in Berlin ; and yet it was this army, with little or no sympathy between its officers and men, strapped up in tight uniforms, hampered with absurd regulations, and in every respect half a century behind the times, that sharpened its sabres on the doorsteps of the French ambassador, and clamoured wildl engage the invincible legions of the Empero

It had its wish, against the better judgme its sovereign, and met with perhaps the crushing defeat recorded in history, being s ficed to the crass stupidity of its leaders, of w a word must be said here in justice to the itself.

The Duke of Brunswick, its actual comma in-chief, the father of our unfortunate Q Caroline, was seventy years old, and credited a great military reputation, though auth proofs of it may be searched for in vai had fought under the celebrated Fred who disliked him, and had been beaten by *sans-culottes* in the wars of the Revolution.

One review-day at Magdeburg, when a marshal, he sprang from the saddle, allowed charger to run loose, and caned a non- missioned officer for some mistake in a manœu but nevertheless it was into the hands of egregious old ass that the Prussian fortunes entrusted.

Associated with Brunswick—and in truth seem to have been unable to do anything wit previously holding a long pow-wow when ought to have been marching—were Ma Möllendorf, a worn-out old man of eig two ; Prince Frederick Louis of Hohenl Ingelfingen, an infantry general, whose years had afforded him little opportunit distinction in the field ; Colonel Massenb Hohenlohe's quartermaster-general, wl practical advice was not listened to, probably cause it *was* practical ; and several other offi some of whom distinguished themselves late in the War of Liberty, but the majority of no account, who squabbled at the coun disobeyed orders, and had nothing but pers bravery to commend them.

At the head of the younger branch of offi

e Louis Ferdinand, a dashing, hare-)ung fellow, whose passion was pretty :vided between the worship of Venus , and whose early death was much

ı the two factions, ancient and modern, perpetual strife, and between these two ich the energetic French kicked over ·edibly short time, the Prussian army ·ily to the ground.

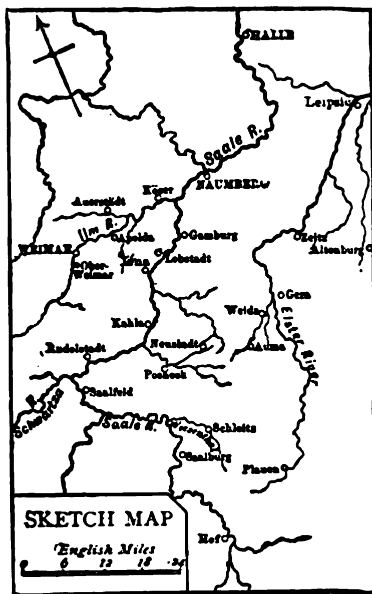
* * * *

ısolent braggarts shall soon learn that ›ons need no sharpening!" said when Marbot told him of the affront ›assador; and again, read the foolish de- ıt his troops should Rhine and abandon erritory by a given ‹claimed to Berthier, ve will be punctually dezvous; but instead ı France on the 8th, in Saxony."

:tober of 1806 was a ıonth—a slight frost ɜ nights, but the days ıt, with white cumuli ross the blue, when vas not entirely un- and on the 8th day ɜventful month the vanced in three great nto the rocky valleys from Franconia to an army—when the ıd artillery of the Guard joined it—of ıen, led by masters in the art of war. nperor accompained the centre column, of the infantry of the Guard, under husband of the well-known "Madame ɜ," Bernadotte's 1st Corps, Davout's s, and Murat's Cavalry Reserve; the ırching by Kronach on the road to nd Iéna.

ght column, consisting of Soult's 4th s 6th Corps, with a Bavarian division, : Hoff by forced marches, and the left, of Lannes with the 5th Corps and with the 7th, turned its face towards ›räfenthal, and Saalfeld.

russians, to the number of 125,000, d not include garrisons and sundry forces, were also divided into three ›eneral Rüchel with the right, 30,000, being on the Hessian frontier about Eisenach; the main army of 55,000, under Brunswick and the King in person, around Magdeburg; and the left wing, under Hohenlohe, 40,000 strong, being advanced towards the enemy round and about the fortified places of Schleitz, Saalfeld, Saalburg, and Hoff, in defiance of Brunswick's orders, which desired Hohenlohe to recross the Saale and take post behind the mountains that rise above that river.



Their motive was to cut off Napoleon from his base in the Maine valley; but directly they heard that his march was directed towards their left and centre, they changed their plans and attempted a concentration about Weimar, which exposed their magazines, threw their flank invitingly open to the enemy, and necessitated marches by cross roads and byways in a country of which, extraordinary fact, their staff possessed no reliable map!

While this movement was in progress the French came upon them, and struck the first blow at the little town of Saalburg, where a portion of Hohenlohe's men under General Tauenzien were entrenched behind the river.

It was the first day of the advance, and Murat, with some light cavalry and the famous 27th Light Infantry, lost no time in falling to.

Some cannon-shots, an advance of the 27th Léger, and Tauenzien melted away in the direction of Schleitz, where on the 9th, about noon, the centre found him drawn up beyond the Wisenthal in order of battle with his back against a height.

While Bernadotte, who commanded, was reconnoitring, Napoleon arrived, and ordered the attack.

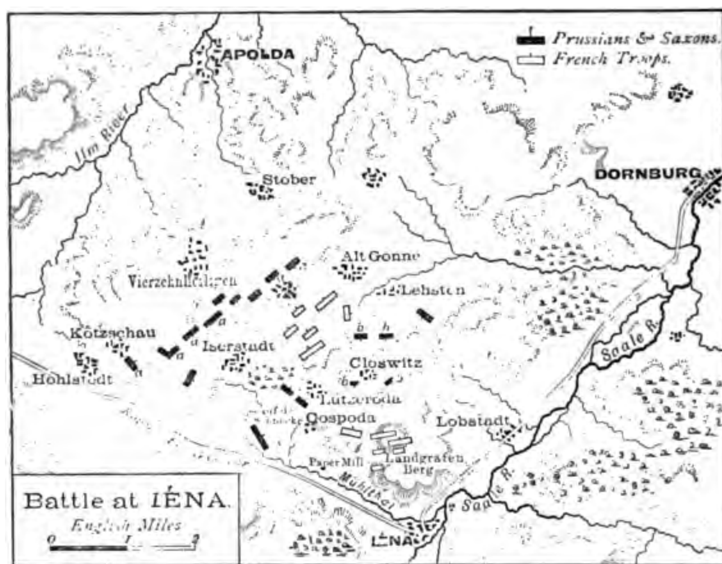
Bernadotte sent the 27th Léger forward under General Maisons, and the regiment quickly debouched from the town upon the enemy; but finding himself in the presence of a superior force, Tauenzien again ordered a retreat.

The 94th and 95th of the Line under Drouet followed close on their heels, mounted the height, and hastened down the other slope; while Murat, riding at the head of the 4th Hussars—the regiment in which Marshal Ney

had made his *début* as a private—charged the cavalry that turned upon him.

At the first shock the 4th overthrew the Prussians ; but they were reinforced by several fresh squadrons, and Murat sent for the 5th Chasseurs post haste, who coming up at the gallop flung their green and yellow ranks into the *mêlée*.

Tauenzien hurled his hussars and the red Saxon Dragoons against the two regiments, and matters looked serious for Murat, although Captain Razout of the 94th opened from an ambuscade and killed fifty of them ; but Maisons arriving with five companies of the 27th Léger



Battle at IÉNA
English Miles

poured in such a terrible fire that 200 red troopers went down in a mass and the rest bolted.

These dragoons were antiquated-looking fellows, with cocked hats and pigtails, their officers riding with huge canes significantly dangling from wrist or saddle ; and as they went about to the rear the 4th Hussars and 5th Chasseurs re-formed and spurred in pursuit, driving them into the woods among their disorganised infantry.

It was short and sharp, but the effect upon the Prussians—who left 2,000 muskets behind them in their flight, nearly 500 prisoners, and 300 killed and wounded—was serious.

Murat still pushed on, and next day, the 10th, Lasalle captured the enemy's baggage, and a pontoon train, Napoleon writing that the cavalry "was saddled in gold" ; but on the same day a much more important engagement took pla[ce at] Saalfeld between the French left, under Ma[rshal] Lannes, and Prince Louis, who comma[nded] Hohenlohe's rear-guard.

Saalfeld was a little walled town of about [...] inhabitants, and partly to allow time for [the] evacuation of the magazines in its rear, p[artly] from a burning desire to fight, Prince L[ouis] obtained Hohenlohe's permission to re[main] there.

He was then thirty-four, brave as a lion, insubordinate, and of very loose morals.

In Prussia he is regarded as a hero, and [there] is something in his oval face as it hangs i[n the] Hohenzollern Museum, the hair tied in a ribbon, [that] reminds one of our own [Prince] Charlie."

He had eighteen [guns], eighteen squadrons [of horse] and eleven battalions [of in]fantry ; and with [these he] rashly engaged the [French under] Lannes, who was [credited] with 25,000 troops, [but had] in effect only the ar[tillery, two] regiments of cavalry [and the] division of Suchet [in] action.

The division of Suchet comprised the 17th Lé[ger,] the 34th, 40th, 64th, a[nd 88th] of the Line, with the [9th and] 10th Hussars, found the[mselves] before the enemy at 7 in the morning.

Instantly ranging his guns on the h[eights] that commanded the Prussians, Lannes [opened] fire, and sent part of Suchet's skirmishers th[rough] the woods to gall Prince Louis' right.

Until nearly 1 o'clock the Prussians [held] their ground, but Suchet working round in [their] rear and Lannes pouring down upon the[ir] front, they broke and fled, leaving fifteen [guns] behind them.

Louis charged gallantly with two cavalry [regi]ments flanked by the white-uniformed S[axon] Hussars, but Claparède's and Vedel's bri[gades] routed them, and they also retreated.

Rallying them with difficulty, he ch[arged] again at the head of the Saxon Hussars, w[hose] tall flowerpot shakoes and bright blue pe[lisses] were soon jumbled together in a confused [mass] among the willow-fringed marshes by the [river] bank, where the scarlet and blue 9th, and

10th Hussars made short work of

ne the crowning catastrophe of the
s the Prince's charger got into diffi-
a hedge, Quartermaster Guindé of
de up sabre in hand.
with glittering orders and in general's
replied to the word "Surrender!"
that laid Guindé's face open; but the
es logis ran him clean through the

Napoleon would make, Massenbach the Prussian defeats, and Napoleon himself, speaking of Prince Louis, said, "As for him, I foretell that he will be killed in this campaign."

So far the French advance had been a succession of triumphs, destined to continue without rebuff for the rest of the war; and as the Prussian spirit sank at the news of each defeat, that of the invaders rose.

Reviewing the 2nd Chasseurs-à-cheval at

"THE BATTERY WAS ASSISTED BY NAPOLEON WITH A LANTERN" (*p.* 735).

he fell dying on to the grass under

to whom he had been very courteous
efore in Berlin, saw his body on a
e, naked to the waist, next day, and
ent a thrill of consternation through
n army.
ignorant at first of the man he had
awarded the Legion of Honour, and
soon after to the Horse Grenadiers of
in whose ranks he was killed, when a
Hanau in 1813.
it of prophecy would seem to have
nt with the men of that age, for
retold the exact movements that

Lobenstein on the 12th of October, Napoleon asked Colonel Bousson how many men he had present.

"Five hundred, sire," said the colonel; "but there are many raw troops among them."

"What does that signify? Are they not all Frenchmen?" was the angry reply; and turning to the regiment, he cried, "My lads, you must not fear death: when soldiers defy death they drive him into the enemy's ranks," with a motion of his arm which called forth a sudden convulsive movement among the squadrons and a wild shout of enthusiasm.

The losses of the Prussians at Saalfeld, which are variously stated, seem to have been about

thirty guns, a thousand prisoners, and a similar number of killed and wounded, together with a quantity of baggage; but these were only the shadows of coming events, and the French columns moved on swiftly, learning by the capture of the post-bag that the enemy were moving on Weimar from Erfurt.

Hohenlohe's troops were ordered to place the hills and forests of Thuringia between them and the victorious foe, and, worn out by marching, were struggling on in the midst of waggon-trains and bad roads, when fugitives from Saalfeld spread terror among them, and they fled in disorder across the Saale into Iéna.

Napoleon likewise concentrated his troops, and the map must be studied to understand their movements in and among towns and villages unknown outside the history of this campaign.

Lannes was directed upon Auma, where the headquarters were, by way of Pösneck and Neustadt, with Augereau on his left; Soult was to proceed by Weida to Gera along the Elster; and Ney was to occupy Auma when the *grand quartier général* should have left it.

Davout was sent north to Naumburg, with Bernadotte to follow as support; Murat's cavalry scoured the country towards Leipsic, which fifty hussars afterwards took with true French audacity; and on the 11th, Napoleon set out for Gera, escorted by the brilliant 1st Hussars with their sky-blue white-laced uniforms and scarlet pantaloons, his cavalry of the Guard not having then arrived at the front.

A strong barrier now intervened between the two armies, French and Prussian, the river Saale flowing, roughly, northward to the Elbe through hilly country, and only passable to an army at five points where there were bridges—viz. at Iéna, Löbstadt, Dornburg, Camburg, and Köser, the latter place opposite Naumburg.

The Prussians having gone helter-skelter across that river at Iéna, they were virtually hemmed in an angle, formed by the Thuringian Mountains to the south and the Saale to the west, so that as their fortresses, their remaining magazines, and their very capital lay open to the enemy, they had but two alternatives—either to make another long flank march to the line of the Elbe or to stay where they were and defend the Saale and its fringe of hills.

The Duke of Brunswick, however, seems to have had a genius for keeping himself out of harm's way; and leaving Hohenlohe to defend the heights of Iéna, though with strict orders not to attack, and Rüchel to collect the out forces at Weimar, he set off with his five sions, bag and baggage, to pass the Sa Naumburg and reach the line of the hastened in this fatal decision by the ne Davout's advance on Naumburg—in other he ran away with 65,000 men and left othe do the fighting.

On the 13th of October the army star ominous date for the superstitiously incli and on the same day Napoleon, expecting t the entire enemy before him, set out from for Iéna, having despatched Montesquiou, c his *officiers d'ordonnance*, to the King of P with proposals of peace—in reality to gain for his troops to come up.

It was, to a great extent, a game of purposes; for Brunswick, anticipating a passage at Naumburg, found Davout and d Napoleon, expecting the whole Prussian beyond Iéna, found only its rear-guard Hohenlohe, looking for Lannes and Aug received the full weight of the Emperor h with the bulk of his forces.

Lannes preceded the Emperor, and l sharp skirmish with Tauenzien beyond the university town of Iéna (or Jena), and Napoleon arrived some of the quaint houses were burning—ignited, it is said, Prussian batteries.

Iéna nestles under the lea of a range o the most important being the Landgrafe and the high road to Weimar runs thr difficult valley named the Mühlthal fro paper-mill which stood there.

Having no mind to force that defile, determined men might have rendered a ve Thermopylæ, the Emperor made a recc sance with Lannes under fire to find some of carrying the army over the hills on t plateau beyond, where he should find the sians and a natural battle-ground.

Lannes's tirailleurs had captured a pas it was useless for artillery; and it was a parson, exasperated at the sight of the bu town, who pointed out a path on the l grafenberg itself, by which, with the help c sappers, the French could get up their gun

For this action the worthy man endured after persecution that he was obliged to the country and reside in Paris.

How they cut away the rock and hauled cannon to the summit with teams of t horses apiece, how the battery that was to fire next morning stuck fast in the dark an

by Napoleon with a lantern in his hand,
known, and nowhere is it better told than
pages of "Tom Burke of Ours," which,
of its numerous errors, remains one of
st magnificent pictures of Napoleonic
ver penned.

ng the long, cold night the Prussian
fires lit up the horizon beyond the hill-
it those of the *Grande Armée* made only
gleam high up on the crest of the moun-
d the enemy saw nothing to warn them
,000 men were tightly packed there, the
ts of one almost touching the cowskin
his front rank.

et's division lay waiting for dawn with
t on the Rauhthal ravine; Gazan lurked
left before the village of Cospoda,
f the Guard formed a huge square, in the
of which the Emperor snatched a short
and the engineers were busy widening
iger path for the passage of the guns.

Capitaine Cogniet, then a private in the
iers of the Guard, has told us how twenty
r company were allowed to descend into
row streets of the deserted town below
o search for food; how they found it
ity, together with good wine in the
of the hotels, each grenadier bringing
iree bottles, two in his fur cap, and one
pocket, with which they drank to the
of the King of Prussia; how they imbibed
ie all night, carrying it to the artillery,
ere half-dead with fatigue; and — in-
s Cogniet!—confessing that the Guard
the mountain side were all more or less
d in a double sense.

st the morning came, but with it a fog
t that the enemy were invisible.

leon had been astir at four o'clock, and
sent his final orders to his marshals,
from the curtains of his blue and white
tent, and passed before Lannes's corps
hlight.

diers," said he, "the Prussian army is
as the Austrian was a year ago at Ulm.
ear not its renowned cavalry; oppose to
arges firm squares and the bayonet."

cheers of the soldiers still carried no
g to the Prussian lines. Their hussars
ercepted Montesquiou during the night,
uing from his message of peace that there
e no fighting on the 14th, the army had
o provision even for the day's rations, and
he fog in fancied security.

, about six, when the mist lightened,
came a rude awakening. The 17th Léger and a
chosen battalion, under Claparède, crept forward
in single line, flanked by the 34th and 40th in
close column, commanded by Reille, with the
64th and 88th, under Vedel, in their rear—in
short, Suchet's division making silently for
Closwitz, while Gazan felt his way towards
Cospoda on Suchet's left.

With Gazan were the 21st Léger, and the
28th, 100th, and 103rd of the Line, and the two
divisions enveloped in the fog drew nearer and
nearer to the unsuspecting foe until, after they
had groped their way for nearly an hour, Clapa-
rède suddenly received the fire of Zweifel's
Prussian battalion and the Saxon ones of Fre-
derick Augustus and Rechten, seeing only the
flash of musketry from the wood that surrounded
Closwitz.

The 17th returned the fire warmly, firing into
the vapour before them, but when they saw the
trees looming up in front, Claparède charged and
bayoneted them out of wood and village.

Gazan was also successful in his attack on
Cospoda, and, advancing farther, took the hamlet
of Lutzenrode from the enemy's fusiliers; but a
withering fire was soon opened on both divisions
by Cerrini's Saxons, which they sustained for
some time until the 34th, which had relieved
the 17th, went at them with the bayonet and
put them to flight, a disorder which carried the
rest of Tauenzien's corps away, leaving twenty
cannon and a host of fugitives in the hands of
Lannes, who followed at a swinging pace down
hill after the cowards.

In less than two hours they had cleared their
front for the army on the heights to deploy. A
lull came about nine o'clock, and before the
action was resumed Ney had arrived at speed;
Soult with one division took post behind Clos-
witz; and Augereau, who was then lamenting the
loss of his amiable wife, after pushing Heudelet,
his guns, and cavalry along the Mühlthal towards
Weimar, left the Gibbet Hill with Desjardin and
placed himself on Gazan's left among the fine fir
woods that clothed the plateau.

The mist was rising and promised to break,
but it was yet some time before the sun shone
brightly.

Prince Hohenlohe, whom disaster seemed to
pursue, galloped to his troops, who were en-
camped on the Weimar road awaiting the French
left wing as they thought, where Tauenzien's
fugitives soon alarmed him, and called forth his
better qualities to prepare for a general action.

Hurrying the Prussian infantry under Grawert

to occupy Tauenzien's lost positions, he posted two Saxon brigades under Burgsdorf and Nehroff, Boguslauski's Prussian battalion, and a strong force of artillery to hold the Weimar road to the death, with Cerrini, who had rallied and been reinforced by four Saxon battalions, in support.

Dyherrn, with five battalions, acted as reserve to Grawert. Tauenzien was rallied a long way to the rear, and Holzendorf, who formed Hohenlohe's left, was ordered to attack the French right, while he himself should fall on their centre with cavalry and guns, pending the arrival of Rüchel from Weimar.

The heights above Iéna, the ravines, and the dense woods were capable of the most stubborn defence, and the French would have had to *fight climbing;* but the passage of the Landgrafenberg had altered everything, and as the sun shone out about ten o'clock Hohenlohe saw an astonishing spectacle.

The enemy stretched in dark masses along the high ground on *his own* side of the mountain, outnumbering him in the proportion of two to one, outflanking him to left and right, and prepared to foam down the slope and sweep him off the face of the earth.

Nor did the foe allow him much time to digest the surprise; for the impetuous Ney, who had hurried forward with 3,000 men and deployed in the mist between Lannes and Augereau, flung himself upon the village of Vierzehn-Heiligen in the very centre of the battlefield, and anticipated the Emperor's orders for a renewal of the fight.

Soult with St. Hilaire's division advanced from Löbstadt and constituted the French right; Lannes, with Suchet and Gazan, formed the centre, and Augereau having scrambled out of the Mühlthal, menaced Iserstädt on the left; the Guard and the artillery being in rear, and Murat's cavalry marching to join the army.

Indignant at the firing in his front, Napoleon sent to learn from which corps it proceeded, and was greatly astonished to find that Ney, whom he supposed to be still in the rear, was engaging on his own account.

Ney's troops were the 25th Léger under Colonel Morel, two battalions formed of the *compagnies d'élite* of several regiments, and Colbert's light cavalry brigade, formed of the 3rd Hussars and 10th Chasseurs-à-cheval; and with these the marshal attacked Hohenlohe with his usual bravery, leading them, as his aide-de-camp tells us, "like a corporal of voltigeurs."

Hohenlohe's horse-artillery was in position, and the 10th Chasseurs, forming under cover of a little wood, darted out upon it, and took guns at one swoop under a fearful fire; but they were sabring away, the Prussian cuira of Holzendorf and Prittzwitz's dragoons down with a thunderous rush, and the went about.

The 3rd Hussars, forming behind the trees, spurred on the Prussian flank and ch the cuirassiers for a moment, but had to r in their turn; and Ney, throwing his in into two squares, found himself in a bad (the moment when Napoleon reached a overlooking the conflict.

Sending Bertrand to Ney's assistance w light cavalry regiments, probably the (10th Hussars, he ordered up Lannes; gallant Ney made an heroic struggle to own, pushing his grenadiers to the (trees that had sheltered his horsemen, a ing his voltigeurs at Vierzehn-Heiligen

Up came Lannes at the head of the 21 and as Grawert deployed before the magnificent order, opening a terrible fir led five of Claparède's and Gazan's reg outflank him.

In every part of the field the crash of and the boom of heavy cannon r Napoleon still believed he had th Prussian army before him, and the resistance justified that opinion.

The Prussian regiments of Zathow a covered themselves with glory before Heiligen. The cuirassiers were true traditions of Seidlitz and the Seven Ye but inch by inch the French gained although it was an hour after midday be obtained a permanent advantage.

Hares fled terrified about the stubb the soldiers cheering them as they fougl October woods were strewn with dead me the fallen leaves, and the hollow ways of smoke.

Thanks to the Prussian horse, Hohenlo some guns, and his hopes were so far rai he wrote to Rüchel, "At this moment the enemy at all points."

He soon learned, however, that So almost annihilated his left wing, and A and Lannes under his own eyes drove right more than half a mile.

The brave man appeared everywhere now heading his cuirassiers, now enco the infantry, again peering through the that hung before the batteries; but it to no purpose. Grawert was badly w

MURAT AT IÉNA
(*From the picture by H. Chartier*)

Dyherrn's five battalions fled before Augereau, and with a tremendous rolling of drums the whole French army advanced down the slope, the Guard included, about two in the afternoon.

Hohenlohe's next letter to Rüchel was significant. "Lose not a moment in advancing with your as yet unbroken troops. Arrange your columns so that through your openings there may pass the broken bands of the battle." In vain Rüchel arrived at last with 20,000 men; Soult fell upon him and they made poor stand, the growing rout already communicating itself to the newcomers.

The French musicians played under the heavy fire; Rüchel was seriously hurt; Hohenlohe's own regiment and the grenadiers of Hahn gave way; and, most terrible of all, Murat and his cavalry came on the scene and overwhelmed everything in a whirlwind of slaughter.

No battle can show a carnage more merciless and horrible than that surge of heavy horsemen among the flying Prussians after Iéna.

They spared nothing in their path, and every one of those fifteen thousand long swords was red with blood from point to hilt.

Rüchel's men had the double misfortune to meet both the victorious French and their flying countrymen in a disorganised mass rolling down hill, and though here and there individual battalions fought bravely to the last, panic seized the whole army and it tore madly to the rear.

Brown-and-gold hussars of Anhalt Pless; light infantry in green jackets piped with red; white Saxon hussars and grim dragoons with the bristle taken out of their moustaches, all mingled in a shocking, terror-stricken mob, covering the roads and fields for miles; Murat's cuirassiers and dragoons slashing and slaying until compelled to halt from very weariness.

Many colours were taken in that pursuit, and two curious incidents are worthy of record: Quartermaster Humbert of the 2nd Dragoons captured a standard, but was killed by three musket-balls, seeing which, the dragoon Fauveau leaped to the ground, rescued the prize, and carrying it to his colonel under a hail of shot, said modestly, "It was the Quartermaster Humbert who took this flag," for which he received the Cross the same day.

The other instance was that of Colonel Doullembourg of the 1st Dragoons, who was unhorsed and momentarily captured, in the confusion his name appearing in the bulletin as killed.

"It is not worth the trouble of alteration," said Berthier when he protested; and, enough, the mistake was still further perpet after the Polish campaign; for certain square streets of Paris being named after the o who fell at Iéna, a Rue Doullembourg cam existence, and again the colonel protested.

"What!" said Berthier, "would you me give back to the Emperor an order so ho able to you? No; live in the Rue Doulleml and establish your family there."

That night Soult bivouacked round Sch dorf; Ney at Weimar, where the rest of his joined him, the 59th, as an instance of the f they had endured in their efforts to arrive, exhausted for half an hour before they rec energy sufficient to light a fire; Lannes between Umpferstädt and Ober Weimar Marshal Augereau took up his quarters i house of the Prince of Weimar's head-gar where, after twenty-four hours of fastin fighting, they found nothing to eat but pine and hothouse plums.

Napoleon returned to Iéna for the where he received the professors of the univ and rewarded the Saxon clergyman to wh owed so much; and there he composed the Bulletin, one of the most mendacious d productions.

It is also recorded that he crossed the b field and administered brandy with his hands to many of the wounded.

But Iéna, sanguinary as it was, was n battle of the campaign. Another action had fought near Auerstädt at the same mo which broke up the main body of the e and covered Davout with a glory for whi was not allowed his full mead of praise.

The Prussian army of the centre ma leisurely towards the Saale, taking no he the whereabouts of Davout and Bernad flattering itself that it was out of danger, bivouacking about Auerstädt on the nig the 13th with empty stomachs.

The Prussian patrols gave warning of t approach to a battalion of the 25th of the L which Davout had posted where the great l road winds down the defile of Köser to bridge across the Saale; and Davout, whose treme short-sight made him remarkably min in his reconnaissances, rode up with his staf the evening to investigate how matters stood

Learning from some prisoners that the P sian centre was before him, he ordered his c to march at midnight and occupy the heig between the enemy and the river over which

ass, and went to Bernadotte to concert
es with him.
one of those strange things happened
often sully the page of history and the
great men. Bernadotte chose to interpret
orders of Napoleon's to his own liking, an
rrel existing between the two marshals.
ie belief that a force of 80,000 men
unswick's army was magnified to that
) menaced a post to be held at all
, the future King of Sweden carried off
ps of over 20,000 to Dornburg, and left
with 28,756 to bear the entire brunt of
tle.
swick's army not having been as yet
d may be justly estimated at close upon
Consequently Davout's task was heroic,
set about it with that methodical care
listinguished all his actions, and earned
of Duke of Auerstädt nobly.
een the bridge of Köser and the village
rstädt, which lies ten miles south-west of
urg and about twelve due north of Iéna,
a natural hollow intersected by a rivulet,
which the high road runs, and after
through Hassenhausen on the Naumburg
the hollow, descends by the defile of
o the Saale.
nis position Davout marched in the dark-
the early morning, and formed Friant's
on the edge of the dip at six o'clock as
r's advance-guard of cavalry reached the
idge.
fog was so dense that the combatants
ot see each other, and Blücher's troopers,
rossing the basin and pushing up the
e slope, fell in with Davout's light horse,
hanged pistol-shots, losing a few prisoners.
oth sides paused and the French chasseurs
k behind their infantry, the 25th of the
nlimbered some guns and fired grape into
ley below.
her's party retreated, leaving a battery in
's hands, and the Prussian staff held an
s council near the rivulet which they
ssed with Schmettau's division forming
an.
iswick, as usual, advised caution and to
ut was overruled by the King and Marshal
dorff.
nwhile, Davout had posted Gudin about
ihausen, especially to the French right of
illage, and filled a fir plantation with
urs, who gave Schmettau a warm welcome
leployed and advanced.

When the fog lifted and they saw Gudin on the ridge, Blücher made a détour and charged his flank with a cloud of cavalry; but the 25th, 21st, and 12th of the Line formed square, a general in each, Davout himself hovering about them to direct their efforts, and Blücher led four desperate rushes in vain, getting his horse shot under him and retreating in disorder.

The 25th was one of those regiments which Napoleon had recently clothed in white as an experiment, abandoned after Eylau in consequence of the fearful spectacle the blood-bedabbled field presented. Its facings were bright orange, as were also its towering plumes.

While his cavalry hastened the retreat of Blücher, Davout concentrated Gudin in Hassenhausen, placed Friant on its right and Morand, when he arrived, on the left, an arrangement hardly completed when the Prussians, reinforced by the divisions of Wartensleben and Orange, attacked with great fury.

Wartensleben, in particular, attempted to rush the village, and there was some ghastly work with the bayonet in the street and gardens, but the 85th, 25th, and 21st held it well.

From nine o'clock until ten the attack lasted, both sides displaying magnificent bravery.

Gudin lost half his men, all the divisions suffered severely, but the Prussians had also to lament several of their chiefs.

Schmettau, wounded, refused to leave the field, and was hit a second time, mortally; Brunswick, brave in action if timid in council, received a mortal wound, some say in the mouth, others in the chest, while fighting in the thick of it; and poor old Möllendorf, who had been page to Frederick the Great, was struck down and afterwards captured in Erfurt.

The King of Prussia had his horse killed, and a piece of shell that entered Davout's hat at the cockade tore away some of the marshal's hair.

When Morand came up, leaving one battalion at the bridge of Köser, he dislodged Wartensleben, and was gaining ground on the left when he was charged by the cavalry under Prince William.

Morand formed his men into squares, and, shattered as they were by the terrific fire, Prince William's ten thousand horse could make no impression upon them.

Morand took his place in one square, Davout in another, and so deadly were the volleys from them that they created "around them a rampart of corpses."

The 17th of the Line in particular was noticed

for its coolness; it was another of the "white" regiments, with scarlet facings, and as the enemy approached it raised its shakoes on the bayonet-points, and shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

"Why not fire, then?" cried Colonel Lanusse.

"Time enough for that: at fifteen paces you will see!" was the answer. Then they fired!

"MURAT'S CUIRASSIERS AND DRAGOONS SLASHING AND SLAYING" (*p.* 738).

At length, when the mangled squadrons retired behind the shelter of their infantry, Morand formed his squares into columns of attack, and forced Wartensleben back to the stream as Friant advanced on *his* side and drove Schmettau's division and the Prince of Orange's first brigade down the slope, clearing Hassenhausen of all but the fallen.

The fighting was now abandoned on the slope, and was transferred to the marshes in the hollow and to the villages in front of Auerstädt, both sides exhausted with the six hours of combat.

The Prussian reserve under Kalkreuth still remained intact, and the King, backed up by brave Blücher, was disposed to make a final effort; but, overwhelmed by the many opinions which were allowed expression, a retreat was decided upon—a retreat on Weimar, where Hohenlohe and Rüchel would join them— nothing was known yet of the battle of Iéna.

Kalkreuth protected the wreck nobly with his two divisions, and the broken army, encumbered with baggage, set off on its road with Morand's cannon and the other divisions and Davout pressed the rear-guard hotly.

Kalkreuth was obliged to fall back, and the French took 115 guns and 3,000 prisoners; but Davout having only the 1st, 2nd, and 12th Chasseurs in the field, was unable to produce the same disorder that Murat's horse had effected. He sent to Bernadotte, whose men were quietly cooking at Apolda, but that marshal gave him no aid, and even retained Beaumont's dragoons who had been detached to assist Davout in common with himself.

Unfortunately, there has been but little authentic incident preserved of personal valour at Auerstädt, but the losses on both sides were enormous.

The Prussians had about 10,000 killed and wounded, and the French 270 officers and men; 134 officers and 3,500 privates belonging to Gudin's division alone.

nd, Gudin, and halt the superior officers ounded, and Davout had kept the bridge ically as Horatius of old. Nor was that Hohenlohe's fugitives began to mingle e retreating Prussians, and the defeated roke and fled, their king, who had had orses killed, escaping under Blücher's After that there was an end to cohesion, pitiful remnants of the great fighting e of Prussia were disposed of in detail by querors.

whole country was covered with fugitives, s, guns, and independent parties; the ns plundered their own baggage; Berna- r more properly General Dupont, destroyed of Würtemberg at Halle on the 17th.

t, Magdeburg, all the fortified places, fell er the other into French hands, and in days from passing the frontier Napoleon is triumphal entry into Berlin.

treatment of the conquered country is ily too well known to need much com- ere; barbarous, insulting, and mean as it proved the ultimate making of Prussia, used a spirit of national independence, has borne fruit in our own day, and may in, unless their Rosbach of 1870 finds Iéna in the future!

leon's bulletin announcing the double s of the 14th October is curious as show- man; for he blends the two battles under ne of Iéna, merely saying of Davout, "On ht the corps of Marshal Davout performed es," etc. And yet Napoleon himself had only overthrown the corps of Hohenlohe and Ruchel with the bulk of the *Grande Armée*, while Davout with only three divisions, 44 guns, and three regiments of light cavalry, had put the Prussian centre to flight!

Between Naumburg and Merseburg on the road to Halle the Emperor sent General Savary into the stubblefields to look for a monument of former French defeat, and at the waving of Savary's handkerchief he rode over to him and gazed upon a little stone pillar not above four feet high with an almost illegible inscription commemorating Frederick's victory of Rosbach in 1757, which Suchet's pioneers were ordered to pack in their waggons for transmission to France.

Later on the sword and orders of the Great Frederick, taken from his coffin-lid, shared the same fate, a proceeding decidedly in the *then* French taste, but not easy to reconcile with our own ideas of what should be the attitude of a successful general towards the feelings of the people he has conquered under Providence.

Iéna and Auerstädt, but the former especially, were soldiers' battles: both armies were full of spirit, and on the fields themselves were nobly led. Only to these causes, then, can one ascribe the remarkable breaking down of Prussia in so short a time: the folly of an overdrilled system that refused to move with the times, having no unity in its plan of campaign or harmony at headquarters; the whole machine covered with a fine green mould of ancient tradition which got into the wheels and prevented its keeping pace with modern needs.

MARSHAL DAVOUT, DUKE OF AUERSTÄDT.

for its coolness ; it was another of the "white" regiments, with scarlet facings, and as the enemy approached it raised its shakoes on the bayonet-points, and shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

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Hohenlohe and
nothing wa-

At length,
retired behind
Morand form
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Schmettau's
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...the minor ...which ...rumours ...take advantage ...in order ...Within a ...the news ...among ...advancing ...against Kassala.

...in the *Times*, ...in London on ...had been decided ...from the Anglo- ...attempt- ...Italians, and at ...the valuable ...the upper ...Halfa and Assouan ...between ...Dervishes.

...both to England ...his annual report ...and condition of ...the first days of ...general security of ...insignificance of ...it. Even in the

...highest circles in Cairo nothing was kn ...impending movement till the news c ...London. The various military de ...were engaged in their ordinary routi ...The Nile was near its lowest ; the he ...was approaching ; it was the worst ti ...year for beginning a campaign. Th ...that the expedition had been decided in Cairo, but in London, and the g which the decision was based were British imperial policy, in which affairs were only one out of many fac there is no need here of entering diplomatic history of the campaign, o to disentangle from the mass of official statements the real reasons tl the Dongola expedition.

It was close upon midnight on March 12th, that the Sirdar, Sir Herbert I then in Cairo, received by telegr London definite orders for the campaig morning the Khedive's ministers met i formally to vote the decree for an ent the acceptance or rejection of which no real voice. All day the Egyptian W had been busy preparing to meet the ur emergency. On the 14th the reser called out. On the 15th the first tro despatched to the front.

When the Dongola province was eva 1885 the frontier had been fixed at Wa from which a railway ran through tl Batn-el-Hagar desert to Akasha. For advanced posts were maintained sout railhead at Akasha, but these were withdrawn until the long sandy hollow Moussa, five miles south of Halfa, was tl border-line. North of the Khor a ma fort flew the Egyptian flag, but on tl side of it at times the Mahdist scouts themselves almost daily. In 1889, .

miles south
advanced
between
king order.
whole fifty
gradually
the metals and
roadbed, using the
ing off most of the
ironwork, such as
pikes. Sarras Fort,
infantry and Egyptian
southern point held on
, when Colonel Hunter,
frontier district, received
from Cairo to reoccupy
delay, as it had been decided to
y line to that point, and make it
base of operations for the march
a.

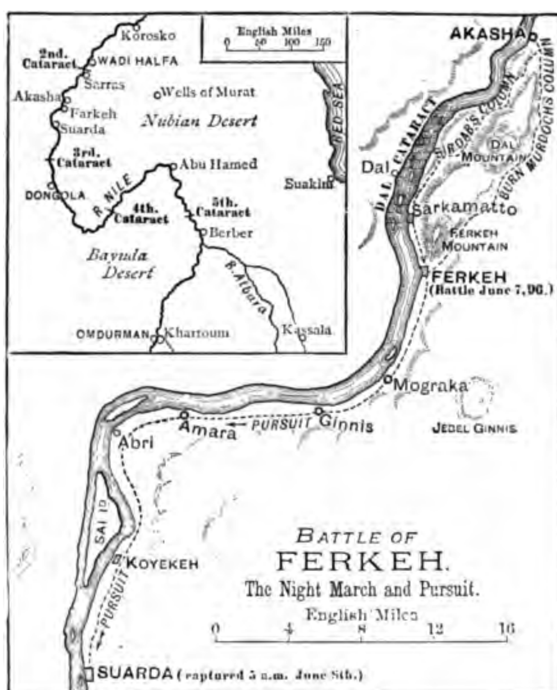
16th a column composed of the 13th
under Major Collinson, a squadron of
ler Broadwood, a battery of mountain-
pany of the camel corps, and a long
amels carrying supplies, started for
The place was occupied on the 20th.
hes were met with either there or
long the route, though there were signs,
em ghastly enough, of the destruction
rought during their occupation of the
alley. The old British fort and a
houses erected in 1884 were in ruins;
iron lay scattered along the track;
e beyond the site of the old station,
ver bank, a rail had been fixed nearly
serve as a gallows. A piece of cord
m one of the holes for the fish-plate
t its base lay the skull and bones of
wretch whose body had doubtless
e till it fell to pieces. A second
rived on the 28th, reinforcing the
ith two more Soudanese battalions,
under Major Jackson, and the 12th
r Townshend, the defender of Chitral.
column came Major MacDonald, the
nt of the advanced post, a brave
soldier, who fought his way up from
winning his commission in Afghan-
who had since seen much hard service
and the Soudan. Just before the
ived a Dervish scouting party showed
e south of Akasha. The mountain
ry cleverly dropped a shell among
they rode off carrying away one man
two badly wounded. It was the first shot of the campaign. Beyond this there were no signs of Dervish activity, and MacDonald, with his cavalry and camel scouts to watch the difficult country in his front and three Soudanese battalions and a battery for a garrison, could feel tolerably safe at this advanced post, deep in the stony wilderness of the Batn-el-Hagar.

Having secured Akasha, the work of relaying the railway that was to connect it with Sarras and Wadi Halfa had begun. It was difficult work carried out by an improvised railway battalion, under the direction of British engineer officers, who had to teach their men how to do the work, so that at the outset the progress was necessarily slow. Meanwhile supplies were being brought up the river to Assouan, carried thence by the six miles of railway that runs past the First Cataract to Shellal, near Philæ, where they were loaded on stern-wheel steamers and barges, and conveyed to Halfa. Thence they were carried by rail to Sarras, and from Sarras long convoys of camels carried them on to Akasha by a chain of fortified camps formed along the river bank to connect the advanced post with Sarras. It was anxious work escorting the camel convoys through the wild rocky desert, but the Dervishes showed a singular want of dash and enterprise, and never once ventured to attack a convoy. As stores became available more troops were brought up to the front. As the railway was pushed on, the accumulation of stores became easier. At last by the end of May a sufficient quantity of supplies had been accumulated at the advanced depôt in the fortified camp of Akasha to warrant a further advance.

What had the Dervishes been doing during these ten weeks? They had for some years maintained a garrison some thousands strong at Dongola, for they were always expecting that a British army would again ascend the river as it had done in 1884-5. This garrison had an advanced post at Suarda, fifty-four miles south of Akasha, whence occasionally plundering and murdering raids had been directed against the Nile villages to the northward. For many a mile north of Suarda the villages were in ruins and cultivation had ceased along the river bank. In April, when news reached the Dervish leaders that an expedition was being organised for the reconquest of Dongola, the vanguard of the Dongola army was pushed northwards from Suarda first to Mograka, and then to the ruined village of Ferkeh, eighteen miles from Akasha. At Ferkeh the huts were repaired and a large

camp was formed under the command of the Emir Hammuda Idris, with Osman Azrak, the leader of many raids against the Nile villages, as his right-hand man.

Meanwhile Osman Digna, with a picked force, had left the Dervish camp before Kassala and attempted a raid into the Suakim territory, where he hoped the tribes would rise at his call. But his forces were very roughly handled by the Suakim garrison, the tribes refused to join him, and before the end of April he had abandoned the enterprise. Hammuda at Ferkeh



BATTLE OF FERKEH.
The Night March and Pursuit.

was doing very little. The fact appears to have been that he was constantly quarrelling with Osman Azrak, and the lesser chiefs were also disunited. On May 1st he sent a force about 1,000 strong up the long sandy valley towards Akasha, but they were stopped by three squadrons of Egyptian cavalry under Major Burn-Murdoch, and retired to Ferkeh after a brief encounter, in which all the honours of the day were with the Egyptians. It was a small affair, but very useful, as it gave the Egyptians confidence in their power of successfully meeting the redoubted Dervish warriors in the open.

After the May-day fight there was again a long period of inactivity in the Dervish camp. Towards the end of May, the Emir Wad Bishara, who governed the Dongola province, sent positive orders that raids should be made agai the railway works, the Egyptian line of commu cations, and the standing camps on the riv Hammuda was preparing to carry out th orders, and had actually despatched small part northwards by both banks of the Nile, when his surprise the Egyptians assumed the offensi It was apparently the idea in the Dervish ca that nothing would be done by the Sirdar till had his railway completed up to Akasha, and t even the large concentration of troops in a near the advanced post in the first days of J did not warn Hammuda and Osman Az of the terrible blow that was about to upon them.

The Sirdar with his staff left Halfa on M day, June 1st, and transferred his headquar to Akasha. Along the river bank from place to Okmeh there was a great camp for by the end of the week, for every avail man was being pushed up to the front. E the work on the railway was stopped, so the Railway Battalion might be availabl garrison points on the line of communica and thus set free better-trained troops, the engineer officers found themselves t porarily attached to the staff as gallopers. secret of the precise date and plan of coming battle was well kept, and it was till after noon on Saturday that it was g rally known in camp that the troops we march that evening, bivouac in the d and attack the Dervishes at Ferkeh at next day, Sunday, June 7th.

Sir Herbert Kitchener had been well se by his Intelligence Department, directe Major Wingate, with Slatin Pasha (rece escaped from Omdurman) as his right-l man. To use a familiar phrase, what Win and Slatin did not know about Mahdism and Dervishes was not worth knowing. Thank the careful questioning of spies and deser they were able to produce a plan of the Der camp at Ferkeh, with a list of the tribes and black troops assembled there, and of Emirs who commanded them. They were able to assure the Sirdar that the Dervish posts were drawn in at night close to the ca so that there was good prospect of get within striking distance of the enemy wit coming upon his sentinels or patrols. Cap Broadwood, starting from Akasha, now by east bank, now by the west, had repeat reconnoitred Ferkeh; the ground betwee and Akasha had been roughly mapped o

rge scale, and he had ascertained that cavalry ould get to the southward of the place over w hills, between which and the river there was broad strip of fairly level ground running outhward for miles. The enemy was known to e about 4,000 strong, picked men, a considerable art of the force being formed of the Jehadia, or

"IT WAS STORMED BY THE INFANTRY" (p. 747).

ack riflemen, regularly drilled troops under rab officers. The rest of the force was made p of Baggara, Jaalin, and Dongolese tribes-en, all armed with sword or spear, and many aving also Remington rifles. There were some undreds of horsemen and camel-men, and the flemen had an abundant supply of ammuni-on. The Emir Hammuda seems to have been ctually in command, though a letter from ishara at Dongola, transferring the command Osman Azrak, on account of Hammuda's long inactivity, was upon its way, or may even have reached Ferkeh before the fight.

There are two routes from Akasha to Ferkeh, known respectively as "the desert route" and "the river route." Both start by the same sandy valley, the Ferkeh Khor, which runs nearly south out of the semicircle of rocky hills that surround Akasha. About a mile out another sandy valley, Khor Shargosheh, strikes off to the right towards the Nile, and at this point the river route begins. It runs across the rough rocky ground between Dal Mountain and the Nile, which it touches at three points. At the last of these, north of the deserted village of Sarkamatto, it runs for some distance along a narrow ridge of rock above the rushing waters of the Dal Cataract; then it reaches Ferkeh by a stretch of low ground between the river and

the hills. The desert route winds through the sandy valleys to the east of Dal Mountain, the two routes uniting under the bold slopes and precipices of Ferkeh Mountain, close to the village of the same name.

The whole distance from Akasha to Ferkeh is about eighteen miles. The desert route was fairly easy ground for an army to traverse; the river route must have seemed to the Dervishes all but impossible. This was doubtless one reason why the Sirdar chose it for his main line of advance, for surprise was the very essence of his plan. To drive the Dervishes out of Ferkeh was only one of his objects; he meant to thoroughly break up and destroy Hammuda's force, and to clear the enemy out of the whole country as far as Suarda.

His plan was to attack in two columns. Major Burn-Murdoch, his cavalry commander, was to march by the desert route with a force, chiefly mounted, composed as follows :—

The horse battery (six guns).

Two Maxim guns manned by men of the North Staffordshire Regiment.

Seven squadrons of Egyptian cavalry (800 sabres).

The camel corps under Major Tudway (670 rifles).

The 12th Soudanese infantry (Major Townshend), 717 officers and men mounted on transport camels till they reached the scene of action.

In all Burn-Murdoch had some 2,500 men. Captain Broadwood, who had done so much scouting over the same ground, acted as guide to the column. Burn-Murdoch's orders were to be in position on the hills east of Ferkeh by half-past four on Sunday morning, keeping so far back as to be out of the field of fire of the river column, and opening on the Dervishes with his artillery as soon as he heard the fire of the main attack to the north of Ferkeh at about 5 a.m. He was to use his artillery and Maxims to break up from the flank any attempt of the enemy to mass for a charge, and when Ferkeh was taken he was to have the cavalry and camel corps ready to fall on the flank of the retiring Dervishes, and pursue southward, preventing any attempt to rally. He was to push boldly on and capture first Koyekeh, and then Suarda, at both of which places, according to the information of the Intelligence Department, the enemy had only small garrisons.

The river column, under the personal command of Sir Herbert Kitchener, was about 7,000 strong. It was made up of two mule and camel batteries (twelve light guns), two Maxi manned by men of the Connaught Rangers, a Hunter Pasha's infantry division, consisting three brigades, of three battalions each, co posed as follows :—

First brigade, Maior Lewis: 3rd Egypti (Major Sillem), 4th Egyptians (Major Spar 10th Soudanese (Major Sidney).

Second brigade, Major MacDonald: Soudanese (Major Hackett Pain), 11th S danese (Major Jackson), 13th Soudanese (M Collinson).

Third brigade, Major Maxwell: 2nd Egypt (Major Shekleton), 7th Egyptians (Fathi B 8th Egyptians (Khulusi Bey).

The column was to march from Akasha lat Saturday afternoon, and moving in the dark across the difficult ground of the river r they were to bivouac in silence and without near Sarkamatto, three miles from the ene position. There was to be no noise of any l and no lights, not so much as a burning cigar tip. If by chance any of the enemy's s were met with they were to be disposed of the bayonet, no rifles being discharged on account. The troops were to move off from their bivouac before sunrise, and be to attack Ferkeh at 5 a.m. The sun rose day at 5.14 a.m., and the twilight in the So is very short, so that the actual attack was made in the half darkness just before the da

The enemy (it was subsequently ascerta had sent a patrol in close to Akasha early in afternoon, which returned to Ferkeh repo all quiet, so that Hammuda and Osman had not the remotest expectation of the co attack. The discipline of the troops on night march was admirable. There was abs silence, and even the difficult defile, where track ran across the rocky shelf above the r was passed without noise and confusion, th it caused a long delay, for even the infantry to move across in single file, and the mou men had to lead their animals. Looking at place in broad daylight next day on my back to Akasha with a despatch, I foun difficult to realise that nine battalions, batteries, the staff with their horses, and ne 200 camels conveying guns, hospital equipm and reserve ammunition, had been safely silently got across such a place by starli Arrived at Sarkamatto, the three brigades down for a short sleep on the sandy gro between the hills and the belt of palms al the river.

morning approached there was no reveillé
led. A whispered word of command
d the sleeping soldiers and marshalled the
m for battle. Lewis with the first brigade
o attack along the river bank, pushing for
north end of Ferkeh village. MacDonald
his three Soudanese battalions was to form
eft attack nearer the hills. Maxwell with
hird brigade, held in reserve at the outset,
o take post between the two other brigades
e opportunity offered. The long line was
vot on its right, wheeling round against
esert front of the village, its extreme left
ng touch with Murdoch's desert column on
ills.

to five o'clock all was silent in front, and
of us began to think that the enemy had
ews of the advance and had slipped away
Ferkeh. But a few minutes after five
was a sharp crack of rifles as the first shots
fired from a Dervish outpost, at a small
walled enclosure on the hill slope north-
of Ferkeh. The advancing infantry replied,
almost immediately Burn-Murdoch's guns
ed with a deep roar from the hills east
e village. The co-operation of the two
mns was complete.

ough surprised and outnumbered, Ham-
's warriors were not dismayed. They
ned out of their mud huts and straw
lls, rapidly taking up position among the
that form a kind of natural fortification
erkeh on the north and east. The guns
e river column came into action, shelling
Dervish position ; and whilst MacDonald's
anese, with the 9th in advance, moved
st the rocky ridges, Lewis's mixed Egyptian
Soudanese brigade was fighting its way
s the cultivated ground near the palm belt
e river. The Dervishes made a stubborn
They not only held the rocks, but their
regulars tried to advance to a counter-
t, firing as they came. Happily their fire,
gh rapid, was wild and high, and did little
ge, and they were met and driven back by
rm of bursting shells, hail of bullets from
Maxims, and steady volleys from the well-
ed infantry opposed to them. Some doubts
been thrown by military critics on the
ng value of the purely Egyptian element
e Sirdar's army ; but at Ferkeh there was
to choose between the Soudanese and the
ain battalions. On the right a rush of
men and footmen mixed came to hand-to-
conflict, brief though it was, with Lewis's
brigade, north of the village. Further to the
left another party of desperate men had tried to
rush Burn-Murdoch's guns, charging up the
slope by one of the desert khors. The rifles of
the 12th Soudanese and the Maxims soon dis-
posed of them. Further still, and out of sight of
the main attack, Tudway's camel corps was in
action against a strong force of Dervish riflemen,
and Captain Broadwood and Captain Legge,
each at the head of three Egyptian squadrons,
charged and broke up a force of Dervish camel
men that was moving up from the south along
the river to reinforce Ferkeh.

Having repelled the Dervish counter-attacks
and stormed the outlying ridges, the infantry
division, its first brigade on the right, its second
on the left, and its third in the centre, wheeled
towards the river so as to close upon the village.
There was very little artillery preparation before
the actual attack, for the Sirdar did not want to
waste ammunition ; but a few shells from the
heavy guns knocked to pieces the clay-built
houses and fired some of the straw huts. Ferkeh
was a large village, of perhaps a thousand huts,
running for nearly a mile along the river bank.
It was stormed by the infantry, the first brigade
at the north end being the first to get in.
Soudanese and Egyptians vied with each other
in clearing the enemy out of the houses and the
lanes and open spaces between them. There
was some bayonet work, but the rifle was most
used, even in the village itself. The Dervishes
fought to the end, the Emirs refusing quarter
and throwing their lives away in desperate
attempts to close with the victors. By seven
o'clock what was left of Hammuda's army was
streaming away to the southward, a few taking
refuge on an island, from which they were
cleared out by the Soudanese, while those who
got across to the west bank were dealt with by
the Arab "friendlies," who had moved down
along the other side of the river as the army
advanced from Akasha.

Then it was that Burn-Murdoch with the
cavalry, camel corps, and horse battery started
on the pursuit that was to reap the full fruits of
the victory, Townshend with the 12th Soudanese
following to support the mounted troops. The
pursuit lasted just twenty-two hours, from 7 a.m.
on Sunday, when the battle ended, till dawn on
Monday. The Dervishes never had a chance of
rallying. The river bank and the border of the
desert were strewn for miles with their dead.
Wherever they attempted a stand the lances of
the cavalry, the rifles of the camel corps, and the

guns that had spoken so effectively from the slopes below Ferkeh Mountain, were soon upon them. Koyekeh was found to be deserted on Sunday evening. Suarda was reached at dawn on Monday, when the last of the garrison were just landing on the west bank of the Nile, after hurriedly evacuating the place and taking across all the boats. Burn-Murdoch was able to send a few shells from his guns in among them before they got away. He then occupied Suarda, fifty-four miles from Akasha, and just about half-way between Wadi Halfa, the starting-point, and Dongola, the objective of the expedition.

The full extent of the enemy's losses will probably never be precisely known; but at least 1,000, and more likely 1,500, of the Dervishes fell in the fight and pursuit, and some 500 were made prisoners. Of the 62 Emirs present at Ferkeh, 44 were found dead on the field, 4 were taken prisoners, and only 14 got away. Some of these fell in the pursuit. Hammuda himself was among the dead. The Egyptian loss was 20 killed and 81 wounded. Only one British officer, Captain Legge, was wounded in the action.

MAJOR-GENERAL KITCHENER, C.B., K.C.M.G., ETC. (*Photo, Bassano.*)

Briefly, the results of the fight at Ferkeh were that (1) in twenty-four hours—from 5 a.m. on Sunday, June 7th, to 5 a.m. on Monday, the 8th —more than fifty miles of the Nile valley had been cleared of the Dervishes and had passed into the secure possession of the Anglo-Egyptian army; (2) all doubt as to the fighting value of the purely Egyptian battalions had been cleared away by their brilliant and steady conduct on the field, while the cavalry had proved their value in the fight and the pursuit; (3) the one fully organised army the Dervishes possessed on the Nile frontier had been utterly destroyed, and some 50 of their fighting Emirs and some 2,000 men killed and captured; (4) Suarda, for years the starting-point of cruel raids on the Nile villages, had become the advanced post of the Egyptian army, and all the country northwards was safe; (5) the Dongola Expedition had traversed successfully the last of the difficult Batn-el-Hagar country, for Ferkeh is the southern gate of the stony desert, and it had now before it the more open districts of the Dar Sukkot and the Mahassa, where every advantage was on the side of disciplined troops and modern weapons.

Finally, on both sides the moral effect of this ideally complete victory for the one, this crushing defeat for the other, was enormous. It was the first time that the new Egyptian army had taken the initiative in any fighting in the Nile valley. All previous Nile campaigns since Khartoum fell had begun with a Mahdist advance. Here the Egyptian army had both challenged the trial of strength and struck the first blow. The news of the destruction of Hammuda's army was a warning to every tribe in the Soudan that the Khalifa's tyranny was toppling to its fall, and that to stand by the Dervishes any longer was to be on the losing side in the struggle.

The result was seen in the half-hearted resistance opposed to the Sirdar's force when it advanced upon Dongola in September. There was not another battle. The fortified position at Kerma was abandoned without firing a shot; the Mahdist batteries at Hafir tried in vain to stop the progress of the gunboats, but, once they had passed, abandoned that position, and made no attempt whatever to defend Dongola. Numbers of tribesmen and Jehadia and more than one noted Emir came into the Sirdar's camp and surrendered. Wad Bishara fled southward with a mere handful of his men. The Dongola province had been virtually won back in the two hours' sharp fighting at Ferkeh on that Sunday morning in June

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